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# TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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## THE MINISTRY AND THE PEOPLE.

It is high time that the present Ministers should be distinctly informed of the relation in which they stand, as well to their old opponents, as to the people at large. Their situation is a peculiar one in the annals of this country ; and from many circumstances which have lately occurred, it is plain that they by no means understand its difficulties, or seem prepared to pursue that line of conduct which, on this trying occasion, can alone save them from defeat and disgrace. It is in no spirit of hostility that we now speak of them. *Our* part (and we are of the people) is not difficult of comprehension. Whatever may be the fate of the present Administration, *that* will remain unchanged. The objects we have to attain, will be more easy of attainment, should this administration still continue ; therefore, though under every contingency our purposes and conduct will remain unchanged, we are desirous of maintaining the present state of the Government. Let not, therefore, that party which has taken to itself the comfortable appellation of *moderate*, believe us to be their enemies. Desiring their continuance in office, we are about to give them wholesome warning.

The present Ministry, then, should understand, that the conquest of the Reform Bill was no *party* achievement. It was not a victory of the Whigs over the Tories ; of one portion of the aristocracy over another. Its purpose was not to benefit any mere section of the nation. The victory was one of the friends of good Government over those of bad Government ; of the people over the aristocracy ; and its purpose was the well-being of the whole. The ministers, whatever may be their own opinion of the matter, were not the chief actors of the drama ; they were merely the ministerial instruments of that great whole, the nation. They might, and did in some cases, give expression to the popular will ; but they acted in the subordinate capacity of servants to that will. Some there are, who have dared to lay this fact to their charge, and as matter of reproach. They who have shamelessly deemed that Government was not a trust, but a heritage ; who have considered the people as an estate, to be worked for their own peculiar benefit ; these people acted

consistently, when they sneered at the Ministers for obeying the voice of the nation. Such virtuous obedience they naturally considered folly, having always preferred the part of dishonest, and idle masters to that of industrious and honest servants. But the ministers, by seeming to feel the accusation as a reproach, will assuredly give a handle to their enemies; who, without hesitation, will assert that they are either imbecile or knavish. This repudiation of their true office, it will be said by their enemies, proves either that they know not their true position, and then are they imbecile; or that knowing it, they endeavour to escape from its obligations, and to deceive the people, and then it will be said they are knavish. To avoid these charges, they must steadily accept the taunts of their opponents; they must acknowledge that they are acting as the servants of the people. They must intrench them in this position, and then will they be inexpugnable.

If the present Ministry be considered in the light of a section of the aristocracy, seeking aristocratic purposes, and acting by aristocracy rules, then must every one, of common sagacity, perceive that their power is a mere shadow, and as compared with that of their opponents, thoroughly contemptible. The Tories (it is utter childishness to deny the fact,) are in truth the aristocracy. They correctly represent the feelings of the class, as a class; they are backed by them; they are distinctly their acknowledged agents; and on this account alone, they would be formidable. But they are powerful on other grounds. They are not numerically strong; but they are enormously rich. They thus are not disturbed by a multiplicity of councils; and what they resolve to attempt, lags not for want of money support. Moreover, the Tories, from long experience, are admirable men of business in their vocation; or, speaking more correctly, they have hired and framed for themselves men admirably fitted for the offices which they impose on them. We must not judge of the party by some of its noisy, empty mouth-pieces. Sir Charles Wetherell, for example, is merely the buffoon of the party, and is no more a correct specimen of them, than would a court fool be of a court. It must be acknowledged, that in permitting his extravagancies, the Tories did not wisely. The people generally felt that such antics as he exhibited were not in accordance with the place in which they were enacted. The permission by the party of such absurdities, appeared a wanton insult; "and sober citizens sighed to see such subjects turned to farce." In the employment of this man, as well as that of that other jack-pudding, Dr. Croker, they seem to have erred like Napoleon at Waterloo, through confusion of ideas, brought on by the mighty crisis of their fate. Their admirable dexterity deserted them in these instances: but generally speaking, they are, that is, they who direct the machinery of the party, shrewd men of business, wily politicians; cool, subtle, and unprincipled; shrinking from nothing, because it may be base or dishonourable; (nothing being so considered among them, which is necessary for their safety and well-being;) dexterous in the management of fallacies, and thoroughly trained to ready unblushing assertion. In the conducting of official business, they are ready, clear-headed, and regular. Thus are they well fitted for party warfare. The Ministers, on the other hand, if we view them as a mere party, are in all these cases, immeasurably inferior. Not one of the whole party has been accustomed steadily to business. They have been trained merely to opposition; to desultory attack, not to systematic conduct of any sort. They possess not the art of dexterous imposition: whatever

their will may be, they fail wretchedly in putting a decent covering over knavery. As a party, too, they are feeble in influence. The aristocracy feel that the steady pursuit of aristocratic objects by Tory ministration is what they, the aristocracy, ought really to desire; and they believe the fencing of the Whigs, their bastard liberality, their wordy appeals to popular influence, to be a very dangerous mode of proceeding. It in no measure meets with their approbation. They never have given, they never will give, their hearty support to those who adopt it. It has been the fashion to speak highly of the talents of some of the more distinguished of the Whigs; and to believe that the showy qualities of these leaders would overbalance the less imposing, but far more serviceable fitness of their opponents. The event has not answered this expectation. In every matter of mere detail, they have been signally defeated. As a striking instance, the timber question may be cited; one in which they were right in principle; one in which every argument was in their favour: and yet so badly was every part of the business managed, that they experienced a marked defeat. In truth, on every matter, with the single exception of the Reform Bill, they have been in exquisite terror lest they should be left in a minority. They possess not skill in the training of ministerial majorities; so that where the majority is not made by the voice of the imperious multitude out of doors, defeat stares them in the face. The showy oratory, and power of vituperation, possessed by some of them, have been much overrated. A little talent and a good deal of courage, always sets at nought a mere talker; so that nothing has resulted from this boasted superiority, except some exceedingly unworthy vapouring, in which common sense and common decency have been forgotten. The Whigs then, as a party depending on themselves, that is, on a portion of the aristocracy for support, cannot, for a moment, hope to hold the situations which they now fill. How, then, it may be asked, have they contrived to retain their position during the last two years? The answer to this question will explain the true situation of the present Government, and point to the only means by which they can hope to continue in existence.

The present ministers have been maintained in office, solely to carry the Reform Bill. They have been supported by the people against the aristocracy; and have been thus supported because in this one case they have really forwarded the interests of the people. This great measure has been to the existing ministry, their safeguard; it has shielded them from the consequences of all their various manifold blunders; it has shored up and maintained the tottering fabric of their power, and rendered utterly ineffective the attacks of their opponents.

The feeling and conduct of the people on this measure deserve attentive consideration. They mark well the position of opposing parties, and must give every lover of his country confidence in our future safety and success. They plainly prove the people clear-sighted and prudent. A knowledge of their wants, a thorough understanding of who are their enemies, and of the mode in which those enemies are to be combated, is possessed by the people. This clear-sightedness and prudence have hitherto saved the present ministers. But the Reform Bill is now passed; and the same virtues on the part of the people, unless the ministers again distinctly come forward as their advocates and servants, will quickly place them in a position by no means agreeable to persons fond of the power and emoluments of office.

The Ministry ought to know that the time for party warfare has gone

past ; that a greater contest has now begun ; and that they have been saved by placing themselves at the head of one of the great contending interests. The people, as a body, are now banded together to obtain good government. They fight not now in the character of partisans of the aristocracy ; this ignorant herd for the Whigs, that other equally ignorant for the Tories ; but they fight for themselves. The war is declared between the people on the one hand, and those who maintain old abuses on the other. The result of the contest is certain. The people will triumph ; but they have a hard battle yet to go through. If the ministers will frankly put themselves at the head of this national movement, they are safe ; let them hesitate or palter but an instant, and their doom is sealed.

If any one will attentively consider the nature of the objects now generally sought by those who take part in political matters, he will not fail to perceive that this is the true character of the contest. The Reform Bill has been sought only as a means, as a step to further reforms ; reforms as well in the frame of our government, that which is usually termed the constitution, as in the various laws which emanate from the legislature for our general guidance. The first grand object now so constantly insisted on, viz. the Ballot,—what does that aim at ? The placing the control of the legislature completely in the hands of the people ; which signifies (using a converse expression) taking the government out of the hands of those who now hold it, viz. the aristocracy. Why is there so general a demand for popular instruction, but that the people understand that to be strong they must be instructed ? They know that ignorance has been the great friend of misrule, of those who have thriven by misrule ; again the aristocracy. What is the general attack now made upon all monopolies but a part of that universal war declared against all privileges unjustly usurped from the people. The attack against monopolies is, in fact, an attack against that portion of misrule which results from creating trading aristocracies ; these being among the worst branches of a very bad fraternity. The cry for law reform, for a reduction of taxation, for a general revision of the church establishment, are also important portions of this same great contest : the people being resolved, that law, religion, and office generally, shall be employed for legitimate purposes, viz. the good of the nation ; and not as they hitherto have been, as fruitful sources of revenue to an idle and dissipated aristocracy. Party watchwords are not now used : in every case, the things implied being deemed the important matter, not the mere emotions which become connected with favourite phrases. Another peculiarity connected with this struggle, is, that no individuals are bound up with it. It depends, not on this or that person for its success or favour. No one now amongst us is a popular idol, whom the multitude worship, and whose success is the great object of their endeavours. The men now in favour with the public are all, without one exception, thus favoured merely as useful means to the end ever constantly and definitely kept in view, viz., the attainment of good government. So long as they prove themselves useful to this end, so long are they popular ; the moment that it is plain, that they are useless or mischievous, that moment they cease to engage the good will of the public. Some striking instances have been afforded, during the late contest, of rapid changes in public estimation, grounded on this principle of judging ; and the gradual, but steadily progressive decline of the popularity

of the Ministers during the latter part of the session, is another important illustration of the same state of feeling.\*

There are some, doubtless, who will take this occasion of making much of that hackneyed commonplace, the ingratitude of the people. We shall have our feelings appealed to, in behalf of the ill-used Ministry. It will be said that having rendered a great service to the people, they should have been rewarded by the confidence and gratitude of the nation. It will also be averred, that the populace are, as usual, fickle and untrustworthy; and, then, there will be much solemn nonsense talked, respecting the empty nature of popular favour, and the folly of desiring it. This talk would never have been engendered had a correct public morality been common among politicians and political writers. These persons have hitherto supposed themselves conferring favours, when they have been simply doing their duty. To the people, however, as a whole, they never seem to understand themselves as lying under any obligation. Had the case been a private one, had they become servants of a private person, and charged with a private trust, they would perceive, that to fulfil that trust was a matter of strict obligation on their part, and that their employer had a right to demand such performance: that to fail in the performance of their obligation was a criminal breach of duty: that merely not to fail in it, demanded no applause. Being employed by a private individual, would they, on performing part of their trust, claim the eternal gratitude of their employer, and demand immunity for all future dereliction? Would they consider their employer ungrateful, should he refuse to accede to such preposterous demands? Mr. Thompson, the haberdasher, has a foreman, who, during the first six months of his employment, behaves with care, diligence, and foresight. By this proper fulfilment of his duty, he puts the affairs of Mr. Thompson, which had hitherto been directed by a set of knavish servants, into somewhat better order; but, during the seventh month of his employment, he becomes a drunkard, careless, and at length robs the till. Mr. Thompson wisely discharges him. Now fancy the discarded foreman thus eloquent against the ingratitude of the said Thompson. "This is another foul instance of a master's (popular) ingratitude. How weak is that foreman (Minister) who would seek to gain his master's (the people's) favour. To-day he basks in sunshine: to-morrow, on a sudden, come storms and terrible disasters. The idol of his master's (the people's) worship is cast down. The giddy, fickle master (people) treads into the dust the object of his former fondest smiles; and with base ingratitude, and without a pang, consigns him to poverty and disgrace. &c. &c." We need not continue the oration further. In the case of Mr. Thompson, every one would scout the ranting knave; in that of the people, the self-same drivelling would be deemed pathetic eloquence. Some Mitford would be found to indulge in bitter reproach of democratic ingratitude, and to transform the recreant Minister into the unhappy victim of a people's folly. The conduct that in Mr. Thompson would gain him the character of a prudent master, would bring down unalloyed reproach on the *demos* of Athens, or the people of England.

The people of England, however, are luckily possessed of too much sense to be thus talked out of their intentions. They have determined

\* We shall immediately remark on the circumstances which led to the diminution of the Ministers' popularity.

to obtain for themselves a good government, and to allow no one to remain quietly in office who will not strenuously assist them in their purpose. They well know that names have nothing to do with the present contest. They understand that an enemy to good government can as easily be called a Whig as a Tory; and, moreover, they have a growing jealousy that all parties, formed from the Aristocracy, must possess aristocratic feelings, and, consequently, be opposed to the demands of the people. A very little want of straight-forwardness and zeal in their cause, will be sufficient to create in them distrust of Aristocratic leaders; and then the Ministers will, in their turn, discover the strength of popular opposition.

We may here be asked, why we thus indulge in these warnings, and, by our fears cast odium on the existing Ministry. Candidly, then, if we are compelled to confess, we, being of the people, feel as they do; we are jealous and distrustful; and, moreover, believe that we can shew our fears not to be wholly groundless. The generality of mankind do not pay to political matters attention sufficient to enable them to anticipate a very distant future. Those, however, whose whole life is passed in political investigations, become far-sighted; and events appear to them certain, long before their accomplishment is dreamed of, by others less conversant. In the present case, however, we hardly precede the popular feeling. Distrust begins very distinctly to be entertained by the people at large; and we are doing no more than giving it expression. Let us not be misunderstood, and thus appear to speak contradictions. We must distinguish between the feelings of the people as regards government generally, and as regards the present Ministers particularly. The jealousy respecting aristocratic rule above spoken of, and the determination of the people to combat for themselves alone, and not for any party, is a feeling of some years standing. It has long been in existence, and often expressed. Here we are not in advance of the general opinion. Besides this general distrust, however, there has, within the last few months, been gradually arising a feeling of doubt as to the party now in power. This mistrust, though becoming general, is new; it has not hitherto been stated in very express or definite terms; and therefore, to a certain extent, we may be said in this case to be somewhat in advance of the public. For the moment, we acknowledge the charge. We have looked with some care on political changes; have watched the signs by which they have been preceded and attended; and, like experienced sailors, we can predict a storm some time before it actually occurs. In the conduct of the Ministers, there have appeared many circumstances of late of an exceedingly doubtful character. For these, various excuses have been advanced; excuses which have now so often been called into play, that they also begin to be viewed with distrust. Their conciliation, as regards the enemies of the people, assumes the appearance of friendship, while their austerity towards the people themselves is very like bitter hostility; every where Tories are preferred to office, while liberal opinions are the sure means of disfavour. The desire of the nation to obtain good government is constantly thwarted by the machinations of their enemies thus placed in power; and the supposed good intentions of the Ministers themselves rendered nought by the same means. Of what use are professions thus constantly belied?

In support of these general assertions, it is easy to bring forward specific evidence.

The first circumstance to which we shall allude, is the case of Somer-

ville; and we do so because it evinces, in a remarkable manner, the conduct of the Government towards the Tories, and the next in order will be the affair at Clitheroe, because that marks their conduct towards the people.

A private soldier chooses to write a letter on the subject of dispersing the people, and therein very properly expresses repugnance to the task of riding down and sabring his fellow-countrymen. For this offence, a pretext having been found, he is flogged.\* By whom? By a Tory major. Thus we see the Tory party, when they have the power, flog one of the people for attempting to thwart their charitable purpose of slaughtering their fellow-citizens. No one can accuse them of a desire to conciliate, or any hesitation in following out their intentions. What do the Whigs,—they, who, for the time being, are the leaders of the people,—on this occasion? Do they resent the vengeance thus taken? do they punish the offender? No. They have a Court of Inquiry, formed of officers of the Major's way of thinking, who very coolly tell the Major he was a fool for letting out the real reason for flogging the private soldier; but though they accuse him of folly, they say his honour is untouched; that he is as much a soldier and a gentleman as before. For aught we know, this may be true. In the code of a soldier and a gentleman it would seem that brutality is thought no blemish: acting as a judge and creating false pretences, is thought no crime. Really, after this code, Major Wyndham, we dare say, is a soldier and a gentleman. But did the Whig Ministry dismiss him? No. The Tory Court of Inquiry having determined that the Tory delinquent had behaved only with a little indiscretion, there the matter as regarded the Major ended. But what happened to Somerville? Why, he was permitted to buy his discharge, giving, it is said, £30 for the same; but lest this friend of his class, this man who did not altogether like the Tory service of hunting his defenceless countrymen, lest this fellow should escape with impunity, a libel on his character is read at the head of the regiment. He is accused of sowing sedition among the troops.† To say that you dislike cutting your neighbour's throat, riding down and trampling under foot his wife and children, is seditious. This, too, under the Ministry, who are a Ministry only because the people have been their friends. Lord Hill is the person who has enacted the latter part of this affair, and throughout he has been actively engaged in defeating the object of inquiry. We know, and defy any one to disprove what we assert, that some of the Ministers were honestly intent on having this matter sifted to the bottom. Sir John C. Hobhouse took immense pains to obtain the Court of Inquiry, and even went so far as

\* It may be said that the sentence of the court disproved this assertion. We shall be plain-spoken on this occasion. The sentence of the court has had no such effect. No man of common sense doubts that Somerville was flogged because he wrote his famous letter; and all the swearing to the contrary will never persuade any one that such was not the fact.

† If Lord Hill, the author of this letter, had been Somerville, we suppose he would have received a second flogging on this occasion; and certainly, if flogging be in any case admissible, with justice. The Court of King's Bench would have permitted a criminal information to be filed against the libeller, should the actors change places. Would they do so now? Would they grant such a favour to Somerville against Lord Hill? Certainly not. And yet we are said to live in a country where to the poor and the rich man the law is equal. Do we not live among a nation of hypocrites?



to threaten a resignation unless it were granted. He also had to watch with the greatest care the composition of that court; and yet, in spite of his efforts, which were in the highest degree praiseworthy, he and the rest of the liberal portion of the Ministry were defeated. Why was this? Because they permit men like Lord Hill, men inimical to a liberal policy, to hold high and powerful offices among them. In answer to this, it is observed, that it is advisable not to mix up the affairs of the army with political matters. We care not how advisable this course may be; what we assert is, that it is impossible. The army is a political machine; it is maintained purely for political purposes; and the mode of its employment is of the deepest import to the whole of the political affairs of this country. Did the Tories, when they were in power, consider it requisite to separate the army from the Government? Did they employ for its guidance persons of principles opposed to their own? Never. Why, then, do the present Ministers retain such persons as Lord Hill? Here is a case in which they themselves had every desire to act properly, yet, from their absurd spirit of conciliation, have they incurred immense odium. They are generally believed to have shielded Major Wyndham; to have wished to smother inquiry, and to have been careless as to the ill-treatment of the soldier. Yet we have every reason to believe, having evidence not before the public, that such was not the case. Lord Hill has been the real actor on the occasion, and has managed adroitly to throw the whole odium consequent on the transaction on the shoulders of the Ministers. If they be wise, and take warning from this instance, they will immediately rid themselves of the encumbrance of such a compeer as Lord Hill.\* Their weakness in these matters is quite as mischievous as the most determined hostility.\*

Now comes the affair at Clitheroe. We have seen the amazing lenity shown to Major Wyndham. We have seen, that a Tory ill-treating a private soldier, one of the people; that it, for shamefully, barbarously ill-treating him, has received no punishment. Now, then, let us turn our eyes to the noisy multitude of Clitheroe. They, forsooth, make a noise; and not liking Mr. Irving's proceedings, or his eloquence, refuse to listen to his oratory. This is said to be very unjust; and there is much idle talk of the freedom of debate, &c. It was not a matter of debate, be it remembered. Mr. Irving came to solicit suffrages; and the people took this way of telling him that they had no good opinion of his qualifications. On this the said gentleman grows furious; and, because the people would not listen, he rides them down, shoots and sabres them, with the aid of a party of soldiers. The soldiers and Mr. Irving are left unpunished. Now, mark the mode in which people will reason on the subject of using the army in this way. There are three pregnant circumstances connected with this question; two we have already mentioned; the third makes the chain complete: we mean the treatment, the severe inquisition of poor Colonel Brereton.

"It may be observed, (suppose one of the people now speaking,) from

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\* It is more than probable that the back-stairs influence which prevented the creation of Peers, may retain Lord Hill in office against the will of Lord Grey. Should this be the case, we shall not hesitate to address a dutiful remonstrance to the King. These are not times for ceremony. We would counsel Lord Grey not to conceal the fact, if he is thwarted by the King in this matter. His Government would lose no strength by such an avowal; for that he and the more liberal members of the Cabinet are disliked at Court, is no secret; while the avowal of his wish to dismiss Lord Hill, would greatly add to the support he receives from the country.—E. T. M.

all these proceedings, that there is a strong feeling of animosity in the ministerial mind against the people, and of friendship towards those who oppose them. We see, and so must every one who has common sense, the nature of the great struggle now going on. We, the people, are on one side; they, the aristocracy, are on the other. The Ministers well know that this is the case; and, knowing it, how have they acted? A commanding officer evinces great repugnance to slaughtering his fellow-citizens; he does all in his power to avert the shedding of their blood; he acts in a truly humane and patriotic spirit. What is the consequence to him? He is pursued by a severe inquisition. He sees arrayed against him furious partisans of those who delight in trampling the people under foot; he sees ruin and disgrace coming on him for his humanity; and in despair, he puts an end to his existence. Thus is he a fearful warning to all soldiers who, hereafter, shall exhibit sympathy with the suffering people." "That is an unfair inference," says a friend of moderation. "Is it so?" says the sharp-sighted plebeian; "then let us see whether other facts will accord with, or oppose it. Not long after, a private soldier, in a letter, expresses the same feelings as those on which poor Colonel Brereton acted. He manifests humanity, and repugnance to butchery. He is immediately flogged; disgraced by the infliction of a degrading punishment; lowered to the condition of a slave; treated like a brute animal; robbed of the dignity of his nature, and branded with eternal infamy. I speak not of the mere physical suffering; I think of his mental agony; I see him choke with the stifling feelings of shame and horror. 'Tis the deadly sickening of his manly heart, when he beholds the ghastly preparations for his ignominious punishment, that I contemplate. Good God! has this man friends? has he a mother, a brother, sister, or wife? Can a gentleman, a man of honour, delight in harrowing up every tender, every generous feeling, by such brutal infliction? Can it be believed that a deadly desire of revenge haunts not the poor victim of this fearful system? There are men who, with steady, concentrated, calculating vengeance, would pursue the authors of these atrocities the wide world over; men, whose purposes no time would alter, nought but death could satisfy. Against the steadfast wrath of such men the world would offer no asylum; mankind in arms, and on the watch, would be no safeguard. Is it not wonderful, under such circumstances, that men can be found possessed of blind fool-hardiness sufficient to inflict such punishments? Let me, however, return from this digression, and make the case bear upon my reasoning. I put Somerville's case by the side of Colonel Brereton's. I find the self-same offence visited in the self-same spirit, with signal punishment. Is it strange, that my former conclusion or inference should be strengthened? The case, however, ends not here. The people at Clitheroe are ridden down. Now, here are soldiers and officers acting in the spirit opposite to that of Brereton and Somerville. Are they punished? Is a scrutinizing court-martial held over them? Do they see the people arrayed as witnesses, and the Ministers, the people's friends, as counsel against them? No, they see none of these things. They are allowed to go unmolested; knowing that they have the cordial approbation of Lord Hill, whatever the Ministers may think of the matter." Looking at the Ministry as a whole, and without reference to one or two of its members, we are compelled to say, that these inferences seem but too correct.

These, however, are not the only circumstances which have induced

our suspicions, as respects the future conduct of the present Ministers. Among their other declarations, the one for which they most obtained the good will of the thinking part of their fellow-countrymen, was that in which they stated that they were hostile to all checks upon the diffusion of knowledge. They promised, solemnly promised, (Lord Althorp cannot deny this,) to take off all imposts which prevented instruction. When this solemn promise was made, the Ministers were actually dependent for their very existence, as Ministers, on the good opinion of the people? Had they, then, been unsupported by the popular voice, they would not have remained an hour in office. They knew this. In order to gain the all-important support of the people, they promised to their leaders this great boon.\* The news went abroad to every part of the country, and was hailed as a sure sign of the good intentions of the Whigs. It was said, that they were not mere vulgar politicians; claims of a higher order were advanced on their account, and the world were not unwilling to admit them. But what has been the result of these great professions? Absolutely nothing. The Ministers have been two years in office, and those acts which were passed by Lord Castlereagh, in the most doubtful and distressed times of our history,—acts that disgrace even the statute-book, viz. the Six Acts, as they are called, are still unrepealed.† Nothing could exceed the indignation of the Whigs on the passing of them. Destruction was foretold by every loud-tongued orator of the day. There was much commonplace rhetoric thrown away on what they were pleased to consider and call our liberties. Yet, when they have power, the same foul blot remains. Under what pretence? The revenue is talked of; and Lord Althorp is ready, as usual, to say that he is not prepared to admit the change; he does not know that evil might not arise from their repeal. We distinctly say, this is a subterfuge. These acts were imposed expressly to keep instruction from the people. Lord Castlereagh in no degree hid his purpose. The Whigs of that day taunted him, abused him, raved about the atrocity of the act. With what conscience can they now talk about them as mere matters of revenue? Place the question for a moment on this ground, however. Are the Ministers prepared to defend the taxing of knowledge? Are they ready to take their stand with the herd of vulgar politicians, and declare that they think an ignorant can ever be a happy people? As a matter of revenue, do they pretend to assert that instruction is not the best police officer, the best judge, and thus the most efficient economist of expense? Out upon such sorry drivelling! The Government exists, not to maintain great offices, and to pay large salaries, and hear people talk nonsense in the House of Commons. Government exists in order that

\* The radical members of the House of Commons, on this express promise, postponed the agitation of the question. At the time, the postponement seemed to us unwise; for then, as now, we doubted the sincerity of such suspicious promises, made for the sake of delay. However, we appeal to Mr. Warburton and Mr. Hume in support of our statements, as regards Lord Althorp's solemn promise on the occasion; and we ask them, whether they did not consent to delay, on the faith of such promise?

† It cannot be said for Ministers, that they have not had time or opportunity for abating the Taxes on Knowledge. They have more to answer for, as to this matter, than merely omitting to do what they ought to have done. The Taxes on Knowledge were fairly brought under consideration, in the House of Commons, by Mr. H. Lytton Bulwer; and his good intentions were defeated by Ministerial influence, more than once plainly exhibited.

the people may be happy ; and this they cannot be unless they are instructed. The first great duty of a Government, one as compared with which all others sink into insignificance, is to educate the people. One of the most efficient means to this great end is, to permit the free circulation of cheap publications. In consequence of the immensely increased power of machinery, and the growing feeling existing among the more highly instructed, that increased knowledge among the people is our surest means of defence against despotism, and anarchy, and popular imprudence, it would be possible to spread over every part of the country, to put into every man's hand, books which would instruct every class in the great duties of their several stations. We might soon have a people who would obey the law from reason and love ; who would guard against misfortune by steady prudence ; who would derive their pleasure from intellectual sources, and not the gratification of their brute appetites. Every thing proves that this would soon take place. The popular mind is in a ferment for instruction. The people actually pant for knowledge ; and would hail, as their best friend, him who would sedulously convey it to them. This time of ardent desire is trifled away by a pence-shillings-and-pound calculation, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer ; a calculation as false in its result, as it is hypocritical in its purport.\* Advisedly do we say, that from the beginning to the end, the affair is a subterfuge. Honest intentions in our rulers, and the continued existence of these disgraceful checks upon the diffusion of knowledge, are utterly incompatible. It is a remarkable circumstance in the Whig administration, that they never show determination and courage against any body but the people. If a Tory magistrate or officer misconduct himself, no punishment follows. The public are told that conciliation is necessary. But let one of the people offend ; then there is no impunity granted, and the law must have its course. The abominable laws against the diffusion of knowledge have on various occasions been condemned by the Ministers ; nevertheless, while allowing the laws to be detestable, no sooner does a poor wretch break through them, than he is mercilessly hunted into jail. Within the last eighteen months, the number of persons imprisoned for selling cheap publications is three hundred. Mr. Carpenter's Political Letter was sternly suppressed, and he sent to prison. And all these things have been performed by an administration constantly making professions of their ardent desire to educate the people.

Our arraignment of the Ministers has not yet ended. The list is a long one, and the task of exhibiting it is a disagreeable task ; yet, for their sakes and our own, we must unflinchingly continue.

The next accusation is that of extravagance. The circumstances already mentioned, mark, on the part of our rulers, great want of sympathy with the people in their moral well-being ; this new one, too plainly shows that they care little for their physical misery. But while it thus demonstrates the absence of those higher qualities which distinguish

\* If it be requisite to obtain a revenue as large as the present, still there is no justification for taxing knowledge. Raise a revenue if you will : but never tax instruction. Tax any thing, or every thing, but that. The taxes on knowledge produce little more than half-a-million. It is quite possible to raise the present revenue without the assistance of this most impolitic impost. Lord Althorp does, or ought to know this ; and therefore ought to be aware that his talk will be deemed a poor subterfuge.

enlightened from vulgar politicians, it proves, with painful certainty, that the common sin of this last wretched herd is one in which they participate. A low desire of money, a thoroughly vulgar cupidity is prevalent in the ranks of the Whigs. With them, moreover, this wretched vice is attended with a disgrace unknown to their enemies. The Tories never yet have made professions as to the purity of their motives,—never have pretended that the expenses of the Government could be less than at present. Thus, their craving cupidity was not attended with low subterfuge, and manifest breach of principle. They boldly declared that such a sum was needed; and they took it. They made no secret of their favouritism: they paid their friends highly, and unblushingly avowed and defended the extravagance. Not so with the Whigs. They make constant professions of a desire to retrench. The moment they, in appearance, save a sixpence, that moment they claim, and loudly too, praise for their economy. Lord Althorp, at the commencement of his career as a public servant, was profuse in his enunciation of good principles. Nobody was to be paid who did not render service; and nobody was to be paid too highly for such service as he might render. These were cheering sounds to the starving multitudes, who believe that much of their misery results from over-taxation. But how has this promise also been kept? After the same fashion with those respecting the Taxes on Knowledge. Between 6000 and 7000 men are added to the army,—six thousand more than was demanded by the imperious Duke of Wellington. Not content with this increased army, they filled up the yeomanry, which Lord Goderich had reduced to four corps; then came the estimates on a scale of extravagance equal to any that the most profuse of the extravagant Tories ever attempted. Not satisfied with the breach of that part of their promise, which declared that none should be paid too highly, they have actually filled up every sinecure that has become vacant. We have before us a curious correspondence,\* lately published at Poole, connected

\* The following extract from a letter of Mr. Hume, which forms part of the correspondence referred to, is quoted, to show how entirely what we have said as to Ministerial extravagance coincides with the sentiments entertained by that staunch friend of good government.

"Having supported Lord Grey's Government under the confident belief that they would put an end to all sinecures and useless offices as soon as possible, and would do every thing in their power to reduce the expenses of the country, I made, under their peculiar situation, great allowance for their continuing the large army and naval establishments for this year; and, in consideration of what they were doing in the Reform of Parliament, I did not oppose, as I ought, and would otherwise have done, the enormous estimates of the year: but, after the Reform Bill was passed, and restraint no longer necessary, I did, in the House of Commons, charge Lord Althorp and the Ministry with a dereliction of principle, and a direct violation of their pledges of economy, particularly in their filling up several of the sinecure Military Governorships which had just fallen vacant. One of these became vacant by the death of General Hart, Governor of Londonderry, and I called on Lord Althorp publicly to abolish the office, it being a perfect sinecure. The annual income is about 1100*l.* or 1200*l.*, and is made up of about 400*l.* paid from the annual votes (taxes) of the country, 200*l.* paid by the Irish Society in London, in virtue of an old grant, and there is an estate of 300 or 400 acres of lands, (crown land), which brings in 500*l.* a-year, or thereabouts. All that amount, I contend, might be saved, and ought to have been saved, if the Ministers had thought proper to keep faith with the public; but they, contrary to my protest, appointed Sir John Byng to Londonderry, and other officers to the other sinecure places, as I contend, most improperly, and against all principle of good and economical government.

with the filling up of a military sinecure. General Hart, Governor of Londonderry, died some weeks since, and thus left vacant a sinecure of £1200 per annum. The Ministry filled up the vacancy by appointing Sir John Byng. They could not, in this case, plead inadvertence: they could not say they were taken by surprise. Lord Althorp had notice, before the place was given to Sir John Byng, that questions respecting the conduct that would be pursued by Ministers as to this sinecure, would be publicly put to him in the House. He begged for delay, and said, that in a few days he would be ready to give all the information required. The delay was granted. Days passed over, and no information came. Remonstrance followed: still no answer;—when, at length, Mr. Dawson, a Tory opponent of the Ministers, brought the matter before the House, by attacking the Ministers for giving away this sinecure, and thus falsifying their promises. The delay that Lord Althorp demanded, served only to enable the Ministers to give away the place. They had recourse to this subterfuge in order to carry their wishes into effect. Had the thing been mentioned before the post had been disposed of, they could not have avoided abolishing it; so they employed an unworthy artifice, to gain time. This is only one instance out of many; and is mentioned, because, from its attendant circumstances, it is pregnant with instruction.

Thus, if we consider the nature of their general proceedings, or view the particular cases by which those proceedings are accompanied, causes of suspicion and distrust arise at every step: not such suspicion as would arise only in the mind of one prone to jealousy, but even in the minds of confiding friends. The people *were* confiding friends of ministry; and not till this hearty confidence had been shaken, by repeated trials, did they entertain or express any doubt. Now we have had two years' sad experience. Every day has brought something deserving of reproach; and the sum of their misdeeds has, at length, mounted so high, that the people can no longer be silent spectators of these proceedings. If the Ministers be really of honest intentions, they will take these remonstrances in good part; they will rejoice at being warned in time, and will regulate their future conduct by what they see to be the feelings of the nation.

Of the conduct of the present Government, as respects Ireland, we have spoken in a former number; and, in the present number, we have drawn a parallel between the persecution in Scotland in the sixteenth century, and that in Ireland in the nineteenth. It is therefore unnecessary that we should dilate upon the policy pursued by the Ministry towards Ireland here. Still, when bringing forward a list of our grievances, this great stain on the present Administration must not be forgotten. Mr. Stanley's whole conduct is more suited to the meridian of Turkey than of England;

"The answer given to me by Lord Althorp was not, as you suppose, satisfactory to me; but, on the contrary, was most unsatisfactory: and I regret that my reply to him was *not reported*. I said, 'that if sinecure offices are not to be abolished, how are the expenses of the country, and the heavy taxation of the country, to be reduced; that at the present time of the session, and under the particular circumstances of the Administration, I would not take the sense of the House against it; but that I hoped the Reformed Parliament would abolish all these and other sinecure offices without ceremony.' I further added, 'that I did not blame Sir John Byng for taking the office, so much as I blamed the Government for giving it to him, when there was actually a deficient revenue and excessive taxation.'"

and should he be allowed to proceed in the same rash and headlong manner, in which he has hitherto conducted himself, a war of extermination must follow. He is adding fuel to a fire already too fierce; and the result will be, either that we shall be compelled to march an army into Ireland, and put down rebellion by annihilating the whole of the Catholic population, or the Protestants now there will be exterminated. The continued irritation of the Catholics, as now practised; the unjust and preposterous attempt to prop up the Established Church in spite of justice, in spite of the maddened feelings of the people, must make the breach between the two sections of the people eternal. Care, and an honest, intelligent endeavour to abolish the many great abuses existing in that unhappy country, would, we firmly believe, have reconciled the Protestant and Catholic Irish. But we fear that Mr. Stanley, neither by his talent, nor by the sympathies of his nature, is fitted for the arduous task of legislating for a divided people. He may be a quick and fluent debater; but here something is wanted beyond smart talking. Profound knowledge of the human mind, and faultless sagacity in the management of the various instruments which constitute the means of politically governing, are needed in a case so desperate as that of Ireland. Mr. Stanley's flippant sarcasm renders the matter still more hopeless. He evidently prides himself on his talk. He is ever ready to put down opposition, and brow-beat those who question his proceedings. He is great in his own conceit, and in the opinion of an ignorant House of Commons. But his presumption is doomed to signal discomfit. While he is arrogantly proving that his patient must soon be in high health, the patient will expire. Ireland, according to his shallow reasoning, must soon be brought to a sound condition: he will quickly have no Ireland to experiment on. Of the Lord Chancellor's conduct, as separated from that of the remaining portion of the Ministry, we shall at this time say nothing. Further experience may, in the opinion of some, be required before a decided opinion can properly be formed respecting it. We, therefore, wait that experience. In the mean time, we cannot here avoid remarking on the new doctrine his Lordship has thought fit to promulgate, respecting the law of treason, and popular resistance. The Catholic Irish people deem tithes paid to a Protestant priest so signally unjust and oppressive that they refuse, in a body, to pay them; and in order to render the distraint for them of no avail, they have determined not to bid for property when exposed to sale on a levy for tithes. This determination Lord Brougham calls treason. When, in order to pass the reform bill, to frighten the House of Lords into compliance, his Lordship presented the famous Birmingham petition, had he the same opinion respecting quiet, peaceful opposition to bad laws? He had not. Let him reconcile these contradictions. We cannot trust ourselves to speak at more length of his Lordship's conduct; and therefore abstain from further comment.

Our task becomes tiresome. Were the enumeration of evils continued, till the whole list were exhausted, the present number would be occupied solely by the Ministers and their follies. Here, then, the specific instances shall cease. Let it, however, be remembered, in order that some general and distinct conception of the Ministerial merits may be attained, that they found this country irritated by a Government which manifested no real sympathy in the welfare or misery of the people; and that they have done little beyond sometimes giving expression to liberal doctrines, to show that they, in the same way, and to the same degree, are not hostile to popular interests; that, on the other hand, they have done much

to continue suspicion, and heighten the irritation already entertained. Let it also be recollected, that they found the nation overwhelmed by an enormous expenditure, and, that after two years experience, they rather have increased than diminished our burthens : that after repeated promises of aid, they have done nothing to enable the people to obtain instruction ; and that now they boldly declare that they mean to continue the odious taxes on knowledge : that hitherto, with only one exception,\* they have made no attempts to improve the administration of justice ; but have, on the contrary, increased the already overgrown salaries of certain judges, and thus rendered the evil still greater than before : that having come to office when the commerce of the country laboured under unnecessary and mischievous checks, they have permitted affairs to remain almost precisely as they found them : in short, with the single exception of the Representation of the country, in the House of Commons, *not one of all the great and numerous abuses existing in the government of the country, has been in the slightest degree reformed* : that in fact we are as badly governed now as under the dominion of the Tory party.

This state of things cannot last. A reformed Parliament will miserably disappoint popular expectation, if, under its superintendence, any such doubtful course is permitted to be pursued by the Ministers of the crown. The present Ministers, if they act fairly in the character of the people's friends, may obtain so powerful a support in the coming House of Commons, as to be able to set at defiance the opposition of their old opponents. But, in order to obtain this support, they must at once thoroughly change their whole course of proceeding. They must begin, first, by unsparingly dismissing every Tory functionary ; must also, on all occasions, punish, with inflexible severity, every undue exercise of power ; and honestly aid in obtaining the great object of the people's desires, viz. a good government. The people will cheerfully take them for leaders, if they will heartily support the character. Nothing was ever more false than the assertion, that the people desire vulgar demagogues as their champions. Everywhere a contrary spirit has been shown. The office of a representative, for example, is, by all the various bodies of electors, conferred on gentlemen. A man from the ranks of the people, or the bourgeoisie, stands no chance of success, when opposed to a person, supposed, by his station, to have received a finished education ; who is, in fact, of what is termed the upper classes. The heroes of parish vestries are nowhere deemed equal to the task of legislation ; and, in spite of the brawling of this gentry for universal suffrage and vote by ballot, certain we are, that these would not, in the slightest degree, favour their return. The people have been so long accustomed to see men of high rank and station acting as rulers of the nation, that they are not yet prepared to see any other in that character. We speak thus, in order that the Ministers and their party may not mistake our present warning for a declaration of war. It is true, that, if the people do not find in them faithful stewards, and leaders in this their great struggle against the friends of bad government, they will seek for others in their own ranks ; but this search will not be made, if the Whigs are true to the popular side.

\* Of the Bankruptcy act, we now say nothing, because Lord Brougham's conduct has been reserved for consideration at another period, if found necessary.



**ELEGY FOR THE KING OF THE GIPSIES, CHARLES LEE,**  
*Who died in a tent near Lewes, August 16, 1832, aged 74. He was buried in  
 St. Ann's Churchyard, in presence of a thousand spectators.*

Hurrah!—hurrah!—pile up the mould :  
 The Sun will gild its sod :—  
 The Sun,—for threescore years and ten  
 The Gipsy's idol God!—  
 O'er field and fen,—by waste and wild,  
 He watch'd its glories rise,  
 To worship at that gorgeous shrine  
 The spirit of the skies.

No brick-built dwelling caged him in :  
 No lordly roof of stone;—  
 High o'er his couch the vault of Heaven  
 In star-bright splendour shone !  
 The rustling leaves still murmur'd there ;  
 The rambling woodbine flower  
 Its twilight breath, exhal'd to cheer  
 The outcast's desert bower !

To him the forest's pathless depths  
 Their mossiest caves reveal'd ;  
 To him, fair Nature's hand bequeath'd  
 Her fruits of flood and field ;—  
 The flower,—the root,—the beast,—the bird,—  
 All living things, design'd  
 To feed the craving, or delight  
 The gaze of human kind !

The pencill'd wood-flower, fair and frail,—  
 The squirrel's cunning nest,—  
 The granite throne, with lichens wild,  
 In brodered vesture dress;—  
 Sweet violets bedded in their leaves,  
 The first soft pledge of Spring ;—  
 Such were the gifts by Heaven's own hand  
 Shed on the Gipsy King!—

The snow-drop glistening in the wood,  
 The crow's-foot on the lea,  
 Their gold and silver coin pour'd forth  
 To store his treasury ;  
 The springy moss, by fairies spread,]  
 His velvet footcloth made ;  
 His canopy shot up amid  
 The lime-tree's emerald shade.

Buck,—pheasant,—hare,—some lordly park  
 Still yielded to his feast ;  
 And firing for his winter warmth,  
 And forage for his beast.  
 Happier than herald-blazon'd Kings,  
 The monarch of the moor ;—  
*He levied taxes from the rich,—  
 They wring them from the poor !*

With glow-worm lamp, and incense cull'd  
 Fresh from the beanfield's breath ;  
 And matin lark,—and vesper thrush,  
 And honey-hoarded heath ;—  
 A throne beneath the forest-boughs,  
 Fann'd by the wild bird's wing ;  
 Of all the potentates on earth,  
 Hail to the GIPSY KING !

## BLANCHE ROSE.

THE bells of Toulouse were chiming for primes.\* The spires, steeples, and turrets fluttered with pennons and banners, and clustered with caps and bonnets like swarming bees. The main street was lined by the burgher guard, and crowded with citizens, strangers, troubadours, and minstrels, above whose motley shew the windows and galleries were hung with cindon † and auras, and filled with scarlet gowns, furred tabards, and all the riches, splendour, and beauty of "*Bel Languedoc*." A deep stillness reigned in the crowd, and all eyes were turned towards the east gate, where a triumphal arch crowned with laurel, palm, and the white cross of Toulouse stood as high as the bartizan of the city port.

"Santa Madre! what jour de fête is this?" said an old pilgrim, as he pushed through the men at arms at the barrier.

"In the name of St. Jacques de Toulouse where did you come from?" replied one of the sergeants, ‡ glancing at his cockle-shell.

"That is no point of your charge," replied the stranger; "but I would know what saint you are going to celebrate."

"Truly we call him not saint as yet," replied the sergeant; "though I doubt not he is as good as St. Dennis, or St. George, or any other St. Chevalier in the calendar; but in respect of the canonization, he is yet only *Raymond de Toulouse*—'*La Fleur de Chevalerie*'—'*la lame de France*,' our young prince that shall return to-day, with the glory of heaven and earth, from the holy croisade."

The pilgrim crossed himself, and while he was yet speaking with the guard, the sound of cymbals, kettle-drums, and a "*corps d'harmonie*" came faintly through the still sunshine.

"*On viens!*" exclaimed the sergeant; and the billmen, eagerly clearing the passage, closed up their array, and stood silent under their arms.

The music advanced slowly, till the deep knell of an eastern march could be distinguished, and the thick heavy trample of horses upon the road; every eye fixed upon the gate, as the music approached, till suddenly the clattering hoofs and rolling drums echoed in the deep arch, and the dark mailed horsemen and forest of lances came through into the sunshine. The long black line of men-at-arms poured slowly down the street, till the bright tabards of the heralds appeared at the gate, followed by the great banner of Toulouse, and all the peers and paladins of the array.

In the midst of his knights, mounted upon a blanch Arab, and glistering in the white battle-habit of the cross, the Earl rode before his banner, surrounded by his officers, and followed by all the chivalry of Languedoc and Provence. His pale noble countenance was clear and serene as the sun that shone upon him, and his long black hair fell like waves of raven silk from the jewelled helmet and glittering lambroquin, which shook like a glory about his armed head. A rending shout, "*Vive! Vive! vive le Paladin del crois!*" § went up like thunder from

\* Noon mass. † Fine white linen.

‡ A soldier between the rank of an esquire and man-at-arms, who generally worked the engines.

§ Till the fourteenth century, the French language, particularly in the south, had great remains of the old Provençal and Romanish, once common to all the south of

the crowd ; and the waving of bonnets, scarfs, and glaives, fluttered and flashed, and glistened down the street before the banner, like the tossing and glimmering of flowers before the breeze.

By the side of the Earl, rode his sworn brother in arms—the beautiful and gallant Auguste de Valence, son to King Remi of Provence—called “*La Fleur de France*,” “*Le Bel du Monde*,”\* and the second knight of all the Christian chivalry ; but the eyes of the people past over him as he rode beside the young prince, who, in the opinion of the troubadours, came nearer the beau-ideal of chivalry,—“*Sir Galahad du Sangraal*,” than any other knight who had ever lived. All the way as he came, garlands, and crowns, and showering flowers rained upon his helmet and housings ; and the people wept and knelt and blessed him, and held up their children to see his face, and cry “*Vive la Gloire de France !*” The young prince came white as his surcoat, and showed his glorious head to the pall on his horse’s mane. “*Soli Deo gloria !*” said he, “*Soli Deo Gloria ! et non Nobis Domini !*”

It was long before the court passed down the crowded street, but at length the Earl entered the Grande Place, and as he passed under a large house near the cross, looked suddenly up to the galleries. That house alone in the square was silent and deserted, the silk curtains were drawn close in the windows, and the heavy galleries empty and desolate. The prince turned suddenly and spoke to the grand almoner, and the colour came into the face of the old man, but what he answered could not be heard in the crowd.

In a few moments they reached the gate of the episcopal palace, and the long glittering lambroquins and tall lances poured through into the court till the gate closed, and the black column of men at arms filed past towards the castle. But the crowd still remained before the palace, and in a short time a sumptuous cavalcade of the city procession came through to the gate, and the stately companies of peers, knights, and ladies, began to arrive for the banquet prepared to give welcome to their prince.

All the noon and till the sun grew low, the clangour of the wild eastern music came from the portals, and the gates, stairs, and galleries were crowded with valets, pages, pursuivants, and mén-at-arms ; but as the evening came and the twilight began to fall, the quiet of closing day succeeded to the hurry of the noon, and only a bright page, or an over-wassailed trooper was seen here and there flitting through the dim courts, or elbowing the narrow street, as if it was too narrow for a victorious crusader, who had ridden upon the plains of Zebulon and Naphthali.

It was near dark ; the Chateau was dim and still, and the quiet of feudal solitude had succeeded to the hurry and glitter of the baronial pageant and military parade. At times a sudden roar of songs and voices came from the ward rooms, but only one still watch-light shone upon the moat, and already the pages were taking their respective turnpikes,†

Europe ; hence, even in writing, it retained many constructions since localized to Italy and Spain, and thus, for “*de la*” “*à la*,” &c. was used “*del*” “*al* ;” “*Rey*” for “*Roi*,” “*Espée*” for “*Epée*,” “*del Rey* and *al Rey*” for “*du Roy* and *au Roi*,” &c. hence the surname which yet remains in France, “*Delcroix*.”

\* *Du monde* was a superlative epithet frequently bestowed upon the extraordinary degree of any quality, good or bad. Thus, there was “*The perilous Knight of the World*,” “*The beautiful Ladye of the World*,” &c. &c. &c.

† Old name for a winding stair.

and the seneschal was putting off his furred gown within his closet; for as yet the great had not fallen into those extravagant late hours which made them invisible to their poor suitors at eight o'clock before noon.\*

In the midst of this quiet, a tall figure wrapped in a dark mantle came out from the west postern, and turned hastily towards the Grande Place. The full moon was rising over the dim houses as he entered the square; and as he looked up to her bright face, it discovered the pale noble countenance of Raymond de Toulouse. He passed hastily to the house, which he had noticed at his entry, and stopping at a small port under the garden turret, unclosed the door and passed into a little wilderness of cypresses and olives. He walked forward through the dim alleys, like one well acquainted with their windings, till he came to a vast plane tree, which overshadowed a little green seat beside the Garonne.

A white female figure sat upon the turf, her long black hair loose upon her neck, and her silk gown glistening on the grass like a continuation of the moonlight which glimmered on the water; and to which she gazed with such fixedness that the knight was at her side before she heard his step.

"BLANCHE ROSE!" said he, in a still gentle voice; she started and drew a long quivering breath, but as she looked in his face, she sprung from the ground,—"*My own very dear prince and brother!*" she exclaimed, and fell upon his bosom, and wept without a word.

The prince held her in his arms and bent over her till her emotion subsided into the low tremulous sobs of an infant's tears. Several times the Earl strove to speak; but his voice failed at that sad trembling breath that fluttered upon his bosom.

"Dear Blanche," said he at last, "what is this?—they would not tell me—but *you* will tell me."

The lady started and shuddered, and her face sunk closer on his mantle.

The tears came to the eyes of the young knight—"My own dear Orpheline Ladye—the child of my foster-mother—you do not fear to speak to *me!*—to your brother? look up on the face that used to rest on the same bosom—sleep in the same cradle—and this the hand—that was once the little helpless hand that clung to the same breast with yours—Now to Him be the glory! The battle arm that holds the thunder and the lightning against all that should do ill to my dear sister."

Blanche burst afresh into sobs, and would have sunk out of his arms but for his strong hand; but he supported her in silence, till at last her tears ceased, and she leaned still and breathless, and deathly heavy on his arm. Raymond looked upon her bright lovely head that lay motionless upon his cloak, and smoothed the raven locks from her pale brow. "Alas!" said he gently, "where is your own *white flower* that used to be so bright in these dark waves?"

"La-Blanche-Rose" trembled like the leaves that quivered in the moonlight—"Fallen—gone—withered in the dust!" she murmured faintly.

The Earl's hand shook, but he did not speak, and for a long time they stood without a word.

Blanche rose up from his arm, and swept back the hair from her pale

\* Latimer, in one of his sermons, complains that the dissipation and late hours of the courtiers, had advanced to such an excess, that they were unable to give audience perhaps, before eight o'clock in the morning.

death-face. "Raymond!" said she, "I will speak to you as a knight's daughter should speak to a knight's son.—I was—your very dear true sister. *I am*"—her voice choked and struggled—"no more your sister—no more my father's daughter—a poor—lost—fallen maiden! I was the last of his race that was the father of kings. I shall be the first—the mother of one—*who will never have a father!*" She sunk down upon the seat and buried her face on the grass.

Raymond stood silent and fixed, and held her hand—but it did not move again, and lay cold and still, and heavy as the dead clay. "My dear sister!" said he at last, "what, who has done you wrong?"

Blanche did not speak nor lift her face, but drew away her hand, and immediately it returned with something bright to the moonshine; as Raymond stooped it flew open, and he saw the glorious beautiful features of Auguste de Valence.

"*Le Bel du Monde!*" he exclaimed.

Blanche did not move nor answer, and his eyes rested fixed upon the miniature, as it lay open in her passive hand.

"What has he done!" said the Earl, in the deep calm terrible voice with which he used to speak in battle.

Her voice spoke faintly from the ground; "*He* has shed the rose from my brow that shall never bloom again!"

Raymond fell on the ground, his long hair spread in the dust, and his bright noble terrible battle-front bowed like a child. The white fingers of the maiden closed convulsively upon the gold, and the bright robe trembled on her slender form, like the lights upon the stream.

Raymond rose up; his lips were white as death, but his eyes calm and steady; and he stooped and took her passive hand and kissed her cold lips. "Ladye! my very dear love and sister!" said he, "it is gone! it is passed away!—to-morrow your white flower shall bloom on your brow, clear and stainless as ever it shone in the sun!"

Blanche started and glanced wildly up; but the sudden light of her eyes fell, and she clasped her hands on her face, "*He* is married to another!" said she.

Raymond grasped her hands. "Look up!" said he; "look on the fair moon; she is rising as you and I have seen her rise when we were happy, careless infants on this bank. When she rises again, you shall look upon her, clear, and bright, and spotless as her face that smiles upon you!"

Blanche looked long, and fixed, and calm upon him, and dropped her eyes, and shook her head. "The grave—the fire that washes out all spot—the mercy of God shall take away my stain, but never man on earth!"

The Earl turned away and held her hand, and the tears run down his face. At last he loosed his surcoat, and undid the white cross from his neck. "I took it at the holy shrine," said he, "at His foot where all sins shall be forgiven; it has brought me through battle, and tempest, and the black death,\*—by His might it shall bring you through peril worse than death. Take it; pray for me; and when we meet again you shall be the bright, beautiful, glorious lady of the world that ever you were in life!"

\* The Plague in general, in particular a dreadful pestilence which desolated the north of Europe in the 13th century.

He tied the cord on her neck, and laid the pearl in her hand, and long spoke and strove to console her, but she could not be comforted, and sat still and silent upon the grass; her hands dropped in the cold dew, and her eyes fixed blank and dim upon the moonlight that floated in the water.

Raymond stood and gazed upon her till his face grew white as hers; but suddenly the light came to his eyes, he laid his hand upon the cross of his sword—"By His might and His hope, *I hold the spell of your fate!*" said he; "*to-morrow it shall be broken!*"

\* \* \* \* \*

The grey dawn was breaking in the forest of Maris, and the dim cold light began to glisten upon the pale flowers and the dewy leaves of the wood-sorrel and colt's-foot which clustered about the feet of the old oaks. No sound came through the still thickets but the chime from the distant convent, and the light trip of the buck pricking among the leaves; even at that quiet hour he started at the mass-bell, suddenly stopped his croppingslips from the grass, and bent his ear, and held up his nose in the wind; but he returned to his browsing, and wandered through the wood, till he came to the brink of a small deep glade; he stopped suddenly, and pricked his ear, and glanced his bright eye into the hollow, and for a moment stood and felt the wind, but in the next his white-single went over the long fern like a flash of light, and he vanished into the deep thicket. For an instant his short bound came from the moss, but nothing stirred nor appeared where he had looked, and the light began to brighten and the birds to sing, but all was still and solitary.

The red rose of the morning began to appear through the trees, and the white mist went slowly up from the glade, and under an oak leaned a tall dark man, his arms folded, his back to the tree, and his brown cap and deep mantle, scarce distinguishable from the knotted and fantastic shapes of the old trunks that stood about him.

As he leaned and gazed upon the path, a quick step rustled on the leaves, and suddenly the light noble figure of Auguste de Valence came out upon the glade. For a moment he stopped and glanced round. The man rose from the tree, and dropped his cloak, and came to the green—*Raymond de Toulouse.*

Auguste cast his mantle, and put off his glove, and they drew their swords and confronted each other without a word. For a moment they stood upon their guard, point to point, eye to eye, foot to foot, and neither gave hit nor foin; but in the next Auguste made a feint and plunge that might have foiled the best hand in France, but the blade glanced like a reed from the sword of Raymond, and for several moments the glade echoed to the quick clash and the heavy fearful trample of the mortal assault. But it might have seemed only a skilful "passage of arms," neither being able to foil the hand of his opponent, till Auguste made the foin that he was never known to fail, and the sword went through the kirtle of his antagonist, close beneath his arm. The point glittered at his back, and the blood gushed down his green hose, but he did not fall nor stagger, nor drop his hand, and they closed, and clashed, and showered blows, till the blood run from every limb, and breathless and exhausted they dropped their points, and stood apart to breathe. For an instant they wiped their brows and drew their breath, and undid their kirtles to the wind; and Auguste sat down upon a mole-hill, and the Earl leaned to a tree, and each glanced at times to the other, till suddenly they started to the green, and renewed the battle with the

same mortal determination. The sun was rising as they struck the first strokes; and whether it shone in the eyes of Auguste, or that the Earl had the better, he made a sudden feint, and in the next moment the hilt of his sword was against the breast of his antagonist, and the blade a red half ell beyond his back.

De Valence sprang like a stricken hart, and fell upon the turf without a word; the blood gushed out from his mouth and breast, and in a moment his eyes began to change, and his lips became blue and cold. Raymond threw himself upon his knees by his side, and clasped his hand, and raised his head, and strove to stanch the blood, and gazed wildly upon his closing eyes—"God give mercy and grace!" he cried, "that I should do this!"

Auguste opened his eyes and grasped his hand—"True and noble friend," said he, "you were ever kind and faithful to me in our lives, and this that you have now done is the best and truest deed of all.—I thank God—I bless you—pray for me—forgive me—but O she never can!"—and he turned his face to the earth.

The Earl's tears dropped fast upon his cold brow, and he held his hand without speaking, as his breath came in short painful sobs, and the cold death-dew rose upon his forehead; he gave a sudden shiver, and his hand caught upon the hand of his friend—"Say a prayer," said he; "bid God save; and let her pray for me when I am gone!"

Raymond cast up a sudden look—"Holy saints!—and no priest!—none to say him shrift!"

The dying knight pressed his hand—"Hold up your cross," said he. "and let me look upon it till I pass away. If I had but a cup of water!"

Raymond glanced eagerly round the glade; a little blue streamlet fell through the grass upon a hollow of the mossy rock, and hastening to the spot, he filled his bonnet at the well, and hurried back to the dying man. The eyes of Auguste had closed, but when the water came to his lips he opened them and looked up; a faint light came to his cheek; and he raised himself on the arm of his once brother.

"I will confess my shrift to you, my true brother," said he, "and you shall tell the priest, and pray for me, and there will be mercy."

The Earl bathed his face, and held him in his arms, and lifted the cross before him; and the knight clasped his dying hands on his, and confessed to him, as if he had been a monk in holy quire. His strength ebbed away with his last words, and he sunk heavy and breathless upon the breast of Raymond. The knight dipped his hand in the water, and signed his brow, and put the cross in his cold fingers—"God be merciful to you and forgive you," said he, "and speak to you that word that I dare not speak, and that none is here to speak in his name!"

The hand of the dying knight closed upon the rood; his eyes fell, and one sharp shiver, and he stretched out, cold and still, and gone for ever.

The Earl gazed on his void face, and held his hand till it grew stiff and cold, and the eyes slowly unclosed and fixed in the death-glare. Raymond shuddered, and clasped his hands, and laid his head upon the turf, and the cross upon his breast, and spread his mantle over him, and knelt, and wept, and prayed beside him. At last he rose, and dried his sword on his sleeve, and put his bonnet on his head, and set his horn to his lips, and blew the mort.\* In a few moments a little page came

\* The death-mote, or the blast that was blown at the death of a stag.

lightly through the trees with his white Arab; and, as he led up the horse, looked upon the cloak, and trembled and turned pale.

"Sit beside him," said the Earl, "and watch that no beast nor bird come to do him wrong; and I will ride to the town, and he shall be buried as men should bury a king's son."

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun was set, and the twilight was almost gone; all Toulouse was in motion; the great bell of the cathedral tolled its heavy knell over the town; and the streets were crowded with a tide of people hurrying towards the main rue. All the way from the Chateau to the great church was kept by men-at-arms, and a constant wavering stir went among the tall lances, and an eager murmur of voices, interrupted only by the fearful toll of the bell that struck its death-knell at slow intervals.

"Gramercy! what is this, that the great bell tolls!" exclaimed an old peasant to his merchant as he pushed through the crowd; "I never heard that knell but for the death of our Earl."

"Then shall you well hear it to-day," replied the citizen; "for though he is not, as you shall say, dead in his body, he is dead in his glory and knight's fame."

"Saint Mary! of what speak you?" said the granger.

"Know you *La Rose Blanche*?" asked the merchant.

"Peine de ma vie!" exclaimed the old man, "do I know the moon, and the bright star when she rises at vespers?"

"Then shall you not marvel that the Earl had the greatest love for her that ever knight had for a lady," said the burgher.

"Nay, truly," replied the peasant; "but I make great marvel to hear a bell toll, when all the chimes in Toulouse should be ringing merry!"

"You shall not make the lark sing at your holiday," replied the merchant, "nor a maiden's love come for your harping. This, that was the brightest that ever the sun looked on, minded a fair crown and broad lordship no more than you should value a cowslip fee in fairy-land; and likely for that they had been foster-children together, she thought of Earl Raymond but as a maiden may of her true brother, and would not be his lady though he had been king of France; at the least she said so. The Count was near out of his mind, as all men know; but that which men know not—alas, that it should be to say—on the evening that he was to sail for the Holy Land, being alone with her to take his leave, fell such unknighly outrage as never prince did to a lady, unless it was Don Rodrique to count Palayo's daughter. The sweet gentle maiden never spoke charge nor word against him, but ever she was pale, and heavy, and broken of heart, and none knew why, till it could no longer be hid, and her shame flew fast and far as ever went the renown of the "*Blanche Rose*," that had never peer of any earthly ladye. Fearful!—fearful!—she had to dree\* when the priest came to curse her, and the bishop to make her speak, and the proud peers, her kinsmen, spoke of burning her on a hill, like queen Guinever; yet she would never tell the name of her false knight till this hour. But now when the Earl came, he was all confounded in her peril; and for his great repenting, he hath confessed and accused him to the bishop, and now would do all



the amende that may be to the heart-broken maiden, and make her true lady and countess of Toulouse.

"And what is this that shall be done to-night?" said the peasant.

"The Earl goes in his penance to the great Church," replied the townsman; "and thereafter the Blanche Rose shall be your lady; and let no man nor maiden think her slight, because the silk mitten was not puissant as the mail glove."

"Truly I shall think her the truest and most dolorous lady that ever was named with lips," said the old man, "and the devil spit in his face that shall ever say contrar!"

As he spoke, a faint chorus of voices came from the Chateau, and a great light appeared beyond the black crowd of helmets and lances. It advanced slowly up the street, and at length the heavy tread of feet could be heard through the crowd, and a choir of monks chanting the penitential psalms. The solemn strain approached, and rose and fell at intervals, till suddenly the crowd gave back, and the white monks and bright torches came slowly into the square. All the convents of Toulouse followed in long procession, till a broad heaven of light shone upon the press, and discovered the dark shadows of the black penitents, preceded by their cross, and lighted by a thousand torches.

In the midst, bare-headed and bare-footed, divested of all his feudal ensigns, with a torch in his hand and a chain upon his neck, Earl Raymond walked, in the white gown of penance; but his face was whiter than the cindon, and his eyes bent on the ground before the gaze and murmur that passed before him. A thrill of grief, wonder, and admiration past through every heart which had so lately seen his crowned head, riding through that street, in all the light and glory of victory and the cross; and at each pause of the choir, a deep "*Amen!*" answered from the crowd. As the procession came to the high cross, the chant ceased, the train stopped, and the heralds lifted their hands and cried, "*Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! so should it be done to all knights, traitors to orphelines and maidens.*" \*

A deep death-pause rested upon the crowd; and no voice answered back again; the heavy tramp went on, the chant rose up, and the procession past on towards the cathedral.

The long lines of monks vanished like shadows within the deep arch of the great portal, till the white gliding figures re-appeared in the light of the still choir, and the cowls, and crowns, and glittering glaives poured through the dim aisles, till the choir and nave was filled with the dark crowd. The church was hung with black, and lighted as for a soul-mass; and as the torches and the penitent advanced to the altar, the voices of the unseen choir, and the still peal of the organ, went up over his head, as if the saints and the seraphims mourned over him in heaven. Raymond wrapped his face in his mantle, and knelt upon the stone, and bowed his head upon the footstool of the altar, till the priest raised him, and set him on the "*seige douloureux*," in the sight of all the people.

The service of the penitents was performed, the monks extinguished their torches at the foot of the shrine, and the heralds advanced to the altar. Sir Raymond stood up and turned to the people, and the pursui-

\* Every knight by his oath was particularly sworn to succour and defend all maidens, orphelines, and "*desolate ladies*;" hence treason against any, in such character, was the highest act of villainy and infamy in a chevalier.

vants took off his white gown, and displayed his knightly habit and belt of estate. There was a terrible pause, and not a breath passed in the chapel. The heralds advanced to the Earl, and broke his sword over his head, and hewed the spurs from his heels, and rent the fur from his tabard; and immediately his shield and crest were spurned from the church door; the trumpets sounded on the steps, and the heralds cried,—"Raymond de Toulouse! Raymond de Toulouse! Raymond de Toulouse! traitor to God and his lady, and mansworn of his knighthood; traitor knight, so is thy name cast out from true knights, and so I cast thy shame in thy teeth, and defy thee in the name of God, the defender of the orphan and desolate!"

The people stood cold and still, and hushed as death; and the blood went out of the Earl's lips, till they were white as his kirtle. The heralds sat down, but Raymond stood still and vacant, his arms hanging to his side, and his eyes fixed upon the air.

The bishop rose out of his chair and took the book in his hand; for a moment he stood and looked upon the knight.—

"In the garden of God, one little white rose grew amidst the flowers, very fair, and pure, and bright, the sweetest among the blossoms; the sun loved to shine upon it by day, and the moon by night; and the dew and the rain watered it in the heat, and the breeze kissed it in the morning, and said, God bless thee, and HE did bless it, till it was the fairest of the earth—and the trees bent over to keep it from the wind, and the birds sung to it at noon, and the angels of God looked down upon it, and blessed his name that had made it lovely.

"God gave thee the flower, and the forest to keep and watch, and defend from all wrong; and he gave thee the oak, and the palm, the fair fields, and the still, green wood, and all that walked therein—and if this had not been enough he would have given thee more.

"Thou spared to come to the cedar, and the oak, and plucked the little flower that was lonely, and put it in thy bosom when it was sweet, and when it faded, cast it on the ground to die, and went thy way!"

Raymond fell on his face before the altar; and the people wept and sobbed, and sunk on their knees, as if their hearts fell with his who bowed before them. The bishop laid his hand upon the book—

"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive! Look up, my son; 'God is merciful and great to forgive us our offences!'—He will see thy repentance and say, 'Thou shalt not die!'"

The Earl rose upon his knee, and the bishop laid his hand upon his head, and spoke the words of absolution, and laid the cross on his brow, and bid him rise. Raymond stood up and the prelate kissed him on the cheek, and belted him with a new sword; and the heralds braced clean spurs upon his heels, and put a crest of a new device upon his head, and cried, "God make thee a new and valiant knight, and keep these arms to his service, to aid the widow, orphan, and every one distressed and desolate, and maintain the right against all men who may live and die!" Immediately the trumpets sounded, and the pursuivants proclaimed him, lord, earl, and knight; the furred mantle of state was cast over his shoulders, and he came out among his people Raymond de Toulouse.

\* \* \* \* \*

That night before the moon went down, Rose knew how she was

cleared—but long she lay and wept upon his feet and would not be comforted ; and when at last her strength and mind returned, it was in the strength of her despair, to fly to the bishop, and declare the truth ; the hand of Raymond held her like an infant on the grass, but she had no hearing for his words, and would but wring her hands, and cry to be released to do him justice, till she sunk exhausted upon the turf. He watched by her through the night, and in the morning, when her spirits ebbed away and the strength of her delirium was past, she was subdued by his tears, and swore upon his hand. The light came into his face and he kissed her and rose up.—“ *You never broke your word,*” said he ; “ now I will leave you !”

\* \* \* \* \*

On St. Bride's-day at noon, the Earl surrounded by all the chivalry and beauty of Languedoc, stood at the high altar, where he had done his penance. BLANCHE ROSE bent before the priest in the white bridal amice, her pale brow glistening with pearls and gems, and the *white flower* shining like a star in the long glossy tresses that fell upon her neck for the last time.\* The Earl put the ring upon her finger, the priest set the coronet upon her brow, and the heralds cried her, Countess of Toulouse, at the high cross, amidst the shouts of the people, and the waving of ten thousand caps.

All the city was in a transport, for the constancy “ of the bright lady of the world,” and the self-justice of her supposed traitor knight. “ Certainly,” said the vicar of St. John, “ I think him greater for this repenting, than if he had never had tache or spot, not to speak of *the ninety and nine in the wilderness* ; he had then been but a *puisnie* saint, now he is lith and blood like to you and me, but so as you and I shall never be—the greatest mortal man that ever quelled sinful flesh.”

A week of pomp and pageant, and all that the olden time held gay and splendid, past through Touloust like a night's masque, and again all returned to the quiet sunshine, and still business of a simple summer's day.

The Countess lived in deep seclusion, partly for that the face of man was become terrible to her, partly for her feeble state, which might not suffer ceremony and fatigue. The leaves were falling, the birds had ceased to sing, and the sun looked sad and still upon the yellow fields, when the unconscious cause of her sorrow, was presented to the barons of Languedoc in the great hall of Toulouse ; “ I do not wrong them,” said Raymond, to its heart-broken mother, as she wept at his feet,—“ My blood runs in the veins of none living ; there is none to claim the right—you shall make him worthy to hold the sword and the coronet of a brave people, and God and their service shall give him right, better than a name.”

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the vigil of the cross ; the night was dark and still upon Toulouse. The quiet streets were silent and empty, and all lights had gone out, except here and there a red solitary candle shed its long still pen-

\* As late as the 17th century long hair was only worn by unmarried ladies, and it was closely confined under the coil or *crestine* as soon as they became matrons. It was remarked as an impudent assumption, that the beautiful, but scandalous Countess of Essex (in the reign of James VI.) wore loose hair after her infamous repudiation of her husband, and intrigue with the Earl of Rochester.

cello upon the waters of the Garonne. The black pile of the vast Chateau rose like a giant over the dim town, and within the wide courts were silent and deserted, and all dark and quiet except the stamp of a horse that waited beside the postern, and one still solitary watch-light that shone in an upper turret. About that light was gathered all the interest of Toulouse, and perhaps an eye, born upon the gifted night,\* might have seen the dim spirits leaning together over the turret, speaking the destinies of him, the last of his race, who should inhabit those towers, and who now stood within that dim still room.

It was a small dark turret chamber, hung with coarse arras, and meanly garnished with such furniture as might become the use of a simple esquire; or frugal steward,—a low pallet, half concealed by a curtain of blue sey, filled a small recess beyond the hearth, and at its head stood a long white wand and a walking sword in a scabbard of green velvet. A black carved armoire and oak chest occupied the opposite corners, and the remaining space was no more than sufficient for a tall high-backed chair of black leather, and a wide olive wood table, on which a number of papers, an almoniere, an aunlace, and a heap of loose gold lay by a wax taper that burned under the rood suspended against the wall.

Earl Raymond stood before the light in his travelling cloak, and his grey seneschal sat in the chair, his embossed hands rested upon his knees, and his white bald brow lifted to the face of his master.

"You know her not," said the Earl; "I, who was nursed on the same breast, rocked by the same hand, have grown with her like the twiu bud upon the stalk—I know her—and God knows her, the bright noble ladye of the world;—I loved her, I will not say *how* I loved her; she was very lovely to me——but I was only as a brother to her, how could I be more, and the glorious beautiful flower of all chivalry sworn to her service. Alas that he had been true as I was, and I would have been a brother to him, as she was a sister to me! and since I am the last of my race, they should have had fair Toulouse and my broad Earldom; and I would have been the soldier of the cross, and prayed that they might have been happy."

"God be praised, that has given you to be happy with her yourself," said the seneschal.

Raymond looked upon him as the spirits may look on man that cannot read the secret thoughts of the world above.

"To night," said he, "I go to the *Holy Land*."

"*Blessed Saints!* and leave your lady?" exclaimed the seneschal.

The Earl's cheek became white as his tabard, but his voice did not change; "Be you very true and gentle to her, as you have ever been to me," said he: "and serve her as if you were born in her father's house, as you were born in mine; and she shall still be your lady, and her lonely orpheline shall be your Earl, when I shall come no more."

"Alas! alas! what is this?" said the old man.

The Earl stood a moment upon his sword; "You have been young that now are old," said he, "you shall know that a maiden's love is like the sunshine and the sweet moon-light; it must shine in its own

\* It was an ancient superstition that persons born on Christmas-eve were endued with vision sensible of all spirits and supernatural objects. To this cause were referred the dark looks of Philip II. of Spain, whose mind was believed to be impressed by awful appearances to which he was subject.

summer and its own still hour, and cannot come through the cloud when you shall call it. I will never be the cloud to her face, nor a chain upon the heart, which I bound to me for its redeeming; but she shall be bright and free to shine like the sun upon the flower,—and God send a flower to blossom in her light, and be sweet and bright and grateful to her as the rose to the morning, when I am—where the sun shall never shine again.”

“And you will not come back!” said the old man.

Raymond laid his hand upon the cross—“Never!”

The old man fell on his knees, and bent his white head upon his master’s hand, and wept like a child.

For a long time the count held his trembling hand, and turned away his face, at last, “Aymer!” said he, “God reward your true and faithful service to me; I have done with this world; I was a solitary tree, without a parent, a brother, a sister, to fill my heart—the last of my race. *She* was a very bright flower to me, the rose to my bower, the sun to my glory, the lamp to my holy shrine; I am going—to die before the cross as your father and mine; and we shall meet together with them before His glorious throne.”

The old man’s sobs redoubled, and for a long while he knelt and wept, and the Earl said no more. At length his sobs subsided, the stamp of the horse came from the gate; the Earl lifted him in silence; for some moments he wrote upon the papers, and set his seal; and the old man told the gold and put it in his purse. The knight took off his hat, and kissed his furrowed cheek, and laid his hand upon his head, and for one moment grasped his hands, and looked upon the cross and turned suddenly to the door. The old man tottered after with the light; but Raymond put him back with his averted hand, and threw the cloak about him, and hurried down the stair. The groom started up in his seat and threw the bridle on the Arab, and Raymond leaped into the saddle; the boy touched his bonnet and said some word, but the Earl gave no answer, and spurring through the gate, took the street towards the east port.

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There is a blank in the chronicle of Toulouse; who could tell how Earl Raymond turned his back upon his people—the tower where he was born, the roof where he was nursed, the field where he had plucked the flower, and chased the linnet, the garden where the rose of his love had blown—that rose that was blighted, and faded, and never should bloom again—to him!

The monk did not write of it in his book, nor the troubadour sing of it in his song; they said only, “*Raymond de Toulouse shaped the cross on his sleeve and went to Holy Land.*”

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the third evening after the Earl and his company arrived at Acre. The men at arms were busily disembarking their horses to go forward for Jerusalem, and the knight sat upon a stone by the beach, looking upon the bright water and the sun that was going down, red and still, and far away on France.

While he yet gazed, a slender boy, in the dress of a page, came down the sand; he stopped and hesitated, and looked towards the knight as he approached, but at last he came to his side. Sir Raymond did not look up, and the boy stood and held his bonnet and twisted the feather, and the colour went and came in his face, “*Sir Earl!*” said he, at last

Raymond started as if one had struck him on the cheek, and at the sight of his face leaped from the stone and turned as white as clay. It was a moment before his look came back.

"What would you, fair child?" said he gently. The tears came into the eyes of the timid boy. "Sir!" said he, "I am an orphan child. My Lord, that was very kind to me, is dead; I would serve you if it please you."

The Earl's breast rose, and he turned away, and looked upon the sea:—at last "from what country—what is your name?" said he.

"*Albert de la feuille morte*," replied the boy,—“my father was of Provence,” and his breath fluttered as if the memory of his father and his land rose in his heart.

"And have you no friends?" said Sir Raymond.

"I had—one," replied the child.

"And where is he?" asked the knight.

The boy turned away, and sat down upon the grass, and leaned his head upon a stone.

The Earl took his dark hand, and the tears came to his eyes as he looked upon the slender fingers; "Alas!" said he, "this was never meant to burnish a helm, and hold a black stirrup!"

"I will be very proud to hold the stirrup of a KNIGHT of JESU CHRIST,"\* said the child.

The Earl stood still for a moment, and held his hand with a grasp from which a mailed wrist might have shrunk, but the boy did not shrink nor tremble.

"God save you, gentle child!"—said the Earl at last—"if you will be pleased to serve me, I will be—not a master—but a brother to you while I am in this world; and when I am gone—God will be a Father."

The page fell upon his knee, and kissed his hand, and the tears trickled fast to the stone which was wet as the dew where his cheek had lain. The Earl did not speak, but raised him gently, and turned towards the town. As they went, he spoke him softly, and glanced to his dark beautiful features and faded habit; he looked yet scarce sixteen years, and wore the simple hose and green kirtle, such as usually the dress of pages in the south of France; but except for this, and his accent, his complexion was so dark, and his short curling hair so raven black, none had believed that he had ever known another country than Greece or Syria.—The Earl discoursed him as they went, and wondered at his "*gentillesse*," and learning; and when he came to his inn, bestowed him in the especial charge of his old minstrel.

"Here is a flower that I did not think to find in this desert world," said he; "I pray you be very gentle to him."

The old man was himself a Provençal, and he laid his pillow in the alcove, and set his meat as if he had been his own son, and took his harp and played to him till he wept himself asleep like a stilled infant. "Certainly," said he, when the Earl asked about him the next day, "never such a gentle child served among stern war men!"—And in a little time, "*Le page noir*" was the *mignon* of all the court." Unless at his service, however, he was always sad and alone, and never spoke of his native land and former days; and if the rude men urged him, he turned

\* There was an *order* of this title, but at an earlier period it was applied generally to Christian knights, and in particular to the Knights of the Croisade.

away, and the tears came to his eyes, and he would go to the ~~sand~~ or the rampart, though the sun was never so hot, or the wind never so wild.

At length, upon the morrow of St. Turiel, the Earl and all the Knights in Acre set out for Jerusalem, on sudden news that the great assault should be given in six days. Through all that long and terrible march\* Albert rode beside the stirrup of Sir Raymond, and when the Syrian sun burned at noon, and the "dead wind" blew at night, he never eat till he had eaten, nor drank till he had drank, and served him at his board, and watched by him when he slept. When the heart of many a knight sunk in his hauberk, and the eye of the night guard closed under his helmet, Albert sat beside him, and fanned away the fly from his cheek, and the mouse from his pillow, and looked upon his face; and when his lips shrunk, and his brow came dark, dropped his beads, and raised his cross, and said—"God give thee rest!"

It was the night before the assault. The camp was still and quiet, and no sound came through the tents but the fitful stamp of a horse at the picket, or the distant clank of a hammer at the forge, where some man-at-arms still waited his armour for the morning. The stars shone bright upon the dark field, and at times the watch might hear the night-call upon Jerusalem; and, as he walked before the tent, the whisper of shrift and absolution, where the knights made "a clean breast" for the "battle of God," and the rest in which so many should sleep when the night should come again.

Earl Raymond lay asleep in his tent, his banner by his side, and his sword at his head, where he had knelt before it when the sun went down. Albert sat by his shoulder, his pale brow fixed upon his face, and his still fingers rested on his crucifix. You could not see the breath come and go upon his lips.

The broad hand of the knight lay unbent upon the pillow, and his pale face calm, and his dark brow clear and smooth as a sleeping child. Albert had never before seen the deep frown relax from his front in all the nights that he had looked upon it. For a moment he glanced up, and a flush came to his cheek, and a light to his eyes; but all tears were gone, and they looked full and still as the calm stars that were above him. For an instant his lips moved, and he gazed upward; but again his eyes returned to the pallet, and his features to their watch.

All night he sat, and by degrees every sound died away; the horse was still at his picket, and the sentinel at his post, and for a short while there was a deep death stillness, and all was hushed in heaven and on the earth. It was the dead hour—the turning of the tide—when the soul passes, and the spirits in the grave are loosed—slowly a faint sweet strain of music came by on the silence, and voices sung in the air:—

"Blessed is the heart when the sin-stain has gone;  
Blessed is the brow that His light shines upon!"

And ever a pale still light shone upon the brow of Albert, while he sat fixed and quiet as if he heard no sound, and felt no light; and, whether it was the monks that sung in the valley, and the moon that looked

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\* It must be remembered that this was in the *twelfth* century, and in time of war—now it is only a ride of three days.

into the tent—but never song was so sweet on earth, and never light ~~shone so fair upon a mortal brow.~~

At length a faint stir began to come from the field, and at intervals the jingle of bridles, the stamp of hoofs, the baying of a hound, and a sudden foot passing quickly by the tent. In a short while the far cry of the mollahs could be heard upon the towers, and the pale grey dawn stole dimly through the curtain of the tent. Albert sat, and fixed his eyes upon the light, as now a horse, and now a man came by, and now could be distinguished the tread of heavy feet pouring through the sand. Suddenly a trumpet sounded at a distance, and the page started up, and laid his hand upon the breast of the Earl. Raymond awoke. "The first trumpet has sounded," said the page.

The knight rose hastily, and put on his helm and hauberk. Albert laced his casque, and buckled the spur to his heels, and the broad belt to his side; and the Earl knelt down before his sword, and dropped his beads, and looked upon the cross with a look that made Albert's cheek come pale. In a few moments he rose and grasped the page's hand, and laid his broad mailed glove upon his head, and sat down to the little table beside the pallet. Albert served his frugal meal, and took his trencher to sit by the door; but the Earl made him sit beside him at the same dish.

"It is the last that I may eat," said he. "There will be no salt\* between me and thee where we shall meet again."

Albert bent his head over the board, and said no word; but the large round tear fell on his plate.

The short meal passed in silence, and the haste of those who every moment expect to hear the trumpet sound to arms. As soon as it was ended, the Earl rose up and crossed himself, and gave his hand to the page, and drank the grace cup; and when Albert had pledged him, he went to his mails, and took out a heavy purse, and loosed from his neck a little white cross—"Dear and faithful child," said he, "God be gracious to you, and give you peace."—He put the purse in his hand.—"When thou and I shall part, return to thy country, and if thou hast none better—to mine,\* where thou shalt find a very gentle mistress, who will be to thee all that I would be."—

Albert took the purse, and looked calm in his face, and bowed his head, and said him—"Yes."

The Earl looked on him for a moment, but his eyes did not change. "Brave and constant child," he said, "God shall not forsake thee; and now—for none may know His will to-day—take this little cross that must not fall among His enemies. If He give us the victory, thou shalt bury it with me in this holy Earth; but if in the great press, or the day shall go against us, and I may not be found, take it with thee, give it to my lady, from whom I had it, and say, Raymond of Toulouse is gone to his rest."

Albert had not changed before; but at the sight of that cross, and the sound of those words, his colour went out of his face, and the hand that he held out fell to his side, and he sunk down at the feet of the Earl. Raymond lifted him to the pallet, and snatched the cruce, and hastened to loose his collar. The hand of the page closed upon his arm, and he

\* The great salt-cellar was the division between the "gentles" and the "simples" who sat at the same table in the old time.



opened his eyes, and sat upright. For an instant he gazed half conscious to the light ; but there was no tear in his eyes, and no flutter in his breast, and he rose up to take the Earl's command.

"Alas, my child !" said Raymond, "thou art spent and overwatched. Thy feeble body is too frail for thy spirit. Lie down and rest, and fear not—all will be well."

He put the cross upon his neck, and made him lie on the pallet, and covered him with his cloak, and taking his banner went out hastily from the tent.

Albert started up and gazed after him, and looked upon the cross, and wept, and knelt, and laid it on his head, and bowed his forehead on the mat that had been touched by the helmet of the Earl. Suddenly the trumpet began to sound, the quick clank of arms, and the deep tramp of horses went past as if the earth moved around him. Albert dropped the jewel, and listened, and gazed where the heavy sound went by. The long successive tramp continued without intermission, till a shock like a clap of thunder burst upon the stillness, and a far fearful rolling surge of shouts went up to heaven like the roar of a tempest. In another moment the whole camp seemed to tremble, bolt after bolt shook the walls of the city, and the mingled cries and shouts, and clash of arms, spread like a storm from the breach ; and as the tongues of the hundred nations rose and fell, came suddenly the faint shout of the French, "*Mont Joye St. Denis !*"\* Albert started from the ground, and braced his dagger, and did on his bonnet, and rushed out from the tent.

The clear day was bright upon the camp, and the long black lines of men at arms were pouring through the white tents like torrents towards the town, but all beneath the wall was lost in dust and smoke, through which the tall black giant tower of assault † rose almost as high as the ramparts, where the dim grey battlements could be discerned crowded with men. Albert stood upon the rock under the standard ‡ before the tent, and watched the black columns pouring into the cloud, which swallowed them in its darkness. As the sun approached, the faint flash

\* The ancient war-cry of France.

† A wooden tower of a height equal to the wall of a besieged place, was one of the ancient engines of a siege. It was moveable upon block wheels, and provided with a "*fall-bridge*," one similar to a draw-bridge, to drop from the summit upon the battlement. The historians mention with astonishment two of prodigious size used at the assault of Jerusalem under Godfroi de Boulogne, and constructed by Count Raymond. The first when brought to the wall was found too low, and was afterwards burned in a sally of the Saracens ; but the second had a small internal turret capable of being elevated by ropes and pulleys. When the Saracens saw it brought to the wall, they treated it with contempt incited by the failure of the first ; but their consternation was great when they saw the summit begin to move, and rise slowly up to a height greater than that of the battlements of the town. A successful lodgement was made by means of the "*fall-bridge*," and the city taken soon afterwards.

‡ There were two kinds of engines called "*war-wolves*." One was a sort of ponderous wooden grate used to break a battering-ram, &c. ; the other, which is here meant, was a machine for casting vast stones. Edward I. at the siege of Stirling used one, which is said to have thrown pieces of rock weighing three cwt.—*Mat. Par.* Several kinds of engines were named from animals ; as the *War-wolf*, for casting stones ; the *Ram*, for battering ; the *Tortoise*, for covering the working party under a wall ; the *Cat* and the *Sow*, moveable coverings, or close sheds on wheels, under which the besiegers made their approaches to the ditch. From these names war engines were generally called in French *Beasteaux*, and in old English, *Beastial*, and *Beastid of Tree*.—Old romances, Barbour's Bruce, the Blind Minstrel, &c. &c.

of the crescents and crowded arms could be seen glittering along the ramparts, and at quick intervals the fearful shock of the war wolves,\* sent up a cloud of dust from the wall; and as it swept off, a deep black gap appeared in the battlements and glittering line of arms. All at once the vast dark mighty column of the tower began to move, and rose slowly out of the smoke till it looked over the rampart; a thunder of shouts rolled up from the host, and suddenly the flash of arms and banners receded like a bright wave along the wall. In an instant a little bridge fell from the top of the turret upon the battlement, and a white knight, followed by a glittering stream of glaives and lances, rushed over to the rampart. A terrific cry came from the turret, and re-echoed from the moat—"Raymond of Thoulouse! Raymond of Thoulouse!" and Albert distinguished the glorious figure of his master and the white cross of France. One moment he gazed, one moment knelt upon the rock, one moment lifted up his cross, and rushed down into the stream of the assault.

The black terrible tide went on like a torrent into the moat, and the storm of the escalade thickened under the breach; but nothing was visible in the thick darkness, and the black dense press went on and disappeared into the cloud, man over man, till it almost filled up the deep black visionless gulf of the moat which roared round it like the bottomless pit. At intervals the heavy shot† rebounded on the wall, and the rolling ruin and storm of the defence rained down fire, and thunder, and battle sleet, through the black cloud: but the slow dark iron tide went on—and on—and on—over the falling heaps, till suddenly there was an explosion as if the heaven and the earth burst amidst the darkness. A moment of fearful stillness prevailed, the smoke rolled away, and the breach appeared to the sun, and all the thick glittering stream of helms and crosses going up over the ruined wall like a swarm of locusts. Again there was rescue—again the charge—and as the cloud opened and shut—now helmets, now turbans glistened in the breach; but suddenly a broad bright gleam broke on the towers, and the white figure of Earl Raymond appeared on the top turret. A moment he stood amidst the smoke in the sight of all the hosts, and suddenly mounting the bartizan, pitched the white banner in the sun, and began to sing the battle hymn of Toulouse. The field—the breach—the crowded towers sent up a shout like the sea roar, and as the bright silk flew in the wind, the darts and shot clinked upon the knight's mail, and glanced through the fluttering banner like sharp sleet. Raymond stood still amidst the shower, waving his hand over the assault, and singing his chorus:

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\* Anciently in a camp, every leader, of the rank of a Baron, had a banner (i.e.) a square flag emblazoned with his armorial coat, pitched before his tent. This flag was much larger than the banner carried with the troops, and being only used for pitching in the ground, was thence called a "*Stand-ard*." The name is now confounded with common military ensigns; though it is properly regulated, by its use, and had an established stated dimension, according to the rank of its owner, from that of an Emperor to a Baron. None under this last rank could display his arms in a banner, properly so called, for that of a banner-*et* was only his guydon with the points cut off.

† The stones and various missiles of Balistsæ, and other engines, were called "*shot*," as the engines and their materials were called "*artillery*" several centuries before the invention of guns.

" Soli Deo Gloria  
Et Sancti Salvatori !  
Corona de Victoria  
Sub Cruci Vivi mori ! "

As the coming stream poured up towards him, a sudden crowding, a dark object appeared upon a turret, and the black bow of a scorpion† moved on the wall, and levelled upon the knight. For an instant it lay upon the battlement, till suddenly the bright eye of the arrow looked at him over the stone ; a universal cry and waving of hands and caps came from the assault, but Raymond stood still, waving his hand, and singing the song, till a wild cry, a flying shadow came through the smoke, and at the moment that the dart parted from the cord, *Albert* threw himself upon the breast of his master, the hissing shaft struck short and sharp in his back, and he dropped from the bosom of the knight upon the rampart.

The dart snapped upon the stone, but the bright point stood stiff and red through the breast of his coat ; Raymond dropped the banner, and gave a cry of grief, and drew out the broken wood ; and as the clear blood gushed after, tore open the breast of the page to stanch the wound, when, as he undid the gorget, he discovered, not the dark neck of a sun-burnt boy, but the white snowy throat of a maiden bosom !

She turned her face to the stone—" Thank God ! " she said, " I die for you, as you died for me ! "

Raymond raised her eagerly in his arms—" Who ! Who are you ? " he exclaimed, looking wildly upon her dark face and snow-white bosom.

" I was—*Blanche Rose* ! " whispered the page.

Raymond fell upon her face, and for a moment held her to his mailed breast as still and silent as herself ; but suddenly he started up, and rending his surcoat, bound the fillets round her bleeding breast ; but still as he wound fold over fold with wild eagerness, the red blood came through the silk.

" It is not painful," said *Blanche*, " it will soon be past ! "

Raymond dropped the last bandage, and gazed upon her with the fixedness of despair, as she lay still in his arms, her white passive face reclined upon his breast, and her cold hand resting quiet in his mail glove. For awhile she lay like one composing into sleep, at last she lifted her heavy eyes—

" I am happy ! I die in peace ! " she said ; and turned her face to his bosom like an infant to its rest ; and one long tremulous sigh, and her breast came still, her hand unclosed, the smile fixed on her white lip, and the tear in her eye, and she lay calm, and still, and placid, like a child on its parent lap.

\* \* \* \* \*

They buried them together in the valley of *Jehosaphat*, and raised

\* In the middle ages the vulgar Latin was little more than a patois through most parts of Europe. There are some MSS. almost unintelligible from the number of barbarous words, and the confusion of Latin and native terminations ; and in many serious pieces the language was little more pure than the doggerel rhyme in which the English monks satirized the ignorance of the Lollards.

" My name is Tutivillus, my horn is blowen,  
Fragmina verborum Tutivillus colligit horum  
*Belzebub* algorum *Belial* bellman dolorum ! "

† A small engine for casting darts on the principle of a cross-bow.

over them a grave of simple turf; for he said, "Let our pillow be the earth where He has trodden, and let His light shine upon us by day and His dew come down upon our breast at night."

There is a palm-tree at the head of the heap, and a little well at the foot, and one white rose of Sharon that blossoms very sweet over the brink, and sheds the incense of the earth over their breasts who sleep below. At evening the gazelle comes to feed upon the green turf, and the bulbul sings on the bough over his flower, and the palmer at noon takes his branch from the tree, and a blossom from the bush, and sits in the shade, and drinks out of the well, and says,

"Illuminat Dominus faciem suam super te  
Et det tibi pacem!"

## JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

WE have hitherto considered the character and fortunes of Rousseau as they regarded himself alone; the next, and now succeeding objects of consideration, however, are the views he took of the society into which he was thrown, the opinions he promulgated respecting the evils which infected it, and the remedies he proposed for the disease he fancied he had discovered. When these have been discussed, and the bearing they have on the opinions of the present day pointed out, the task we proposed to ourselves respecting Rousseau will have been accomplished.

Though endowed with quick sensibilities for himself, Jean Jacques yet extended his sympathies to his race. The injustice practised towards the poor made him the apostle of humanity; the misery inflicted on children kindled those lively feelings which led to the production of *Emile*, the most important work on education that ever appeared: the vices of social life induced him to compose, for the instruction of every coming generation, his remarkable romance "*La Nouvelle Heloise*," in the hope of being able to build up some moral code in the place of that which he saw was utterly destroyed; while the reigning ignorance on the science of government induced him to compose his *Contrat Social*, for the purpose of establishing some definite principles of political science. In all these various works he endeavoured, as he himself observes, to reconstruct the fabric of opinions, and to rescue men from the floating uncertainty then prevalent on most of the important subjects of thought; an uncertainty which, in any other than highly-cultivated minds, is but too apt to lead to carelessness respecting truth itself, and indifference to the well-being or misery of our fellows. Speaking of himself, as a third person, he says,

In this age, in which philosophy is employed only to destroy, I saw this author alone attempting solidly to reconstruct opinions. In the books of all others I detected the passion which had dictated them, and the personal object the writer had in view. Jean Jacques alone seemed to me to seek truth with rectitude of purpose, and simplicity of heart. He alone appeared to me to point out to men the path of true happiness, by teaching them to distinguish between reality and appearance—between the man of nature and that fictitious, fantastic man which has been put in his place, by our prejudices and our institutions.

The system he framed, (almost entirely the result of his own meditations,) like every first attempt in science, was a compound of truth and

error. Still, although the errors he enunciated were of startling extravagance, the truths he eloquently established were of the highest import; and, while he left much to be performed by succeeding inquirers, he himself made a great advance in the science he was endeavouring to form.

His system, which has been egregiously misunderstood and misrepresented, was framed with constant reference to the existing state of society.\* This state he saw was one of vice and misery: and the first great inquiry suggested to his mind, by this circumstance, was, whether men were doomed necessarily to be thus vicious and thus unhappy. In order to answer this question, he was led to inquire into the nature of man, and to dissect the constitution of society. The result of his investigations may be summed up in the following propositions: 1st, That men are, by nature, prone to good rather than to evil, and that they are capable of happiness.† 2d, That the chief misery that men suffer is the result of a mischievous social system. 3d, That the system which would confer on them the highest degree of enjoyment, is that which would bring them back to their original or natural state. 4th, That, since to do this completely and at once is impossible, the best that can now be effected, would be to modify the existing system, keeping in mind the natural state of man, and, in as far as it is possible, correcting, by that model, the present mischievous regulations of society. 5th, That since these regulations have reference to our social and our political state, the latter resulting from the former, and the former resulting from our education, we must, if we desire to modify our condition, politically or socially, to any great or material extent, make a revolution previously in our system of education. The individuals who compose society must be changed before we can hope for any fundamental change in society itself.

In this series of propositions, that which is peculiar to Rousseau, that which brought down on him the ridicule of the *philosophes*, and which was the ground-work of his whole plan of regeneration, is the 3d, viz., "That the system which would confer on men the greatest degree of enjoyment, is that which would bring them back to their original or natural state." The meaning, however, which Rousseau attached to this proposition was either misunderstood or wilfully misrepresented by his contemporaries. The spirit in which it was uttered was completely mistaken. The evils to which it pointed, and the remedies which it suggested, were alike misconceived by the critics of the day, and by the

\* It may safely be assumed, that the small wits, who, on authority, sneer at the extravagance of Rousseau, have not been aware that he ever penned such a passage as the following:

"Here is found, as it appears to me, the ordinary fault of the Abbé St. Pierre; which is, the never suiting his schemes to existing men, times, and circumstances; and the bringing forward, as means to facilitate the execution of a project, the very things that act as obstacles to it. In his present plan, he wished to modify a government declining through age, by means altogether foreign to its present nature; he wished to give it that general vigour which (if we may use such an expression) puts the whole person in action. This was, as if he had said to a decrepit and gouty old man, Walk, and labour; use your hands and your legs, for exercise is good for your health." (*Jugement sur la Polysynodie.*)

† This proposition brought down on him the anger and anathemas of the priesthood. If the reader be desirous of knowing the evils that fell on poor Rousseau, for his enunciation of this proposition, let him read the eloquent letter of Jean Jacques to the Archbishop of Paris, M. de Beaumont.

little wits who, since that period, have never ceased to laugh at Rousseau for what they have chosen to call his *Savage System*.<sup>\*</sup> They could neither understand the réform he suggested, nor perceive the evils which he described as now inhering in society.

Driven by his own condition, and that of the millions who constitute the poor of every country, to contemplate the existing state of society, he could not but quickly perceive, that individual merit had little to do with the well-being of any individual. He saw that the rules of civilized life were so framed, that a blind necessity for the most part determined the situation of every one; that the rules which governed society were expressly framed, *not* to be influenced by the circumstances of any particular case:—that their supposed virtue consisted in their un-deviating certainty. This certainty cannot be attained without striking out of consideration individual differences. Any rule which is drawn with reference to the peculiar qualities of individuals must of necessity vary; but varying, it creates uncertainty; and uncertainty is the evil dreaded. The rule, therefore, has been based upon circumstances foreign to the individual himself, and not liable to doubt or uncertainty. Thus grew up the law of property, the law of condition,—thus arose the relative situation of governor and governed, of subject and master, poor and rich, noble and plebeian. Thus originated the vices of our social condition,—the evils of government,—the misery of millions apparently for the well-being of a few.

The regulations of civilized life were said to be necessary to the happiness of society. The happiness of society is made up of the happiness of the individuals who compose it. But of the individuals who compose society, a very small, if any portion do enjoy any happiness. And if this be so, then the regulations have not attained the end for which they were established, and consequently are at best unnecessary.<sup>†</sup> But it is true that no portion of society enjoys any thing like happiness. The poor by all are allowed to be in a situation of horrible destitution and misery. The rich, with all their means of enjoyment, are, by their education, an education arising out of their condition, rendered incapable of making a useful application of those means. The poor drag out a miserable existence, with all their capabilities of happiness destroyed, because deprived of the means. The rich waste their lives in “strenuous idleness;” seeking for pleasure, ever to be disappointed. No wise man will say that the feverish excitement, or the listless indolence of a rich man is happiness.

<sup>\*</sup> Voltaire even mistook the meaning of Rousseau: and was witty at his expense. The exquisite style and wit of that wonderful man sometimes successfully hid want of knowledge and research. Great men—and none can be found greater than Voltaire—ought, however, to recollect, that their errors are oftentimes the texts of fools. The herd who never examine for themselves must have an authority and a leader. The fools who have sneered at Rousseau shield themselves under the name of Voltaire. The origin of many a sarcasm may be found in the following sentence of a letter from Voltaire to Rousseau:—

“J’ai reçu, Monsieur, votre nouveau livre, contre le genre humain; je vous en remercie. Vous plaisez aux hommes à qui vous dites leur vérités, et vous ne les corrigez pas. On ne peut peindre avec des couleurs plus fortes les horreurs de la société humaine, dont notre ignorance et notre foiblesse se promettent tant de douceurs. On n’a jamais employé tant d’esprit à vouloir nous rendre bêtes. Il prend envie de marcher à quatre pattes, quand on lit votre ouvrage.” &c.

<sup>†</sup> It must be remembered, that we are following Rousseau’s reasoning, not coinciding with it.

The regulations of society, then, do not fulfil the conditions on which they were established. But what are the conditions required to make the society happy? A previous inquiry is,—What are the conditions required to make the individuals happy? These are of two descriptions, *physical* and *moral*. A man's frame should be robust and healthy; and his mind should be so constituted that it lead him to seek for enjoyments, unalloyed with mischievous consequences either to himself or others, and to enjoy to the utmost such pleasures, as while mischievous to no one, are easily obtained. Unless his physical state be one of health and comfort, neither the mind nor the body can be at ease. Unless the mind be framed for happiness, no physical comfort will produce it. But, to the production of a healthy and robust frame, a pure and simple life, exercise, sufficiency, frugal and sober habits, are necessary. To the production of a sane and healthy mind, a state must be found in which there should be no temptation to acquire mischievous desires; the interest of the individual being never opposed to virtuous inclinations and conduct. Rousseau himself thus expresses it:—Speaking of his father's conduct, he says,

This conduct, in a father, whose tenderness and virtue I so well knew, led me to make reflections on myself, which have not a little contributed to keep my mind virtuous. I drew from it this great maxim of morality, the only one, perhaps, which is of use in practice, viz. to shun those situations which place our duties in opposition to our interests, and which make us see that our own happiness is dependent on that which is mischievous to another; being certain, that, in such situations, however sincere may be the love of virtue we bring to them, sooner or later it becomes weak, without our perceiving it; and we are unjust and wicked, in fact, without ceasing to be just and good in our minds. (Confessions, l. 11.)

Thus far he would find many to agree with him. At the next step this coincidence of opinion would cease. In what state is this condition, physical and moral, most likely to be created? His answer was, The state not civilized; the state in which men's minds are not corrupted by false science, nor their bodies enervated by luxurious and profligate habits.

This answer is startling, and thus stated is undoubtedly incorrect. But the accusations brought by Rousseau against civilized life as he saw it, were true, were deserving of serious attention, and led to measures of education in the highest degree conducive to our well-being. He opposed the civilized state of which he was an eye-witness, to the state not civilized, which his imagination created; and making the comparison, he could not but prefer the latter. But this latter never existed; it was a fancy founded on the declarations of former writers, and the incorrect statements of travellers. Thus, though the conclusion of Rousseau was erroneous in point of fact, it led to exceedingly judicious plans of reformation. He saw what others were not inclined to admit, viz. the imperfections of the existing society. He in a great measure traced these imperfections to their right sources. He acknowledged that his *beau idéal* could not be attained, but he believed that an approach might be made to it. This approach is, in reality, all that is required. The modified plans of amelioration, plans modified by the existing state of society, are for the most part what the most consummate and far-sighted wisdom would have suggested.

Rousseau hastily and unwarily took upon trust the opinions of almost all preceding writers respecting the virtue and simplicity of a barbaric

state.\* But more consistent than they, he carried these opinions to their legitimate conclusion, and endeavoured to bring back society to the position he admired. If virtue, he said, exist in this barbaric life, and since we see that in our own it is not to be found, why do we not endeavour to attain that more virtuous state?

The evils of civilized life he faithfully and acutely pointed out, and exposed many truths which the vanity of a self-styled scientific world refused to receive. He asserted, and with great truth, that much which men call knowledge, much of what they seek after and esteem, is wholly useless; that much is absolutely mischievous, consisting either of a mere idle recollection of useless facts or words, or of sophistical reasonings, useful only as a means to justify and create vicious habits. Socrates before him had said nearly the same thing, and his assertions were received in the same way. In the language of Cicero,—“Socrates mihi videtur primus a rebus occultis, et ab ipsa natura involutis, in quibus omnes ante eum philosophi occupati fuerunt, avocavisse philosophiam, et ad vitam communem adduxisse, ut de virtutibus et vitiis, omninoque de bonis rebus et malis quæreretur; cœlestia autem vel procul esse a nostra cognitione censeret, vel, si maxime cognita essent, nihil tamen ad bene vivendum.”† To Rousseau who lived among the dissolute aristocracy of France, it was evident, that the knowledge they had acquired had been turned to mischievous purposes: That they learned only to justify vice, and to be profligate without shame and without remorse. He saw that they were without the virtues which their fathers were supposed to have possessed; and he ascribed this altered state to the knowledge which they had acquired. Confining his view to this one fact, and to this one class, he hastily drew a conclusion inimical to art and science generally. He saw rightly that the vices of his time were incompatible with a rustic state; he therefore eagerly turned his wishes towards the

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\* “Procopius,” says Gibbon, “does ample and willing justice to the merit of Totila. The Roman historians from Sallust and Tacitus were happy to forget the vices of their countrymen, in the contemplation of barbaric virtue.” (Decline and Fall, c. 43, vol. vii. p. 368.) Rousseau himself says in his discourse, in answer to the Academy of Dijon—“Let us compare with this description, viz. civilized states, that of the manners of a small number of people, who, preserved from this contagion of vain knowledge, have, by their virtue, formed their own happiness, and served as a model to other nations; such were the first Persians, a singular nation, amongst whom virtue was taught as science is now, who subjugated Asia with so much facility, and who alone have had the glory of having their institutions deemed a romance of philosophy. Such were the Scythians, of whom we have received eulogies so magnificent. Such were the Germans; in describing whose virtue, simplicity and innocence, an historian, tired of tracing the crimes of an opulent, instructed, and voluptuous people, has soothed and refreshed his spirit. Such was Rome in the time of her poverty and ignorance. Such has been in our days that rustic nation, so admired for a courage which no adversity could conquer, for a fidelity which example even could not corrupt.” He speaks of his own people. Goldsmith viewed Switzerland with the eye of a philosopher. See the Traveller, the liâes commencing—

“My soul, turn from them: turn we to survey,  
Where rougher climes a nobler race display.”

† Academ. l. i. c. 18. See the remaining portion of the chapter. The second School of the Academy said much the same thing—See Cic. de Nat. Deorum. “If a perfectly just man were to appear among you,” said Socrates, “you would crucify him.” Rousseau found that truth cannot be always spoken with impunity.

The reader will find Rousseau’s opinions respecting false knowledge in some measure explained in the tenth letter of “La Nouvelle Héloïse.”



attainment of that state. But this could not be attained so long as art and science were cultivated as they then were. "Let us then desert those studies," he exclaimed, "which prevent the happy consummation I desire."

One evil attendant on knowledge, as he saw it, and which he alone pointed out, requires the deepest attention; one so great, that, were there no alternative between the state which Rousseau witnessed, and that rustic life he sought for, we should feel inclined to adopt his conclusion, and be the enemies of science also. Science was then the monopoly of a few. It was an instrument used to oppress, to mislead, and corrupt the remaining portion of the people. "It is one of the great inconveniences of the cultivation of Letters," he says, "that, for some few that they enlighten, they corrupt a whole nation." It is quite evident, that a degraded peasant under a French noble, was not so happy, so virtuous, nor so enlightened a being as a savage. A few men, at his time, were possessed of knowledge; but, if this knowledge only enabled them to keep more certainly in subjugation the rest of their fellow-creatures, then was it a curse, and not a blessing. It is worse than idle to appeal to the great works of those days—to point to the bridges, the palaces, the roads, the pictures, the triumphal arches, the fine manufactures, the astonishing dominion of man over nature, that were then witnessed. These things, *then*, improved not the condition of the people. That fine velvets were fabricated; that silks enveloped the limbs of the rich; that Racine had composed his unrivalled dramas; that much good stone had been reared into an ugly edifice, and called the Tuileries; that Le Brun spoiled much canvass, and no inconsiderable quantity of good colour; that Louis the XIV. figured in stone, in various parts of the capital, now as Apollo, now as a Roman Emperor; that fine verses were common, and quantity of philosophy talked; that all these things should be, was no alleviation of the people's misery.\* But, that they had ceased to possess the rugged pleasures of a savage life; that, instead of wandering at will, and indulging in the enjoyment of unrestrained freedom; that, instead of being bold, hardy, and independent savages, they had become slaves, poor and wretched, without one redeeming quality to set against their misery; this was an evil not compensated by any good which civilization had hitherto produced. No one who knows any thing of savage life will say, it is a life of happiness, either physically or mentally. On this point Rousseau was egregiously in error.\* But no one, on the other hand, who has compared the state of a wretched peasant with that of a savage, would, one moment, hesitate in preferring the latter. If, then, knowledge only led (which it does not) to the enlightenment of a few, and this degradation of the remaining portions of mankind, it would deserve the abuse which Rousseau has heaped on it. His objections were, however, not answered. The evils he signalized existed; and they were not compensated by any good which the defenders of civilization adduced in opposition. He said, you are vicious: the ruling society was

\* He fancied, for example, that savages were free from rheumatic disorders. The truth, however, is, (and personal investigation has satisfied us of the fact) that rheumatic disorders is one of the greatest physical evils the savage suffers. Rheumatism and asthma are universally prevalent among savages. Jefferson, he it remembered, however, who had many opportunities of judging, declared, that he was unable to determine whether the civilized life he enjoyed, or the wild life of the American Indians were the most happy.

vicious. He said, You have lost what virtues you had, through your knowledge, and you have nothing good in their place: this, to a certain extent, was true. You have subjugated the people—degraded them to a state of horrid ignorance, brutality, and wretchedness. This, alas! could not be denied. You have made them miserable without making yourselves happy. This, also, could not be disputed. What have you done to recompense the people for this? You enact good plays and bad operas; you have a corps of persons to put themselves into all sorts of extravagant contortions, which you call dancing; you have books to read, paintings to look at, large houses to live in; you ride about in coaches, where your forefathers walked;\* you dress in fine clothes, and become unable to bear the inclemency of the weather; you have an extravagant king and an extravagant court; you sleep by day, and sit up during the night; and this you call civilization. This is the production of the arts and sciences. I admit, that the arts and sciences have been carried to a higher point, perhaps, than in any preceding age; but I deny that "this is any proof of the superiority of this age over any other."

The only answer to these statements was never given. That answer would have been—1st, the shewing that knowledge and civilization, as it is termed, could be extended over the whole people, and be made their safeguard rather than their enemy; 2d, the proving that the pleasures which men enjoy in a state of high intellectual cultivation are more numerous, continuous, and vivid, than those which fall to their lot in a savage or uncultivated state.† That these propositions are true, could, we think, be easily established. This, however, by no means disproves the assertions of Rousseau, nor would it shew that the evils he pointed out did not exist as consequences from the causes which he signalized. Almost all moral changes are attended with certain portions of evil. The mode of defending the change is not falsely to declare that no evil follows; but, allowing what is true, to shew that the benefits resulting from the change will more than counterbalance the mischief. So in the case of the passage from ignorance to knowledge, much evil followed from the unequal manner in which knowledge was acquired. Moreover, much of the knowledge which men acquired was but half knowledge; and thus, though their acquirements were greater, their conclusions were often erroneous.‡

There is a class of philosophers who fancy that the well-being of a people is marked by the amount of wealth which the *whole* people possesses; and as large accumulations of property can seldom be made without great security, they are accustomed to believe times of excite-

\* The reader who is desirous of learning what changes were then supposed to have taken place in the character and manners of the French people, need only consult Mably sur l'Histoire de France, l. vii. c. 2.

† It may also be observed that, however desirable Rousseau or any one might deem this uncivilized condition, we cannot return to it. To reason men into barbarism is impossible.

‡ This is by no means an uncommon case. Conclusions which serve for premises in reasoning result often from a mere consideration of evidence: evidence *pro* and *con*. This evidence, though not complete, may yet be obtained in such relative proportion, that the right judgment may be formed; say, for example, in favour of the *pro* side of a question. The inquirer seeking farther, however, obtains evidence on the other side. He is in fact more enlightened, he knows more, but his conclusion will not be the same. His conclusion in fact will be erroneous.

ment and turbulence times of misery. Rousseau, who saw that wealth under any circumstances was but a means of happiness, that happiness was a mental state, resulting in various conditions from very various circumstances, clearly perceived the error of this assertion. Here, however, he was not content with the truth, or he was confused by the very fallacy he opposed. He observes, in a note to the ninth chapter of his *Contrat Social*, "when the *tracasseries* (we have no word exactly equivalent) of the great agitated the kingdom of France, and the coadjutor of Paris (Retz) carried a poniard in his pocket when he attended the sittings of the Parliament, this did not hinder the French people from being numerous, and living happily in comfort, honesty, and freedom. Thus heretofore Greece flourished in the midst of the most cruel wars; blood flowed in torrents, and yet the whole country was covered by people. It seems, says Machiavelli, that in the midst of murders, proscriptions, and civil wars, our republic becomes from that very state more powerful; the virtue of her citizens, their manners and their independence, having more influence in strengthening than all her evils in weakening her. A little agitation gives energy to men's minds; and that which truly increases the happiness of our race is less peace than freedom." The truth that lies almost hidden in this vague and general statement, is of the utmost possible importance. But before it can be practically applied, a definite and full knowledge of what it really implies must previously be obtained.

It is quite evident, that, although a nation may, relatively to other nations, be wealthy, large masses of its population may yet be in a state of deplorable misery.\* Thus, the riches of a whole people is not a sure sign of a people's happiness and prosperity. Moreover, as prosperity and wealth result from the energetic action of a people, mere perfect security is not absolutely necessary, even to the accumulation of wealth. Action is dependent on mental states; and, it has often happened, that the mental state, best fitted to produce extreme energy and continuousness of action, has been produced in circumstances of comparative turbulence and commotion; and this state of mind will, if analyzed, be found most conducive to the happiness of the individual. It consists (to describe it in general terms) in a peculiar boldness or self-confidence of disposition; and a capacity for moral rather than mere physical pleasures. If the moral pleasures desired be such as result from the admiration of others, rather than those which arise from the mental cultivation of the individual himself, then extreme activity will be manifested in the accumulation of wealth, and in obtaining power. The insecurity resulting from war and commotion will be counterbalanced by vehement desire and sanguine hope. Perfect security, we daily see not to be requisite to excite the keenest desire to accumulate, and steady perseverance in so doing. In the present time, in our own country, we perceive a desire to be wealthy, and a constant struggle to that end seldom equalled in the world's annals; and yet there is a large defalcation from the whole proceeds of the producer, by means of demands made by Government. So, in turbulent times, although much may be, in various ways, taken from the industrious merchant and artisan, still what remains may be sufficient to reward his labours, and induce him steadily

\* This was actually the case in France during the time of Rousseau, as it is of our country at present.

to pursue his active course. If we suppose this defalcation to be sufficiently large to prevent very great accumulation, inducing a necessity for steady exertion, and forcing the person toiling to seek his chief pleasures in intellectual sources, we, in fact, suppose the situation of an intellectual man, of moderate means obtained by industry, in our own times and country; in other words, we suppose the situation, which, by universal consent, is allowed to be the most fitted for happiness of any we know.

But, according to the practical maxim of Rousseau above-mentioned, if it be wished that men should adopt the right course, their duties must not be placed in opposition to their interests. Before we can hope, therefore, to induce any large number of men to be content with, and seek the situation here described, there must be a feeling established, throughout society, of the wisdom of such a proceeding. At present, although men acknowledge that the most happy state is the one above described, they are accustomed to show much greater deference to him who has accumulated vast riches, than to him who, by regulating his desires, and cultivating his intellectual powers, has shown himself a wise man. The millionaire, possessed of no more intellect than an ox, will, throughout this our enlightened country, obtain more real respect than the most instructed man in the community; and his opinion, even in the determination of the most intricate affairs of state, will be of greater weight. But, if this be the case, how can we hope that men generally will forego this estimation, and at once lower their desires to the wise standard? The first step in improvement is to wish for the good will and applause of our fellows. When we have acquired a high degree of moral and mental force, we may be satisfied with self-approbation; but this higher state can seldom be acquired, but by commencing with the former. How, then, shall this false standard of estimation be overturned? How shall men be induced to train themselves to this wiser condition? They must be trained, by early habits, to other classes of pleasure than those which arise from wealth; and their minds and bodies must be so framed, that all those multitudinous appliances, which constitute what is termed civilization, shall not be necessary to their comfort or welfare.

The most common effect of the regulations of society on the character of the individual, is to generate in him a helpless dependence on his fellows. His physical wants are supplied by the united aid of many thousands, who divide the labour requisite to produce what is required; and although they thus acquire great skill in the narrow circle of their operations, they seldom are able to produce any one thing that can be immediately applied to our uses. Production is wonderfully increased by this: but the dependence of every man on every man is, by the same means, completely insured. This is one case; and, in itself, the single instance is highly beneficial; but, if dependence be made to extend much beyond this point,—if it break down all confidence in one's-self,—if it make us utterly dependent for our pleasures, as well as the satisfaction of our wants, on our fellows, then has the thralldom of society stretched far beyond the limit required. The most powerful tendency of social regulations, however, is to this end; and if great and continuous exertion be not made to counteract it, the result dreaded will inevitably occur. A general feebleness of mind will be created; all habits of original thought destroyed, and all boldness of action utterly precluded. Listless luxurious ease will be the highest enjoyment, even among those who possess

the means of satisfying their wants; while misery and oppression will be the lot of nine-tenths of the population.

It was one of the great objects of Rousseau to counteract this tendency; to point out the advantages resulting to each individual, and to mankind at large, from the possession of a simple and independent character; and to frame a plan of education, by which such a character might be formed.

They who have written or spoken respecting the writings of Rousseau, have usually been so startled by his declarations against civilization, that they have neglected, and even wholly passed over this great end of his endeavours, and the many admirable practical precepts he has left on record, in order to attain it. They have forgotten that he stands unrivalled as an eloquent advocate of virtue; that throughout his writings, beyond those of all other men, there breathes that pure and delicate spirit, which destroys alike the gross tendencies of sensuality, and the aspirations of a mere vulgar ambition. Simple, refined, and of unequalled sensibility, the mind of Rousseau pictured to itself a life of such delicate and elegant enjoyment, that to his contemporaries, absorbed as they were by the ruling passions of the day, it appeared the dream of an idle, rash, enthusiast. Yet, with all Rousseau's simplicity, he was not so childish as they who sneered at his reveries. They pursued an empty, gaudy phantom, while he would teach us to prize the ever-springing, ever-delightful pleasures resulting from the contemplation of the natural objects which surround us, from the gratification of simple tastes, and from the enjoyment of a calm unruffled life. He, who has been considered the advocate of riot and confusion, has, beyond all other men, taught us the benefits of peace and good will. With the splendour of his eloquence, has he exalted all peaceful pleasures; with honest indignation, has poured the phials of his wrath upon the reckless course pursued by ordinary ambition, and faithfully and fearlessly exposed the empty joys which are sought and highly-prized by the advocates of what is called civilization.

Any further description of his writings is incompatible with the limits to which we are confined; a minute examination of them would require a volume, and any thing short of that would be useless. Our purpose will have been answered, if attention has been excited in the mind of the reader to the subjects which Rousseau handled, and the tone of mind he endeavoured to create. The tendency of the present time is strongly set to overrate the benefits of what is termed civilization. The end is forgotten in the means. There is an everlasting strife and exertion to obtain the means. The days of our youth and our manhood are wasted; and we, in old age, are left to lament that we have lost the time when we might have tasted the pleasures of our life. There is now no repose, no healthy confidence in one's self; our pleasures are the pleasures to be derived from the admiration of others. Unless we can surprise and excite envy in the bosom of our neighbours, we are unhappy. To this end we sacrifice youth, and health, and ease; and when we have attained the object of all our wishes,—when become the admiration and envy of those less successful than ourselves, we sicken at the emptiness of the joy we sought, and die, having discovered that our life has been one long folly. This may be called trite. It is true, however, and at the present time, apposite. If we could be persuaded to seek enjoyment for itself, and not in order to shew relative superiority; if we could be content to be happy; the simple pleasures within the reach of

almost every one,—pleasures requiring not wealth, and joined with no splendour,—pleasures continuous and uncloying,—would make our youth, our manhood, and our age, alike happy, and undisturbed. Philosophy can have no higher object than to create this happy frame of mind. Such was the object of the much calumniated and unhappy, JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

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BENTHAM AND HIS WORKS.—No. I.

THE BOOK OF FALLACIES.

It is curious to observe the progress of opinion. The bulk of mankind will live on for centuries, either vegetating in the relations in which they are born, without thinking at all, or if attempting to think, going no further than the appropriation of certain set forms of thought, or rather expression, which they find in vogue. Accidentally, however, as it were, one stumbles upon an awkward truth, which he can by no ways reconcile with any existing system; and another, who has no connexion or intercourse with him, upon another. Gradually, these opinions, these exceptions from the received creeds of society, swell to a great number, floating vaguely, unconnectedly, harassingly, through the minds of men. At last a mind of an original stamp arises, which attracting to itself, as the magnet does iron filings, all those novelties, remains inaccessible to the worn-out dry husks of old opinion, and compresses by its innate power the hitherto *disjecta membra* into a luminous and convincing system. Such minds are the heralds of a new era. They are in the moral world, what those fragments of a superincumbent stratum, which geologists uniformly find imbedded in the lower rock where one formation ceases and another is super-imposed, are in the physical. But inanimate nature feebly shadows out the powers of the soul. A more correct figure would be to call these men the creative minds destined to mould the habits of thought of succeeding generations.

Of this class was Jeremy Bentham. He was one of those men, of whom Hazlitt says, that they advance so far before their contemporaries as to be dwarfed in the distance. The multitude could not comprehend, and either laughed scornfully at him, or passed him unnoticed. Like every thing that is great, however, he was working in silence. The time in which he lived was a state of transition. Men had cast themselves loose from fixed opinions. Old principles and old establishments were worn loosely for want of a better covering; but they were, like the snake's last year's skin, retained loosely hanging about it, till the new shall be tough enough for the wear and tear of ordinary life. It was an age of scepticism: there was no positive belief. Amid this clamorous and empty crowd, jostling and quarrelling without any definite purpose, Bentham, in his quiet habitation in Westminster, was calmly extending and systematizing his own views, gathering around him a cohort of half or whole converts, destined to diffuse his principles and opinions throughout the world; forming as it were a link between the state of society, from which vitality was fast ebbing, and that which was to succeed. His mind is no longer manifested to us through a corporeal medium, but his thoughts holding many subject to his power, and about to hold more, he may truly be said still to live among us.

In the number of our Magazine which appeared immediately subsequent to the death of Bentham, we announced our intention of paying, on a future occasion, a tribute to his memory. We did not understand by this, collecting a number of little personal anecdotes concerning him, stringing them together, and calling the thing a memoir; although such a task would have been neither ungrateful, nor its accomplishment useless. Still less did we dream of a superficial, formal *éloge*, dealing in cold generalities, and saying of our teacher what has been said of so many, that he was a great man, a *very* great man. We felt that his noblest monument was the works he left behind him; that the best tribute of homage we could bring to his memory would be to diffuse more widely the knowledge of them; an undertaking which, if successfully accomplished, would not be more honourable to the dead than useful to the living. The world is but emerging from a state of infancy. The structure and government of society have hitherto been rather vaguely felt than rightly understood. Laws, it is true, were acknowledged to be necessary,—rules sanctioned by the application of physical force, which, if they could not render men virtuous, might at least restrain their outward actions within a line approximating to that which the spontaneous prompting of virtuous emotion would have suggested. But the basis upon which these laws was to rest, and the real nature of the force which was to carry them into execution, were ill-understood. The priest sought to juggle mankind into obedience, the warrior to force them, the moralist to persuade them. One and all expressed in their different idioms a faint foreboding of the truth, that good laws can only exist in that society where the majority will what is right, and lend their arms to enforce its observance. Enlightened conviction on the part of the citizens, is the only guarantee for good laws and their observance. Many nations are already, and more are daily coming of age. We, among others, have vindicated our right to act for ourselves. Whether our liberty shall work for our good or our evil, depends upon the extent of our knowledge. Deeply convinced of this truth, we adventure not without trembling on our self-imposed task, of conveying to our readers, in a series of articles, some general notion of the writings of the first man who reduced legislation to a science.

The work which we have selected, as the subject of our first prelection, “The Book of Fallacies,” is, perhaps, the one of all our author’s published writings, of the merits and character of which it is the most difficult to convey an adequate impression, by means of a summary. It has been selected, because it affords an opportunity of dwelling upon some of the features of Bentham’s intellect which seem to have determined the bent and tenor of his labours, without entering into the detail of any of his positive opinions.

One fact regarding his mental characteristics is immediately recalled to the mind by the perusal of this volume:—that Bentham, comprehending within the grasp of his almost boundless mind, the whole range of his science, yet perceiving, at the same time, with microscopic accuracy, its minutest details, was too much engrossed with his fervid progress of thought to be able to submit to the drudgery of committing his labours to words. Those who are familiar with his writings will find, that every subject is treated of in a manner that shows the author had referred it to its place in the comprehensive system he had formed in his own mind. Traces of the outline of that system are to be found in his larger works. Enough of matter to fill up the outline has been left

by him, in remarks on the details, full and exhaustive in themselves, but not so hewn as to dovetail, in their present state, into each other. His almost boundless view embraced, at once, every point of the immense field of his labours, and as one or other struck him, he pounced upon it; but even his lengthened life was insufficient for fitting together and polishing the rich ore he had quarried. To this circumstance are we to ascribe the fact, that much of the results of his investigations, which have been published, has been worked up for the public eye, by the hands of friends and disciples. The writings of Bentham, like those of his great prototype Socrates, are known to us chiefly through the medium of his pupils. The matter is Bentham's, but the form and polish have been given by feebler hands.

This is the case with "*The Book of Fallacies.*" One redaction of the fragments which have been published under that name, was given to the world by Dumont, in French. The English version was published in 1824. Bentham had no share in preparing either of these works for the press. The work which he contemplated seems to have been one, in some measure, of transitory interest:—a collection of the favourite fallacies used by parliamentary debaters. He had classed them under three heads:—fallacies of the ins; fallacies of the outs; either-side fallacies. His purpose was a work of immediate and local interest; and, probably, a feeling of how inferior in importance the unmasking of the child's play of the British senate was, to the completion of his more important duties, prevented the idea ever being committed to paper, except in very hasty and imperfect jottings. The MS. coming into Dumont's hands, that writer, stripping Bentham's hints of their local colouring, and arranging them according to a principle of classification suggested by his friend Sismondi, appended his work to a treatise, entitled "*Tactique des Assemblées Législatives,*" compiled, in like manner, from Bentham's papers. The English editor has preserved, with a slight variation, the arrangement and distribution of Dumont. Instead, however, of re-translating the work, he has employed, as far as it went, the original MS. of Bentham, and has retained most of the allusions to our parliamentary practice. The value of the English redaction is greatly enhanced on this account. We can trace, in many passages, the pure ore of Bentham; and his remarks, bearing immediately upon the actual circumstances of the society in which we exist, have a greater practical utility.

The deficiencies of the work are plainly referable to the two editors. What was meant by Bentham, for a treatise on fallacies employed in political debate, and within the sphere of a definite locality, has been manufactured into an elementary treatise on fallacies in general. The work is announced as intended to fill up the blank existing in logical literature from the time of Aristotle, who was the first and almost the last who attempted to classify fallacies. But the very nature of Bentham's object rendered it impossible that his MS. could furnish materials for an exhaustive treatise on this subject. A collection of parliamentary fallacies could stand to such a work only in the same relation as a treatise on any branch of applied mathematics does to "*Euclid's Elements.*" Another blemish may be traced to this source. Some of the fallacies have been beautifully elucidated and exposed in the original MS.; but others seem to have been loosely enumerated with a word or two of general reflection appended. Many passages have been retained, which, had the work been prepared for the press by the author, would undoubtedly have been rejected



as incoherence. The weak points of "the Book of Fallacies" may therefore be considered as these: a certain degree of unsatisfactoriness arising from the work not containing all that we are led to expect; a diminution of the raciness of the original by tormenting it out of its original form; occasional passages of weakness and common-place, the joinings of the editor, or paragraphs retained which Bentham would mercilessly have lopped away.

Taking the work, however, as an exposure of the political fallacies most prevalent in English society, by tracing them to their source, and throwing a broad glare of light upon their futility and irrelevancy, the work is invaluable as a manual of political knowledge, and as affording us a picture of the pure, benevolent, playful, firm, clear-sighted, comprehensive, powerful mind of the author. The materials of Bentham are distributed among an introduction and five parts. The introduction contains an exposition of the nature of fallacies in general, and political fallacies in particular; of the nature and rationale of the classification of them adopted in the book; and hints respecting the importance of a good system of nomenclature. The object of the work is further illustrated by contrasting it with Hamilton's parliamentary logic. The fifth and concluding part resumes the consideration of this subject, points out the character common to all fallacies, the causes of their utterance, the particular demand for them created by the peculiarities of English government and society, and the utility of their exposure. The four intermediate parts are devoted to the exposition of particular fallacies. The editor regards all fallacies as calculated either to repress inquiry altogether, and that either by an appeal to authority or by intimidation; or to postpone inquiry; or to confuse the minds of hearers when inquiry can no longer be avoided. The chapter on the Fallacies of Authority opens with a beautiful and satisfactory dissertation on the nature of authority, and the cases in which any appeal to it is fallacious. Sophistical appeals to authority are included under four heads: "appeals to the wisdom of our ancestors; appeals to irrevocable laws and promissory oaths; appeals to precedents; assumption of authority on the part of the speaker, and praises of the authors of the measure defended. All attempts to repress investigation by fallacious innuendoes of dangerous results are included under five heads:—the device of repressing inquiry by attributing bad motives to those who demand it; the old-wifish clamour of no innovation; the timid question, "what is at the bottom?" even of the least dubious plan of amelioration; the confusion of the personality of bad officers with the benefits of the duties they have to discharge; and brow-beating threats. The fallacies employed to obtain delay, the object of which always is final frustration, are, that there has been no complaint made; that people still more unfortunate than the complainants may easily be found; that it is not yet time; that it is dangerous to undertake too many things at once; that some other measure, (neither matured nor preferred,) would be more advantageous than that suggested. The fourth part contains by far the most numerous assortment of fallacies; almost all that may be employed to confuse and distract debaters, when discussion can no longer be delayed; "question-begging appellatives," "impostor terms," "vague generalities," "sweeping classifications," and the like. The arrangement, which we do not mean to describe as bad, but simply not such as Bentham might have made it, serves to aid the memory; and most of the topics are treated in the great author's happiest manner. The collection exhausts and ex-

poses the predominant fallacies with which men have hitherto been so fond to deceive themselves, and is at once the best guide to political thinking that has been published, and the best key to the author's more technical works. It ought to be mastered by every one who is anxious to discharge the duties of a citizen.

It is, however, chiefly as illustrating some of the most prominent features of Bentham's intellectual character that we have selected this work for the theme of our introductory essay. Of these the first in importance is that unwinking steadiness with which he always gazes on the sun of truth; that quiet promptitude with which, in the most rayelled question, he comes always to the right conclusion. This was the characteristic of his mind from boyhood until death. Its first fruit was his searching investigation of the English Church establishment; its next, his resignation of the practice of the law for the nobler task of teaching what law ought to be. He had but one object in life, to discover truth and to declare it. He could not blink a conviction for the attainment of any object. This characteristic disqualified him from influencing the immediate workings of a society, over which passion, with its motley array of half-truths and intrigues, exercised an unlimited sway. But it enabled him to shew how much better and nobler a being man might be; and his example spread with an insensible contagion. Already his modes of thought are catching hold of those who are not aware of it, and ere long they will be at least professed by all.

His wide comprehension and yet microscopic power of attention to details which have already been in some measure alluded to, will appear more clearly when we come to consider his more important writings. But there is one feature of his mind which must not here be passed over in silence, and that is its essentially practical character. His views on the sphere of theory's utility may be best expressed by himself:—

The fear of theory has, to a certain extent, its foundation in reason. There is a general propensity in those who adopt this or that theory to push it too far: i. e. to set up a general proposition which is not true until certain exceptions have been taken out of it,—to set it up without any of those exceptions,—to pursue it without regard to the exceptions, and thence, *pro tanto*, in cases in which it is false, fallacious, repugnant to reason and utility.

The propensity thus to push theory too far is acknowledged to be almost universal.

But what is the just inference? Not that theoretical propositions, i. e. propositions of considerable extent, should from such their extent be concluded to be false *in toto*: but only that in the particular case, inquiry should be made, whether, supposing the proposition to be in the character of a general rule generally true, there may not be a case in which, to reduce it within the limits of truth, reason and utility, an exception ought to be taken out of it.

Every man's knowledge is, in its extent, proportioned to the extent as well as number of those general propositions, of the truth of which, they being true, he has the persuasion in his own mind: in other words, the extent of these his theories comprises the extent of his knowledge.

If, indeed, his theories are false, then, in proportion as they are extensive, he is the more deeply steeped in ignorance and error.

But from the mere circumstance of its being theoretical, by these enemies to knowledge, its falsehood is inferred as if it were a necessary consequence; with as much reason as if from a man's speaking it were inferred, as a necessary consequence, that what he speaks must be false.

One would think, that in thinking there were something wicked or else unwise; every body feels or fancies a necessity of disclaiming it. "I am not given to speculation."—"I am no friend to theories." Speculation, theory, what is it but thinking? Can a man disclaim speculation, can he disclaim theory, without disclaiming thought? If they do not mean thought, they mean nothing; for unless it be a little more thought than ordinary, theory, speculation, mean nothing.

To escape from the imputation of meditating destruction to mankind, a man must disclaim every thing that puts him above the level of a beast.

A plan proposes a wrong end; or the end being right, proposes a wrong set of means. If this be what a man means, can he not say so? Would not what he says have somewhat more meaning—be a little more consistent with the principles of common sense—with common honesty—than saying of it that it is theoretical—that it is speculative?

All his writings are a practical commentary upon these views; and we may instance more particularly his Panopticon, and one of his latest productions, a letter addressed to the Commission for Inquiring into the State of the Law of Real Property, on the Subject of a General Register, printed in the Appendix to their Third Report. Not contented with suggesting a general plan of management, he inquires into the most minute financial details, and obviates every, the most trifling, physical obstacle to the realization of his ideas.

These are the qualifications which enabled him to select and store up the materials of thought, and to mature them into comprehensive and sagacious plans: we have now to advert to these characteristics which determined the mode of their enunciation. Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that Bentham's writings are dry, *outré*, and repulsive. In virtue of their subject they are not to be understood without the exertion of continuous and painful attention; but those who are able to bring this power to their perusal will encounter no other difficulty. Bentham devoted his faculties to the elucidation of the science of legislation, and his first great endeavour is to make himself clearly understood. He observes the most strict precision of language: He is technical, for otherwise no man can be accurate; but his technicalities are based upon scientific views and the nature of his subject, not upon slovenly and meaningless hereditary usage. In treating of details, he keeps constantly in view their reference to the whole structure, and refers to what has been already said, or to what yet remains to be told at every step of his progress. Yet this anxious striving after perspicuity and completeness never interferes with the manly dignity of his nervous style. Beyond any writer of the day, he possesses that most necessary ingredient of true and resistless eloquence, the power of condensing all the bearings of his subject into one brief survey. His words are weighty and imposing as oracles. In his illustrations he evinces a rich flow of fancy, and frequently a quick sense of the beautiful. His flow of humour, when he gives way to it, is worthy of Butler, and his sarcasm is withering. And on every occasion, these powers, which of all are the most apt to run riot and carry away their owner, are kept in the most strict and beautiful subordination to the end they are directed to attain.\*

A few specimens of Bentham's style are here added, less by way of justifying what has been said than of inviting attention to the writings, of which they are scarcely fair specimens. The following fine piece of declamation may not unjustly be called the sledge hammer.

Alive to possible-imaginable evils, dead to actual ones,—eagle-eyed to future contingent evils, blind and insensible to all existing ones,—such is the character of the mind, to which a fallacy such as this can really have presented itself in the character of an argument possessing any the smallest claim to notice. To such a mind,

\* We must be understood as speaking here of Bentham's more finished writings. Even in his Sibylline leaves, however—his rude jottings—the internal lustre of the diamond sparkles through its rough outer coat.

that, by denial and sale of justice, anarchy, in so far as concerns nine-tenths of the people, is actually by force of law established; and that it is only by the force of morality, of such morality as all the punishments denounced against sincerity, and all the reward applied for the encouragement of insincerity, have not been able to banish, that society is kept together;—that to draw into question the fitness of great characters for their high situations, is in one man a crime, while to question their fitness so that their motives remain unquestioned is lawful to another;—that the crime called *libel* remains undefined and undistinguishable, and the liberty of the press is defined to be the absence of that security which would be afforded to writers by the establishment of a licenser;—that under a show of limitation, a government shall be in fact an absolute one, while pretended guardians are real accomplices, and at the nod of a king or a minister by a regular trained body of votes black shall be declared white; miscarriage, success; mortality, health; disgrace, honour; and notorious experienced imbecility, consummate skill;—to such a mind, these, with other evils boundless in extent and number, are either not seen to be in existence, or not felt to be such. In such a mind, the horror of innovation is as really a disease as any to which the body in which it is seated is exposed. And in proportion as a man is afflicted with it, he is the enemy of all good, which, how urgent soever may be the demand for it, remains as yet to be done; nor can it be said to be completely cured of it, till he shall have learnt to take on each occasion, and without repugnance, general utility for the general end, and, to judge of whatever is proposed, in the character of a means conducive to that end.

Bentham's power of moral portraiture may be inferred from this passage—

Here and there a man of strong appetites, weak understanding, and stout heart, excepted, it might be affirmed with confidence that the most indigent and most ignorant would not be foolish enough to wish to see a complete dissolution of the bonds of government. In such a state of things, whatsoever he might expect to grasp for the moment, he would have no assured hope of keeping. Were he ever so strong, his strength, he could not but see, would avail him nothing against a momentarily confederated multitude; nor in one part of his field against a swifter individual ravaging the opposite part, nor during sleep against the weakest and most sluggish: and for the purpose of securing himself against such continually impending disasters, let him suppose himself entered into an association with others for mutual security; he would then suppose himself living again under a sort of government.

Even the comparatively few who, for a source of subsistence, prefer depredation to honest industry, are not less dependent for their wretched and ever palpitating existence than the honest and industrious are for theirs, on that general security to which their practice creates exceptions. Be the momentary object of his rapacity what it may, what no one of them could avoid having a more or less distinct conception of, is, that it could not exist for him further than it is secured against others.

So far is it from being true, that no Government can exist consistently with such exposure, no good Government can exist without it.

We subjoin the following as a specimen of how his mind could at times revel in grotesque imagery.

According to Bishop Warburton's Alliance, the people in the character of the church, meeting with all themselves in the character of the state, agreed to invest the expounders of the sacred volume with a large share of the sovereignty. Against this system, the lawyers, their only rivals, were estopped from pleading its seditiousness in bar. In Catholic countries, the churchmen who compose holy mother church possess one beautiful female, by whom the people are governed in the field of spiritual law; within which has been enclosed as much as possible of profane law. By Protestants, on holy mother church the title of Whore of Babylon has been conferred: they recognise no holy mother church. But in England, churchmen, a large portion of them, compose two *Alma Matres Academiæ*—kind Mother Academies or Universities. By ingenuity such as this is, out of "lubberly postmasters' boys" in any number, one "sweet Mrs. Anne Page" is composed, fit to be decked out in elements of amiability to any extent. The object and fruit of this ingenuity is the affording protection to all abuses and imperfections attached to this part of the official establishment. Church being so excellent a being, none but a monster can be an enemy, a foe, to her: *Monster*, i. e. anarchist, Jacobin, leveller, &c. To every question having reform or improvement in view as to this part of the official establishment, the answer is one and the same—"You are an enemy to the church:" for

instance, among others, to such questions as follow : 1. What does this part of the official establishment do, but read or give further explanation to one book, of which more explanation has been given already than the longest life would suffice to hear ? 2. Does not this suppose a people incapable of being taught to read ? 3. Would it not be more read if each of them, being able to read, had it constantly by him to read all through, than by their being at liberty some of them to go miles to hear small parts of it ?—

Sarcastic bitterness :—

There is a particular sort of grin—a grin of malicious triumph—a grin made up of malicious triumph with a dash of concealed foreboding and trepidation at the bottom of it—that forms a natural accompaniment of this fallacy, when vented by any of the sworn defenders of abuse : and Milton, instead of cramming all his angels of the African complexion into the divinity school disputing about predestination, should have employed part of them at least in practising this grin, with the corresponding fallacy, before a looking-glass.

Proportioned to the difficulty of persuading men to regard a plan as otherwise than beneficial, supposing it carried into effect, is the need of all such arguments or phrases as present a chance of persuading them to regard it as impracticable ; and according to the sort of man you have to deal with, you accompany it with the grin of triumph, or with the grimace of regret and lamentation.

There is a class of predictions, the tendency and object of which is to contribute to their own accomplishment ; and in the number of them is the prediction involved in this fallacy. When objections on the ground of utility are hopeless, or have been made the most of, objections on the ground of practicability still present an additional resource. By these, men who, being convinced of the utility of the plan, are in ever so great a degree well-wishers to it may be turned aside from it : and the best garb to assume for the purpose of the attempt, is that of one who is a well-wisher likewise.

Till the examples are before his eyes, it will not be easy for a man who has not himself made the observation to conceive to what a pitch of audacity political improbity is capable of soaring : how completely, when an opportunity that seems favourable presents itself, the mask will sometimes be taken off ;—what thorough confidence there is in the complicity, or in the imbecility of hearers or readers.

Was the feeling of contempt ever more powerfully expressed than in his illustration of the folly of debating the question of Reform with men who, by their solemn oaths, and their desire to maintain their status in society, are bound to uphold the present system, in all its rottenness ?

To a man thus circumstanced, to talk reason would have something ungenerous in it and indecorous ; it would be as if a man should set about talking indecently to his wife and daughter.

Here close we our first lecture on the writings of our great master.

## THE HOWDIE.—ANENT BAIRNS.

### No. II.

(Continued from page 714, VOL I.)

ALTHOUGH I have not in the foregoing head of my subject mentioned every extraordinary handling that came to me, yet I have noted the most remarkable ; and made it plain to my readers by that swatch of my professional work, that it is not an easy thing to be a midwife with respect, without the inheritance from nature of good common sense and discretion, over and above skill and experience. I shall now dedicate this second head, to a make-mention of such things as I have heard and

known anent the bairns, that in their entrance into this world, came by the grace of God through my hands.

And here, in the first place, and at the very outset, it behoves me to make an observe, that neither omen nor symptom occurs at a birth, by which any reasonable person or gossip present can foretell what the native, as the unchristened baby is then called, may be ordained to come through in the course of the future. No doubt this generality, like every rule, has an exception ; but I am no disposed to think the exceptions often kent-speckle ; for although I have heard many a well-doing sagacious carlin notice the remarkables she had seen at some births, I am yet bound to say that my experience has never taught me to discern in what way a-come-to-pass in the life of the man was begotten of the uncous at the birth of the child,

But while I say this, let me no be misunderstood as throwing any doubt on the fact, that births sometimes are, and have been, in all ages, attended with signs and wonders manifest. I am only stating the truth as it has fallen out in the course of my own experience ; for I never mis-doubt that it's in the power of Providence to work miracles and cause marvels, when a child is ordained with a superfluity of head-rope. I only maintain, that it is not a constancy in nature to be regular in that way, and that many prodigies happen at the times of births, of which it would not be a facile thing for a very wise prophet to expound the use. Indeed, my observes would go to the clean contrary ; for I have noted that, for the most part, the births which have happened in dread and strange circumstances, were not a hair's-breadth better, than those of the commonest clamjamphry. Indeed, I had a very notable instance of this kind in the very first year of my setting up for myself, and that was when James Cuiffy's wife lay in of her eldest born.

James, as all the parish well knew, was not a man to lead the children of Israel through the Red Sea, nor she a Deborah to sing of butter in a lordly dish ; but they were decent folk ; and when the fulness of her time was come, it behoved her to be put to bed, and my helping hand to be called for. Accordingly I went.

It was the gloaming when James came for me ; and as we walked o'er the craft together, the summer lightning ayont the hills began to skimmer in a woolly cloud : but we thought little o't, for the day had been very warm, and that flabbing of the fire was but a natural outcoming of the same cause.

We had not, however, been under the shelter of the roof many minutes, when we heard a-far off, like the ruff of a drum or the hurl of a cart of stones tumbled on the causey, a clap of thunder, and then we heard another and another, just like a sea-fight of Royal Georges in the skies, till the din grew so desperate, that the crying woman could no more be heard than if she had been a stone image of agony.

I'll no say that I was not in a terrification. James Cuiffy took to his Bible, but the poor wife needed all my help. At last the bairn was born ; and just as it came into the world, the thunder rampaged, as if the Prince of the Powers of the air had gaen by himself ; and in the same minute, a thunder-bolt fell down the lum, scattered the fire about the house, whiskit out of the window, clove like a wedge the apple-tree at the house-end, and slew nine sucking pigs and the mother grumphy, as if they had been no better than the host of Sennacherib ; which every body must allow was most awful : but for all that, nothing afterwards came to pass ; and the bairn that was born, instead of turning out a necromancer

or a geni, as we had so much reason to expect, was, from the breast, as silly as a windlestraw. Was not this a plain proof that they are but of a weak credulity who have faith in freats of that kind?

I met, likewise, not in the next year, but in the year after, nearer to this time, another delusion of the same uncertainty. Mrs. Gallon, the exciseman's wife, was overtaken with her pains, of all places in the world, in the kirk, on a Sabbath afternoon. They came on her suddenly, and she gave a skirle that took the breath with terror from the minister, as he was enlarging with great bir on the ninth clause of the seventh head of his discourse. Every body stood up. The whole congregation rose upon the seats, and in every face was pale consternation. At last the minister said, that on account of the visible working of Providence in the midst of us, yea in the very kirk itself, the congregation should skail: whereupon skail they did; so that in a short time I had completed my work, in which I was assisted by some decent ladies staying to lend me their Christian assistance; which they did, by standing in a circle round the table seat where the ploy was going on, with their backs to the crying mother, holding out their gowns in a minaway fashion, as the maids of honour are said to do, when the queen is bringing forth a prince in public.

The bairn being born, it was not taken out of the kirk till the minister himself was brought back, and baptized it with a scriptural name; for it was every body's opinion that surely in time it would be a brave minister, and become a great and shining light in the Lord's vineyard to us all. But it is often the will and pleasure of Providence to hamper in the fulfilment the carnal wishes of corrupt human nature. Matthew Gallon had not in after life the seed of a godly element in his whole carcase; quite the contrary, for he turned out the most rank ringing enemy that was ever in our country-side; and when he came to years of discretion, which in a sense he never did, he fled the country as a soldier, and for some splore with the Session, though he was born in the kirk;—another plain fact that shows how little reason there is in some cases to believe that births and prognostications have no natural connexion. Not that I would condumaciously maintain that there is no meaning in signs sometimes, and maybe I have had a demonstration; but it was a sober advice that the auld leddy of Rigs gave me, when she put me in a way of business, to be guarded in the use of my worldly wisdom, and never to allow my tongue to describe what my eyes saw or my ears heard at an occasion, except I was well convinced it would pleasure the family.

"No conscientious midwife," said she, "will ever make causey-talk of what happens at a birth, if it's of a nature to work dule by repetition on the fortunes of the bairn;" and this certainly was most orthodox, for I have never forgotten her counsel.

I have, however, an affair in my mind at this time; and as I shall mention no names, there can be no harm done in speaking of it here; for it is a thing that would perplex a philosopher or a mathematical man, and stagger the self-conceit of an unbeliever.

There was a young Miss that had occasion to come over the moor by herself one day, and in doing so she met with a hurt; what that hurt was, no body ever heard; but it could not be doubted that it was something most extraordinar; for, when she got home, she took to her bed and was very unwell for several days, and her een were bleart with greeting. At last, on the Sabbath-day following, her mother foregathert

with me in coming from the kirk; and the day being showery, she proposed to rest in my house as she passed the door, till a shower that she saw coming would blow over. In doing this, and we being by ourselves, I speired in a civil manner for her daughter; and from less to more she told me something that I shall not rehearse, and, with the tear in her eye, she entreated my advice; but I could give her none, for I thought her daughter had been dense; so no more was said anent it; but the poor lassie from that day fell as it were into a dwining, and never went out; insomuch that before six months were come and gone, she was laid up in her bed, and there was a wally-wallying on her account throughout the parish, none doubting that she was in a sore way, if not past hope.

In this state was her sad condition, when they had an occasion for a gradawa at my Lord's; and as he changed horses at the Cross Keys when he passed through our town, I said to several of the neighbours, to advise the mother that this was a fine opportunity she ought not to neglect, but should consult him anent her dochter. Accordingly, on the doctor returning from the castle, she called him in; and when he had consulted the ailing lassie as to her complaint, every body rejoiced to hear that he made light of it, and said that she would be as well as ever in a month or two; for that all she had to complain of was but a weakness common to womankind, and that a change of air was the best thing that could be done for her.

Maybe I had given an advice to the same effect quietly before, and therefore was none displeased to hear, when it came to pass, that shortly after, the mother and Miss were off one morning, for the benefit of the air of Glasgow, in a retour chaise, by break of day, before anybody was up. To be sure some of the neighbours thought it an odd thing that they should have thought of going to that town for a beneficial air; but as the report soon after came out to the town that the sick lassie was growing brawly, the wonder soon blew over, for it was known that the air of a close town is very godd in some cases of the asthma.

By and by, it might be six weeks or two months after, aiblins more, when the mother and the daughter came back, the latter as slimb as a popular tree, and blooming like a rose. Such a recovery after such an illness was little short of a miracle, for the day of their return was just ten months from the day and date of her hurt.

It is needless for me to say what were my secret thoughts on this occasion, especially when I heard the skill of the gradawa extolled, and far less how content I was when, in the year following, the old lady went herself on a jaunt into the East Country to see a sick cousin, a widow woman with only a bairn, and brought the bairn away with her on the death of the parent. It was most charitable of her so to do, and nothing could exceed the love and ecstasy with which Miss received it from the arms of her mother. Had it been her ain bairn she could not have dandalized it more!

Soon after this the young lady fell in with a soldier officer, that was sent to recruit in the borough, and married him on a short acquaintance, and went away with him a regimenting to Ireland; but "my cousin's wee fatherless and motherless orphan," as the old pawkie carlin used to call the bairn, stayed with her, and grew in time to be a ranting birkie; and in the end, my lord hearing of his spirit, sent for him one day to the castle, and in the end bought for him a commission, in the most generous manner, such as well befitted a rich young lord to do; and



afterwards, in the army, his promotion was as rapid as if he had more than merit to help him.

Now, is not this a thing to cause a marvelling ; for I, that maybe had it in my power to have given an explanation, was never called on so to do ; for everything came to pass about it in such an ordained-like way, that really I was sometimes at a loss what to think, and said to myself surely I have dreamt a dream ; for, although it could not be said to have been a case of prognostications, it was undoubtedly one of a most kittle sort in many particulars. Remembering, however, the prudent admonition I had received from the auld leddy of Rigs, I shall say no more at present, but keep a calm sough.

It is no doubt the even-down fact that I had no hand in bringing "my cousin's wee fatherless and motherless orphan" into the world, but maybe I might have had, if all the outs and ins of the story were told. As that, however, is not fitting, I have just said enough to let the courteous reader see, though it be as in a glass darkly, that my profession is no without the need of common sense in its handlings, and that I have not earned a long character for prudence in the line without ettle, nor been without jobs that cannot be spoken of, but, like this, in a far-off manner.

But it behoves me, before I go farther, to request the reader to turn back to where I have made mention of the poor deserted bairn, Willy Facings ; how he was born in an unprepared hurry, and how his mother departed this life, while his ne'er-do-weel father went away like a knotless thread. I do not know how it happened, but come to pass it did, that I took a kindness for the forsaken creature, insomuch that, if his luck had been no better with Miss Peggy Needle, it was my intent to have brought him up with my own weans ; for he was a winsome thing from the hour of his birth, and made every day a warmer nest for his image in my heart. His cordial temper was a mean devised by Providence as a compensation to him for the need that was in its own courses, that he would never enjoy a parent's love.

When Miss Peggy had skailed the byke of her tats, and taken Billy, as he came to be called, home to her house, there was a wonderment both in the borough-town and our clachan how it was possible for her, an inexperienced old maid, to manage the bairn ; for by this time he was weaned, and was as rampler a creature as could well be, and she was a most prejinck and mim lady. But, notwithstanding her natural mimness and prejinckity, she was just out of the body with love and tenderness towards him, and kept him all day at her foot, playing in the inside of a stool whamled up-side down.

It was the sagacious opinion of every one, and particularly both of the doctor and Mr. Stipend, the minister, that the bairn would soon tire out the patience of Miss Peggy ; but we are all short-sighted mortals, for instead of tiring her, she every day grew fonder and fonder of him, and hired a lassie to look after him, as soon as he could tottle. Nay, she bought a green parrot for him from a sailor, when he was able to run about ; and no mother could be so taken up with her own get as kind-hearted Miss Peggy was with him, her darling Dagon ; for although the parrot was a most outstrapolous beast, and skrieght at times with louder desperation than a pea-hen in a passion, she yet so loved it on his account, that one day when it bit her lip to the bleeding, she only put it in its cage, and said, as she wiped her mouth, that it was "a sorrow."

By and by Miss Peggy put Billy to the school ; but, by that time, the condumacious laddie had got the upper hand of her, and would not learn his lesson, unless she would give him an apple or sweeties ; and yet, for all that, she was out of the body about him, in so much that the minister was obligated to remonstrate with her on such indulgence ; telling her she would be the ruin of the boy, fine creature as he was, if she did not bridle him, and intended to leave him a legacy.

In short, Miss Peggy and her pet were just a world's wonder, when, at last, Captain Facings, seven years after Billy's birth, being sent by the king to Glasgow, came out, one Sunday, to our town, and sent for me to learn what had become of his bairn. Though I recollected him at the first sight, yet, for a matter of policy, I thought it convenient to pretend doubtful of my memory, till, I trow, I had made him sensible of his sin in deserting his poor baby. At long and length I made him to know the blessing that had been conferred by the fancy of Miss Peggy, on the deserted child, and took him myself to her house. But, judge of my consternation, and his likewise, when, on introducing him to her as the father of Billy, whom I well recollected, she grew very huffy at me, and utterly denied that Billy was any such boy as I had described, and fondled over him, and was really in a comical distress, till, from less to more, she grew, at last, as obstinate as a graven image, and was not sparing in the words she made use of to get us out of her habitation.

But, not to summer and winter on this very unforeseen come-to-pass, the Captain and I went to the minister, and there made a confession of the whole tot of the story. Upon which he advised the Captain to leave Billy with Miss Peggy, who was a single lady, not ill-off in the world ; and he would, from time to time, see that justice was done to the bairn. They then made a paction concerning Billy's education ; and, after a sore struggle, Miss Peggy, by the minister's exhortation, was brought to consent that her pet should be sent to a boarding-school, on condition that she was to be allowed to pay for him.

This was not difficult to be agreed to ; and, some weeks after, Bill was accordingly sent to the academy at Green Knowes, where he turned out a perfect delight ; and Miss Peggy sent him every week, by the carrier, a cake, or some other dainty. At last, the year ran round, and the vacance being at hand, Bill sent word by the carrier, that he was coming home to spend the time with Mamma, as he called Miss Peggy. Great was her joy at the tidings ; she set her house in order, and had, at least, twenty weans, the best sort in the neighbourhood, for a ploy to meet him. But, och hone ! when Billy came, he was grown such a big creature, that he no longer seemed the same laddie ; and, at the sight of him, Miss Peggy began to weep and wail, crying, that it was an imposition they were attempting to put upon her, by sending another callan. However, she became, in the course of the night, pretty well convinced that he was indeed her pet ; and, from that time, though he was but eight years old, she turned over a new leaf in her treatment.

Nothing less would serve her, seeing him grown so tall, than that he should be transmogrified into a gentleman ; and, accordingly, although he was not yet even a stripling,—for that's a man-child in his teens,—she sent for a taylor next day, and had him put into long clothes, with top boots ; and she bought him a watch, and just made him into a curiosity, that nowhere else could be seen.

When he was dressed in his new clothes and fine boots, he went out to show himself to all Miss Peggy's neighbours ; and, it happened, that,

in going along, he fell in with a number of other childer, who were aliding down a heap of mixed lime, and the thoughtless brat joined them; by which he rubbed two holes in the bottom of his breeks, spoiled his new boots, and, when the holes felt cold behind, he made his hat into a seat, and went careering up the heap and down the slope with it, as if he had been a charioteer.

Everybody who saw the result concluded that certainly now Miss Peggy's favour was gone from him for ever. But she, instead of being angry, just exclaimed and demonstrated with gladness over him; saying, that, till this disaster, she had still suspected that he might turn out an imposture. Was there ever such infatuation? But, as I shall have to speak more anent him hereafter, I need not here say how he was sent back to the academy, on the minister's advice, just dress'd like another laddie.

*(To be continued.)*

## FINANCIAL REFORM, No. II.

By an account laid before the House of Commons on the 18th of July, it appears that the excess of expenditure over income in the year ending ~~the~~ preceding 5th of July amounted to £1,263,187.

We shall endeavour to explain how this excess of expenditure, or, in other words, deficiency of revenue, has arisen; and also, to give a clear statement of our actual financial condition. This we conceive to be essentially necessary, in order to arrive at a correct opinion with respect to the measures which the new Parliament will have to take.

Although the system of making up the public accounts is still extremely imperfect, it is much more easy to form something like an accurate notion of the real amount of the public income and expenditure, than it was a few years since. For so long as payments for instalments of the Dead Weight loan continued to swell the amount of income received, and so long as the old sinking fund of a fixed sum of five millions a-year continued to be applied to redeem debt, it was nearly impossible to learn, from the annual Parliamentary accounts, the true amount of the income and expenditure.

It was in the year 1828 that the Bank paid the last instalment of the dead weight loan; and, therefore, in the succeeding years, the accounts have been free from the confusion which this loan occasioned. In calling this dead weight transaction a loan, we are aware we give it a character wholly different from that which the authors of this notable hocus-pocus sought to impress upon it; but we feel we shall have the sanction of the authority of every fair thinking person, who has examined the nature of the bargain, for calling it a mere loan; because the sole result has been, that the public has received from the Bank a sum of £13,000,000, for an annuity of £500,000, payable for forty-five years. The history of this transaction shews what schemes Ministers have at all times been ready to have recourse to, when in money difficulties, ~~rather~~ <sup>rather</sup> than make reductions in public expenses; and the upshot of the whole of this scheme of anticipating the falling in of military and naval pensions, being nothing else than raising a loan of £13,000,000 in the midst of profound peace; it also shows how quietly the public are willing

to allow themselves to be duped by gross misrepresentations of the nature and effects of financial measures.

In consequence of the recommendation of the Committee of Finance of 1828, in their third report, the sinking-fund plan of 1819 was changed. Till then, the law required that five millions a-year should be paid out of the consolidated fund to the commissioners for redeeming the national debt, whether or not the public income exceeded the expenditure by that sum. The way by which this application of a fixed sum of five millions was managed, was by making good any deficiency of income occasioned by it, by borrowing the amount of the deficiency on Exchequer bills. But, as in point of fact, the surplus income constantly fell short of five millions by two or three millions a-year, the practical result of this piece of financial policy was the borrowing of money to pay debt. This appeared to the Committee of Finance to be such a monstrous absurdity and abuse, that a majority of them came to the decision of advising the discontinuance of the plan. It also was found upon investigating the operation of creating new debt to redeem the old one, that it was attended with great loss; because the interest paid on the new debt was greater than that saved upon the purchases made by the Commissioners of the National Debt. The measure recommended by the Committee of Finance was to apply for the future to the reducing of debt no more than what really was an excess of income over expenditure.\* It is worth while to notice here the pertinacity with which the worst parts of our financial system are adhered to, and vigorously supported; a circumstance completely established by the fact, that the greatest resistance was made in the Committee by persons of the highest authority in matters of finance, to the decision which the Committee came to. The question for getting rid of the system of a fixed sinking-fund was carried only by one vote; and in the minority, no less distinguished financiers appeared than Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Tierney, Mr. Baring, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Goulburn.

The dead-weight payments, and the old sinking-fund, having ceased in the way now mentioned, the annual Parliamentary account for the year 1829 is the first that gives anything like a fair and clear statement of the annual income and expenditure, although it is still extremely imperfect; and we shall therefore begin what we have to say, in order to explain our present financial condition, with this account.

According to this account, the revenue of 1829 was £50,706,000, the expenditure £49,075,000, and the surplus of income over expenditure £1,711,548. With this surplus, Mr. Goulburn commenced his financial operations for 1830. To this surplus he was able to add, in calculating the Ways and Means of 1830, a saving in the interest on 4 per cent. stock, and on exchequer bills, and a reduction to be made in the annual estimates for the army, navy, &c., as follows:—

Surplus income over expenditure in 1829,	£1,711,000
Reduction of interest on 4 per cent. stock,	750,000
Reduction of interest on exchequer bills,	180,000
Reductions in the estimates for the army, navy, &c.,	1,100,000

Carried forward      £3,741,000

\* An act was passed early in the session of 1829, for carrying this recommendation into effect.

	Brought forward	£3,741,000
And he was further enabled to increase this estimated surplus of 1830, as compared with 1829, by the expected produce of an additional duty on spirits,—taken at,		330,000
Making a total surplus of,		£4,071,000

Mr. Goulburn having this great surplus to assist him in conducting the financial measures of 1830, wholly threw aside the policy of his predecessors, as to the redemption of debt; for instead of applying the surplus to this object, he repealed taxes to the amount of £3,875,000, and left, accordingly, no more for the future surplus of income over expenditure, than a few hundred thousand pounds. The taxes which Mr. Goulburn repealed were the following:—

Beer,	£3,000,000
Leather,	400,000
Cider and Perry,	25,000
Sugar,	450,000
	£3,875,000

We do not blame Mr. Goulburn for repealing taxes, in preference to continuing the sinking-fund. This policy was clearly right on general principles, considering how many of the existing taxes were highly injurious to the industry of the country. But we are decidedly of opinion, that his selection of the beer tax, as the most fit to be repealed, was an egregious error. For if he had acted on anything like sound principles of taxation, he would have turned to account the means of making a reduction of £3,000,000 of revenue, by getting rid of those duties which fell on the manufactures of glass, paper, soap, &c., and to the reducing of those excessive duties which give rise to the prosperous trade of smuggling.

But the repealing of the beer duty served the interests of that class out of which members of Parliament are chosen, and of the members themselves; and votes in the House of Commons were more immediately an object to Ministers, in the early part of the session of 1829, than the promoting of the national industry.

When Lord Althorp became Chancellor of the Exchequer, the amount of taxes repealed by his predecessor left him only a surplus income of a few hundred thousand pounds, as has already been stated; and consequently, without any means of repealing more taxes, except reducing the public expenditure. But although he was thus situated, he repealed more taxes, and at the same time increased the expenditure; and produced, as an inevitable consequence of such proceedings, the present existing deficiency of the revenue.\*

The following is the plan proposed by Lord Althorp, in his first budget, on the 11th of February, 1831, for repealing or reducing taxes:—

\* The estimates voted in 1831 were greater than those voted in 1830, for the Army, by the sum of £225,150; the Navy, £360,250; Miscellaneous Services, £743,490; making a total increase of £1,328,890. But deducting from the Miscellaneous Services, a sum of £322,711, formerly charged on the consolidated fund, the real increase was £1,006,079.

On Tobacco,	£1,400,000
— Newspapers and Advertisements,	190,000
— Coals and Slates,	830,000
— Printed Calicoes,	500,000
— Glass,	600,000
— Candles,	420,000
— Auctions,	60,000
— Miscellaneous Articles,	80,000
	£4,080,000

In order in part to make good the revenue which would be lost by reducing these duties, he proposed the following new taxes :—

On Wine,	£240,000
— Timber (by regulation of duties,)	600,000
— Cotton Wool,	500,000
— Steamboats,	100,000
— Timber Duty,	1,200,000
— Coals Exported,	100,000
	£2,740,000

The successful opposition which was made to this scheme of finance, for repealing old bad duties, and imposing less injurious new ones, left, for the general result, when the session closed, the following old taxes repealed, and new ones laid on :—

*Duties repealed in 1831.*

Coals and Slates,	£830,000
Printed Calicoes,	500,000
Candles,	420,000
	£1,745,000

*New Duties laid on in 1831.*

On Wine,	£240,000
On Cotton Wool,	300,000
	£540,000

Deducting the estimated produce of the new duties from the sum which the revenue was to be reduced by those repealed, the actual reduction of revenue amounted to £1,205,000 ; being very nearly the exact sum which the revenue appears, by the Parliamentary accounts, to have been deficient on the 5th of July, 1832.

This correspondence between the sum, which it appears would be the deficiency, on tracing out the effects of the measures of Mr. Goulburn and Lord Althorp, in 1830 and 1831, and the sum which, in reality, was the deficiency, leaves no room for doubt as to the accuracy of the statement here given, and as to the manner in which the deficiency has arisen. It is made quite clear that this result has followed from persisting in repealing taxes, without making any proper effort to reduce the expenditure. The keeping up of the expenditure at its greatest possible amount,

has been all through the great error of our ministers of finance ; and the consequence of doing so, fully shows that until retrenchment is made the basis of repealing taxes, the finances cannot be free from the embarrassment in which they now are.

Before we proceed to state what is requisite to be done to place the finances of the country on a sound footing, we shall shortly allude to the chief defects of the existing system. Now that the law has declared that there shall be no sinking fund, unless there is a surplus of revenue, the deficiency which has taken place has put an end to all those expectations which the public have been so long told to form of the extinction of the debt. This is, in itself, a matter of grave consideration ; for, surely, with a debt of £800,000,000, we can never be quite right, until the financial circumstances of the country admit of a real sinking fund, of a large amount, being formed for the paying off a large portion of it. Although it was perfectly wise to abandon such schemes of redemption as have hitherto been acted upon, no financial reform will be complete, which shall not provide the means of gradually getting rid of at least from one third to one half of the present debt.

The next great defect in our system is the taxing of industry, directly, for obtaining a large amount of revenue. The duties on glass, paper, soap, and other manufactures, are so many direct restrictions on the employment of labour and capital, and the accumulation of national wealth. These duties should all be repealed ; but this cannot be done without a loss of revenue, to the amount of nearly two millions a-year.

Another conspicuous blot in our system, is the keeping the duties so excessively high on tobacco, foreign spirits, and a few other articles, as to create a trade of smuggling of such a vast extent, that it requires an annual expence to be incurred of nearly a million a-year in attempting to suppress it. But to cure this evil, the reduction of duties, which are necessary, would be accompanied with a loss of revenue to the amount of nearly three millions.

In point of fact, these two classes of duties, namely, those which fall on manufacturers, and those which create smuggling, must be got rid of either by imposing other taxes, or by reducing the amount of the public expenditure. It is no doubt possible, to obtain the means of reducing five millions of existing taxes, by laying on a property tax. But such a measure ought not to be proposed, or acceded to, until the practicability of reducing the expenditure from three to five millions, has been submitted to the most severe test. This has never yet been done. The progress which the last committee of finance was making in this work, led to its sudden extinction. The assertion of Mr. Goulburn, when he was Finance Minister, and of Lord Althorp in his last budget speech, that the reduction of the expenditure had been carried as far as possible, are mere words, that ought not to have the smallest influence on any man's mind. Ministers deceive themselves egregiously in thinking that the reasons which serve to convince the House of Commons, that the expenditure is not too high, produce the same effect on the public. These reasons are nothing better than a few commonplace cant phrases strung together, to suit the purpose of raising cheers from the supporters of Government. They contain nothing like proof of any distinct proposition. But the time is now come when it will be quite impossible for any minister to obtain a vote for nearly fourteen millions a-year for the Army, Navy, and Ordnance.

The more the state of the finances of the country is inquired into, the more certain it appears, that the first great question the reformed House of Commons will have to take in hand, will be, the expediency of reducing the public expenditure to a very large extent; not by a few hundred thousand pounds here, and a few more there, but by some millions. As all the expenses incurred in the army, navy, ordnance, and miscellaneous services have been voted annually, there can exist no vested interest to be set up against any reduction which may seem to be expedient; not even by the receivers of half pay or of military pensions. And, although no one probably would propose wholly to get rid of these charges, the House of Commons may, with the strictest propriety, revise the several parts of the non-effective service, and thus save the public a large part of the expense now incurred upon it. If Lord Althorp shall be the Minister of Finance in the new House of Commons, he will find that he cannot again declare that the reduction of the expenditure had been carried as far as possible, without raising hundreds of voices to deny the truth of this assertion. If the electors do their duty in choosing their representatives, he will find a great majority of the House against him. He will, in point of fact, if he employs such language as this, at once put an end to the administration. What Lord Althorp should do, without farther loss of time, is to make the Lords of the Treasury discharge the duties of a Commission of Inquiry. They should sit every day, and have before them, for examination, the heads and chief officers of each public department of expenditure. These persons should be made to explain, and defend as well as they can, every item in their proposed future estimates. The evidence should be taken down in short hand, and the Board should make a minute on each case, expressing its judgment upon it. The whole should be completed and printed, and ready for delivery to each member of the House of Commons, when the new Parliament shall assemble. But more than this should be done. Ministers should determine to appoint a new Committee of Finance, to be composed of the most intelligent and most independent members of the House, for the purpose of examining and reporting upon the estimates for 1833. Unless some measures, such as these now suggested, be adopted, it is difficult to conceive how the financial business of the country can ever be carried through the House of Commons; for if the estimates shall be at all similar in amount to what they hitherto have been, and if they shall be brought before committees of the whole House, without any previous inquiry and reports, the time which will be occupied in debating them will preclude the possibility of going on with any other public business.

As the greatest practical evil which the nation endured under the corrupt system by which the House of Commons was constituted, was the waste of its treasures, so the first great practical good it should derive from the change which has taken place in the constitution of the House, is the reform of all financial abuses. To what extent the influence of our kings has been employed, and is still employed, in governing their ministers in matters of extravagance, will now be made manifest; as also to what extent the influence of noble proprietors of close boroughs has had its way for similar purposes. The first contest which will take place amongst old friends, in consequence of the reform in Parliament, will be, or at least ought to be, between the ministers and these influences. If they are weak enough to make themselves any longer subservient to them, they will soon find, to their cost, that the



newly created influence of the public in the House of Commons will be too powerful for them. If they act wisely they will acknowledge the necessity of arranging their financial plans for 1833 with reference to this latter influence, and thus secure for themselves the only support which can keep them in their places.

Lord Althorp, in his speech, when preparing the budget on the 27th of July, said nothing that could lead us to form a rational expectation that the deficiency of the revenue on the 5th of January, 1833, would be less than the deficiency on the 5th of last July. He even admitted that the Customs revenue would necessarily continue to fall off. The diminution he estimated as follows.

On corn imported,	£500,000
Reduction of duties by the new customs act,	100,000
Loss of revenue by allowing for drainage on sugar,	80,000
Loss by allowing for duty paid on Wine in 1831,	120,000
	<hr/>
	£800,000

With respect to the excise revenue, Lord Althorp stated he expected there would be an increase in 1832 of about £250,000; but little dependence can be placed on such a loose conjecture. He seemed to rely chiefly, for an improvement in the relative state of the income and expenditure, on the reduction which he estimated would take place in the public expenditure in 1832; the parliamentary grants for 1832 being less than those for 1831 by two millions. But it is to be observed, that the grants for 1831 were of greater amount than the grants for 1830 by one million; and, in addition to this, it must be further observed, that whatever diminution has been shown on the estimates for 1832, no reduction whatever has been made in the great establishments of the country. The diminished grants for 1831 have been produced by not purchasing the usual quantities of naval stores, and by the expenses incurred on the militia and yeomanry in 1831 not being continued in 1832. No reduction has been made in the army, or in the number of seamen and ships in commission. We have had a fleet cruising in the channel the whole summer, as if we were actually at war. No reduction has been made in the regiment of artillery, in the sappers and miners, or in expenses on military buildings at home and abroad. In point of fact, no real and honest reduction whatever has been made in the expenditure so as to secure permanently for the future a surplus of income over expenditure.

In a future article we shall show in what way such a reduction may, and ought to be accomplished.

## NIGHT—BURIAL AT SEA.

### FYTTE I.

It was a mariner bent and grey,  
 An English mariner old,  
 Came wandering by the church-yard way  
 While the slow death-bell tolled;—  
 He sat him down, and saw us lay  
 Our brother in the mould.

He saw us mourn, but not like those  
 Whose sorrow waits on Fear;—  
 For we had trust, that God, who chose  
 To call our brother dear,  
 Had crowned in death, with sweet repose,  
 His blameless sojourn here.

At the soft hour of even-fall  
We made his quiet bed,  
Beneath the ivy-green church wall,  
Amongst the village-dead ;  
And near the sunny fields, where all  
His placid years had sped.

Now when our solemn rite had ceased,  
The mariner rose, and said :  
" Thus sleeps an infant, on the breast  
Of a fond mother laid ;—  
For holy is the slumberer's rest  
Within the altar's shade !

" And 'tis a blessed lot, to lie  
Beneath familiar ground,  
Where ever friends are wandering by,  
And kindred sleep around ;  
And many a living memory  
Clings to the burial-mound.

" Such rest, since death is common doom,  
With grief may scarce agree ;  
But would ye know how full of gloom,  
And cheerless death *may* be,  
Ye should stand by when the mariner's  
tomb  
Is made in the deep, deep sea !

" When, for his passings-bell, the gale  
O'er the brief funeral raves ;  
For mourner's song, the sea-bird's wail—  
For tomb, the dark sea-caves ;—  
Ay ! I could tell a solemn tale  
Of sailors' wat'ry graves !"

Thy words have strongly won mine ear—  
Say on, thou aged man !

" Ay, me ! how many a brave career "  
(The mariner grey began)  
" Hath closed on such a weltering bier !"  
And thus his story ran ;—

TALE OF THE ENGLISH MARINER.

" Ye deem our course all storm and sport,  
Hot strife, and revel light ;  
And well our rugged life may court  
The throb of wild delight ;  
And glad should seem their lion-port,  
Who wield proud England's might !

" God wot, great joy it is, to range  
The blue waves to and fro,—  
A joy the mariner would not change  
For all that crowns bestow :  
But the sea hath seasons sad and strange,  
That landsmen little know.

" 'Tis fearful, when the angry gale  
Strips the curled ocean bare,  
And the boiling spray and bitter hail  
Are mingling sea and air ;  
And for all our light, the cloudy veil  
Streams with the levin's glare.

" 'Tis awful, in the midnight lone,  
When clouds are pacing slow,  
To hear the sea-sprite laugh or moan  
From the dull wave below,  
In some loved mate's remembered tone,  
Though buried long ago.

" And sad, in ocean dark and vast,  
When death has struck his prey,  
A parted brother's corpse to cast,  
A lonely thing, away ;  
To drift beneath the temblest waste  
Till the great Judgment-Day !

" Yet have I stood where sick men die,  
Where slaughter rife hath been,  
And learned to look with steadfast eye  
On many a dismal scene ;  
There's one upon my heart would lie,  
Though ages came between.

" 'Tis fifty summers past and more ;—  
We had sailed in seventy-three ;—  
For full two years since touching shore,  
We cruised, and kept the sea :—  
Our ship was a lovely forty-four—  
A gallant bark, was she !

" As fair and nobly did she ride,  
As rarely scud and steer,  
As though she answered to our pride,  
And knew we held her dear ;—  
Well might we love that ocean bride,  
And boast her brave career !

" She was long and low, and sharp be-  
low,  
With a gently curved side,  
With sloping stern and piercing bow,  
And white decks, flush and wide,—  
So sweet a mould you could not shew  
In all the seas beside.

" Her yards were square, her spars were  
slim,  
Well set by stay and shroud ;  
Her snowy canvass, broad and trim,  
Swelled o'er her, like a cloud ;  
It was a joy, to see her swim,  
That made your soul grow proud !

" And close and black, in grim array,  
Her warrior-decks along,  
The lips of England's thunder lay,  
Right terrible and strong ;—  
God ! what a stormy voice had they,  
When battle gave them tongue !

" Her speed was as the arrowy sleet,  
Winged by a northern gale ;  
And when away, with flowing sheet,  
She loosed her broad mainsail,  
The surge behind her rushing feet  
Shone like a comet's trail.

" Her rest was as a giant's sleep ;  
Her chase, the stop of war ;  
Her rush was like the eagle's sweep ;  
Her roar, the earthquake's jar ;  
Her prow, the sceptre of the deep ;  
Her flag, the ocean star !"

St. George ! how proud the old man grew !  
He rose, and waved his hand :—  
Then, pausing, sat him down, and drew  
Strange figures on the sand,  
Till with calm voice he ran renew  
His tale, at my demand :—

## FYTTE II.

- "There was a boy, a fair young lad,  
Sailed in our frigate then—  
A gallant spirit, warm and glad,  
With heart enough for ten;  
Ay me! too little strength he had  
To bear the toils of men!
- "All loved the child; for hope and joy  
Like sun-light round him shone;  
We trembled for the noble boy,  
And watched him night and noon,  
Lest the quick spirit should destroy  
His slender lamp too soon.
- "And when he fain our watch would  
share,  
And every storm abide,  
We sought his tender years to spare,  
But could not tame, the pride  
That bore him on to do and dare,  
And might not be denied.
- "Full little thanks the urchin bold  
For all our cares repaid;  
'He was,' said he, 'too stout and old  
For fondling like a maid;  
Nor did he fear, for toil or cold,  
To learn his gallant trade.'
- "The joy of every heart he grew,  
The pride of every eye,—  
There was not one of all the crew  
But smiled as he went by;  
And merry gibe, or question threw,  
To meet his quick reply.
- "But when the winter nights came on,  
With sea, and snow, and gale;  
His little strength ran out anon,  
And his fresh cheek grew pale;—  
The time was all too stern for one  
So flower-like and so frail.
- "Though nought would urge him to complain,  
We marked him wan and weak;  
For the brave lad strove to hide his pain,  
And bore, but did not speak;—  
And when we took him down, would fain  
Have lingered on the deck.
- "Alas! his eager spirit pined,  
While idly sick he lay:  
For all our cares, and tendance kind,  
He withered day by day;  
Silent and fast his life declined,  
— At length he passed away!
- "He passed away, as the cold sun rose,  
From the cold sea beneath;  
Just as the night-watch sought repose,  
The child had ceased to breathe!—  
They hardly marked his eyelids close,  
So peaceful was his death!
- "Nor did he turn like other dead,  
All ashen-white and cold,—  
His lips still wore a faint, pale red,  
Like rose-buds' inner fold;  
And there a sweet smile lingered,  
Even as it went of old.
- "The ancient mates did then declare,  
(I ween they deemed aright),  
His soul around its dwelling fair,  
Was hovering ere its flight;  
They said it now would carry there  
Till close of that day-light.
- "Then up and spake our captain brave,  
(For that we loved him well),  
When he had heerd those old men grave  
Discoursing as I tell,—  
'Ye shall not cast him on the wave  
Before the evening bell.'
- "So we kept the child throughout the day,  
A dull and sorrowing crew;  
The air was chill, the sky was grey,  
And the sea of sullen hue:  
While as the day-light waned, away  
Wild, and more wild it blew.
- "Ere the red sun sank down, the north  
Lowered black and tempest-browed:  
And when the evening bell rang forth,  
The waves were singing loud:—  
We brought the body from its berth  
Wrapped in a hammock-shroud.
- "Mournful and slow, with heavy cheer,  
By the lee gangway laid,  
We stretched it on the simple bier,  
Till the last rites were paid;  
While somewhat of unwonted fear  
The hearts of all dismayed.
- "The night had fallen swift and black,  
With spouts of sudden rain;  
The swelling blast, at each attack,  
Made our strong frigate strain,  
And, plunging on her windward track,  
Croan, like a soul in pain.
- "An awful time it seemed, and fit  
To match our task of woe:—  
The shroud-hung lanterns wavering lit  
The troubled groups below,  
Whose lips compressed and brows hard-  
knit  
Looked spectral in the glow.
- "Then some that watched to windward  
said,  
Right in the tempest's eye,  
The Phantom-Ship, with sails all spread,  
Swept in the darkness by;  
Till, what with grief and ghostly dread,  
Our hearts were like to die.
- "And cheerless was our weltering plight  
With pain and sea-spray wet,  
And cold at heart with strange affright,  
And cold with dumb regret—  
Lord Christ! to think on that chill night,  
It makes me shiver yet!"
- And afoth, as leaves with winter's blast  
Thrill in the withered brake,  
The mariner, like a child agast,  
Through every limb did shake:  
Lo! as he closed his lips; at last,  
The old man spake:—

THE CHAPLAIN.

"Now when his stand the chaplain took,—  
He was a weak old man,—  
So loud the grinding timbers shook,  
So loud the wild sea ran,  
Scarce could we hear, as from the book  
The service he began :

" *'The resurrection and the life  
I am,' the Lord hath said ;  
'And he shall live who trusts in me,  
Although that he be dead ;  
Whoso on his doth rest, in faith,  
His life is ransom'd !'*

"And ever as the rite was read  
More shrilly rang the gale ;  
And heavier rain, in torrents shed,  
Hissed in the pattering sail ;  
Thus few of all the words he said  
Might o'er the din prevail.

" *'I know that my Redeemer, Christ,  
In heaven liveth aye ;  
And he shall stand upon the earth  
In the great Judgment-Day :  
Yea, though the worms my dust consume,  
As for this mortal clod,  
Even in the flesh, I yet shall see  
The presence of my God !'*

"And when he breathed that holy word  
The gust it raved so loud,  
That further speech might none be heard,  
So rattled sail and shroud :  
Still we could see his thin lips stirred,  
And oft his head he bowed."

"The burdened mainsail, smitten sore,  
Strained wild at brace and sheet ;  
The climbing seas, with hoarser roar,  
On the crushed bulwarks beat ;  
And, hissing, as the ship lay o'er,  
High washed the corpse's feet.

"Great awe was ours, and whispering  
spoke  
Each man to man around,  
That the great sea-snake lay in our wake,  
That laughs when fleets are drowned :  
The next brief lull, this sentence brake  
Through the vexed waters' sound :

" *'When thy strong breath doth scatter  
them,  
Even as a sleep they pass :  
All suddenly they fall away,  
And perish like the grass :  
At morning, green it flourisheth :  
Lo ! ere the even-tide,  
Its beauty falls before the wither,  
Is withered up and dried.'*

"At once the gale uprose again :  
It seemed, that instant still  
Were breathing space for louder strain ;  
For, trumpet-voiced and shrill,  
It came with such a gush of rain,  
As though the ship must fill."

"Unheard, thenceforth, the chaplain read ;  
He had as well been dumb ;  
But we saw his face by the lamp o'er head,  
And when the time was come,  
He made a sign to cast the dead  
Forth to its stormy tomb.

"Now, when the corpse to sea we gave,  
Christ ! through the pallid night,  
Full on the ship a whirlwind drove,  
So swift and full of might,  
It swept the unburied from the wave,  
And bore it from our sight !

"And the mariners gave a shuddering cry,  
A cry of wild dismay,  
To see the corpse pass whirling by,  
Ere it could break the spray.—  
For thus, they deemed, the Enemy  
Had torn the child away.

"Short leisure, 'midst the storm's descent,  
For awe or thought had we,  
As straight, through sails and rigging rent,  
Down gushed the dark green sea ;  
While reeled our ship, as though she meant  
To foundry by the lee.

"Beneath the varying shocks o'er-strained,  
A quivering hulk she lay ;  
The waves, like monsters fiery-maned,  
Seemed gathering o'er their prey ;  
Lord ! how the deafening gusts, unchained  
On every side, did bray !

"We could not hear the Captain's shout,  
Yet well we guessed the word,  
As, hissing loud, the waterspout  
Burst terribly on board,  
And from its flash the light flew out  
Keen as a flaming sword.

"We could not aid the good ship's toil ;  
For masterless, and crossed  
By countless blows, at each recoil,  
More helplessly she tossed :  
We could but hear the mad sea boil,  
And gave our lives for lost !

"But ere we drove ten fathoms wide,  
After the corpse flew past,  
The gale went down, and lulled, and died ;  
And the sea smoothed so fast,  
That ere mid-watch, we seemed to glide  
Across a waveless waste."

"And where the Eastern billows slept  
In the moist starlight dim,  
Uprose the loving moon, and pept  
O'er the full ocean's brim ;—  
And a faint murmur round us crept,  
Sweet as a seraph's hymn.

"Then did our praise to Him who  
wrought  
That blessed calm, ascend ;  
But awe bechilled us, as we thought  
Upon our parted friend ;  
Each questioned much, and answered  
nought,  
For none could counsel lend :

"Till up and spake the oldest mate,  
And thus his rede was given;—  
{ For that child's soul the demon's hate  
With Angel bands had striven;  
Whose conquering wings up-bore it straight  
In the wild storm to Heaven."

"Howe'er it be, though well I deem,  
The child is with the blest,  
That burial, like an ugly dream,  
For ever haunts my rest,—

Though when I pray, there falls a beam  
Of comfort on my breast.

"But none who mourn in churchyards  
green,  
Where the dead sleep pleasantly,  
Can know what awe and sadness mean,  
Or what stern death *may* be,  
Till they have watched a funeral scene,  
In the midnight gale, at sea!"

## SOME LATE PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF JOHN BULL, ESQ.

(Continued from Page 599, vol. I.)

### CHAPTER VII.

*Shewing how Bill Boswain lost his Breeches, and what came thereof; the Stramash in John's Family, and the Rumpus at the Mitre.*

BILL BOSWAIN did not well remember how he tumbled into bed on the night of the hop, after the dismissal of Gaffer; but all night long he dreams of the 'Squire transformed into a bear in a rage; and of Gaffer and his Broom talking; and of the message he behoved to send in the morning. And then, that his wenches were frying the old dish, and Hookey standing by, staring at him like a mad doctor, using a horn to make him swallow it. The message to Gaffer, to say truth, was ready cut-and-dry, long before; though Bill, poor soul, might not know as much.

Late in the morning he rubs up his eyes with something of a headache, and perhaps, something of a heartache too, if he had owned it; but he put the best face on the matter. "Where's my wife?" quoth he. "In the back parlour with Hookey, darning a stocking;" for it was always making a pudding or darning a stocking she was. This good housewife was never meddling with John's matters—not she! "Then bring me my breeches," quoth Bill.—But up or down, high or low, no such article was to be found. "Where's my breeches," shouted Bill, manfully; for his wife was now gone out to chapel. "What a spot of work is here," quoth that pert gipsy, Jenny Driver; "I daresay that rogue, H. B. has stolen them to make a picture of them, and they may be in Rag Fair by this time." "I'll have my breeches," cried Bill; "If the 'Squire hear of this—" "Sure you have no more need of such an article than a Highlander for kneebuckles," said the forward, saucy wench, whose shrewish, merry humour made her a great favourite with Bill; "A'n't you a brisk Jack tar, and shouldn't sport shorts. There's Hookey on the stairs: throw any thing on you for decency; and get up, and put that prig Gaffer out of his pain. Here's an old petticoat of my mistress's, and here's a wrap-rascal of ———'s." It was impossible to make out the name; whether the last flourish was the up-swirled tail of an *n* or *r*, or the sweep of an *e* or *d*, no man could tell; and of which garment Bill availed himself, or if he donned both, history is mute; but up he got, in time to hear that his message to Greysteel had caused a commotion in John's family, to which all that had ever happened before was mere moonshine in water;

and the beauty of it was, that Prince Rusty, and the Old Gentlewoman were now almost as anxious as John that Madam should be brought in, if that would only make peace in the house, so mortally afraid were they of Sister Peg, and Brummagem Tom.

Every *Steel* was on the alert, "*All hands aloft*" was the cry, and "*Down with Hookey*;" and even Prince Rusty himself seemed less hateful to them at this time than the old Drill. And ever and anon they would shout, "*Bill Boswain has sold Madam!—sold her! and betrayed John Bull!*" and every five minutes a fresh scout of the Rusty faction would bounce into Bill's parlour, which no *Steel* would now look near, and where neither Times nor Chronicle would be admitted, when they begged to tell Bill the rights of the story.

"Mrs. Bull, the yixen," cried one, "is still insisting on keeping the keys." "Well, Moses will lend us a couple of pieces for a few days, to carry on the war," cried Hookey, nothing daunted yet; "I have thrown as much in his way before now." But Moses "pegged the prave and callant Hookey would exquies de poor Cherman Chew, who was a stranger, and did not wish to meddle or make in 'Squire Pull's familish." Hookey, it is said, lent him a kick, made him bounce out at the window, where, in falling, he knocked down Old Bags, Mad Charley, and the Pettifogger, like as many nine pins set up for practice. But as a faithful and veracious historian, I must premise, that this part of my narrative is not authenticated, and that it is as like Hookey would have been sly enough to apply privately for funds to *That Most Mighty and Potent, &c., &c.*, before trying a Jew money-lender. But to return.

"What next, goose-face?" cries the Old Corporal, as Silly Billy came in, blowing and puffing, Hookey's hands now as full of work as if there had been a grand cock-match next day; besides having all the wenches hanging on him. "Peg," cried Silly Billy, "is coming striding up the North Wynd,\* her petticoats kilted to the knee, laying about her with a rung,† her eyne like a wild-cat's, and Donald hard behind her, ettling at the *Shien Dhu*."

"Peg has been at her whisky bottle this morning," quoth the Raw Duckling;‡ but had you seen the pair of black lucken brows Peg bent, when this was told her, ye might guess the reason Duckie was fain to sing dumb, and eat in these same words of wisdom.

"Pat is whooping over the bog like a mad bull, flourishing his shillelah, and swearing by the Poker to be the death of the Old Gentlewoman, and to break every bone in Hookey's body," said Derrydown Georgy, or Paddy Roddy, or some one or other of those spalpeens that had provoked Pat to this.

"What next, Gents.?" cried Hookey sulkily; and between hands he and the wenches were sending off gossoons and caddies to every quarter—to Sly Bob, to Chanticleer, to the Chuff, &c. &c. "What next, your honour? If this is not enough, there's Brummagem Tom, beating up, on his iron griddle, and all the hive gathering at his tail, brandishing Sheffield whittles, and swearing to make mince-meat of you." "The Devil they do," quoth Hookey, pretending still to be nothing daunted. "Peg and Tom are swearing a Solemn League and Covenant against you." Peg's heart jumped to her mouth when she heard of this Covenant.

\* See Horne Tooko.

† See Jamieson.

‡ The D— of B—. See his memorable speech on Cheap Whisky.

"And what then?" cried Hookey the brave. "Bad enough in all conscience. The *Dominie* has been down in the country with *Brown Bess*,\* and has all her ear. The Bailiff of the Yorkshire Farm has written to Bill that he suspects the sneaking knave has all her ear; and he would not wonder if they pretend a Scotch marriage. Any way she's damnably sulky, and mutters she'll be blown before she take your part, or move hand or tongue against the 'Squire, whose bread she eats, and to whom her mother was very nearly related."

"Brown Bess jilt me!" shouted Hookey in despair; and he clapped his hands to his ears, and strode across the room, all the wenches and *getts* screaming about him, or sprawling on the floor in the exiles, in the most extraordinary attitudes, and Bill's wife all of a twitter, wishing herself, for the time, in her father's poor cabin in the Oak Forest; and the Old Gentlewoman in a dead swoon, with neither Bags, Topplestone, nor Toby to hold her head. Poor Bill himself was a droll figure enough; still unable to stir one way or other for want of his breeches, and afraid the 'Squire might find out his doleful plight, and laugh at him.

An agreeable family party it was that John's view-halloo rather disturbed at this time, though still heard at a distance; but as on it came, there was rare confusion. "Every man for himself, and the Devil for us all," was the word. "What's here to do?" quoth Bill. "Hark!" Few now a-days better knew the roaring of the *Steels*, or John's angry bellow, than the old Drill, who pricked up his ears. "John—blatant Beast!" quoth he; but say the word, Bill, and please the pigs, I'll run a ring in his nose;" and all the *Getts*, and the cheesemonger, and his wife, and Lumbercourt, and Swashbuckler, Some-Howe-or-No-Howe, and every varlet, seed and breed of them, set upon poor unhappy Bill, tweaging and pinching, and pulling at him; scolding and coaxing, and slobbering all of a breath. "You don't care for me a brass farden, so you don't," cried the foremost wench, "if you refuse me such a trifle as ringing up that mad brute who has thrown me into such a quandary; and when you know I have set my heart on having that priggish Gaffer, and his Broom, turned out of doors; and the brave Hookey, the favourite of *My Most Mighty and Potent Cousin-Germán* get the place: you mind John Bull, and his vulgar wife, and low-lived family, more than me or mine, so you do;" and here there was a blubbing chorus among them all.

"Take it all your own way, good folks," cried poor Bill, who liked to eat his junk and sip his *grog* in quiet. "You'll drive me across the herring-pond ere you stop; that's as sure as a gun. But be done of it any way,—and let's know what's for dinner."—"Deuce a fear of you, my old boy!" cried the young Monster; "Trust all to Hookey and I.—Look ye! John is sheering off already—cowed as soon as Hookey popped the bridge of his heroic nose out of the stair window." Bill sighed; but the fact was, John was really retiring; and why? Madam's friends, and Tom and Tims were again at his elbow, begging him to keep quiet if he ever hoped for good at Madam's hands. All Hookey wanted was a row, and to clap John in the bilboes, and throw his affairs into Chancery as a lunatic not fit to take care of himself. It was owned to be a miracle of nature to see how the 'Squire, though in his worst paroxysms, would

\* The Greys, at Birmingham, and the representation made by Earl Harewood, had prodigious effect in the crisis.

become at a word as gentle as a lamb, and promise to go home to bed till Madam bade him get up.

"I'm obliged to Madam for this lull, any way;" said Bill Boswain, when they drew off. "John swears I promised to bring *her* in too; I'll be hanged if I mind rightly aught about it—I had just got the office, then, and was all a-buzz at the time."—"I'll make it all plain about your promises," cried Pettifogger. "You promised to make clear way for the plaguy jade as far as the door of the second pair; and a most rash and inconsiderate, promise that was, for give her an inch and she'll take an ell; but you never promised to break open the door for the baggage, if Prince Rustyfusty refused her admittance."—"Right, Foggy, bam me if I did! or if I will!—Do you hear that my dear? Hark ye, Atty, a word;" and Bill led Hookey aside, the wenches now in high glee, fancying all was right at last.

"I hope my wife don't hear us—she, poor dear, don't know John's ways yet,—she don't understand his lingo, or bad trim, and fancies I may manage Master John with as high a hand as the landlord of the Black Bear does his 'Squire's affairs. My wife says you can lend us a lift, my fine fellow; but if you can please my wife, Madam Reform, John's Mother, and the 'Squire himself, all at once, I'll call you a deuced clever one, for its more than ever I could do. But I fear me ye'll need to smuggle in, Madam, after all; only take off a few of the fal-lals Gaffer has tricked her out with, and so please Rusty." Hookey laid his finger to his long nose,—“I'm steward, then?” said he;—and Bill gives him his hand on it. “You are; and Lord let's have something good for supper, and make a jolly night of it for once. That cursed *Bubble and Squeak* makes me hate the very name of Gaffer worse than the devil's dam. It's deuced bad eating, I can tell you, for elderly gentlemen. Hark ye wenches! Hookey is our man—avast the Gaff there! Hookey's our mizen! split me! ha! ha!”—And Hookey kissed all the wenches round, and promised them rare junketings—a hop at Shrove-tide,\* and new cherry-coloured top-knots a-piece, now that he was again steward; and how they did chatter and laugh like so many monkees and magpies!

But there was still much to be done. “Boot and saddle!” cried the old trooper; and as his white donkey was already tied to Bill's latch, down the backstairs he rattles, promising Bill's wife to take bread and cheese and give them the news at bed-time; and the wench named *Soldier's Joy*, throws her old shoe after him for luck, on which Bill laughed like mad, now in great spirits, and certain John must be pleased with him at last. But, I trow, Hookey, who, when his passion allowed, had the cunning of the Old One, told none of these jill-flirts of his intention to bring in Madam himself, if better must not be. Give them top-knots and junketings enough, and hoist out Gaffer, whom they hated as much as if he had robbed them of their ruffling gallants; give them all their fairings and fine things, and they cared little about the 'Squire's matters.

Away Hookey canters, whistling “The Rogue's March,” fancying the day his own and Gaffer at the dogs; so puffed up was he, poor man, and so little knew he of the real trim and temper of the 'Squire. And first he drops in at the Hole-in-the-Wall, calls for a half-pot, and has a hit at all-fours, or some such thing; for Hookey liked to rattle the



bones, and, it was said, turned the penny handsomely by it among the greenhorn helpers; then he off for Pettifogger's, thinking to meet Sly Bob there; but never a Bob nor Bob to be heard of. So down at a round trot to the Mitre;—speaking of which reminds me of the Old Gentlewoman whom we left in a deep swoon. She was still known to haunt hereabouts, but had laid aside her ancient pinnars and coif, and black silk apron, lest she should be known on the streets.\* She was always mighty busy, too, trying to convert John's wife; but had latterly given that up as hopeless, and now confined her labours to Bill's back-stairs and Rusty's pantry. It was said she had fallen into a course of strong waters, and was often seen maudlin, maundering about of an evening, pretending all the while she feared to stir abroad, lest she should meet her son John in his cups, in his present rantipole humour. Some said she was fairly off the hooks, others that she was still shamming Abraham to make the neighbours pity her. The last they heard of her, for certain, was wringing her hands and tearing her cap, when the hopeful project failed of making Greysteel say the Pater-Noster backwards; crying, "her life was not safe with the vagabond Steels, who pelted her with mud as often as she went to chapel, for her alleged connivance with Rustyfusty." "What cared she for Rustyfusty! little good had he done her; she minded her own household. But she had scorned to see her son, a raw ninny or jealous prig, taking offence at the harmless platonic affections of her old friend Rusty for her son's wife. She dared to swear that illustrious Prince would never set a toe within the 'Squire's doors save from respect to herself, and regard to the interest of the family." "Platonic me, no platonic," cried John, swelling as red as a turkey cock, and swirling his stout cudgel lustily round his head, to the hypocritical Old Gentlewoman's deadly terror; for though waspish and venomous enough, she was a cowardly sort of body at heart. "Gadzooks, if I catch him caterwauling in my house again with his damned platonic, by jingo I'll baste them out of his shivelled parchment hide:—and you may tell him so from me! Shame upon you, Old Woman! Is this all comes of your godly books, and your homilies, to connive at corruption, bribery, false swearing, revelling, and all manner of debauchery in your son's family? But, as my Sister Peg says"—"Your Sister Peg! blasphemous wretch, and what does—what dare that verjuice-faced, starveling jade say of me?" "She says," quoth John, Chronie jogging his elbow, "that no one can know what to make of you, unless he take the Bone-Grubber's clew, who has long said—and I partly begin to believe it—that provided your dearly beloved jointure be well paid, and your paunches stuffed with sucking pigs and turkey poults, your son's house may be a parish work-house, or common stew for you; Prince Rusty revelling in one end, and my poor tenants starving in t'other." Here the Old Lady hawled, like a Bedlamite, "Burn him! burn him!" and fell into a fit; which it was her fancy to call the falling-sickness as long as the bystanders denied it. But let any skilful doctor but hint that too much blood and flesh, too high living and fulness of bread had corrupted her humours, and that it might be proper to take a hoop out of her wine measure, as she certainly had some symptoms of plethora, apoplexy, or the staggers, then she would cuff, and scratch, and bawl at him for an

\* In the *Memorabilia of Anno Domini 1832*, may be entered: In this year the Bishops left off their wigs and silk aprons.

impudent quack, who wished to starve or poison her. Of all the old women ever heard of since this world began, she was surely one of the greediest, and the most idle and dawdling.

John, who knew her tricks well by this time, let her servants put her to bed. She is a-bed yet, it is said, but now sends Hookey private messages by Toby Philpot; and I warrant me, if John need another wife, we shall all soon hear of the Old Gentlewoman crossing his wooing. Give her her will, and it would be long enough before he had ever been marriageable;—but catch her letting him choose for himself.\*

We took leave of Hookey pressing on for the Mitre, a squadron of Steels roaring at his heels, and Donkey kicking and flinging like a Beelzebub, as both flew like smoke before drifting showers of kennel mud. "It was sin, shame, and disgrace," Rusty's varlets said, "to baste the brave Hookey with such sauce, especially on Shrove-tide, considering how he had so often fought John's cocks." "All in the wrong box, Most Mighty and Potent," cried one of Pat's children. "It a'n't for fighting John's cocks we baste him; for that John has given him ten times their weight of gold. We baste him quite on a clean other score; for his late beastly usage of the 'Squire, for the hanging, and pistolling, and starving, and the cold iron, rather worse than a handful of mud any day, with which Hookey, with his confounded insolence, has threatened the 'Squire more than once, and will try to apply too, if Bob's heart does not fail. Your hero, Hookey, is a very great man to be sure, but our 'Squire is something of a great man also; and moreover, has a large family. Be a little reasonable now, Most Potent Rusty's sensible varlet: bullets and the spell diet are less digestible than a few handfuls of soft mud."†

"When the dirt is dry it will rub out," quoth Peg, drily, when she heard of the *ullabaloo* that was got up in Bill's house at a "pickle clarts," as she said, "thrown at their Pagan idol. If they had pebbled him wi' stones, or made a Jock Porteous o' him, mair could not have been said about it. Tims' lad had clapped the saddle on the right horse. It was not for fighting cocks. That was well enough in its way,—and, by her certes! weel paid too; but for wanting to make a muzzled ox, or a belaboured ass, or a trussed moorcock, of him he pretended the cocks were foughten for; though for her part she had long jaloused that game had been Prince Rusty's, and none other's, from first to last. A proper saying, to kick Nap out of the saddle to be ridden by this Hookey!"

But turn we to the tap-room of the Mitre, which Hookey had not yet entered. There sat all the Dons in full fig, in their budge redingotes and best buzz wigs:—all of the Most Potent's blood relations, down to the hundredth cousin, and all who had, or expected to have, their names in the entail; and I am concerned to say, all at loggerheads, agreeing in no one thing save kicking the shins of the Yankey Rat, who looked as if he had been dragged through fifty kennels, and half worried by dog Billy, before that famous terrier lost himself.

"You, with your clever scheme, and be cursed to you!" cried one; "You have played Gaffer's game to some purpose—are you in his pay?" and the orator painted the condition of the 'Squire's family. "Nor is this all:—Sly Bob fights shy—Bill Boswain may back again; and, as I

\* The interference of the clergy with elections, is no news.

† Substance of an article in the *Times*, on the mob-attacks on the Duke, on Waterloo day.

am a gentleman, and a prop of the ancient house of Prince Rustyfusty, now, I fear tottering on its last legs, I see no daylight in this business. Granted, the wenches get Hookey the place; who, pray, will take service with him? 'Squire Bull's rage, and his own crank pragmatism, domineering humour, will drive off every one that a gentleman would be seen speaking to out of doors."

"Where's Ally, Goldie, Franky, Silly Billy, Derrydown, Slangwhanger, the High and Mighty Meinheir Pastabaring, who must be something with a name to it, if there's to be peace in the house; not to mention many of the present company, and of the warming-pans, chalkers, broadsiders, and squirters—a gaping legion——"

"Who must be promoted in some small way, for a sop and a beginning," said Sir Dismal, wading in a sea of doubts, but most unwilling to give up the game.

"Vermin!" cried Chanticleer: "John Bull would kick them to the back of beyond, before their first meal in his service were digested, with the first spurn of his square-toes. Their lies and ribaldry make the House of Prince Rusty a laughing stock in the neighbourhood." Half-a-dozen chalkers were about to sport sulky at this; but Donkey's heels clattered without—Rat, tat, tat, came Hookey's switch on the window, the Steels yelling in the next street; and Ally flew to receive the Chief; who entered, one daylight closed up and the other endamaged, sending odours before him, which Ally's saucy brat, John Bull's namesake, said,

"Whispered whence they stole their balmy spoils!"

Slam, bang, bolt, went the door.

"There's a steward in the midst of us!" cried Ally; and the Dons who still looked sour and mighty big, deigned to shake hands with the new arrival. The landlord's pot was brought in, to steep Hookey's new dignities, and the foaming jug went round to the health of "the new steward."

"All mighty well, Sirs," said Swaggerer, setting down the pewter pot empty; "but when such as we sit here, it a'n't for nothing. I now not only speak for myself, but for Signor Tempestoso Bullyrook, Braggadocio, Fighting Winchy——"

"Did ye name me?" cried Winchy, rising and spitting in his fists. "Let any man of John Bull's tribe say black is the eye of Bill's wife——"

"As you were going to say, my dear friend," cried Ally, laying his hand to the other's potato trap; but looking all the while the other way; and Winchy sat down in a rage at "this low rascal's impudence." "Proceed! most noble Swaggerer," cried Ally.

"I say then, in the name of these gentlemen—of the Raw Duckling, Orator Mansie, Glorifluckum, and as many of the blood of that Most Potent and Mighty Prince, &c. &c., as adhere to me—that, being highly pleased and satisfied with the rignasole the gallant Hookey read t'other night about a certain low female called Madam Reform, we shall be glad now, if Master New Steward would explain a little how he intends to manage for us, and for the interests of the Prince: not that I have the smallest doubt of the vast skill in cock-fighting, and many noble qualities of my brave friend Hookey, but—but yet——" His Highness hesitated, as if expecting Hookey to eke out his fine speech; but the Drill, twisting his nose, said devil a word; and even after Ally

had trode on his toes, all he sulkily muttered was, " 'Twas enough, sure Prince Rusty's affairs were in *his* hands."

" I don't much like this game of mum-chance, Mister O'Bradley," said another Don. " Do you know the cards you have to play, Sir? I, for my own part have a house over my head to burn, and a weazen to cut some morning. John is rabid—no doubt of it—about the usage of himself and his wife, by my Most Mighty and Potent Cousin, whom, as of my blood, I stick by—but yet——"

" And what but yet, Sir Don?" cries 'Hookey, firing with passion. " Why," put in Heckelpins, " here's cause' for doubt and pause; but none whatever to surrender *our* personal, and most invaluable privileges and rights, identified with those of that Most Mighty and Potent, &c. &c. This vixen of John's, I am credibly assured, will not part with the keys; has brave Hookey in that case any resource? She will, that vile fellow Chronie says, part with her life before what the stupid minx calls her virtue."

" Deuce take her virtue," cried Ally, " if we had her keys, I warrant we'd soon get all we want of her;" but the new Clerk of Oxenforde, a grave man, rebuked this as an unseemly speech to get abroad:—and this sort of thing went on, till a special messenger arrives to Hookey, whispering that the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, a mighty personage in John's neighbourhood, was at the last gasp,—fairly in her death-throes,—either struck with mortal panic, or, as some said, stabbed all over the body by Brummagem Tom;—and for certain seized with universal *runnings*, which must speedily exhaust her strength:—to-morrow must be the critical day with her." Here a mighty clamour got up, and in the midst of it, one said, Brown Bess no longer denied her connexion with the *Dominie*:—down at the *Gunsmith's Shop*, she had openly gloried in it. Hookey looked as grim as a wolf's-mouth; and then in a voice of thunder, and with the eye of a mad doctor, made silence among them. For Prince Rusty and the Old Gentlewoman, John's mother, he, in his heart, cared scarce a pin-point; but Brown Bess and the Lady of Threadneedle Street were very different persons.

" Mayn't we have a fumble at Pitapat's farthings," cried he. " If so, devil take the Old Woman of Threadneedle, and all old women whatsoever, whether in coifs or periwigs; give me the blunt, and I'll manage 'Squire John yet." But the wig rose from the scalp of Old Bags at this hellish proposal of touching, were it but one of Billy's fructifying coins before they had duly ripened and borne fruit. " Had it pleased the pigs," he said, " that he had come into the world about the same time with the other venerable patriarchs and Judges in Israel, instead of appearing, for the good of 'Squire Bull, in these latter times, he might peradventure have dabbled in a couple of farthings himself on the Pitting system, from his own private savings, to *fructify* for John's sake; which would, by this time, have been a pretty penny, towards clearing off his encumbrances; and might have kept peace in the family, and between the 'Squire and his mother, money being, as was said in Holy writ, the root of all evil. And this I would have done for the 'Squire, cruelly and harshly, and most ungratefully as he has——" " As you were going to say, Nestor," quoth Ally.

" Very strange," mumbled Bags, adjusting his wig, " that these Rusty lads admire my poor wit and wisdom so much, but will take none of the benefit of it."

But this bye-play was nothing to the main scene now acting among

the Dons; where it was "Your ambition and presumption, sirrah!" while Swaggerer shook his fist in Hookey's face; "and your damned idiotic pride," retorted Atty. Huffing Hal, his bottle-holder, hustled up for him; and there would certainly have been a regular set-to at this time, had the Old Gentlewoman, John's mother, not thrown her silk apron over their weapon-points, and Bags dashed the powder of his wig in their eyes, praying them to be quiet, for the rogue Tims would be sure to report every blow exchanged.

"I'll pay you all back for this," quoth Hookey; and in a foaming rage he flings off, and marches straight into John's great hall, where, with a face of brass, as Tims said, he struts up to Mrs. Bull, as one, on the best possible terms with her and her husband, and as if no such a person as Gaffer Grey had ever been heard of.

"I'd be glad, Sirrah," quoth Mrs. Bull, "to know who does my husband's business in this house. As Bill Boswain cannot overtake all our business himself, I'd be glad to learn that he has got proper helpers, and such as my husband can approve.—Who, pray, is to do my husband's work and answer my bell?" Hookey was silent, but looked as sulky as the devil; but up bounces Meinheir Pastabaring; saying, "he believed 'Squire John had once more the happiness and honour of being served by the brave and gallant Hookey, who beat the world at cock-fighting; and certainly if he had that happiness and honour, never plain 'Squire was so nobly served before. He only feared the news was too good to be true." Mrs. Bull turns to the old sparrer himself for explanation; who in a swaggering, devil-may-care sort of way, and folding up his fables, replies, "Perhaps he was honest John's servant—perhaps he was not—he had always understood it was Bill Boswain's servant he was—the 'Squire was but in the second place. It was Bill's pleasure and interest he minded, as in duty bound. At any rate, if he ever entered that hall again, it was all to oblige Bill and his spiritry wife, he should be so persuaded and condescend:—he'd be hanged for his own part, if he cared three skips of a flea for the place;—he'd as lief be popping behind a hedge at a partridge." \*

Mrs. Bull drew herself up with dignity; "Before you, or any one enter on the 'Squire's service, you would require to understand its duties something better, brave Sir. I presume you have not heard the message that I, 'Squire Bull's wife, sent to my husband's head steward last night. *His* wife is nothing to the 'Squire, nor yet to me, I'd have you to know, save that we like to have, in their own proper place, all our people happy and comfortable about us, and handsomely maintained. But for females to forget themselves in this fashion—what do *they* fancy *their* place in *my* husband's establishment?" Again, Mrs. Bull drew herself up.

"Tims and Chronie have, I see, been priming her—Tom will set the match to her linstock, and the devil will be to pay," thought Hookey; so lowering his crow, he says, "That he must own, he had got a new light on the subject of Madam Reform and Rusty's pretensions. "If Mrs. Bull herself was willing, that, as his friend Glorifuckum said, made a deuce of a difference:—he'd be hanged before he helped to bring a Duenna into the house—he hated the name of such," and all narrow-minded puritanical doings; but if the 'Squire insisted, and since Bill had half

\* The explanations of the Duke and Mr. Baring, in Parliament, were not the least amusing part of these memorable transactions.

promised, and as Mrs. Bull was also willing, why he had, after all, no particular objection to hand Madam in himself:—and here he kept twisting his whiskers, and added, “ay, in spite of fifty fighting Winchys, Orator Mansies, Paddy Roddys, Old Heckelins; and the whole tet of their musty High Mightinesses now assembled in divan at the Mitre, with their bead-roll of jaw-breaking names might raise the devil. He was a plain fellow, Arthur O’Bradley, liked to see fair play, and hated all blarney.”

Mrs. Bull gave as high-bred a stare at this speech as if born a lady:—and on he went,—“Let the ‘Squire be grateful, Ma’am, and know his best friend; whose only fault is a blunt, off-hand, foolish honesty; and I bet you a pair of new ear-rings, I’ll soon content honest John; ay, and your ladyship too, better than fifty of that hoity-toity pragmatistical stiff-backed Gaffer, who is a Rusty at bottom. True I read that rigmarole last night against Madam:—the devil confound the Pettifogger who put it into my head; but what then?—all my eye!—a man may change his mind, I suppose? Bob settled that canon long ago. The ‘Squire,” he muttered indistinctly, “has a guess how I can compass the Old Gentlewoman. Give me time, Ma’am, I’ll content him \* \* \* \* \*. Down on her marrow-bones:—refund to John \* \* \* \* \* that pokerly Rusty, too, whose friends have used me like a dog—there’s the truth on’t.”

“You mean to say that *you* yourself,—*you*, Arthur O’Bradley, or whatever you may be called—you would bring in Madam!” cried Mrs. Bull in unfeigned astonishment, thinking she had not heard aright. “Yea, I, Arthur O’Bradley!—where’s the wonder, pray, ma’am?” Mrs. Bull made no answer, but Tims did, and with a vengeance to it.

The whistle John gave, when Tims tells him of this next morning at breakfast, might have been heard as far as Brentford; and he turns me up the whites of his eyes, till you could see no more blue in them than in the welkin, on a snowy Christmas. \*

“Content me!—me, John Bull!—the devil he would!—with the bilboes, and the cold iron diet, and the ring in ‘my pig’s snout,’ lest I nuzzle out the tricks of his giglets and varlets of the back-stairs! As I live by beef, the cool impudence of this knave beats cockfighting! He guard the purity of my wife! He, Hookey! He bring in Madam! Lord! Lord!” and again the ‘Squire throws up his day-lights. But this was but for a moment:—and up he starts, for he was sure some rank devilry was in the wind now.

“Now, after that, the *lift* may fall, and smother the laverocks!” cried Peg, when Murdo’s raddie arrived post-haste with the tidings. Murdo was indeed to her ever most attentive, and she accordingly ordered his lad cakes and cheese, and a dram, while she glanced over Murdo’s letter. “The virtuous Corporal Hookey,” quoth she, “bring in my brother John’s friend, Madam!” for there was nothing going with Peg now but “my brother John,” at every word; “the impudent, fause loon!” for Peg was a lass of religion and conscience, and was now for the first and last time fairly disgusted with the brave Hookey. “If he had dirked her, Madam I mean, I could have forgiven him; but the back o’ my hand to the fause hypocrite!” Indeed the whole neighbourhood shouted in derision to his face; Pat called him “the *Omadhaun*,” “and how can myself or any other jontleman believe the word comes out of the throat of him, or thank him, the tief of the world! for the good turn he’d ever again do, barrin’ it was in him to do a good turn. He bring in Madam!—whew!

When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be ;  
When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he.

'Ware, the tripper-general ! First, after all his trippings, he trips me up the heels of gentle Georgy ; a purty lad of figure and parts both, who loved me well too, in his heart, if he durst have shewed it. Next he turns Husky adrift, a bred clerk—though sure enough I did thipk him a bit of a bother with his crabbed pot-hooks and hangers, and his new-fangled tallies—that never tallied ; not minding a rap,—Hookey I mean never did,—if his pride was pleased, what became of your invoices and ledgers, Master John ?

" And who pray, like a great goose, cackled loudest, when I sent that pragmatikal Husky to the right about, with his priggish counting-house airs to me, an old cock-fighter ?—who but the clear-headed and most worshipful 'Squire Bull ?" cried Hookey staring at John, as if he had him at drill in the awkward squad. The 'Squire could hardly deny this, for then who but Hookey ! with John. Hookey was to do this, and Hookey was to do that :—but this only made the 'Squire the madder now, especially to be bullied in this way, and convicted, too, before Peg and Pat. " By Jingo !" he foams out, " if you don't take yourself off !" " What will you do, pray, most valorous 'Squire ?" cries Hookey, snapping his fingers, as Tims said, in John's face ; and the 'Squire had certainly have given him a sound drubbing then, which John was well able to do, had not friends interposed, and said it was not worth his while to meddle with the fool, and tore him away, more resolved than ever to keep Master O'Bradley out of his premises.

" Blatant Brute !" cried Hookey again looking after him ; " but now nothing keeps me from running the ring in your snout ; and what if Madam's bodkin should serve me for pincers ? and what is more, it shall too, or I'm not named Hooknose !" And off he shuffles once more to Bill's house. A stirring hard life he had of it, for so old a sinner ; but, as Peg said, " Needs must, whom deils and lasses drive."

From that hour John had no faith to put in Atty, and could no more have trusted him alone with Madam than a fox with his chickens. He certainly had designs on her life, disguised under the pretence of leading her up stairs. Even that rampant cousin of Rusty's, the new clerk of Oxenforde, among others, exclaimed against his knavery. " What he vowed yesterday he'll disclaim to-day," quoth he ; " he beats my worthy predecessor, Bob, hollow. He, like a lad of grace, generally takes from two to three days, to make a grand wheel."

This same night the *Steels* and Brummagem Tom formed themselves into a body guard for Madam, resolved never to lose sight of her now night or day, till Greysteel was steward, and she herself fairly housed in honour. There came a rumour too, that same day, that Hookey intended to strangle Mrs. Bull, since she disdained his courtship, with his own hands at midnight !—and more horrible still, that Bill Boswain was art in part, or as Peg said, an accessary before the fact ! But this seems too bad ; and as nothing came of it, it might be another piece of scandal against poor Bill ; of which there was plenty going at this time on all sides.

Never was poor 'Squire's family in such a condition as John's was now ;—the *Steels* yelling and knocking home the *Rustys* at every corner ; Tims and Chronie, and the whole batch jumping hither and thither like Wills of the Wisp : Prince Rusty fit to hang himself in his green and red garters, of which he was usually so proud ; the Old Gentlewoman frantic,

and the Lady of Threadneedle Street expected this night to finish her long career of pride, glory, and full house-keeping! You will be surprised that poor Bill should know very little of all this; for though by this time it was 'Hell and Tommy' in his back parlour, all was *num* before him. Here Hookey now stood in his spurs; and there the gossoons had in haste assembled Noodle and Doodle, and all those ancient greybeards of the *Rusty* clan who had been bed-ridden for years, and all their kith, kin, and allies, man, woman, and child, cur, and turnspit, to see how Hookey was to be kept in place. But these worthies I leave to their own counsels and devices, and turn to poor Bill, who, snug up stairs in his own cock-loft, was sipping a glass of moderately stiff grog with his friend 'Tom Pipes.' And in high spirits, cock-sure he had now pleased 'Squire John, by ordering Atty to lead in Madam, he rolled forth the old stave,

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Grey,  
And why does thy nose look so *blue*?

But of this you shall hear anon; as also of the warning visit of his Cousin Jockey of Norfolk, the peaching of Sly Bob, and Peg's marriage, in our concluding chapter.

HYMN, ON THE PASSING OF THE THREE REFORM BILLS—BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"CORN LAW RHYMES."

We thank Thee, Lord of Earth and Heav'n,  
For hope, and strength and triumph given!  
We thank Thee that the fight is won,  
A though our work is but begun.

We met—we crush'd the evil powers;  
A nobler task must now be ours;  
Their victims, maim'd and poor, to feed,  
And bind the bruish'd and broken reed.

Oh, let not Ruin's will be done,  
When Freedom's fight is fought and won!  
The deed of Brougham, Russell, Grey,  
Outlives the night! Lord, give us day!

Grant time, grant patience, to renew,  
What England's foes and thine o'erthrew;  
If they destroy'd, let us restore,  
And say to Misery, mourn no more.

Lord, let the human storm be still'd!  
Lord, let the million mouths be fill'd!  
Let labour cease to toil in vain!  
Let Britain be herself again!

Then shall this Land and her arm stretch forth,  
To bless the East, and tame the North;  
On tyrants' hearths wake buried souls,  
And call to life the murdered Poles.

Lord, hear our hymn!—the sound shall go  
Where Freedom finds a foe:  
This day, a trumpet's voice is blown,  
Over every despot's heart and throne.

'Twill keep the gore-gorg'd Hun at home,  
'Twill quench his howl in gory foam;  
'Twill chain him in his den of ice,  
Or make his grave a paradise.



## IRELAND IN THE NINETEENTH, AND SCOTLAND IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

"The Lord Chancellor said that he was desirous of addressing a few observations to their lordships. The Habeas Corpus Act had been, comparatively speaking, but recently introduced into Ireland; or he should rather say, an act analogous to the English Habeas Corpus Act, which was applied in the 22d or 23d year of the reign of George III. at the close of the American war. The act contained a clause to prevent imprisonment beyond the seas: but, if he was not much mistaken, the Irish act had no provision of that nature; but of this he was quite certain, that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland had full power to suspend that act, without the intervention of Parliament, in cases of invasion or rebellion. Now he begged to observe that it was for the Executive to judge of what was rebellion. (Hear!) For his own part he did not hesitate to declare as a lawyer, as well as in his capacity of member of Parliament, that rebellion consisted no less in assemblages of large bodies of people, and adopting measures by which the law was placed in abeyance, than in the insurrection of whole provinces, and the array of disciplined insurgents against the king's troops. He need hardly add, that he contemplated, with a repugnance almost amounting to abhorrence, the possibility of the Government being called upon to exercise their judgment on this question; but he rejoiced to think, if the necessity should arise, the executive power in Ireland was entrusted to vigorous hands. (Hear.) In the noble Lord at the head of the Irish government he reposed entire confidence." *Speech of the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords on Thursday, 9th August, 1832, as reported in the Times of next day.*

"With respect to such meetings, I conceive that an erroneous view has been taken of the law regulating and prohibiting them. Such masses of people, though unaccompanied by banners or bands of music, are clearly illegal. *If a meeting be so large as to excite terror in the minds even of people of delicate nerves, it is illegal.*" \* \* \* "What would become of the trade of the country if severed from England? I would but ask my friend Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and four gun-brigs, to blockade every river in your country." (His Excellency, after using this expression, turned round, and appealed to the gallant Admiral, who bowed his concurrence.) *Answer of the Marquis of Anglesea to the Cork Deputation, as given in the Cork Reporter of Saturday, 11th August, 1832.*

This is, at any rate, decided and intelligible language, and promises to bring the tithe question in Ireland to a speedy issue. Stanley may now be left out of the question. That clever, flippant, and somewhat impertinent debater, never could be looked upon as anything more important than the servant of the longer-headed and older members of the cabinet, delivering the message which had been intrusted to him. The message was, to be sure, rather enigmatical; but we trusted that the cabinet, busied with a great game at home, did not wish to allow its cards to be looked into in Ireland; and we attributed the arrogance of the delivery to the natural pertness and snappishness of him who had been charged with it. More light has, however, been at last let in upon us, and we should lie egregiously did we call the prospect pleasant. "Large assemblies of people, adopting measures that put the law in abeyance," are treasonable, declares no less an authority than the Lord Chancellor; significantly adding, that it lies with the executive to sus-

pend the Irish Habeas Corpus Act, whenever it sees fit; and that "the executive power in Ireland is entrusted to vigorous hands." Almost at the same moment that one of the heads of the Cabinet is using these expressions, the chief official of government in Ireland is telling a deputation from one of the principal cities in the island, that, "if a meeting be so large as to excite terror in the minds of people, *even of the most delicate nerves, it is illegal*;" and tauntingly contrasting the power of England with that of Ireland. If there be meaning in words, it has been determined at head-quarters, that the Irish people shall be forced to submit to the measures which Government has determined to take. The will of the executive is to carry it over the will of the people, by the strong arm. That this will not be submitted to without a struggle, the Irish volunteers, in 1778, and the convulsive efforts of a divided people, twenty years later, are good guarantees. It is therefore ~~high~~ time to direct the attention of the nation at large, and of the Ministry in particular, (who, we sincerely believe, are anxious to act for the best, however strangely they may set about it in the present instance,) to the actual state of Ireland. When those who, joined by the Devil and Castlereagh in unequal marriage, are now one, seem about to become two, it is time to look about us, and see whether the collar may not be so adjusted that we may still drag on together. When the hollow sound of the waves breaking up the bulk-heads, and moaning, and rushing, and surging below decks, and driving the whole cargo crashing together, is heard, it is at least time to think how we may save the good ship from being torn asunder.

This, then, is the state of the question.

For upwards of a century, Ireland has been heavily taxed for the support of an ecclesiastical establishment, from which nine-tenths of the inhabitants do not, and cannot, derive any benefit. The duties of the priest, in every external church, are simply these;—to preside over and conduct the public devotions of the congregation to which he is attached, to dispense the sacraments, to instruct the young, and to refresh the memories of the old in the dogmas of his church—to be the spiritual guide of his flock through life, their supporter and comforter in the hour of death. He is the connecting link between the visible and the invisible world. His is purely a spiritual authority, resting upon belief, conviction, love: if he seek to extend his sway by an appeal to the compulsion of the temporal sword, he desecrates his office. Laws framed by man, and enforced by physical power, can only regulate the external conduct of men; but the clergyman's business is with the inner man: he cannot work with such instruments. He destroys his utility if he confounds himself with their ministers. His functions are not so incompatible with those of the teacher of earthly knowledge, but they are not identical; and now that Christendom has been split up into so many sects, each jealous and distrustful of the other, it is better that the two offices be kept apart. What are the natural inferences from this view of the clerical function? In the first place, that every man ought to be left free, by the State, to choose which communion he will attach himself to: and, in the second place, that making any man contribute to the support of a body of clergymen, whose worship and ministrations he cannot join, is an act of the grossest injustice; inasmuch as it not only deprives him of his property, without any remuneration, but forces him to contribute to the propagation of doctrines which he believes to be erroneous,

perhaps hurtful. It is constraining the true Israelite to bow the knee, and offer up burnt-offerings, to Baal.

But we have not yet stated the whole extent of Ireland's oppression. The impost of tithes, from which the Protestant Episcopal church of Ireland derives a large proportion of its income, is admitted by all economists to be a tax\* of a most unequal and oppressive nature. It is one of those which, pressing most hard upon the industrious, offers a premium to the sluggard. With every fresh outlay of capital, with every improvement of the productive powers of the soil, the burden increases. This iniquitous impost has, until very lately, been levied upon the poorest and least educated class in Ireland. The half-peasant half-pauper, was obliged to deliver up his last morsel, on demand, or to give his bed, table, and kitchen utensils, in addition, if he delayed. Such hardship, pressing upon untaught minds, unavoidably led to reprisals; and the blood-stained annals of Ireland are the fruits of tithes. Recently, at the persuasive interference of a few humane individuals, backed by the selfishness and avarice of those who thought they saw in the new system, a safer method of securing a larger portion of their demands, the burden has been thrown by the commutation-laws upon a wealthier and better informed class. Those who formerly stood aloof while the poor complained, or even lent their aid to defeat their struggles for redress, have been forced to make common cause with them. The discontented mass has been organized and taught to direct its concentrated strength against one point, and with the least possible exposure of any individual to danger. The declaration emitted at Graigue has been repeated from Cork to Inneshowen:—that the tithe-proctor might take what he could get, but that no man would pay voluntarily, and no man would purchase distrained goods. The numerous meetings held throughout Ireland—the vain attempts to sell cattle seized for arrears of tithe—the petitions which last session loaded the table of the House of Commons—all bear testimony to the silent dogged determination of the people to submit to

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\* The property in tithes, so far as they belong to the church, and not to lay impropriators, is of this nature. Several centuries after the commencement of the Christian era, the clergy, following the recommendation of Saint Augin, who lived in the fourth century, preferred a claim to the tenth of the produce of land, founded on no better right than the analogy between their vocation, and that of the Levites under the Jewish law. The claim, in these days of ignorance and superstition, was partially complied with; but compliance was understood to be voluntary, the claimants indeed having no appeal but to the charity and superstition of their flocks. By degrees, compliance became general, and was enforced by the power of both the church and the state. But it is clear that such enforcement was as unjust as it was unsupported by the authority of Scripture. This enforcement, be it observed, was in favour of the Catholic clergy. At the Reformation, the same claim of a tenth was made by the Protestant clergy, enforced by the Reformed Church and the Government, and submitted to by the people. But can a claim originally unfounded in Divine law or human reason, be made good to perpetuity, by the submission to it of a succession of individuals? Surely not. A claim supported by nothing but law, can be reduced to its original injustice and absurdity, by a repeal of the law. The present possessors of benefices must be maintained, but no persons after the present incumbents die out, can have more than a share of a departed right to be installed in the vacant benefices, and continue the exaction of tithes.

† The relief to the community, especially to the working classes, by the abolition of tithes, will be of essential importance. For, as we think we have demonstrated in Nos. II. and VI. of this Magazine, tithes fall ultimately on the consumers of bread, and not on the proprietors of the soil. Our next number shall, under the title "Fallacies concerning Tithes," contain some remarks on the reasoning by which the opponents of that doctrine uphold the opinion that tithes are a burden on rent.

the imposition of tithes no longer. Catholics, Presbyterians, nay, even Episcopalians, declare that tithe is at an end in Ireland.

Matters having gone this length, it was evident they must go still further. Some understanding must be come to, some arrangement must be made between the British executive and the Irish people, otherwise the machine of state could not continue to go on. Committees of Inquiry were appointed by Both Houses of Parliament. That nominated by the Lords commenced its sittings on the 18th of January in the present year, and reported sometime in February. That nominated by the Commons sat on the 19th of January, made a first report on the 18th of February, and a second on the 4th of June. The evidence was most conclusive. Long before the Committees had terminated their labours, every rational member of the House was convinced that the old system of tithes was at an end in Ireland. The spirit of Ireland seemed to have breathed over Ministers; for their first step was as beautiful a practical bull as heart could desire. The people complained of clerical oppression, and on the 2d of April a bill was introduced by Mr. Stanley, "To facilitate the Recovery of Tithes, and for Relief of the Clergy of Ireland." This hot haste to preserve the parsons from growing lean contrasted strangely with the ministerial dilatoriness in propounding a plan for the relief of the nation. At last, on the 6th of July, the mountain was delivered of a mouse. Mr. Stanley announced, in the House of Commons, his intention to introduce three bills. By the first, the composition act was to be rendered compulsory and permanent. The valuation of the tithe due in each parish was to be renewed every seven years, and new and more effectual modes of enforcing their claims in courts of law were to be given to the clergy. By the second bill, the bishop and clergy of each diocese were to be erected into a corporation, for the purpose of receiving the tithes for the whole body, and dividing them for their common benefit, in the proportions to which the respective bodies would now be entitled. By the third, landlords were to be allowed to buy up their tithes, at sixteen years' purchase, and the corporation above-mentioned to invest the money in lands, for their joint behoof. It was also proposed to leave to the state a power of purchasing the claims of the clergy for tithe. Only the first of these bills was introduced; and even it only received the royal assent the last day of the session. Ireland, therefore, and our executive government, stand exactly where they did, except in so far as the former have shewn what measures they propose to adopt for the *relief* of that country.

Relief it is the height of mockery to call it. The church cess and church rates, the most annoying of the church impositions, are left to press as heavily as ever. The share of the national property allotted to the non-national church remains as great in amount as ever; the only change contemplated is its investment in the form which will most effectually secure it against the attacks of popular indignation. The executive have acted, as far as in them lay, up to Stanley's declaration:—"When it was intended to get rid of these claims without compensation, by a combination among the people, it was, he conceived, the duty of the legislature to substitute another species of property for that liable to be so affected." Ireland met this juggling attempt to "keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the hope," as became her. Mr. J. Grattan met the first announcement of the Government scheme in Parliament, with four counter-resolutions, of which the following is the first:—"Resolved,—That it is essential to the peace of Ireland that

the system of tithes in that country should be extinguished, not in name only, but in substance and unequivocally." The country at large continued its passive resistance to the levying of tithe. It was in truth the only resource left for its adoption.

When the institutions of a country do not leave in the hands of the people a sufficient control over their (nominal) representative, and, through them, over the executive, the people's wisest plan, when aggrieved, ever is, by such a passive resistance as the Irish have offered to the collection of tithes, to weary out its oppressors. Now, the institutions of Ireland have hitherto given no such power to the people. Under the old system of elections, it would be mockery to speak of their control over members of Parliament. Under the new, their effective control over the British Parliament is, in the very question at issue, and perhaps in that alone, still doubtful. When the incorporating union of England and Scotland was effected, that church to which the majority of each nation belonged, was in each recognized as the established church, and its safety was secured by the articles of union. When the incorporation of Great Britain and Ireland took place, the effect was to bolster up the weakness of the established church, by merging its opponents in the more numerous British Parliament. By this means even Catholic Emancipation, when at last it was tardily granted, failed to give due weight to the adherents of that church. It is possible that, even in a reformed Parliament, the partisans of the English, or, more properly, the enemies of the Romish Church, may be numerous enough to frustrate the efforts of the friends of Ireland; and the suspicion which this fact is calculated to awaken in an Irish breast must be confirmed by the evident wish of Government to truckle to the present Establishment.

Ireland's hold upon the legislature is feeble enough; but her relation to the executive is absolutely and unequivocally servile. By an act\* passed in the forty-seventh year of the reign of George III., modified and continued by several subsequent acts,† all "improper persons" in Ireland are forbid to retain arms in their possession. By "improper persons" are meant all who have not, after making affidavit of the number and description of the arms in their possession, and of their belief that they are entitled to keep arms, obtained a license at Quarter-Sessions, and been registered in the books of their respective baronies: and also all persons who may at one time have been thus registered and licensed, but who have changed their place of residence without renewing their application. These licenses may be withdrawn by the bench of justices at any sessions, or adjourned sessions, without any cause being assigned; and all arms must be delivered up by the parties from whom the licenses have been withdrawn, within forty-eight hours after notification. Any justice of the peace may grant warrant to search the house of unlicensed persons, suspected to have arms in their possession; and the bearers of the warrant, if refused admission, or not admitted "within a reasonable time,"‡ may force an entry. All offenders against this law are liable to have their arms seized; and to be condemned to pay a fine of £10, or be imprisoned two months for the first offence, to pay £20, or remain in prison four months, for the second.

By the same act, all blacksmiths whatever are prohibited to exercise their profession without taking out a license and registering themselves

\* 47 Geo. III. sec. 2, c. 54.

† 50 Geo. III. c. 109; 4 Geo. IV. c. 14; 10 Geo. IV. c. 47.

‡ The words of the act.

in the manner above described. It is declared that every blacksmith forging a pike, or allowing it to be made at his forge, with his knowledge, shall forfeit his license. The penalties are the same as those decreed against the possessors of unregistered arms. It is moreover provided that any smith, or other person, who makes a pike, pike-head, dagger, or the like, without license from the Master of the Ordnance, shall, upon conviction, be adjudged a felon, and transported for seven years. All persons convicted of having arms of this description in their possession are, upon conviction, to be imprisoned twelve months for the first offence; to be adjudged felons, and transported for seven years, for the second. By a later act,\* licenses for making and repairing arms of any description, must be renewed yearly under a penalty of £100. The same act orders every manufacturer, in this department, to make a monthly report to the chief secretary of the number of arms sold and repaired by him, under a penalty of £20; and that official may force him to produce his books for the purpose of checking his accounts.

The act last quoted takes additional measures for securing the disarming of the Irish nation. It forbids gunpowder, arms, and ordnance to be imported into Ireland without the license of the Lord Lieutenant, under a penalty of £100 for the importer, £50 for the master, and the forfeiture both of vessel and cargo. Gunpowder or cannon may not be manufactured in Ireland without a license; and the manufacturers must return correct accounts of their stock and sales. A license to manufacture, does not entitle its holder to retail gunpowder. The retail dealer must be furnished with a license from Quarter Sessions; and this license may be withdrawn at any time, on notice from the chief secretary. The penalty for each offence against these provisions is £50. To fill up the measure of the iniquity of this enactment, it is declared that every retailer who, during the course of two calendar months, at one time, or on several occasions, sells upwards of two pounds of gunpowder to a person not licensed, forfeits £20; and any licensed person procuring gunpowder for an unlicensed person, forfeits £200.

Such were the provisions made for disarming and keeping down the people by Castlereagh and Wellington; and these iniquitous regulations have been continued by an act introduced by the reforming ministry towards the close of last session, and hurried through both Houses of Parliament with a haste that contrasts strangely with the usual snail-pace of their legislative proceedings. On the back of this, they have clapped an act "to restrain, in certain cases, ~~public~~ processions in Ireland," which declares all processions for the purpose of celebrating or commemorating any event connected with religious distinctions, unlawful assemblies, and the persons present guilty of a misdemeanour. The same rulers maintain in Ireland a regular army of twenty-five thousand men, an orange yeomanry upwards of thirty thousand strong, and an armed police of some seven thousand men.

It is necessary to keep all the facts here recapitulated in view, in order to appreciate at their full value, the inuendoes of the Chancellor and his Lieutenant. The Irish nation, after more than a century of unexampled suffering, venture to remonstrate against a burden hateful alike in the eyes of God and man. They shew that if relief be not granted them, they can quietly slip it off their shoulders; and the first step of those whose duty it is to guard and maintain their rights, is to

strap it more tightly on. Aware of their weakness, and the overwhelming force that may be arrayed against them, they oppose a passive resistance, a resistance entirely within the limits of the law. It is true that a conspiracy to defeat the law is punishable, but that conspiracy must be proved,—legally proved. Now, under these circumstances, what is the language held by our rulers. “ You have been oppressed, and we are going to rivet your chains. You are weak and disarmed, we are powerful and armed *cap-à-pie*. It is in vain for you to remain quiet. We will declare your stillness contumacy. We will declare your crowded meetings illegal. We will suspend your habeas corpus act, and then you are at our mercy.” What is this, but to force men into rebellion whether they will or not, in order to obtain a pretext for punishing them ?

In the title of this paper, we have alluded to the persecution of the Presbyterians under the last Stuarts. The parallel betwixt their case and that of the Irish Catholics in our day is complete. In Scotland, as in Ireland, the quarrel between the Government and the people originated in an attempt on the part of the former to maintain a church establishment which the latter believed to be unwarranted by divine truth. The justice or injustice of that church's claims to belief and obedience is not here the question. The oppression consisted in violating the freedom of men's minds, by enforcing an external submission to an authority not essential to the preservation of the public peace, and against which the inner man revolted. In Scotland as in Ireland, the measure adopted by the people was not resistance, but merely allowing the law to take its way. They did not conform, but they allowed the penalties to be exacted. The very same methods which have been taken by Ministers to weaken the hands of the people and to strengthen those of Government in Ireland, were adopted by the counsellors of Charles Stuart. In the summer of 1655, orders were issued for seizing arms in the southern counties of Scotland. On the 25th of March, 1667, a royal proclamation ordered all the arms, gunpowder and ammunition, (except the walking swords of gentlemen) in the southern and western counties, to be delivered up at certain central places ; empowering the sheriffs to find all persons who did not obey. So close is the resemblance between this ordinance and the Irish gunpowder act, that *imported* arms and ammunition are directly pointed at. On the 2d of April, 1661, the king's life-guard was formed ; the first instance of a standing army in Scotland. In the month of May, 1678, measures were taken for raising additional troops ; and, shortly afterwards, a packed Parliament made a grant to the King for their maintainances. In December of the same year, the final arrangements were made for organizing a militia of horse and foot ; and to complete the parallel between these forces and the Orange yeomanry, it is evident, from the letters of the Privy Council, when preparing to suppress the rising which terminated at Bothwell Bridge, that the rulers dared not call out and arm the regular constitutional horse militia, but only the wealthier heritors of those counties where prelacy had some hold. The cess granted in the year 1678, was a tax imposed for the support of Episcopacy, and was met by the Scots exactly as the Irish now meet the imposition of tithes. One stroke, and our picture is complete. The Privy Council, finding that neither the violation of the subject's constitutional rights, nor the irritating frequency of search-warrants could sting the people to rebellion, began to attach the penalties of that crime to passive non-conformity ; and in their proclamations, declared

the act of meeting out of doors, although solely for the purpose of public worship, seditious, and rebellious. This last drop made the cup overflow. The people crowded together for defence and redress; and their lordly oppressors, triumphing in the success of their machinations, cut them down, and rode jollily rough-shod over them.

To this parallel, we earnestly intreat the attention of his Majesty's Ministers. We know that they would repel with scorn the imputation of wishing to oppress the people, or tyrannize over conscience: but we cannot look to Ireland without feeling convinced that they are pertinaciously doing both. We know how far human passion can blind men, once drawn within the vortex of a system, to the character of their own acts. We know that Nathan's "Thou art the man," is the only appeal that can awaken men from the flattering delusion of passion, set upon the attainment of a desired object. And therefore we adjure Lord Grey and his colleagues, by their love of their country's peace and power, by their regard for their own fair fame, when they have looked at the hideous image of Episcopalian tyranny in Scotland, long enough to feel their minds filled with loathing and detestation, to turn their gaze inwards, and scrutinize their own conduct in Ireland.

We know what their answer will be. Like the rest of mankind, when convicted of having done wrong, they will have recourse to palliatives, and seek to sin on. They will say that the oppression of Ireland by others has so maddened the people, that it is dangerous to let them loose. They will point to the outrages of Whitefeet and Blackfeet. They will hint at the Catholic's desire to ride in turn on the necks of his oppressors. Again do we point to Scottish history, and bid them read the present in the past. The pretensions of the Catholic church to control the civil power were never one whit more extravagant than those of the General Assembly in its high and palmy state in 1640; yet has it trampled upon the rights of citizens since its restoration in 1688? Even the Whiteboy outrages are not without a parallel in the history of the times of our persecution.\* The explanation of this is to be found in Fletcher's statement of the numbers of idle, houseless desperadoes then to be found in Scotland. Those who resisted the government for righteousness sake, and those who were enemies to all law, had no nearer connexion than that of inhabiting the same country. If the peasantry learned to look with a tolerant eye on plunder and outrage, it was the fault of that Government which classed in one category of crime, and pursued with equal relentlessness, the most virtuous and the most vicious of mankind. When the night of storm and confusion passed away, when law again asserted its supremacy, and patriotism was no longer classed with murder and robbery, the natural healthy moral sense of our peasantry revived. And so will it be in Ireland. Place the Irish Catholic on a footing with the rest of his Christian brethren. The day is passed when priests of any creed could make men tools of their ambition. Give Ireland just laws, give her sons their native and due rights, and all will soon grow worthy of them.

In the character, not of partisans or flatterers, but of real friends, we again demand the attention of ministers to these considerations. There was a time when men (falsely we believe, but still plausibly,) might speak of insinuating first one amendment and then another, until

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\* Vide Wodrow, folio edition, 1772, p. 25, "Murder of two soldiers at Newmills"—and same author, *passim* for robberies and outrages upon the curates.



a political principle was insensibly established. When the power was in the hands of freedom's enemies, there might be some sense in seeking to steal a march upon them. These days are gone. Whoever holds power in future, must do so by an open avowal of his principles, and by acting up to them as closely as he may. Personal affection and esteem may conciliate a small band of adherents; but the profession and enforcement of those principles to which the mass of the people are attached, can alone secure national confidence and esteem. That mystery which is the strength of the despot, is the weakness of a free government. Its implement is the will of the people; and that works freely only where there is perfect confidence. To the present ministers, doubt is weakness and timidity is destruction. In the enchanted hall of the poet, "Be bold" was the legend of ninety-nine doors, "Be not too bold," only that of the hundredth.

It is no ordinary stake for which we now play: it is the loss or preservation of Ireland. We confess that the maintenance of an incorporating union seems to us desirable. Ireland has capabilities, and England has capital. The counties of Down and Meath are the bleaching fields of Manchester; Queen's County and Kildare, the provision grounds of Liverpool. By the aid of steam, the two islands are virtually made one. Where the local situation is so close, and society so intertwined by mutual employment and services, one government and one law is an advantage of no ordinary nature. If Ireland separate from us, our fleets must walk the waters comparatively crippled. But it is the feeling of a community of interests alone that ought to retain the Irish people united to Britain. If this feeling do not exist, the maintenance of the Union will only weaken and destroy the happiness of both. One step on the part of Ministers will determine this eventful question. Their faltering in their grand scheme for settling the title question towards the close of last session gives us hopes; but the language of Brougham and Anglesea is of evil augury. The welfare, the might of Britain depends upon their resolution. If they choose amiss, a more mortifying character with posterity than even that of tyrants awaits them. They will be spoken of as men who rashly grappled with a task to which both their want of knowledge and weakness of character rendered them inadequate. Their pigmy stature and their worthlessness will contrast ludicrously with the magnitude and importance of the events, among which they are mixed up. They will be the flies in amber, the Tom Thumbs of history.

Paul

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

In these unpoetical times one is forced to fall back upon the outpourings of the first five-and-twenty years of the century. That was the age of poetry. The clear stream rushed out, gurgling and sparkling, now in tiny jets, now in a broad impetuous flood, now calm and majestic, anon rippling and fantastic, now murmuring like a rill which runs "to hide its chilly bubbles in the grass." Every day almost brought forth a new poem, and the greedy public gobbled it down, and looked agape for the next. Scott pleased us with his clear fresh pictures of hill and dale, his easy jingle, his interesting adventures, and his heroes, the faint shadows of those forms which were to become pal-

pable, warm, and breathing substances in his novels. Wordsworth sat apart on his own Westmoreland hills, flinging to the gale tones austere as the steepy hills which surrounded him; majestic as the notes which, trumpet-toned, swept up the ravines; pure and holy as the cool dim atmosphere of an old cathedral; with ever and anon a dropping passage at the close, which went right to the heart. Coleridge thrilled the blood with tales of unearthly mariners with glittering eyes, and wild-wood spirits gliding in visible form, "now in glimmer and now in gloom," and then made the pulse beat thick with the voluptuous deep-toned melody of "Genevieve," or saddened the mood by conjuring up before our fancy the ancient forests—

Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined ;  
when

Their own imperious branches swinging,  
Have made a solemn music to the wind.

Beside him stood Wilson, less swelling and sustained in his notes, but equally master of all the beautiful combinations of the gorgeous and shifting elements, with a wild, yet gentle and dreamy minstrelsy. Byron (like Scott, but without his historical treasures, and calm observant eye for noting the realities of life around him) approached nearer to the prose of life than the others. It required an effort and exertion on his part to spring up into the airy realms of imagination; but once there, his intense will and glowing passion bore him onward with no undignified flight. Yet still, at every pause, he would stop to mock his own earnestness, and then again throw his whole soul into his lofty task. And Hunt was the heart-felt bard of social life; and Keats, with his Hyperion rising up through his Endymion, was undergoing a spiritual transition, akin to that which the Gothic artist's skill underwent, when his quaintly carved, arched, and pinnacled shrines for saints, expanded into lofty domes and minsters.

By far the sweetest and most purely poetical of these sweet singers, was poor Shelley; although a variety of circumstances combined to divert attention from his notes. These circumstances are so closely interwoven with his personal history, that it is impossible to avoid a brief recapitulation of its principal events.

Shelley was born at his father's seat in Sussex, on the 4th of August, 1792. He was drowned on the night of the 8th of July, 1822—before he had completed his thirtieth year. Till he was seven or eight years of age, he was educated at home with his sisters; and carried, in consequence, a bashfulness and delicate purity of feeling to school with him, rarely to be met with in boys. From his eighth to his thirteenth year was spent at Sion House school, Brentford, where the boisterous sports, and less pure language and manners of the other boys, kept him from forming intimacies with them. In his thirteenth year he was sent to Eton, whence he was soon removed to Oxford. Before this conference took place he had fallen in with the writings of Hume, and with all the rashness of a young and ardent spirit, had embraced the opinions of that philosopher. He had likewise been labouring for about a year at German: but his acquaintance with the literature of that language, obtained chiefly through the medium of English translations, for which all the rubbish seems to have been most assiduously selected, had, without extending his range of ideas, served only to imbue him with the mysticism and exaggeration of its circulating library school. A popular lecturer

in chemistry had taught him to perform a few flashy experiments, but his acquaintance with the science never seems to have gone further. This crude, flimsy, and ill-digested knowledge, decked out in all the dazzling colours which the novelty of youth and a splendid imagination could bestow, formed a world in which the bashful boy, unaccustomed to converse with his kind, lived alone. The real world, as far as he could see, was different; and, like all children, he sought to make it what he wished. He commenced his task by attempting to convert his tutors; he printed a pamphlet professing to demonstrate atheism, and sent copies to some clerical dignitaries. The consequence of this was, a summons to appear before the heads of colleges; whom Shelley, when called upon to recant, challenged to argue the question. He was expelled the university. Shelley's conduct was that of a foolish boy; the punishment inflicted, being calculated to blast all his prospects in life, was disproportionate and tyrannical.

After his expulsion, not daring to face his angry father, a commonplace, money-making man, who had expected that the talents of his son would raise and illustrate his family, he repaired to London, where he resided some time with his relation, Captain Medwin, in the Temple. About this period he seems to have become acquainted, for the first time, with "Godwin's Political Justice," and immediately resolved to square all his actions by its rules. In his Atheism, which was rather an adherence to an unmeaning formula of words than an opinion, he had been confirmed by what he considered a persecution. Living without an aim, he involved himself in the cloudy labyrinth of what were at that time called metaphysics; a mixture of materialism with the auguries of a highly excited sensual fancy. He embraced about this time the theory of the deleterious effects of animal food, and, as was uniformly his way, proceeded to act upon it. The account given of him by Captain Medwin at this period of his life, represents him totally engrossed by his metaphysical pursuits; daily noting down his dreams, till the attention he paid to his dreaming fancies well nigh made them more than a half of his conscious existence; disregarding all the usual allotments of time, dining when he felt hungry at the first baker's shop, and laying himself down to sleep at times in the open street. His anxiety to remodel the world by the diffusion of his opinions, continued as intense as ever; and the eagerness with which, for this purpose, he opened a communication with every person who began to emerge into notoriety, soon swelled the number of his correspondents. This period of his history closed at the age of eighteen, by his being inveigled into a marriage with a young woman of his own age, neither fitted by her natural character nor by her education to be a companion for Shelley. As his wife was of what is called in the world low birth, the union led to an entire alienation from his family.

The ill-assorted pair dragged on an unhappy union, the fruit of which was two children, for upwards of three years, and then separated by mutual consent. Previous to this event, he had habituated himself, for the purpose of deadening painful reflection, to take large quantities of opium; which completely undermined a constitution naturally delicate, and further stimulated the painful busy workings of a restless imagination. He was at this period of his life miserably straitened in his circumstances, and led a restless wandering life, in the course of which he wandered through great part of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent; sometimes alone, sometimes in company, frequently on

foot. He took up his abode in London in 1814, and remained pretty closely there for eighteen months, during which period he studied medicine; making but slender progress in his anatomical pursuits, but prosecuting botany with greater success. In 1816 he visited Geneva, in company with the lady whom he afterwards married, who had sometime previously consented to become the companion of his wanderings; and attracted by the society of Lord Byron, fixed his residence for a short time in the neighbourhood. He removed hence to the Vale of Chamouni, and afterwards to the Lake of Como, and returned to England in the autumn of 1817. He was met by the intelligence that his wife had terminated her existence by suicide. His feelings of compunction were so strong as to bring on a temporary derangement. The cup of his misery was filled up by the unnatural and iniquitous decision of the Court of Chancery, denying him the guardianship of his own children, and consigning them to the care of strangers.

By the urgent advice of his friends, co-operating with the promptings of his own love of justice, he now married Miss Godwin; and in her company, after a short sojourn at Marlow, bade a last adieu to his native land in the spring of 1818. He passed rapidly through France and Switzerland, and, after paying a visit to Lord Byron at Naples, proceeded to Rome. The autumn he spent at Naples, and the winter in Rome. After spending some time at Florence, the Baths, Lucca, and Leghorn, he finally took up his abode at Pisa in 1820, and continued to reside in that city or its neighbourhood till the hour of his untimely death. His residence in Italy leaves little to record; his life was devoted to the study of his art, and to vain longings after the realization of his Utopian dreams. His wife proved a kind and sympathetic attendant; one who could appreciate his conversation, share in his pleasures, or sooth his almost unremitting sufferings. In June 1822 he visited Pisa, for the purpose of welcoming his friend Hunt to Italy; and was lost at sea, with his friend Williams, on his return to Lerici, where he was then residing.

This is the history of a warm heart and a forgetive fancy, left to tread their way through the intricacies of life without an affectionate and experienced guide, quarrelling with the world before they understood each other. The presumptuous dogmatism of his boyhood was apology sufficient for the great mass of mankind, when it shrunk back in shy apprehension from him who attacked with scorn and derision all that they held most sacred. It was, however, no apology for those who dared to assume the office of the teachers of youth, so ill-qualified for their task as to meet his offence with treatment, which could not fail to convince him that he was right. Still less is it an apology for those hireling scribes, who, either with full knowledge of the truth, or without sufficient previous inquiry (a degree of levity scarcely less culpable,) persisted for a tract of years in misrepresenting and calumniating his actions. Whoever has traced the history of Shelley must feel that his error was of a kind to which even the rankest bigot could not attribute criminality. It was the honest and ingenuous search of a lonely and unaided mind after that truth which the dazzling brilliancy of that mind's own inborn light prevented it from perceiving. The rude manner in which his expressions shocked the reverential feeling for religion entertained by the larger as well as better portion of the British public, naturally enough led men to attribute an evil character to the cause of their annoyance. But those who searched deeper saw that this seeming harshness was merely the

tuning of an instrument of the mellowest tones ; that the muddiness of his thoughts and feelings was the fermentation which transforms the clammy and insipid juice of the grape into the clear and generous wine. Shelley's mind, in early life, was not ill indicated by his personal appearance ; a face not regularly beautiful, yet, when longer gazed on, inexpressibly charming ; a voice high and thin, yet capable of a mellow tone, and of the most musical modulation ; a manner awkward and bashful, yet with an inborn gentility which could not be concealed. Tolerance, which is true wisdom, is increasing. A young man is no longer looked upon as lost because his passions drive him once astray. Within certain limits society allows men to avow their opinions. But it must learn not, it is true, to encourage such aberrations as Shelley's, but not to condemn precipitately. There is danger undeniably in the extravaganzas of such a mind ; but where all tends so evidently towards good, the darkness and terror, nay even the danger which herald the birth, are ominous of its surpassing excellence.

The stream "ran itself fine." We have no wish to palliate his conduct where it was wrong ; but this we are entitled to say in alleviation, that his misconduct was scarcely to be avoided in one abandoned so young to his own guidance ; that he made reparation where he could ; and that he suffered agonizingly for the pain he caused. Nemesis exacted her dues in full. Every year of Shelley's brief life shewed the beauty of his mind more fully developed, and with less alloy of the ridiculous. Love was the atmosphere in which his soul existed. He loved all nature, animate and inanimate. He shuddered at the least pain inflicted upon any thing that breathed ; but, instead of turning away selfishly, indulging a morbid sensibility, he lingered like the good Samaritan, to bind up and pour balm into the wound. More than any other mere human being on record, he was capable of sacrificing himself for others. There was a maiden purity in his soul : a gross expression pained him almost as an evil act ; his love was sentiment ; his diet was that of an Anchorite ; his greatest dainties, those which please the unsophisticated palate of children. In a weak body he kept alive a fearless, unwinking soul ; and hourly tortured with the pains of sickness sapping his vital frame, he was neither sullen nor fretful. The eagerness with which his friends sought and walked by his advice, shews that his strong mind had not wrestled with the world in vain. He had learned to trace accurately the connexion between actions, their causes and consequences. His night-mare dream of atheism had softened, unawares, into a recognizance of an intelligent Author and Preserver of the universe. Taught ourselves, by experience, to cling to the Christian belief, ~~as~~ that alone which can purify us amid our eternal aberrations from right, and reconcile us with God and ourselves, we must ever lament, that so fair a soul was closed against its access ; but we dare not anticipate the mysterious decrees of the Creator. We leave poor Shelley with "trembling hope," to his repose. Let no one misunderstand or bring an undeserved reproach against us when we say, that nothing carries home to us so convincingly the impression of his tremendous strength of mind, as his power to bear up with all the emptiness of unbelief, in gentle meekness, against pain, sickness, the world's contumely, and the reproaches of his own heart.

We have dwelt at so much length on the personal history of Shelley for two reasons. In the first place, because a knowledge of it is indispensable to the right understanding and appreciation of some of his

works. In the second place, because both friends and foes have, in his case, mixed up the poet too much with his writings, to enable them to come to a true judgment of them. A poem, to be rightly estimated, must be judged without reference to its author as much as a painting or statue. It is a separate and independent existence, and must stand or fall by its own merits. Investigations which enable us to explain some peculiarity in its structure, by reference to the mental constitution of the author, are both interesting and useful; but they belong to the department of practical metaphysics, not of criticism.

Shelley's earliest effusions, like those of all young poets, are rather the overflowing of the thoughts, feelings, and images fermenting in his mind, than poems. A poem is a creation of art—it is the product of the imagination—a thing existing for itself. It addresses itself to the active imagination of others, or to that passive imagination which is called taste. It is like a picture or statue, an object to be contemplated, not a vehicle of instruction or instrument of persuasion. Its sole object is to please. Its moral and intellectual influence is indirect,—strengthening, elevating, or purifying the mind by the objects of contemplation with which it renders it familiar,—suggesting to the mind thoughts and speculations which otherwise might not have occurred. Of course, the more nervous and masculine the thought embodied in a poem, the higher will be its character; but its merit must always be determined by the effect it produces upon the imagination. It deviates from the standard of perfection in proportion as it diverges into ratiocination on the one hand, or addresses itself too much to the sensual part of our constitution on the other. Shelley's deviations lay in the former direction.

"Queen Mab,"\* composed in his seventeenth year, and "the Revolt of Islam," composed at Marlow in the Autumn or Winter of 1818, are attempts to shadow out, in an allegorical form, his views on a more perfect state of society, and the process by which it may be arrived at. The Utopian, the framer of an ideal commonwealth, predominates over the poet. We are incessantly reminded that the forms which flit before our imagination are mere arbitrary representatives of abstract ideas—of relations. The anxiety of the writer to keep this constantly in view, has infected his imagery: it has much of the vagueness and thinness of his speculations. The fairy-land which he seeks to conjure up before us, partakes of the dimness and unsubstantiality of those shadows of a Pre-Adamitic world, through which Cain is made to wander in Byron's *Mystery*, or the World of Death, in Shelley's own *Prometheus*,

Where do inhabit  
The shadows of all forms that think and live,  
Till death unite them and they part no more.

In *Queen Mab*, the lecture of the Fairy on the origin and progress of civil society, a prose harangue, and not of a very original character, occupies so large a share of the poem as to destroy the equilibrium. The attention flags, and our retrospect, when we come to the close, em-

\* His earliest poetical work—the four cantos of "The Wandering Jew," lately published in *Fraser's Magazine*, are claimed by Captain Medwin. The Captain informs us that there were some additional cantos by Shelley. These are, most probably, irrecoverable. The MS. in Fraser's possession contained only the four cantos which he has printed. It was in Shelley's handwriting, left by him nineteen or twenty years ago, with a gentleman in Edinburgh, and never reclaimed.

braces not a well-proportioned poem, a pleasing or majestic whole, but a tedious and unsymmetrical piece of declamation, interspersed with out-breakings of the most gorgeous and powerful imagination. These, however, are, in a great measure, lost, from not being properly grouped. But for this fault the poem must have ranked high in the descriptive class. The approach of the Fairy, the disembodiment of the soul, the voyage through the realms of space, the exhibition of the world's workings, and the return, form a bold and well-proportioned frame-work, with which some of the descriptions harmonize well in splendour and grandeur of conception. We may instance the bold idea of introducing the Wandering Jew as a phantasm of the human mind,—the gloomy grandeur of the conception is unsurpassed. We prefer, however, laying before our readers the glowing picture of etherial beauty and spiritual voluptuousness with which the poet has presented us in the palace of Mab the Fairy.

If solitude hath ever led thy steps  
To the wild ocean's echoing shore,  
And thou hast lingered there,  
Until the sun's broad orb  
Seemed resting on the burnished wave,  
Thou must have marked the lines  
Of purple gold, that motionless  
Hung o'er the sinking sphere :  
Thou must have marked the billowy cloud,  
Edged with intolerable radiancy,  
Towering like rocks of jet  
Crowned with a diamond wreath.  
And yet there is a moment,  
When the sun's highest point  
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,  
When those far clouds of feathery gold,  
Shaded with deepest purple, gleam  
Like islands on a dark blue sea ;  
Then has thy fancy soared above the earth,  
And furled its wearied wing  
Within the Fairy's fane.

Yet not the golden islands  
Gleaming in yon flood of light,  
Nor the feathery curtains  
Stretching o'er the sun's bright couch,  
Nor the burnished ocean waves  
Paving that gorgeous dome,  
So fair, so wonderful a sight  
As Mab's etherial palace could afford.  
Yet likest evening's vault, that faery Hall !  
As Heaven, low resting on the wave, it spread  
Its floors of flashing light,  
Its vast and azure dome,  
Its fertile golden islands  
Floating on a silver sea ;  
Whilst suns their mingling beamings darted  
Through clouds of circumambient darkness,  
And pearly battlements around  
Looked o'er the immense of Heaven.

The magic car no longer moved.  
The Fairy and the Spirit  
Entered the Hall of Spells :  
Those golden clouds  
That rolled in glittering billows  
Beneath the azure canopy

With the ethereal footsteps, trembled not ;  
 The light and crimson mists,  
 Floating to strains of thrilling melody  
 Through that unearthly dwelling,  
 Yielded to every movement of the will.  
 Upon their passive swell the Spirit leaned,  
 And, for the varied bliss that pressed around,  
 Used not the glorious privilege  
 Of virtue and of wisdom.

Equally beautiful, but of a more tangible character, is the poet's description of the golden age which he anticipates. It is of too great length to be extracted here, but what follows may serve as a specimen.

Then, where, through distant ages, long in pride  
 The palace of the monarch-slave had mocked  
 Famine's faint groan, and penury's silent tear,  
 A heap of crumbling ruins stood, and threw  
 Year after year, their stones upon the field,  
 Wakening a lonely echo ; and the leaves  
 Of the old thorn, that on the topmost tower  
 Usurped the royal ensign's grandeur, shook  
 In the stern storm that swayed the topmost tower,  
 And whispered strange tales in the whirlwind's ear.

Low through the lone cathedral's roofless aisles  
 The melancholy winds a death-dirge sung :  
 It were a sight of awfulness to see  
 The works of faith and slavery, so vast,  
 So sumptuous, yet so perishing withal !  
 Even as the corpse that rests beneath its wall.  
 A thousand mourners deck the pomp of death  
 To-day, the breathing marble glows above  
 To decorate its memory, and tongues  
 Are busy of its life : to-morrow, worms  
 In silence and in darkness seize their prey.

Within the massy prison's mouldering courts,  
 Fearless and free the rugged children played,  
 Weaving gay chaplets for their innocent brows  
 With the green ivy and the red wall-flower,  
 That mock the dungeon's unavailing gloom ;  
 The ponderous chains, and gratings of strong iron,  
 There rusted amid heaps of broken stone  
 That mingled slowly with their native earth :  
 There the broad beams of day, which feebly once  
 Lighted the cheek of lean captivity  
 With a pale and sickly glare, then freely shone  
 On the pure smiles of infant playfulness :  
 No more the shuddering voice of hoarse despair  
 Pealed through the echoing vaults, but soothing notes  
 Of ivy-fingered winds and glad some birds  
 And merriment were resonant around.

"The Revolt of Islam," is still more disfigured by its allegorical tendency. Laon and Cythna are not living beings, but mere impersonations of certain modes of thought. None of the other characters stand palpably forward ; they are mere names attached to vague abstractions. The machinery of the tale is extravagant and unattractive ; as was, indeed, to be expected from one who had wholly turned from the contemplation of human life to gaze upon an ideal system of his own. Unacquainted with the realities of society, Shelley fails in conveying distinct perceptions of any very great oppression from which his hero and heroine came to relieve their fellows. He lavishes epithets of abuse upon the social state which they laboured to remove, but he conveys to our mind no



distinct image of it ; and, in poetry, distinct perception, or strong feeling, are every thing. The ameliorated social institutions which they strove to introduce, are pictured with equal faintness. The pillar to the summit of which Laon is chained, and the sub-marine cavern in which Cythna is imprisoned, are stiff school-boy exaggerations.

Amid all these draw-backs, there is much in this poem to repay perusal. The wild conception of the spiritual world to which the poet is conveyed to learn the tale, and the unearthly circumstances under which it is narrated, keep the mind in a state of ghostly awe. The earthly interest hangs suspended in the impalpable medium of what Shakspeare terms the " metaphysical " world, as this solid globe in the vacuity of space ; and this fact is brought home to our consciousness. Then the poet exercises the control of creative imagination over the elements of earth, air, fire and water, forming them into most gorgeous pictures. And although the human interest of the poem, as already noticed, be weak, there creeps notwithstanding over this young world, rising out of the chaos of a yet unformed mind, the gentle warming breeze of a benevolent spirit.

To this kind of composition Shelley reverted, in one of his latest writings ; one, indeed, which was left incomplete at his death,—“ The Triumph of Life.” This attempt to give a deeper meaning to the spectacles, the reality of which delighted the beginning of the seventeenth century, and a description of which forms one of Spenser’s finest passages, is not, in its unfinished state, a fair subject of criticism. We feel tempted, however, to extract the introduction, which is one of those idealized pictures of the beauties of internal nature, in which Shelley surpassed all his contemporaries.

Swift as a spirit hastening to his task  
Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth  
Rejoicing in his splendour, and the mask

Of darkness fell from the awakened Earth—  
The smokeless altars of the mountain, snows  
Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth

Of light, the Ocean’s orison arose,  
To which the birds tempered their matin lay.  
All flowers in field or forest which unclose

Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day,  
Swinging their censers in the element,  
With orient incense lit by the new ray

Burned slow and inconsumably, and sent  
Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air ;  
And, in succession due, did continent,

Isle, ocean, and all things that in them wear  
The form and character of mortal mould,  
Rise as the sun their father rose, to bear

Their portion of the toil, which he of old  
Took as his own and then imposed on them ;  
But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold

Had kept as wakened the stars that gem  
The cone of night, now they were laid asleep  
Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem

Which an old chestnut flung athwart the steep  
Of a green Apennine : before me fled  
The night ; behind me rose the day ; the deep

Was at my feet, and Heaven above my head—

In this same poem, which is one of the most masterly pictures of the fantastic manner in which images shift in dreams, to be met with, in the whole range of poetry. In reading it, we dream ourselves, and undergo the illusion.

I would have added—Is all here amiss?—  
But a voice answered,—“Life!”—I turned and knew  
(Oh, Heaven have mercy on such wretchedness!)

That what I thought was an old moor which grew  
To strange distortion out of the hill side,  
Was, indeed, one of those deluded crew.

And that the grass, which methought hung so wide  
And white, was but his thin discoloured hair,  
And that the holes it vainly sought to hide

Were, or had been, eyes :—

We come now to a number of Shelley's poems belonging to a class much in favour with the present generation, and which have by some one been termed, rather affectedly “moods of my own mind.” Poems of this kind owe much of their popularity to a not very intellectual feature of the public taste; the gossiping desire to know as much as possible about the author of the work. This has given rise to a coxcombical, theatrical, and egotistical style of poetry, in which the poet aims at effect, less by picturesque excellence of thought and imagery, than by parading himself in attitudes before his readers. With this silly weakness, “moods of my own mind” are in generally deeply tainted. This style of poem, has, however, been employed at times, by minds of a wider caliber for embodying chance inspirations, for which they could not find a suitable place in any of their works. Such productions are analogous to the sketches and studies of the artist; and if thrown out by a master, snatch, at times, a grace beyond the reach of laboured art. Such are in general Shelley's effusions of this sort. Even those, in which the personality of the poet figures, are destitute of the sickening egotism attendant upon the similar compositions of others. He was too honest a visionary for this. His day-dreams were in his eyes more important than himself. Thus, in his *Alastor*, composed about the period of his separation from the first Mrs. Shelley, we have the picture of a mind which feels itself alone in the world; which with eager capacity of love, and an overpowering impulse towards exchange of thoughts, had never yet found a being capable of understanding it, or whose qualities approximated in any degree to those pre-figured by the feverish longings of its desire. To one who reads this poem, without acquaintance with the events of Shelley's life, it presents the appearance of a huge panorama of Titanic forms, “enfolding sunny spots of greenery.” The pathless ocean, the dark subterraneous whirlpool, the giant twilight crags, load us as with the desert's loneliness: we admire and wonder, but we cannot comprehend. A knowledge of his character and history, by hinting the state in which his mind must have been when he composed this poem, is the key to its real meaning. The collection of the poet's yearnings, first gives life and unity to this congregation of huge imaginings. It is the picture of his utter loneliness that constitutes its chief melancholy charm. Yet there is a universality in the portrait, a banishing of all petty individual traits that removes it entirely from the degrading association of those paltry coxcombries to which it stands so nearly allied.

We have called the imagery of this poem *Titanic*, and the following passage must stand here to vindicate the term.

On every side now rose  
Rocks which, in unimaginable forms,  
Lifted their black and barren pinnacles  
In the light of evening, and its precipice  
Obscuring the ravine, disclosed above,  
'Mid toppling stones, black gulphs, and yawning caves,  
Whose windings gave ten thousand various tongues  
To the loud stream. Lo! Where the pass expands  
Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,  
And seems, with its accumulated crags,  
To overhang the world: for wide expand  
Beneath the wan stars and descending moon  
Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streamfins,  
Dim tracts and vast, robed in the lustrous gloom  
Of leaden-coloured even, and fiery hills  
Mingling their flames with twilight, on the verge  
Of the remote horizon. The near scene,  
In naked and severe simplicity,  
Made contrast with the universe. A pine,  
Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the vacancy  
Its swinging bows, to each inconstant blast  
Yielding one only response at each pause,  
In most familiar cadence, with the howl  
The thunder and the hiss of homeless streams  
Mingling its solemn song, whilst the broad river,  
Foaming and hurrying o'er its rugged path,  
Fell into that immeasurable void  
Scattering its waters to the passing winds.

Of the "sunny spots of greenery," of which we spoke, the following is an exquisite specimen.

More dark  
And dark the shades accumulate—the oak,  
Expanding its immeasurable arms,  
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids  
Of the tall cedar overarching, frame  
Most solemn domes within; and far below,  
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,  
The ash and the acacia floating hang  
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents, clothed  
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,  
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around  
The gray trunks, and as gamesome infants' eyes,  
With gentle meanings, and most innocent wiles,  
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,  
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs,  
Uniting their close union; the woven leaves  
Make net-work of the dark blue light of day,  
And the night's noontide clearness, mutable  
As shapes in the wierd clouds. Soft mossy lawns  
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,  
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms  
Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen  
Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jasmine,\*  
A soul-dissolving odour, to invite  
To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell,  
Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep  
Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades  
Like vaporous shapes half seen; beyond, a well,  
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,\*  
Images all the woven boughs above,  
And each depending leaf, and every speck

Of azure sky, darting between their chasms ;  
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves  
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star  
Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,  
Or, painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,  
Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,  
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings  
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

*(To be continued.)*

## TAIT'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

**CANT.**—There is no country in Europe where, what *Miss Deans*, in her interview with Queen Caroline, is pleased to term, “light life and conversation,” is more severely dealt with than in “moral England.” Quarter Sessions and the Tread Mill bear signal evidence to our tenderness for female virtue,—our disgust towards laxity of morals; and the horrible crime of infanticide, so prevalent among the lower classes, is universally attributed, by our Jurists, to the purity of our moral code, and the severity of its enforcement. All this is very fine. It writes well,—it talks well,—it assists in sticking an additional peacock’s feather into the strutting daw of our national pride. But is it not advisable that the limitations of such laws and statutes should be more accurately defined? We know them to be applicable to the labouring classes; we believe them to extend to the commercial and professional classes; but it appears uncertain how far they stop short of “The Order;” and whether the wives of Esquires and Knights Bannerets, and even Baronets, are not included in an act of impunity. To what other influence can we ascribe the ardour with which Countess Gulcioli has been recently welcomed in the coteries of fashionable life? The mistress of an illustrious poet may be a very poetical personage; and, as in the instance in question, a very pleasing one; but there can be no reason for committing Jenny Dobbs to the House of Correction and prison discipline, in retribution of the very circumstance which opens all the noble mansions in London to an Italian Countess. Byron’s biographers and personal friends, have taken care that this lady’s connexion with the noble poet, should be sufficiently bruited to the world; and from the Pope downwards, we believe there is not an old woman in England or Italy, unaware of the state of the case. We cannot, therefore, but admire the consistency displayed by those wives and mothers of our nobility who are so scandalized by any lapse of discretion among the housemaids, in courting the society, and presenting to the friendship of their daughters, a lady living in separation from her husband, on grounds too notorious to be overlooked; or rather on grounds which constitute her sole claim to the notice of the world.

**THE BYRON GALLERY.**—In walking through a forest, it is easy to detect the spot where a noble tree has been felled to earth, by the innumerable shoots and seedlings that owe their existence to its pristine vigour; and, if evidence were wanting of the influence exercised over the public mind by the two literary giants of the century,—Scott and Byron, it might be found in the abundant offsets springing up in their place,—emanations from their former grandeur. Not a city, for instance, not a village, not a villa, visited by the noble Childe, in the course of his poetical or mortal pilgrimage, but has become hallowed ground to his contemporaries, and been made a subject for the pencil and the graver. Not a word that ever fell from his lips, but is cherished like some fragment of art,—some sketch by Vandyke, or outline by Michael Angelo. Covetous as he was of glory, surely even the shade of Byron must be, by this time, appeased by the excess of incense burning upon his altars. We can fancy, indeed, that (like the majestic ghost depicted by the poet in the Elysian fields, as averting its face on the approach of a faithless friend,) it might turn with disgust from certain former companions who have made a merchandize of his memory; but could the bard of Don Juan return to earth, we have little doubt he would be in perfect good humour with a world that has erected so stupendous a pyramid in his honour. It must be admitted that the stones thrown on the cairn are individually of small account; but the homage is the same. Byron has, in fact, been canonized

by national acclamation, and his name permanently inscribed in the calendar of genius. It will be long enough ere Great Britain has again leisure to bestow on poets and novelists; but even were the interest of the country wholly at the disposal of writers of fiction, their chance of success would still be problematical. The inordinate popularity of any one voluminous poet, must always be succeeded by a blank. There exists but a certain number of poetical words and phrases in a language; and these, when dexterously strung together by the hand of a master, are committed to memory; till, by the force of satiety, they degenerate into commonplace. The jingle of familiar rhymes becomes offensive; natural imagery fails to impress the mind, already imbued with the sublime and beautiful in their choicest features. After Milton, there was a pause;—after Pope, there was a pause;—after Byron, there will be a pause. But when the grandeur of Childe Harold and the picturesque of the Giaour, have, in some degree, faded from our recollection, some new minstrel will suddenly possess himself of the public ear, and gather together, in a new form, those "Orient pearls at random flung," in the wantonness of former opulence. Till then, we recommend the "English Bards" to append their lyres, like Tasso's, "*ad em cipræ*," and leave the courtship of the Muses to the lyrists of Warren's Blacking Wright's Champagne.

#### BENEFACTORS OF POETS.

"Je veux un jour avoir une chaumière  
Dont un verger ombrage le contour,  
Pour y passer le saison printannière  
Avec ma muse, et ma muse, et l'amour."

This poetical aspiration of Demaustier, has been realized by Lord Milton, in favour of John Clare; and we regret to perceive that the circumstance provoked universal wonder and commendation. It seems that the golden age of Poesy is past, when, as a mark of gentle blood, every noble was expected to entertain a minstrel or two in his train;—when Marguerite of France imprinted a tender salute on the lips of the sleeping Alain Chartier, and when purses of gold, and jewels of price, were showered upon the inspired bard in guerdon of his genius. Goethe has a fine passage in his "Torquato Tasso," to prove that such favours are thriftily bestowed; since the poet can requite with immortality the hospitality of his noble entertainer. We know not what measure of renown will be conferred by Clare on the representative of the house of Wentworth; but eagerly seize the opportunity of adding our feeble echo to the clarion of Fame.

**THE KING OF BAVARIA.**—The public journals inform us that an attempt has been made by Ludwig I. to introduce to the notice of his Queen the divorced wife of Lord Ellenborough, who has been for some time past living openly under his royal protection. We confess we have long misloubted this Joseph Surface of modern sovereignty; he was always such a vastly "moral young man!" For the last twenty years, he has been playing fantastic tricks before high Heaven, till the earth has grown very much out of conceit with him. Who does not remember his Majesty's ode on visiting Weimar, (published in every petty newspaper of the German empire,) in which he addresses the reigning Duke as higher than Augustus, and Göthe as more eminent than Virgil? Who does not remember his Körnerian ballads, breathing patriotism in every stanza? And in what have all these fine effusions ended? In the restoration of the Jesuits, in religious persecutions, an increased taxation; a crusade against the liberty of the press, and a Madame de Montespan intruded upon his Queen and Court.

**NATIONAL GALLERY.**—In one of Odry's monopolylogues, *à la Matthews*, we remember hearing him allude to the *Théâtre Français*, as "*ce spectacle vis à vis du pâtisier dans la rue Richelieu*;" and we have little doubt that some day or other John Reeve will find occasion to allude to the projected National Gallery as the Long Room next door to the Foot-soldiers' barracks at Charing Cross. Whatever may be our national progress in political economy, our proficiency in national parsimony is indisputable. We, who have lavished half a million on a cottage in Windsor Park, (now pulled down as affording a dangerous refuge for rats on the royal demesne,)—we who piled up the lath-and-plaster palace at Pimlico,—we who set up the brazen image in Hyde Park,—we who have been voting million after million for raising the royal attics here, and remodelling the royal hencoops and pig-styes there,—have actually lavished the sum of £50,000 for the construction of a conservative temple for the Fine Arts, in the metropolis! This will do! Brother Jonathan has reason to be proud of us! Why, we might have boarded the nine muses at Crockford's

Bazaar for very little more money; or the pictures might have been deposited at the Pantechnicon. But a NATIONAL GALLERY, to become a *lasting* monument of penuriousness or bankruptcy,—a stigma on the taste of the reigning sovereign, worse than the exclamation of George II., “I hate bainting and boetry; who is this rascally Hogart that laughs at my Guards?”—Forbid it, shades of the Medici!

A CONUNDRUM.—A noble poet of the day, a man of wit and fashion about town, contributed some charades to a new fashionable periodical; the solution of which was promised for the following number. In the interim, his Lordship having forgotten the words expressed in the charades, went about bewailing his loss. “Can’t recollect your words?” said a rival scribbler. “Depend upon it *you have eaten them up*!”

ROYAL GOSSIPS.—It appears established as an axiom of modern kingmanship, that an anointed sovereign may speak, but must, on no account, presume *to talk*. Louis Philippe, the vicissitudes of whose life are probably more remarkable than those of any other individual in Europe, (with the exception of Baron Geramb, formerly of Carlton House, but now of La Trappe notoriety,) has contracted, it seems, a tendency to narration, extremely irksome to his courtiers, and still more so to his ministers of state. Professed story-tellers, and that-reminds-me-of-an-anecdote people, are in all situations of life inexpressibly tedious as companions; but, when connected with

“The ceremony that to great ones ‘longe,’”

nothing can be more calamitous than the propensity thus exhibited by His Most Christian Majesty of the French. When we consider, however, the ten volumes of frivolous personal reminiscences bequeathed to us by his invaluable preceptress, who, to the day of her death, was in the habit of lecturing him in a quotidian billet of advice, beginning, “*Sire, mon très cher enfant,*” we are almost inclined to pity and forgive the mingled diffuseness and circumstantiality which distinguishes the royal gossip of the Palais Royal. So regular indeed are the intermission and recurrence of his favourite anecdotes, that the Queen and courtiers are said to note the hours of the day by “I recollect when I was an usher in Switzerland;” “I remember just before the action of Genappe;” or, “It occurs to me that, when I was a school-master in the United States.” The King of the Belgians is stated, by the Carliats’ journals, to have returned to Lacken, minus a button on the right breast of all his coats and uniforms; lost in defending himself against the thrice-told tales of his illustrious father-in-law.

INCREASE OF CRIME AND DIMINUTION OF PUNISHMENT.—It has recently been noticed, with surprise, by many contemporary periodicals, that *boiling to death* was formerly included among the penalties of our criminal law, and that some half-dozen persons were publicly boiled in Smithfield, for poisoning and other enormities. We see nothing very wonderful in the fact! It stands to reason that the first institution of legal tribunals, in any country, in any era, must be enforced and upheld by magnitude of penalties and inflexibility in their infliction; and, moreover, that the quantity and quality of punishment should be commensurate with the civilization and refinement of the land. When life itself was an incessant struggle with hardship and privation, boiling or pressing to death were proportionate modes of punishment. Confluent on bread and water in an airy prison would have been luxury to one of our Celtic ancestors; and it is only in our own machinery-triumphant age of do-nothingness that the sufferings of a month on the tread-mill can be duly appreciated. If the march of luxury should go on with its present speed, and the progress of national enervation continue, we have no doubt that in process of time misdemeanours will be chastised by a ride in a cart without springs; and felons of note be awarded to a year’s imprisonment, without the use of knife, fork, or spoon; while a trespassing lord will be sentenced to dine without soup or fish, or to sleep on a flock bed. In the year 1832, a fine lady, convicted of infanticide, will be made to

Die of a rose in aromatic pain;

and the sentence be quite as barbarous as the *pain forte et dure* of the middle ages.

SYMPTOMS OF LITERATURE.—Captain Skinner, in his *Oriental Sketches*, recently published, informs us, that the natives of Ceylon, having no other substitute for writing paper than the thin leaves of the Ola, use an iron pen, which they support in the thumb-nail of the left hand, allowed to grow for that purpose; and that a literary

man is discovered by such a mark. Perhaps, had a similar custom prevailed in Great Britain, the Author of Junius would have been detected in the person of some mild Lord of the Bedchamber, or silver-tongued Silver Stick; and, even in the present day, what mysteries might be developed! The *Messenger des Chambres* announces to the news-lovers of Europe, that Sir Robert Peel officiates as the Editor of the Morning Post; while "*Horace Swiss*, (they have not exactly hit it to a T,) *Sir Charles Wetherell, et autres jeunes fashionables*," act as redactors of the Albion! Now if the notchery of the Cingalese men of letters were but introduced among our own literati, we should be enabled to nail them in a minute!

#### THE CANONIZATION OF PRINCES.—

"The fickle breath of popular applause"

is scarcely less impeachable for its application than for its mutability. Kings, Kaisers, and Princes hereditary, must assuredly find it very difficult to compute their chances of popularity, by any given law of precedent or probability. *Louis le Bien aimé* was by half his subjects styled *Louis l'Inévitable*; Ferdinand, the well-beloved, is alternately execrated as a tyrant, or despised as an idiot; and *Henri le Dieu donné* has, by the nation on whom he was bestowed, been *donné à tous les diables*. But of all the instances of public waywardness on record, the most remarkable is the case of the late Duke of York!—a man lamented from one end of the kingdom to the other,—idolized by the army—and honoured by a public monument; although it is universally known that his domestic life was a disgrace to himself, and that his public life reflected little honour on the country. His unfortunate expedition to Holland, the lamentable exposure connected with the discharge of his duties as Commander-in-Chief, and above all, his most un-statesmanlike, and most un-Englishmanlike "So help me God" declaration against the Roman Catholics, would have covered any other Prince with obloquy; and it has been ascertained, through the investigation recently set on foot by his creditors, that his Royal Highness died an insolvent debtor to the amount of £150,000! A certain convivial good-humour, and considerable stanchness in his private friendships, appears to have formed a limit to the "virtues of this most popular Prince of the House of Brunswick," who has been canonized by Party writers, in defiance of every rule of common sense or public decency.

**ROYAL PATRONS OF FREEDOM.**—We think it is Jean Paul who observes, that many princes and ministers affect to regard the liberty of the subject as a feather in their cap; and in this resemble Mephistophiles, who, wearing the cock's feather in his bonnet,\* is scared away by his cry. The truth is, that the freedom which finds favour in the eyes of hereditary rulers is not that which benefits the people, but that which benefits themselves. The butcher, knowing that a certain portion of exercise is necessary for his flock, provides it for them; and princes, knowing that men pine and grow rusty without an allowance of self-will, indulge them. They would have a man preserve as much independence of spirit as goes to make him cheerful, and a good workman. They know, that a proper quantity of fixed air makes their champagne sparkle, and that a little more will break their musty bottles. They calculate, to a nicety, so much of this rare provender will enable a man to bear a stout burden; but so much will make him as strong as myself, and then he will no longer submit to be my drudge, but will set up on his own account. The moral of all this is, that free institutions and free-men never can be patronized by princes. "Who would be free themselves must strike the blow."—Pedro is not quite such a brute as Miguel; and Louis Philippe has less power, if not less will, than Charles X., to be a despot—that is all the difference.

\* According to popular superstition in Germany, the feather of a cock's tail in his cap is an indispensable part of the Devil's costume.

# MONTHLY REGISTER.

## POLITICAL HISTORY.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

**DURING** the vacations of the Legislature, it is often difficult to mark the progress of events during so short a space as a month. Public feeling, and the acts to which it impels, are continually advancing, but frequently with a silent and imperceptible motion. The enactments of the Legislature are the final expressions of what was once an isolated individual will, diffused gradually through the bulk of the nation, heaving uncertainly on the billows of opinion like the unavailing plunges of a ship at anchor, now advancing, now seeming to retrograde; at last spreading over all, and impressing the ostensible lawgivers, the organs of the moral sense of the community, either with conviction, or the feeling that resistance is unavailing. As in the mind of man the first promptings to action are vague and unsusceptible of being distinctly apprehended and retained in the memory, so, in society, the growth of opinion can scarcely be made the subject of an intelligible narrative. Results alone can be distinctly described. Since the dissolution of Parliament, the country has been preparing for new exertions—the cloud has been re-charging itself with electric matter.

**THE ELECTIONS.**—The canvass for seats in the first reformed Parliament is now universal. According to a calculation made about the end of August, there were then in the field as candidates:—

### FOR ENGLAND.

Members of the Old Parliament, -	{ For Reform, 248
	{ Against, 74
New Men, -	{ For Reform, 174
	{ Doubtful, 60
	{ Against, 66

### FOR WALES.

Members of the Old Parliament, -	{ For Reform, 15
	{ Against, 9
New Men, -	{ For Reform, 3
	{ Doubtful, 1
	{ Against, 1

### FOR IRELAND.

Members of the Old Parliament, -	{ For Reform, 60
	{ Against, 27

New Men, -	{ For Reform, 37
	{ Doubtful, 3
	{ Against, 11

### FOR SCOTLAND.

Members of the old Parliament, -	{ For Reform, 24
	{ Against, 15
New men, -	{ For Reform, 41
	{ Doubtful, 10
	{ Against, 15

The data, however, upon which this calculation rested were in many instances erroneous or insufficient, and there has been a good deal of shifting since it was made. The constituency, which has to make its choice out of these candidates, will be found considerably narrower than was anticipated in England, Wales, and in all probability Ireland. This is owing to the provision that throughout the empire no person shall be entitled to be registered as a voter who has not paid his assessed taxes before a certain day; and in England, no person who has not likewise paid all rates due by him up to the same period. This is palpably unjust. In the first place, some distinction ought to have been made between the right to be registered as a voter, and the right to exercise the privilege. A temporary bar like the non-payment of any tax, ought not to prevent a man from getting upon the roll, or put him to the expense of a double application. In the second place, we cannot see why a man's being behind hand with Government is more likely to interfere with a due exercise of the franchise than his being behind hand with any other creditor. Lastly, we cannot see, even supposing there be such a mysterious demoralizing power in the relation of debtor to a government, which is itself one of the rankest and most notorious debtors in existence, why a man must be clear of all local burdens before he can act in a public manner. In England, the oppressive effects of this clause have been felt most heavily. The workings of ill-framed and misapplied poor-laws have rendered the whole frame of society so unhealthy, that a load of this kind is severely felt. In Scotland, where confirmed habits of self-



reliance prevail more—where a great class of those who are “constantly on poverty’s brink,” tread their perilous path with a surer foot,—an exertion has been necessary, but has been more uniformly made with success. The entire novelty of the situation of the electors may not have been without its influence. With a few exceptions, the conduct of the liberal candidates, as far as it has come within the sphere of our knowledge, has been fair, and what it ought to be. Were we to complain of anything, it would be a want of definitiveness and precision on the part of the declarations of many of them. Doubts are held by some as to specific pledges. They rank under the category of vows or promissory oaths, respecting the character of which the reader may consult Bentham’s *Book of Fallacies*, page 82, *et seq.* Still it is possible for a man, without tying up his hands, to show by his words that he has distinct views of what general measures are necessary, and is prepared to act up to them. “What we complain of on the part of many liberal candidates, on the part of all who are identified with the Whig party, is an affectation of mystery. “Political science is a thing so abstruse as to be beyond the comprehension of the multitude, and might be attended with dangerous consequences if discussed openly. The people are so apt to run away with general conclusions. An abstract principle is so apt to be misapplied.” We tell these gentlemen that plain speaking is called for. Mystification always smells of legerdemain. The man who will not speak his mind freely, “though the blank verse should halt for it,” if he have not made up his mind to act dishonestly, has not at all events made up his mind to act honestly. This is the impression naturally, necessarily, and justly made on the minds of all plain unlettered men by humming and hawing, and looking more than you say. The defeated faction, the anti-reformers are, from the very necessity of their case, forced into double-dealing. Great allowances must be made for men who deal with people newly come to their estate, in the hopes of ousting them out of it. We have seen only one address to the electors of any district which speaks decidedly the Tory language; and even that is much after the fashion that we have heard some refugees speak French. They had been long enough in this country to lose their own language, but not to acquire English. The English Tories have discovered that the Church needs repairs—we mean reform. The English Tories, that the extension of the franchise will be a benefit to Scotland.

The Irish—but Old Nick himself might be puzzled to find a proper appellation for the Irish ascendancy faction. It owes its existence to freedom of thought and utterance, and would deny it to all others. It rests its title to the possession of power to a violent revolution of no distant date, and would claim for it the superstitious reverence paid to existences whose commencement dates beyond memory. It is the strong arm claiming the attributes of reason. It is an attempt to give perpetuity to one moment of a state of transition. It is the most complete practical bull Ireland ever made, and has been attended with the worst consequences. But be the ascendancy boys what they may, even their most sweet voices have been comparatively stilled by the prospect of the coming elections. Mealy-mouthed, however, though our old enemies are, their conduct is as bad as ever. They deceive one voter, they bully another (*quietly*, as one of Robert Chambers’ heroes would say,) and they endeavour to lame their adversaries by all sorts of legal quibbling. It will not do. The next Parliament will finish their beloved system, and every succeeding one will add to the number of clear-sighted, firm, reflective, and bold legislators. “Wait till we see how the Reform Bill works, and then we will know whether the ballot be called for.” It is in the state of transition that the ballot is most necessary. *Veterans* may be brought to stand fire on a bare field. It is the recruits that need to be trained to the business, by bush-fighting and barricade work.

**BANK CHARTER.**—This is a subject about which the public mind is at present much busied, without entertaining any very clear notions of the extent or bearing of the question. Every periodical discusses it, but none with precision or mastery of the topic; and readers pay to their disquisitions the toll of a languid attention. People know that it is time they were making up their minds, but know not to whom they ought to apply for council. The Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry is now allowed, on all hands, to have been a bubble. It came to no conclusion, and indeed, by the nature of its inquiries could not. Among the popular leaders Mr. ATTWOOD of Birmingham, and Mr. COBBETT, if not the soundest teachers on this point, are at least the loudest. The *Birmingham Journal*, reporting the proceedings at a meeting of the Council of the Union, said “Mr. Charles Jones spoke in refutation of Mr. Cobbett’s doctrines on the currency.” Roused by this remark, COBBETT dispatched on the 19th of August, a challenge to the Political

Council of Birmingham to hold a public disputation on the subject, which was accepted by Mr. ATTWOOD and Mr. JONES, in a letter dated the 22d. The meeting took place in BEARD's Repository in Birmingham, on the 29th of August, and was resumed on the 30th. The question put was:—"Whether it is best, for the safety and welfare of the nation, to attempt to relieve the existing distress by an action on the currency, or by an equitable adjustment of the taxes, rents, debts, contracts, and obligations, which now strangle the industry of the country." The result of the meeting was just what might have been expected: both sides claim the victory. Disinterested parties, however, are agreed that each has confuted the doctrines of the other. "An action on the currency" is a gentle term for an act enabling debtors to pay in a depreciated currency. An "equitable adjustment" is an impossibility. What are to be assumed as the limits of the before and after? What array of inquisitors will be able to arrange all the pending obligations of so large a mercantile country as ours? Have we not law-suits and references to arbiters enough already? Mr. CORBETT, we see, demands that a fine of £1000, imposed upon him in 1809, for publishing an article on military flogging in his Register, be refunded, but whispers not one word of his willingness to receive a less sum on account of Peel's bill having since raised the value of money. As little does he advert, in bringing this claim, to a favourite argument of his own, when speaking of the liability of the nation to pay the debt, that it was incurred by the borough-mongers; that recourse lies against them alone. A discussion on the subject of the Bank Charter and the currency, has been announced in the National Union, but has not yet taken place. The mixture of boldness and caution displayed by this body on all occasions, and the tact which it has ever shown in discerning the limits within which a Union ought to act, are above all praise.

**IRELAND: TITHES: REPEAL OF THE UNION.**—The tithe war proceeds in Ireland. Mr. Stanley's bill for compulsory adjustment has had, at least, the effect of stirring up the people to overstep the limits of passive resistance. The parish of Brinny, near Bandon, has been valued under that act, and the auspices of a large party of lanciers. Some Roman Catholic gentlemen, in the neighbourhood, succeeded in persuading the people to submit. The next step of the authorities was to procure several persons who had taken

part in anti-tithe meetings some months ago—some in the parish of Bandon, others at Buttevant—bound over to appear at the Cork assizes. Nothing dismayed, however, a large anti-tithe meeting was held in the neighbourhood of Waterford, on Sunday, the 2d September, Mr. WYSE, M.P. in the chair. The Mayor of the city announced, that Mr. Stanley having been informed of the intended meeting, had favoured him with a special injunction to watch over its proceedings. His honour thought his mere presence would be enough; and, although very strong resolutions were passed, the orderly conduct of the meeting throughout justified his confidence. Reports have been spread through the country, that the peasantry are poisoning the tithe hay. This is done as a joke, but it is one of those savage jokes which come only from embittered spirits. On Wednesday, the 5th of September, the grand explosion took place. A party of the 14th Infantry are stationed at Buttevant, and a party of the 92d at Castletown-roche. Both stations are situated on a feeder of the Blackwater, the latter at the junction of the streamlet with that river. Doneraile lies on the same rivulet, nearly half-way betwixt the places we have named. On Wednesday, the 5th, the clergyman of the parish of Wallstown, in the neighbourhood of Doneraile, proceeded with his proctors to value the tithes, attended by some of the neighbouring magistrates, a party of armed police, and a party of the 14th from Buttevant. The parishioners collected, armed with wattle, stones, pitch-forks and reaping-hooks; and formed behind the hedges. One or two fields were valued with great difficulty. The Riot Act was read several times. The soldiers were ordered to load with ball; the word being given ostentatiously loud, in the hopes of intimidating the people. After upwards of two hours had been thus spent, a reinforcement of sixteen men of the 92d arrived from Castletown-roche. Admiral Evans (one of the magistrates) said to the people, "I'll go on my knees to entreat you to go home, and allow the persons to proceed in valuing the parish." For a moment they were rendered undecided, and gave back, but soon re-assumed the attitude of opposition. Several of them addressed the soldiers—"We'll not harm you, but we will these d—d Peelers," (the police.) For half an hour longer this bloodless opposition continued; the party supporting the valuers attempting to advance, the peasantry impeding their progress. The passions of both parties were now effectually roused. *The clergyman remained on the ground*

*the whole time.\** At last, a boy from among the crowd neared their armed opponents; whether from childish frowardness, or at the instigation of some person in the crowd, does not appear. A policeman desired him to keep off; on which three or four of the most determined of the peasantry brought their pitch-forks to a charging level, and said, "Strike him if you dare; if you do, by G—d we'll run you through." About the same time the son of the clergyman, while officiating as one of the valutors, was struck at with a stick, and Mr. Low, a magistrate, was hit with a stone. The police now closed with the people, and attempted to take some men prisoners, who were liberated as fast as they were secured. The crowd pressed forward, and the magistrates sought refuge behind the soldiers. General Annealey (a magistrate) directed the officer commanding the detachment of the 14th to make face, and the officer in command of that from the 92d to move round and charge the mob in the rear. In a few minutes the 92d were seen charging the people up hill. The struggle between the police and the people continued, and some stones were thrown in the direction of the magistrates; whereupon these dignitaries gave the word, hurriedly, "Fire! fire! fire!" The commanding officer did not repeat the order, but two-thirds of the soldiers discharged their muskets at the clamour of the magistrates. Ten or twelve of the peasantry were wounded, and four killed. The crowd, which might amount to about 800 persons, then dispersed, on all sides. Warrants were subsequently issued for the apprehension of individuals who had taken part in the affray. The small farmers and labourers of the district have been driven, by this event, to desperation, and do not hesitate to express the inveteracy of their longings for vengeance. It is not the empty clamour of a momentary excitement, but the half-suppressed language of frenzied resolution. Few remarks are necessary upon an occurrence so hackneyed in Ireland. The personal hatred between the supporters and the opponents of tithes is daily growing in intensity. The peasantry, even in the moment of slaughter and red-handed opposition, remember to distinguish between the police, whose hearts are with their oppressors, and the military, who are mere instruments. The question at issue between the parties is, Are tithes to continue? No, say the peasantry; "they are horribly unjust and oppressive. We can-

not, and will not, pay them any more." "Very true," say a great majority of their opponents; "but legal etiquette requires that you should pay them until we agree to their removal, and when that will be we do not know." The sufferings of the peasantry are nothing, but the dignified starchy consistency of the parsons' defenders is a holy thing. A law as to the injustice of which, almost all are agreed, must be maintained, to minister occasion to heart-burnings and blood-shed, until Master Justice Overdo's warrant be obtained for dispensing with it. These wise-acres would have been burning witches to this day, if the statute had not been luckily and lawfully abrogated.—No wonder, that, under such circumstances, the question of repeal is mooted. We differ, however, from some of its supporters thus: The Irish and English are much more the same people than the English and Scotch were at the time of our Union. Their interests are identical, and a parliament chosen by the free voice of the people will soon show this. It is not the transference of the seat of legislature from Dublin to London that has created absenteeism: one-half of these runagates are attracted by the court, and the other waste their time and substance in foreign countries. Making Dublin the seat of legislature instead of London might increase the wealth and population of that city, but would have no perceptible effect upon the rest of the island. The communication between London and Ireland is now as direct and uninterrupted as between London and Scotland, and rather more so. The maintenance of an incorporating union has a tendency to prevent paltry jealousies, to promote mercantile and social intercourse, and to strengthen against external aggression. Viewed abstractly, every thing is in favour of the incorporating union between the two kingdoms. Here then we take our stand. If it shall be found that a Reformed Parliament denies justice to Ireland, we have no right to hold that island to an unjust bargain. There is no help for it; we must separate. The Irish would be base slaves did they not insist upon this. But when we hear some of Ireland's most respected patriots propounding first one demand and then another, all just and indispensable in themselves, and then (supposing all granted,) bawling for a repeal of the Union as a crowner—that measure only defensible as a means of obtaining the rest, when all other plans fail—it fairly takes away our breath. We are anxious to preserve the Union, because we believe it to be for the benefit of all parties. A constitutional King is a respectable broomstick; a name

\* There is no church in the parish of Wallstown; and, exclusive of the clergyman's family, only one Protestant.

under which his Ministers reign and decree justice. Such a moppet cannot hold two broad islands together. We must be one people, one and indivisible, or we must part company. To us Ireland is dear as Scotland,—the county Kildare as Mid-Lóthian,—the Shannon as the Clyde. Our hearts are one, and if fair means can keep us together, we shan't separate this bout.

#### THE CONTINENT.

FRANCE.—The death of young Napoleon will simplify French politics a little. His adherents never could have influenced the destinies of the nation, but they were numerous enough to kick up an occasional row, and it is as well to have their mouths stopped. They will now merge "as wit and fortune will," or as the destinies decree," into the Republicans, Carlists, or Philippians. Some greese have been cackling portentously about the departure of the ex-family from Great Britain. The truth is, that so long as a scion of Napoleon formed part of the Austrian Court, that power had no need of the Bourbons. Now that they have lost him, they wish to hold another court eard in their game with France. It is scarcely fair slipping in extra honours from a rejected pack in this manner: but Austrian consciences are not very particular. A family compact between LOUIS PHILIPPE and his cousins respecting the throne of France has been hinted at. If this be true, the sooner he is sent packing, the better. There is nothing recent, of importance, in the internal arrangements of France. No stable ministry has yet struck root. The Duchess of BERRI is supposed to be still hovering like an evil spirit within the march of La Vendée.

GERMANY.—All is yet silent. Austria and Prussia seem to be taking a thought. There is, however, no chance of their retracing their steps. The danger was too urgent. It was not the loud journalists in the south of Germany alone that terrified them. It was the universality of constitutional principles. There is now before us a German literary journal, containing among other matter, a review of the political pamphlets and larger works which appeared during the month of April 1832. The list is a long one, and the legitimates are in a portentous minority. Few of these works are declamatory: they are pieces of tough, hard-headed reasoning. And to this literary congress scarcely a district of Germany but what has sent its representative. This quiet, unostentatious, innumerable array it is at which the protocol is in reality aimed. Let the crown-

ed oppressors once disperse the *maraudes*, and they will find an apology for attacking the main body without a declaration of war. They are not faltering in their purpose, but biding their time. The liberal party must be equally alert. There are symptoms of a spirit in Germany which keep hope alive; flames hovering over the surface, indicative of the glow beneath. But there must be union and mutual understanding. The foundations of a federal union of the people of Germany, not of her princes merely, must be laid. The patriots in the different states must be prepared to rise at once whenever the tyrants loose their ban-dogs upon any one of them. The foundation of every stately and stable building must be laid deep in the earth. What is it, that the citizens of Wurtemberg enter into a solemn league and covenant; that the brave burghers of Hanau refuse to forego their municipal rights, at the bidding of an armed force; that the commons of Hanover stand firm to their faith? They must be prepared to act in concert. Their princes are ready to sink down into an aristocracy as soon as Austria and Prussia have settled which power is to wear the crown of Germany. They have sold themselves to the oppressors. The people of Germany have no trust but in themselves and in their union. Humanity, policy, or timidity on either side, or on both, may postpone the day of decision, but the contest has begun. The bold step of issuing the protocol has rendered retreat impossible. Germany must sooner or later be a republic or a despotism. The issue does not seem to hurry on; there is time for preparation left. If the Germans fail, they will be undeserving of pity.

Pedro and Miguel continue to grin at each other like two weak curs. Switzerland is arming. Holland and Belgium are manœuvring. The rest of Europe sleeps the sleep of despotism—which is that of death.

#### UNITED STATES.

PRESIDENT Jackson is in the matter of literary polish inferior to his predecessors. He is not perhaps more violent than they were, for a *dourer devil* than Jefferson could not well be, and even the gentle bustling Adams I. had a temper of his own; but he is a soldier and a backwoodsman, and not always master of the *suaviter in re*. He has shewn, however, since his accession to office, how successfully strong natural powers can compensate the want of diplomatic experience, and how well an intelligent and honest man may redeem the bad consequences of occasional *brusqueries*. His intrepidity

In putting his veto on the bank bill, is put in the fairest light by his message to Congress, of the 10th of July. This document is worthy the attention of England; it contains much that bears directly on the question of the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street's modest request for a renewal of her lease. The excellent temper, and sound reasoning of that document, shew how useful the somewhat invidious power of the veto may become, when placed in the hands of men who are responsible for their actions, and selected by the voice of a nation, because of their approved fitness for office. The presidential election is hastening on, and highly though we esteem more than one of Mr. Jackson's competitors, we are most anxious that, under the direction of one who has so well, so improvingly dis-

charged the duties of his high office, a constitutional question should be decided, which has been ripening rapidly of late years, and must soon fall to be determined—the question of the limits of the sovereignty of Congress. This is the question which forms the real ground of difference between the only two great parties in America, and unfortunately it has assumed somewhat of a local character, threatening dissension between the southern and eastern states. We watch the issue without any serious alarm, yet not altogether at our ease. The eyes of the world are on the United States. The dissolution of their Union would do yeoman's service to all the friends of old abuses in Europe.

## STATE OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

SEPTEMBER, 1832.

The improvement which we have long anticipated in the state of commerce and manufactures is now beginning to be realized. That it has been so long delayed is to be ascribed, in a very great measure, to the continued prevalence of cholera in the principal seaports and manufacturing towns. This disease has done much more to paralyze the operations of trade, than could easily be believed by those who have not made extensive inquiries on the subject. We do not allude merely to the effect produced on our export trade by the quarantine regulations of foreign countries, some of which are so rigorous as to be almost prohibitory, nor by the lessened demand for British goods in those countries which, like ourselves, have been afflicted with the disease; but more particularly to the great diminution of internal intercourse and traffic, caused by the existence of the cholera in our large towns. We know many instances, where even the eager spirit of trade has been overcome by the dread of pestilence; where the wool grower and farmer have been deterred from attending the wool fairs and corn markets with their produce; where the merchant has been kept away from the manufacturer, and the manufacturer from the merchant; where shopkeepers have been prevented from going to their usual markets for goods, and commercial travellers from visiting their customers. The dread of cholera has always been much greater where the disease did not prevail than where it did, and generally its terrors

were magnified exactly in proportion to its distance. The shopkeepers in most of the large towns, who have suffered considerably during the last six months, can distinctly trace the falling off of their business to the chilling, repulsive, and terrifying effects of this disease. Within that period it has spread throughout most of the populous districts of England, Scotland, and Ireland; it is now dying away in several of the principal towns, though we fear that the extent of its prevalence in the country is rather widening than narrowing.

In spite, however, of this serious and protracted cause of depression in trade, a very decided improvement has become apparent within the last month. The stocks of traders of every description had fallen so low that it had become necessary to replenish them. The fall of the year set the manufacturers in activity to make goods for the winter season. A bounteous harvest has raised the spirits, and enlarged the means of the farmer. And the profound tranquillity, which reigns throughout Great Britain, forming so striking a contrast with the universal agitation and apprehension which prevailed whilst the Reform Bill was in jeopardy, has restored confidence, and removed one of the principal obstacles to the activity and extension of commerce.

The harvest is the most plentiful which has been known for many years, and the great bulk of the wheat crops have been well secured. In the north of England, and in Scotland, a considerable quantity

of corn has been injured by the rains; but the injury is not serious, and though it has prevented the harvest from being so splendid as was anticipated last month, it will not prevent the enjoyment of abundance, and a comparatively low price of provisions. In any country, but more particularly in one cursed with an unnatural and oppressive corn law, a plentiful harvest is a vast creation of substantial wealth. It fills the pockets of the farmer, who soon transfers a large portion of his gains to the shopkeeper and manufacturer; and, above all, it greatly ameliorates the condition of the bulk of the population, the working classes. On the other hand, as the English corn law has made the trade in grain little better than a gambling adventure, the bounty of Providence will in all probability be the ruin of many corn-merchants who hold foreign grain and flour in bond. The harvest having been very abundant in Holland, Germany, Denmark, Poland, and France, there will be no possibility of re-exporting the foreign corn now in our bonded warehouses, without submitting to an enormous loss. The quantity of foreign wheat in bond at London in the early part of September was 313,852 quarters, besides 106,385 cwt. of flour; and, notwithstanding the falling price, upwards of 30,000 quarters have been liberated in one week, paying the enormous duty of 24s. 8d. A great fall has taken place in the price of grain within the last two months, and especially within the last month. In the middle of July the average price of wheat, according to the official statement, was 67s. 8d. per quarter; in the middle of August, it was 64s. 7d.; and in the middle of September, it was 58s. A further decline will no doubt take place before the close of the month.

Since our last, the two great manufactures of the country, the cotton and the woollen, have experienced a decided improvement. There is an increased demand for goods, and the prices, both of the raw material and the manufactured article, are looking upwards. In LONDON, trade continues very dull. The Baltic timber trade suffers more and more, in consequence of the absurd preference given by our legislature to the bad timber of Canada over the good timber of the Baltic. The corn market, from circumstances above mentioned, is, of course heavy. The wool market, on the other hand, is steady, and prices are looking upwards.

The market for colonial produce is very flat. Within the last month a fall of from 1s. to 2s. per cwt. has taken place in sugar, and there is a similar reduction in Jamaica coffee.

Within the last few weeks higher prices have been obtained in London than the staplers could obtain from their customers in Yorkshire; which may be ascribed in part to the small quantity of German wool brought to the market, and in part to the activity of the manufacturers in the West of England. At the German Wool Fairs this year, the German, Belgian, Swedish, and Russian manufacturers were unprecedently bold and eager in their competition with the English buyers; and the fact is, that the woollen manufactures of the continent, and especially those of Germany, are rapidly on the increase. That country supplies itself entirely with superior qualities of woollens, and only comes to England for the lower qualities, of which, however, a large quantity is still sent.

THE COTTON MANUFACTURE is improving in every branch. There is an increased demand for goods and yarn of all descriptions. About the middle of the month, owing to the great consumption of the raw material, the price of cotton rose in the markets of Liverpool, Glasgow, and London, 1s. 4d. per pound; and, to a certain extent, this advance has been realized on goods and yarns, though in some cases, not quite to the extent of the advance on cotton. There is, however, a strong probability, that the manufacturers will be able to command a price, proportionate to the cost of the raw material. The cotton factors of Lancashire are in full work, and the weavers are also generally employed, though at very low wages; the same may be said of the cotton trade of Glasgow. The spinners' profits continue to be miserably small. At Liverpool, trade has been exceedingly brisk. Large arrivals have been followed by extensive sales, at improving prices. The sale of dyeing wares and woods, which affords a good test of the activity of manufactures, has been slack both in London and Liverpool for several months past; but during the last month a considerable improvement has taken place, at least in the important article of indigo. On the 13th instant, there was an unusually large sale of indigo, comprising 729 chests of East India, and 4 serons of Guatemala, and, with the exception of only 6 chests, the whole sold with spirit at an advance of 3d to 4d per pound on the prices of the sales on the 2d August.

THE WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE participates in the general improvement of the country; though the manufacturers of Yorkshire are much harassed and fettered in their operations, by a Trades' Union, unprecedented in its extent and power, and sometimes dictatorial and unreasona-

ble in its conduct. The demand for the best kinds of woollens still continues slack, both for the home trade and exportation. There are but few London buyers in the market, and these purchase sparingly. For low qualities of woollens, including blankets, flannels, and baizes, the demand is brisk and steady; in consequence of which the price of English wools is looking upwards. The cloth halls of Leeds and Huddersfield are becoming rather bare of goods, and the domestic manufacturers, by whom the coarse woollens are generally made, are actively employed. Preparations are already making by some of the manufacturers to avail themselves of the New American Tariff; which will admit the lowest qualities of woollens into the United States, after the 3d of March next, at the trifling duty of 5 per cent, *ad valorem*. At Rochdale, Bury, and Rossendale, where flannels and baizes are chiefly made, there is considerably more activity than there has been for the last six months; one of the best proofs and fruits of which is an advance of wages voluntarily made by the masters.

THE WORSTED STUFF TRADE is unusually active, and a great amount of business is weekly done at the Bradford market. A slight advance has taken place in the price of some kinds of goods, and the rise is expected to become general. The demand is both for home consumption and exportation.

In the United States, trade has been brought to a stand, in the great commercial cities of New York and Philadelphia, by the ravages of the Cholera. So great was the terror of the inhabitants of the former city, that no less than one hundred thousand persons, nearly one-half of the population, quitted their occupations and homes, and spread themselves over the agricultural districts. The shops and stores were closed, and the whole city wore the aspect of gloom and mourning. By the last accounts it appears that the disease was subsiding, and that commerce was beginning again to be attended to. The existence of this disease will, no doubt, continue greatly to depress trade for several months; and no material revival can be expected until the Spring, when there will, no doubt, be an extensive importation of goods from England.

The markets on the eastern coast of South America, have, within the last few months, experienced a wonderful improvement. Owing to the want of confidence in the new Brazilian Government, few goods were sent out to that country, for many months after the expulsion of the Emperor. There became, therefore,

a great scarcity of manufactured goods at Rio de Janeiro, Pernambuco, and Bahia; in consequence of which, the exchange rose in a few months from 22 up to 43. This favourable turn in the exchanges, the continued tranquillity of the country under the new Government, and the improved demand which the Brazilians had for their Coffee in consequence of the partial destruction of the Coffee crops in Jamaica, combined to give an extraordinary stimulus to exportation; and great quantities of British Manufactures have been sent, and are now going to those markets. The increased confidence in the stability of the Brazilian Government, is manifested by the improved price of Brazilian bonds on London, which were at 43½ at the beginning of June, and are now at 52. Trade has also revived at Buenos Ayres, in consequence of the cessation of the civil wars, by which the Argentine Provinces have, for years been afflicted. On the conclusion of peace very few goods were found, and there was speedily a great demand for them; the natural effect of which has been a large exportation from this country. In consequence of our excessive and depreciated paper currency, the exchange at Buenos Ayres, was gradually depressed from 47d. down to 7d.; and, the cause not having been removed, the effect still continues. The good state of the South American markets, has, of course, produced considerable activity at Liverpool, and been a relief to the manufacturing districts of England.

The prospects for the trade of the country, are, on the whole, satisfactory. A heavy load of taxation, and an abominable system of Corn Laws are the main obstacles to mercantile and manufacturing prosperity. So long as the present Corn Laws continue, there can be no reliance on a satisfactory and steady intercourse with the United States; and our manufacturers will find the competition of their European rivals becoming every year more formidable. The abolition of the Corn Laws, or even such an alteration of them as would allow the importation of corn at all seasons, on the payment of a moderate duty, would give a great stimulus to the industry of the country. A reduction of taxation, and an improvement, on the mode of levying it, would be attended with the same beneficial results. The country looks to a reformed Parliament for the realization of these advantages.

Much as the press of England has done in correcting vulgar errors on commercial subjects, much still remains to be done; for not only amongst persons altogether unacquainted with trade, and amongst those who know nothing of it beyond its

manuscript operations, or the set routine of the counting-house or counter, but amongst extensive merchants, who are also authors and members of Parliament, the grossest ignorance is still displayed of the very elementary principles of commerce. A notable example of this was given the other day at Leeds, where Mr. Michael Thomas Sadler, formerly a linen-draper, but now a linen-merchant, and one of the Duke of Newcastle representatives in the House of Commons, whilst soliciting the suffrages of that great mercantile town, uttered a sentiment which alone ought to induce the electors to reject him as the representative of their interests. Mr. T. B. Macaulay, M.P., a Commissioner of the Board of Control, who, with Mr. John Marshall, jun. is to represent the borough of Leeds in the next Parliament, had declared—

"As I am for freedom of discussion and of worship, so I am also for *freedom of trade*. I am for a system under which we may sell where we can sell dearest, and buy where we can buy cheapest. I firmly believe that, by just legislation on commercial subjects, a great part of that distress which the people of this country labour under may be alleviated or removed."

We rejoice to find a member of the Board of Control so plainly declaring this important principle of free trade. Let Mr. Macaulay apply the principle to the India and China trade, as we have no doubt he will, and the gigantic monopoly of the East India Company will be annihilated in the first session of the reformed Parliament. A man holding this enlarged view of the true interest of British commerce, is worthy to represent a town whose manufactures can only flourish in the atmosphere of freedom; and we rejoice to learn, from what we consider the best authority, that his return for Leeds, and that of his liberal colleague, are secure. Mr. Sadler, who addressed the electors after his honourable competitor, made the following remark on the subject of free trade:—

"As to free trade, he thought it ought to be *reciprocal*; that if we took the silks, wines, and brandies of France, that country ought to take in return the woollens and stuffs of England."

Of course Mr. Sadler leaves it to be inferred that if the trade is not reciprocal, it ought not to exist at all; that if France will not "take the woollens and stuffs of England," neither ought England to take the silks, wines, and brandies of France! This is one of the most vulgar errors of the opponents of free trade, and an error which Mr. Sadler exhibits in naked ab-

surdity. It is astonishing that any man capable of even the lowest operations of reason should not see the folly of acting on such a principle; yet is there a considerable party, both in Parliament and the country, who gravely propound and zealously support it.

It is too well known that France will not admit "the woollens and stuffs of England." By Mr. Sadler's advice, then, we ought to prohibit the "silks, wines, and brandies of France." And how would this mend the matter? It would not induce France to admit English woollens; for we have tried the system of high duties on "silks, wines, and brandies" long enough, in all conscience, without in the smallest degree influencing, except perhaps to confirm, the French absurd anti-commercial policy. We must then either forbid the introduction of French articles altogether, or at least forbid their importation direct from France. In the former case, if the smuggler would allow the prohibition to be of any effect, the English nation would be precluded the use of the only good brandies, and of fine and wholesome wines, for which there is a growing taste in this country. Would this be an advantage? In the latter case, the only effect of the restriction would be, that the brandies and wines of France would be imported from Holland, at a higher price, in order to pay the expenses of two voyages. Perhaps this may seem to Mr. Sadler's judgment the greater national benefit; though we are at a loss to conjecture which branch of the alternative would appear to so perverse and eccentric a mind the more eligible.

It is most evident that this system of commercial retaliation is not merely inflicting punishment upon others, but upon ourselves; a practice to which revenge may urge a child or an idiot, but which one would think no grown man, in possession of the reasonable faculty, much less any great and wise government, could by possibility countenance.

It is doubtless highly desirable, for the sake of extending the commerce of England, to form commercial treaties with other nations on the principle of "reciprocity." Such a system Mr. Sadler seems to recommend; yet who so fierce as he in denouncing the "reciprocity treaties" of Mr. Huskisson? *Reciprocity*, in the ordinary meaning of the word, implies something to be done by both parties; but the "reciprocity" Mr. Sadler demands is one which he must have learnt in his journeys to buy Irish linens, and which consists in the granting of advantages and facilities by other nations to England, but by no means requires that



England should give advantages to them in return. A treaty stipulating that English vessels should be received into Prussian ports on certain advantageous terms, would answer to Mr. Sadler's notion of "reciprocity;" but if it went on to provide that Prussian vessels should be admitted on equally favourable terms into English ports, it would be worthy of all execration!

These are the politicians who would sell to every body, and buy from nobody; who would make the English nation eat gold and clothe themselves with gold, seeing that they would fain receive nothing but gold from abroad; who would subject every article which it is worth while to have free, to the fetters of monopoly; who would exclude foreign com-

modities, and yet call themselves the friends of the shipping interest; who would shut out foreign vessels from our ports, and yet boast themselves the protectors of the manufacturing interest; who would compel the colonies to buy dear English provisions, and yet pretend to be especial friends to the colonies; who would restrict us at home to the consumption of high-priced sugar and bad timber, and yet boast of their kindness to the mother country; who would give a monopoly to every interest, and then boast themselves general benefactors; forgetting, meanwhile, that there were at least as many consumers in the nation as producers, and that a system of all-pervading monopoly is an all-pervading oppression and curse.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**THE NATURAL SON.**\*—This CANTO I. of a plebeian Don Juan, is put forth, we are told, as a pilot-boat or schooner, to ascertain how the *trade-winds* set in. We hope they may blow favourably; as we shall be glad to see the full-freighted vessel come up. The *Natural Son*, with a hundred faults, blemishes, extravagancies, slovenlinesses, indecorums, and deliberate and wilful offences against good taste, is a work to pause on—the production of a vigorous mind in a state of fermentation; and possessed, if we do not flatter ourselves, of strength sufficient to work off its own feculence. As if in contempt of all conventional ideas and habits, and of the theory of Mr. Shandy senior, the writer names his six-foot hero, George Selwyn Short; brings him into life with the brand of bastardy on his forehead, and places him as a serjeant, wearing a blue uniform, in the London Police! His history and adventures are taken up from, and before his birth. His father is a Scottish Peer, his mother, an Irishwoman, (we presume) who dies in her twentieth year, leaving George

About the age when boyhood learns to spell

The peer is seized with remorse and delirium, and follows her to the grave. George is brought "to a pastoral home," near the town of Lynn, is educated with the sons of the neighbouring gentry, and becomes "a master-spirit of the place, excites the envy of his companions, is upbraided by them for the stigma of his birth,"

and resolves to leave his aged tutor. Before we get this length in the adventures of George, we meet with enough that is striking to tempt us onward. The journey to London leads to many stanzas of vigorous and beautiful description; and proves that with all his waywardness and perversity, one has a true man to deal with. A day of godd walking brings our hero to the Greyhound Inn, where

Calling lustily for lights and supper,

he is ministered to, by a mysterious damsel, who stoops to conquer, in guise of the bar-maid; and informs him that

"He should have both his supper and his bed."

And then she gathered up her silk attire,  
And placed the lights upon the polished table;  
Her well-turned form the sculptor might admire,  
And choose it for a model; soft as sable  
Was the black lash that veiled her glance of fire,  
Flashing forbidden beams; would I were able  
To trace those subtle shades, half-love—half-hope—  
Deep, fond, and melting as an antelope,

Roaming, with its young mate, the desert wide:  
The soft, voluptuous swimming of the eyes,  
The small white hand, the lip like scarlet dyed,  
The circling breast, formed to engender sighs  
In man's stern being: have ye seen a bride,  
Led to the altar, in her virgin dyes,  
When her becoming blushes, like a star made  
Light for her lover's heart? so beamed the bar-maid.

Her wild romantic features had a shade  
Of classic Grecian beauty—such as gleams  
From the Medici marble: band nor beard  
Fettered her silken hair, that fell in streams,  
And o'er her neck in rich profusion lay  
A cloud of glossy curls—enriched  
Of living light;  
Now black—no  
darkle.

The damsel's character is as changeable in hue as are her tresses, and George, though

he had studied woman's countenance before now, is rather perplexed. His guitar lures back this tassel-gentle. She warns him against enchanting one "to Sappho near allied," and next tells him,

"When first we met,—for mirth I did intend,  
Your handmaid to have been at this night's  
revel,  
But now, in tooth, I sue to be your friend +  
Touch me that note again, that I may feel  
The rush of sound upon my soul, and blend  
My spirit with the music."

George cannot do less than comply. He sings and plays "My heart and lute." This scene will be more approved by the admirer of poetry than the moralist. The effects of music on this susceptible maiden, of duets in particular, are highly inflammatory and dangerous. The whole scene is an exhibition of abused power. The lady who has been parleying with our hero in this dangerous sort, is singing this closing stanza, when a carriage wheels are heard :—

Go—go to the halls of light, stranger,  
Where woman's breast is free ;  
Where eyes that are sunny bright, stranger,  
Are far more meet for thee.  
'Then away to the festal scenes of men,  
But not dost thy spells in the Haunted Glen.

She springs away, leaving our friend George in a trance, from which he is recalled by the real bar-maid,

Who tended briskly with the supper-tray,  
Square, squab, and fat, and clad in russet grey.

And now

—The sad gaze he cast upon the chicken,  
Were early symptoms that the deer was stricken

However, by certain appliances he recruits, for

Ere soon, he swallowed, like a dolphin, down  
A little sea of ale, from Scotia's good ;—

and Berwick's cordial does not, in his case, belie its quality and character. We do not choose to follow George through his haunted slumber, "tossing in its *tantal* web," but rather long to see one who has the power to compose verses like the following, subject all his dreams, whether sleeping or waking, to thorough purification.

There are deep caves where souls long lulled  
reside,  
Peopling the busy chambers of the brain  
With quick events, that on the stirring tide  
Of memory are linn'd ; and voices vain,  
Lone sounds and shapes, of earth dilate and glide,  
And the night-bend clanks loud her bone-knit  
chain.

Fale visaged forms,—with lips that have no breath,  
Up from the void eternity of sleep,  
Float dimly round us, like a misty wreath—  
A mountain vapour white ; and reptiles creep,  
And dumb black-crawling creatures, lumps of death,  
Sink down in our dream paths, then terrors  
steep  
The brow with moisture

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Next morning George mounts the box of the Red Rover,

Booked "outside" for the British Babylon ;  
is set down at the Bolt-in-Tun ; and being backed by good interest, is enrolled in the *Force*, gathers laurels, wins "teasy Birnie's" sour applause," is promoted to the dignity of sergeant, and yet languishes in the civil service.

Weeks waned ! months waned ! and Selwyn's  
soul grew tired  
Of dogging sin, and the street-harlot pale.

One of his adventures we give, which, in truth and pathos, justifies more than we have said in praise of this singular work :—

"One bitter night he paced near Whitehall Stair :  
The bridge looked lone and tenantless ; the  
lamps

Cast o'er the murky stream a fitful glare,  
Paling the gathered gloom ; the vapoury damp  
Condensed upon his brow ; whilst lonely there,  
In dirt-bedabbled drapery, that stamps  
The carnal sinner, some poor straggler roved—  
Heart-stricken and faint—a victim that had loved.

It was a bitter night—a bleak March night,  
Rainy and raw—the fog crept to the bone :  
In the dim haze, she faded from his sight,  
Leaning her head in anguish on the stone  
Of the cold granite block : her brow—how white—  
How marble pale ! why droops she there alone  
Sad and forlorn ? moaning as one in dread,—  
Her clouded eyes fixed on the river-bed.

Sullen and glazed, and bloodshot,—with the tear  
Quenched in her sockets ; such a look of care,  
So wild and woe-begone, seemed past all fear  
Of mortal suffering ; for black Despair  
Coiled round her bosom, desolate and drear,  
Blasting the founts of hope : she staggered  
there,

Struck by an icy pang, and bowed her knee,  
And gasped and shuddered in her agony.

The veins upon her brow rose purple deep,  
Yet ghastly pallid was her lip and skin,  
As if her gore grew stagnant : then the steep  
She clomb, and strove the parapet to win :  
The last cold shivers through her bosom creep ;—  
She shrinks—she hides her face, down plung-  
ing in :

A stifled shriek, a plash upon the river,  
A struggle, and her breath is quenched for ever.

The gushing waters carried her away,  
And whirled her, in an under-current, strong  
Beneath a stranded barge : there, white she lay,  
Fretting for weeks : in vain the exploring  
throngs

The men of the Humane, the livelong day,  
Dragged for the sunken-corse with their life-  
prong :

One arm was fiercely driven by the flood  
Under the keel and fattered in the wood.

They dragged another day—yet vain the search—  
That sand-bank was her burial-place : then  
darted

Forth from their gulfy pools the pike and perch,  
And glanced in circles round the corse, then  
started

Back to the glassy depths—till, with a lurch,  
The river-shark dashed at it, and departed  
A portion from the breast—and bit away,  
A finny glutton, at the human prey.

Then slime, and mud, and shells, fast settled o'er  
The decomposing body, and the scent  
Gathered together, from the sewer and shore,  
The staid fish fierce, and down the element  
Greedy they dived, and with their knotty beaks tore  
The dotted eyeballs, and the nostrils rent ;  
And fish, and vermin, and the conger eel  
Fed ravenous, and daily made their meal."

H

George is not destined to end his days in the Force. One day loitering on his *beat* in Hyde Park, he encounters the mysterious lady of the Greyhound; who is named *Circe*, otherwise Miss Freeling, the heiress of broad lands, and daughter of the Lady Freeling, who had,—

Had her tutored in the paths of grace,  
For, virtue lends a lustre to the face.

Mother and daughter live with Sir Joseph Orme, a knight and coustier,—the brother of the old lady, and uncle of *Circe*. There is something equivocal, baffling, and withal disgusting, about this part of the story; which, in a prefatory memorandum the writer says is founded on facts of recent occurrence. The writer revels on in his fluent power of description, and we learn that *Circe*'s passing whisper engages the Sergeant to "follow," unheeding his *beat* and the frowns of Sir Richard Birnie, till he traces the lady to Belgrave Square, where, all unknown to her uncle, she smiles, and waves her hand. While George leans "wailing" on the "railing," out issues Cupid's messenger in the form of a negress—

Ah! Massa young—my missle weep for grief!  
Him very joy so great; and gar me flew  
To gib dis note to Massa, "Grab-de-tic  
Wid de blue uniform!"—

The note informs George Short, that *Circe* knows more about him than he seems to know of himself;—he is enjoined to quit the Force—and *Circe* manages that he shall become the Secretary of Sir Joseph.—The family move in autumn to the sea-side—love progresses:—while George performs his duties of secretary

Sad *Circe* lingered near, with her light tread;  
A magic creature, from the land of fairy,  
With voice as sweet as an Eolian lute—  
Her face a passion-flower, her breast its root.

*Circe* had always been fond of the sea-side, it seems, and now her

Gentle heart with rapture beat,  
And her lip welcomed her own ocean's roar,  
Her childhood haunt, and caverns retreat,  
Where she and Selwyn over spars might pore,  
And gather sea-words from the surf and swell,  
And hear the captive billow in the shell.

The canto closes with a highly-wrought, and, in many points a beautiful description of a sea-side adventure of *Circe*'s, though we regret to say, it is not free of the blemishes which run through the whole poem. We have scarcely yet expressed either the fulness of our admiration, or our blame of this anonymous specimen of a work, with which we trust there will be encouragement to proceed; if such encouragement gives motive to amend and purify. Among the many little errors, there are rhymes at the bottom of page 4th which would at once

make shipwreck of a young writer with any Scottish critic of less patience than ourselves,—doom him to grovel in Cockaigne for ever.

THE PILGRIM OF ERIN, and other Poems.\*—Whatever be the calamities of Ireland, no country rejoices in so affectionate a family of children. Her misfortunes endear her to their hearts; her undeserved sufferings, make her sacred in their eyes, and each hastens to lay the tribute of his homage on her altars. These gifts differ immensely in value; but as the motive is alike, she will receive the Young PILGRIM's wild flower, as graciously as the gem of her more gifted sons. The Pilgrim, who tells us he is young, does us the honour to select his motto from *Tail's Magazine*, and dedicates to the King what he wishes to be held as an appeal to England in behalf of his native island. This appeal is made in the Spenserian stanza; the author muses on the departed glories and ancient battle-fields of Ireland, and invokes her patriots and bards, with some facility of description, and glow of feeling. After an apostrophe to the spirits of Emmett, Grattan, and Rowan, (who, by the way, is not yet a disembodied spirit) the Pilgrim argues thus for the fatal wrench which, until the extreme of necessity, Englishmen and Irishmen must alike deprecate:—

As diamond, but by diamond can be cut,  
Defying all less strength, so 'twas thy hand,  
Thy own base, bartered hand, which only put  
The sword into thy breast, which maled the wound  
ALONE could shiver this free, fearless land.  
Through every age in Senate and in fight,  
Thy own worst foe; from Dhermod's traitor band  
To those who sold thy best and dearest right—  
Oh! what can save thee now? There is one word,  
—UNITE!

Unite!—To tyrant hearts, a name of fear,  
It drops like music on the patriot's soul:  
The word is talismanic; let them hear,  
Who sit on thrones, its thunder accents roll,  
And catch the electric, that no Kings control.  
Hark! through the nations to the enchanted word,  
And Europe leaps to liberty—her scroll  
Of gloom thrown back.

After an address to Poland, the writer turns to the fallen walls of Tara:—

Oh! where are Tara's halls? where, where the pile,  
Which glory speaks of, and which Time had zoned  
With years of sanctity? where the long file  
Of all its Monarchs here supremely thrond?  
Where is its harp? and where the bards its strings  
that toned.

Where are its lofty columns?  
Which rose upon them? —  
walls?

Is nothing left save its historic proof?  
And silent they who gathered to its halls.  
Where are its councils? where its festivals,  
When wisdom lightened, or when beauty shone?  
Where are the youths who loved? the hearts  
whose thralls

Were sweet but disappointing as our own.  
The reckless grass hath o'er them many an harvest  
grown.

This may not be very great poetry, but it is a fair specimen of the volume. Of the short pieces we cannot say much. They are given, the author states, to eke out the necessary number of pages, and on the suggestion of the publisher; but there are among them lines which no necessity should have induced the writer to lay before the public.

#### THE DOUBLE TRIAL.\*

This, for a novel, is a curiosity, and almost a nondescript. It combines in a truly Shandean manner, Philosophy, Religion, Political Economy, and the State of Ireland, with the obsolete romance of the beautiful Foundling Heroine, the Spectre and Haunted Chamber. The DOUBLE TRIALS are necessary to develop these intricacies of plot, and restore the heroine, after the ancient and approved manner, to her fortune, titles, and loving and suffering mother.—If this were all, we would make short work with *The Double Trial*, the main interest of which consists in long, rambling, and manifold digressions, connected with every thing in the world save the business on hand. In these the author unfolds his opinions on almost every topic which has been discussed within the last twenty years, and, in doing so, displays much good sense and good, sound, old-fashioned English feeling. The work opens with the description of a *clearing*\* in Ireland, the technical term for the cruel system, (in its immediate effects most cruel), of turning out the cottagers of a district to throw the land into large farms. Mr. Elrington, the agent, an English gentleman bred to the law, is so disgusted with the treatment of the people, that he throws up his situation, and is travelling to Dublin, on his way to England, when he thus overtakes the wretched expatriated cottiers:—

The second day was damper and colder; and they had scarcely proceeded half the former day's distance, when they overtook a very ragged and straggling company. Appearance of wearisomeness and distress was in every countenance. There was no need of asking the cause: evidently some CLEARING had taken place in the neighbourhood. At length, upon a bleak common, their attention was arrested by a group; and a man, approaching the carriage, exclaimed, "In the name of the God of Heaven, can you give a drop of any thing comfortable to a poor young creature that is dying, or is dead?"—Mr. Elrington stopped the car-

riage, got out, and took some refreshments with him. It was all concluded as to the case of the poor woman—she had just expired; and a female child, of about three years of age, was lying over her, with little appearance of life. Mr. Elrington offered some plain cake to the child, which she was unable to take; but she sipped a few drops of a cordial, which seemed greatly to revive her. The party soon passed away, all but the man. The cord, and the driving wind and sleet made every one seek for shelter. "What can be done with the dead body, and the poor child?" said Mr. Elrington.

"It is her own child, and she had better die with her mother," said the man.

"How can you be so inhuman?" exclaimed Mr. Elrington: "Wrap her up, and carry her away in your arms after your company; and take this," giving him a small sum of money, "and endeavour, in the morning, to get the poor creature a burial."

"A burial!" said the man, taking the money; "let the dead bury their dead! In this country, in this place, we outcasts have no home, no priest, no burial-place. I have done what I could, and you may do what you can. When will God be avenged of such a set of rulers as we have? Do you think my Lord Kathemere, who made a *clearing* of us from his estate, will, with the new profit, get finer dresses for his new mistress? I suppose he will go to his box, at his favourite Opera, at Rome to-night? I wish I was close to him at the moment—he should never come out alive!—God bless thee, child! may he take thee with thy mother!"

The man went off hastily, and left Mr. Elrington with the corpse and the child. The driving sleet and cold increased. In vain Mr. Elrington called after the man: it was a case of necessity, and he carried the child to the carriage. It soon revived, and ate some cake; and, as it appeared very weary and sleepy, he wrapped it in a warm cloak, and laid it at the bottom of the vehicle. In answer to some questions of Mrs. Elrington, he said, "I should think the young woman had been dead before the man approached us. She appeared too young to be the mother of the child. The man's language and manners are very unlike those of the common people of the country. We must take the child to Dublin with us, and endeavour to get it into the Foundling Hospital. It is one of the finest Charities in Ireland; and this is a case in which it will not be abused. There was a time, indeed, when this Charity was abused, in a way, I trust, no Charity on the face of the earth will ever experience. Sir John Blagulere brought the case before the *English House of Commons*; for the only sound argument for abolishing the *Irish House of Commons* was, that that Body did nothing for the poor: it would have reformed, like many of our reformers now, but it never seemed disposed to go any further than to better themselves. Tithes were an aggravement; and the *Irish House of Commons*, at one sweep took away the rights of the Clergy to the agistment tithes—that is, my dear, those tithes which

were vexatious (because they had to compound for them) to the nobility and gentry . . . . . But I was speaking of Sir John Blaguseire's Report upon the Foundling Hospital at Dublin. Such a scene of peccation and iniquity never was before exhibited in a Christian country. The grossest neglect was the least evil. So indifferent (or something worse) were the attendants to the summons to take the poor foundlings into the Hospital, that instances were produced before the House of Commons, which proved that, when children had been placed in a receiving trough, and the bell was rung to call for an attendant, the pigs of the establishment ran up, and began devouring them."

The nurse-maid screamed, which is no wonder, and was about falling into hysterics, when Mrs. Elrington exclaims,—

"It must be impossible, my dear Elrington!"

"So we have said upon a thousand points, my love, since we first came to this country, and heard sundry reports; but how many of these strange, horrid, impossible stories have we not found to be true?"

"If experience must decide," said the lady, with a heavy sigh, "I confess it is not safe to disbelieve any thing."

"Laird! Sir," said the servant, driven out of her respectful silence by the soul-appalling account, "why, the very pigs themselves must have been in a state of starvation!"

"Very likely, Jemima," said her master, "if their keepers could get more by starving than by fattening them. This, at least, as to the wretched children, we know to be the fact; for it was proved before the House of Commons by the books kept at the Foundling—and I suppose nobody will argue, that the stewards of the establishment wished to make their own case worse than it really was—it was proved, I say, that within six years preceding the Report in the House of Commons, which was made in the year 1797, 12,786 children had been received, of whom only 135 survived!"

"This was proved before our English House of Commons!" said the lady, with horror.

"Yes, my dear, in the year 1797; and this Report has been well characterized, in a very few words, as 'the most infernal account of systematized murder that ever in any age disgraced any country, civil or savage.'"

"Mercy me!" cried Jemima, emboldened, in the cause of humanity, to make another remark, "what will become of this poor child? It is a pity, as the man said, that she had not died with her mother, or her no-mother; but then, it is to be hoped, that she is at least too big for the pigs."

This extraordinary statement introduces Malthus, who, from this point, re-

ceives a slap on the face at every corner, turning, or winding,—beginning, middle, and end of a chapter, wherever the author can lug him in. This castigation he appears to consider as a religious duty; and he performs it with unflagging zeal. There are several good characters in the work,—transcripts of real flesh-and-blood men and women. We like Harley and his wife, Mrs. Clements, the village merchant, some of the inferior personages, and above all, PUFFETTER, the heroic auctioneer, an unique and original. Some of the scenes look like transcripts of actual experience, and we have no doubt are so. There is a duel fought between the lover of a married lady and her brother, a Colonel of the Guards, most unlike the commonplace encounters of a novel. The correspondence which follows this affair is remarkable. The letter of the Countess especially has every internal mark of authenticity. The lady, deserted by her worthless husband, an Irish nobleman, is left to the arts of his relative, Sir Bedell Wharton, and after a seclusion of some years, elopes with him, discovers his baseness, and leaves him. The husband, brother, and lover, of the unfortunate woman, are found alike profligate; and her position among three scoundrels is a striking one. Mr. Elrington meets her by an accident.

He found the lady in a most violent paroxysm of alarm and apprehension. She appeared a very fine personage, and young and beautiful; yet still she shrunk from inspection, and appeared cautious and reserved.—"Are you, Sir, an Englishman? and I beg to be informed" to whom I address myself, were the first words of the lady, given with that peculiar euphony and emphasis in which ladies of very high fashion in Ireland rather ostentatiously indulge, as their shibboleth.

Mr. Elrington mentioned his name, and said that he was a Barrister, and lately from Ireland.

"And, I thank God, not unknown to me by fame," said the lady. "You are the agent of Lord Vanessy; and I — am a wretched and miserable woman, and undeserving of any name! yet of all names, I loathe and abhor that by which I am known! —Mistake me not, Sir; I want no other name; I wish to live the remains of my life of horror unnamed and unknown, or I had not troubled you with this interview. Whoever has fallen in this sad duel, I fly from both; and to consult with you where I can hide my head for ever, has induced me to avail myself of this accidental meeting. But I am almost distracted! —Alas! you have heard of me — I am—I was Lady Kathemera."

Mr. Elrington was very much shocked. For a moment or two his feelings prevented his words. Too well he knew who the very

• In Spain, out of 20,000, about half died in the Orphan House at Madrid; but this in Ireland was upwards of 90 in 100.

young and beautiful woman before him was. She had married at the early age of eighteen, the very noble and wealthy Lord Kathemere, without any approval of her own. Scarcely had she been married two years, when the infamous conduct of her as band obliged him to fly to distant lands. She had long been secluded from all honourable society, and her depraved husband had left her under the control of agents and relatives of his own, taking away with him the only child of their marriage, a boy, who was said to be with him in Italy. Among these were Sir Bedell Wharton, a Baronet of the utmost art, and fashion, and depravity. All these were now employed to deceive the young Countess; and chiefly was she alarmed at the idea of being again subject to the society of her husband; and at length, (it is more than lamented than wondered at,) this unhappy young lady saw no other means of escape than accepting the proffered protection of Sir Bedell himself.

At the period of her elopement, about a year ago, her brother, Colonel Crooklawn, was with his regiment on service; but as soon as he came to England, he lost no time in following the fugitives, and had on the present morning met with them in that part of Switzerland, through which Mr. Elrington with his family was proceeding to England.

Mr. Elrington again tendered his respects to the Countess.

"You know my mind, Sir; I will never again see Sir Bedell or my brother. Before I ask what has been the event of this encounter, I produce to you these two letters—the one addressed to the Baroness, the other to the Colonel. Now tell me, Sir, what has happened?"

"Sir Bedell is very severely wounded, or—— (Mr. Elrington paused)—— dead!"

"I trust to God! not dead," said the Countess calmly.—"You see, Sir, the letters are unsealed. You shall hear the contents. Yet, first of all, let me tell you what you may not know of my history. My relations compelled me to be the wife of Lord Kathemere.—I have been as deceived by Sir Bedell as by them and his Lordship. I have not a person on the face of the earth unless it be yourself, in whom I can trust; and if this encounter had not taken place, I have made that discovery this morning, that I never would again associate with Sir Bedell. Let me now inform you that I wrote to my brother, to dissuade him from this meeting with Sir Bedell, and here is his re-

The lady read—

"MAM,

"I do not believe that you care either for me or your paramour, any more than I do for your lost reputation.—It is my own honour, Madam—it is the insult that Sir Bedell has given me by daring to make a mistress of one allied to me by blood, that will make me lift up my arm to chastise him; and not any consideration

about so worthless a creature as yourself. You are henceforth to me no more than any of your wanton and worthless sisterhood in the streets, and I disown you.

"A. CROOKLAWN."

"And this, my answer, Sir, I will also read to you.

To COLONEL CROOKLAWN.

"SIR,

I would to God you had ever disowned me, and then I might not have been the miserable and guilty woman that I confess myself to be! Too true, my honour is irrevocably lost! but where was your own when you compelled me to marry that man of infamy, of the depravity of whose character you were not ignorant? I had been brought up privately by foreign governesses. I know nothing of Lord Kathemere; but I disliked his person and manners. My father would have yielded to his solicitations against the alliance; but you came forward.—Remember, Sir, that you never came forward as my brother before—that you have never come forward as my friend in your whole life—that I have at no time, from my birth, ever received from you one act of kindness, one look of affection, one word of good-will or good advice.—But when this very splendid match was offered me, you pointed out its honours and its value, and enforced me to accept of it, by saying that I should disgrace and injure my family—that I should be buried for life in some convent abroad, where I never should be known or seen; that you pledged yourself by oaths to these and other acts of cruelty, if I did not accept the offer of Lord Kathemere; and you declared to me, what I was ignorant enough to believe, that my father, as Peer of the realm, could by law compel me to marry.—Was this untruth, Sir, part of your honour?—But, Sir, though you have never owned me for my good, you have (I have lately discovered) for your own. The first sacrifice of my honour was when I married his Lordship; you had the price of it, in the representation of Lord Kathemere's Borough of Broughton. This, I have documents to prove, was the stipulation for your interference.—And when, my wretched husband left me, did you interfere—did you offer to protect me—did you attempt to shield me from the depraved set around me?—I am fallen? but do you stand upright! No, Colonel Crooklawn, I might have been honourable, and virtuous, and happy, but for you; and had you been a truly honourable man, you would have sheltered me from these evils, into which you have betrayed me, and for which you now accuse me. The fate you threatened me with, if I did not marry, I now voluntarily embrace as the consequence of that wretched marriage. My mind is truly distracted; yet in my distraction I have written this.—There are yet strange and dreadful tales connected with my history, which, if I had ever found a friend and brother, I should wish him at some future day to endeavour to unravel. I mention this

now, that you may not afterwards be surprised, or pretend to disbelieve, because the circumstance had not before occurred. *I cannot trust you.*"

After a little farther conversation, Lady Kathemere says,—

"And now, Sir, hear my letter to Sir Bedell—it is very short."

"SIR BEDELL WHARTON,

"You have betrayed me. You were in league with my husband. I forgive you; but I'll never see your face again.

"A. K."

They were now informed that Sir Bedell was brought into the house, and wished to see the lady.

The Countess declared that she would on no account have any interview with him; and she begged the favour of Mr. Elrington to go and inform him of the same.

Mr. Elrington went into the wounded man's room: and if the outward grace and personal exterior can be an excuse for the frailty of woman, the Countess had that sad excuse. Sir Bedell had received a shot in his shoulder-blade. A surgeon was every moment expected. He appeared in great pain, and very great agitation of mind; but he composed his fine features, and bowed gracefully to Mr. Elrington, who gave him the note, delivered the lady's message, and informed him that she had written it before she heard of the event of the duel.

"Tell her," said Sir Bedell, "that I do not deserve that she should come to me. Oh! Sir, that woman has been more shamefully used than any——" and he stopped, and asked impatiently for the surgeon. Again he began to speak in a desponding strain—"Alas, Sir, what excuse have I to offer, but her fatal beauty! Too true it is——" when the surgeon's arrival induced him to pause. In a few minutes Sir Bedell asked—"Is there any danger?"

"Very great indeed, Sir," said the practitioner; "I cannot answer for your life for four-and-twenty hours, till I know the direction the bullet has taken."

"Then I should wish to have five minutes' conversation with this gentleman in private."

"You, surely, Sir, would not defer a moment," said the medical man, "the means that must be used for the safety of your life!"

"Oh, no, not on any account," replied Sir Bedell.

The surgeon continued his examination, and at length exclaimed, "I am convinced, Sir, that the bullet has not penetrated into any vital part."

"I have nothing further to say to the gentleman," said Sir Bedell, "but my very best wishes to the lady, and I think she has acted with very great prudence."

"As yet," continued the operator, "the bullet has not penetrated to any vital part; but there is no knowing but that it may quickly be fatal, if I cannot find it; and if I

am not able to extract it, it may, at length, occasion a mortification, and finally death."

"Death! Sir," exclaimed Sir Bedell, in renewed alarm; "I thought you said I was safe from death! I am not ready—I believe—I fear I am not fit to die!" Then, catching the eye of a gentleman who had been his second in the rencontre, he continued—"I mean, I say, I have not settled my affairs, and I might as well speak to that strange gentleman a few words."

"Ah! here we have the bullet," continued the surgeon; "we shall get it out presently. I must make the incision larger, and introduce the forceps."

"Then Sir," said Sir Bedell, motioning his head to Mr. Elrington, "I will not trouble you but with my respects to the lady."

Mr. Elrington left the room, mentally ejaculated—"This is a man of high fashion and honour, that fights duels, and keeps in alarm all His Majesty's peaceable subjects!! This is the man that all the minor fashionables look up to as a criterion of grace, and spirit, and courage."

From this slight specimen it will be seen *The Double Trial* is not an ordinary novel. We regret that our limits do not permit going deeper into it, and cordially recommend it to perusal.

**CANTO 17TH OF DON JUAN.**—By one who desires to be a *Very Great Unknown*.—Lady Blessington relates, that Byron once intended to commit suicide, but was prevented by two reasons, one of which was, that a dear friend might not be able to perpetrate a life of him. There would have been a third dissuasive, could his irascible Lordship have foreseen this publication; or, at any rate, a reason for performing the obsequies of the Don with his own hand. Canto 17th is made out pretty much in the way one's imagination suggests on laying down Canto 16th. Aurora Raby, and Juan, are deeply in love, of course; and the character of the icy lady is developed with some skill. The *Very Great Unknown* leaves the lovers in a ticklish situation. Another **GREAT UNKNOWN** may, therefore, catch up the ball in Canto 18th; and thus *Don Juan* proceed, like a game at chess between rival kingdoms. Canto 17th is not more remarkable for prudery than its predecessors.

**THE DAWN OF FREEDOM.**†—A little poem, on a noble subject, is dedicated by a *Graduate of Oxford, to the Sovereign People*, and written in a spirit new to the learned University, to which its author belongs. A pure vein of exalted religion

• Gilbert: London, pp. 48.

† Ridgway, London, pp. 46.

and morality runs through this poem. From an address to Byron we extract a few lines.

Ah! had he lived to study and admire  
Heber's pure faith, or Pollock's holy lyre,  
Mark their warm zeal, in gospel truth's defence,  
Or pious Wolfe's impassioned eloquence;  
Perhaps e'en here his pride had seen the light,  
And Heaven's own glories dawned upon his sight.  
But, ah! far other were the scenes he saw,  
In realms long famed for liberty and law,  
Where courtier brows the Christian mitre wore,  
And leagued with nobles to enslave the poor:  
Bishops, a greedy and obsequious race,  
Who strive for pomp, for power, and for place;  
The haughty servants of a lowly Lord!  
Priests of a faith their worldly souls abhorred,  
He saw, and proud presumed God's truths to scan,  
And blamed his Maker for their crimes of man!

**FORT RISBANE, or Three Days in Quarantine.**—We have been both pleased and amused with this little work. The English passengers of the Calais steam-boat, while the alarm of Cholera prevails on the French coast, are sent to suffer a three days quarantine in a fort in the neighbourhood of Calais, which looks like a ruined *La Trappe*. This answers quite as well as Chaucer's *Tabard Inn*, or Boccaccio's garden, near Florence, and the party are set a talking forthwith; and proceed joking, singing, disputing, to the end as in these ruled cases—only instead of love, war, rivalry, necromancy, priests, and damsels, they discuss political economy in its more abstruse doctrines, chemistry, machinery, Benthamism, tithes, Malthus, cholera, railways, steam-coaches, &c. &c. &c. Among the *detenus* are the Rev. Orthodox Tytheinkind, a gorman-dizing pluralist, flying to France in deadly terror of cholera; Mr. Scrinium, the great veiled editor of a great periodical work, with his pale sickly amanuensis; the Hon. Augustus Manikin, an exquisite and a dandy; Mr. Scribbleton and his wife, an intolerable *blue*; writers in the periodicals, Fellows of learned Societies; Mr. Cyclovate, a Benthamite; Mr. Pyrotic, a waspish Tory; Mr. M'Corquodale, i. e. Mr. M'Culloch; M'Molitor, a patronizer of saw-dust bregd and bone gelatine cakes, &c. &c. A fashionable family, the Good-enoughs, a worthy father, and amiable daughter, the Hartley's. Mr. and Mrs. Benigrou, an excellent pair—a Frenchman of the Carlist, and one of the Movement party, and Captain O'Lucre, an Irish officer on his way to join Don Pedro. This rare jumble of characters, prejudices, theories, and extreme opinions of all sorts produces a succession of lively dialogues, and amusing illustrative instances of individual absurdity. The **GREATEST HAPPINESS PRINCIPLE** is put to the test by the right five smokers have of smoking

out of the room, six or seven haters of tobacco. The principle of the division of labour is somewhat unfairly tried by Mr. Scribbleton acting upon it, in covertly snatching up and eating shrimps, as fast as Mr. M'Corquodale unshelled and stored them up for a *bonne bouche* for himself when he had finished breakfast. He was a diligent and skilful workman, yet the heap seemed not to increase; and at length he began to inquire into the cause of this non-accumulation. "Sir," exclaimed he, turning in great anger to his neighbour, Mr. Scribbleton, "you are a disgrace to decent and civilized society,—how can you presume to put your fork into my plate?"—"Division of labour," said Mr. Scribbleton, coolly taking up another shrimp. "You are no gentleman,—these are rather the manners of a bear than a civilized being," said the political economist, protecting his property. This is sufficiently absurd; but such collisions produce many equally amusing scenes in *Fort Risbane*, and teach the folly of either pushing opinions to extremes, or maintaining them dogmatically.

**SONGS OF THE SEA NYMPHS, &c.\***—These are specimens of verse extracted from the unpublished poems of THOMAS MILLER, a basket-maker of Nottingham. They are purely fanciful, dealing with sea nymphs, syrens, and fairies. The only thing connected with this work-day world is a pretty song, which closes the volume. We hope it may have a good sale among the friends and neighbours of the ingenious writer. It is inscribed to Mr. Moore. Whether it be very successful or not, the author was doubtless the happier for its composition; peeling and plaiting his osiers, and weaving lays of Fairy Land.

**THE STORY-TELLER †.**—This is one of the cheap weekly periodicals. We have seen but one number, and thus cannot speak of the intrinsic merits of the work. But it is well printed, of a handsome size, not dear, (36 pages for Sixpence,) and, if managed by persons of ability, will prove an agreeable publication. There is one original tale in this number (Number V.,) but it is rather *Minerva-ish* for our taste. Embossed heads of authors are given monthly, into the bargain. One of Lord Byron is a pretty thing of the kind.

**THE LIFE OF ANDREW MARVELL ‡**—This, which should be a welcome book at any time, appears with peculiar propriety at this time, when fears of "very

\* Simpkin and Marshall, London: pp. 48

† Wills, London: Imp. 8vo.

‡ Simpkin & Marshall, London: pp. 116.



improper persons" scrambling into Parliament are becoming extreme. Men of neither family nor fortune, having no *status* nor *stake* in the country, without the badge of acceptance in any *Circle*, and shied even at Brookes's; persons who, like ANDREW MARVELL, possess no claim, save educated and enlightened minds, warm and disinterested patriotism, and that manly spirit of independence, which gives the power of defying, and transpiring under foot, the petty vanities and paltry distinctions which enchain and overbear inferior natures; and of being able, influential, useful, and honest representatives of the people, though like ANDREW MARVELL, in a small obscure lodging, and with no better dinner than a mutton-chop, and a pint of wine; and who, with him, when visited in their garret, can say, and never be ashamed for it, "I live here to serve my constituents; the Ministry may seek men for their purpose, *I am not one.*" If this *LIFE* have any effect in encouraging the growth of representatives of this character, it were worth its weight in gold, instead of the half-crown at which it sells. It is a portion of a great work projected by the author, to be entitled the *Lancashire Worthies*. It can contain none *worthier* than this first specimen. The *LIFE* may suggest some queries to be put by electors to candidates, which, under certain circumstances, may be as urgent as those regarding the Ballot, Triennial Parliaments, and the Corn Laws. Pledges and promises are of little avail, unless a candidate can, like the member for Hull, live upon little, and within his means; and believe that a representative may more honourably receive wages from his constituents, than bribes, in whatever shape, of honour or emolument, from the Ministry.\* Marvell made no speeches in the House, but his attendance was punctual and unflinching; and he conceived it his duty to make notes, keep a journal of the proceedings, and maintain a regular and frequent intercourse with his constituents, whom he apprized of every important discussion. His first duty he thought owing to them; and he assures them, "I shall, to promote it, (the interest of Hull) do the best of my duty; and, in the more general concerns of the nation, shall maintain the incorrupt mind and clear conscience, free from faction, or any *self-ends*,

\* The following anecdote is related of Marvell in the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—"Marvell frequently dined at an *Ordinary* in the Strand, where, having one day eat heartily on boiled beef with a pint of port, on paying his reckoning, he took a piece out of his pocket, and holding it between his finger and thumb, said,—*Gentlemen, who would let himself out for hire when he can have such a dinner for half-a-crown.*"

which, by the grace of God, I have hitherto preserved." With the *LIFE* which, meagre of incident, Mr. Dove gives extracts from the prose and poetical writings of Marvell. His verse is graceful and pleasing; and he is among the first English writers whose satire unites playful exuberance of fancy with keenness and pungency. Mr. Dove's work is indeed well-timed, and every way acceptable.

WHISTLE-BINKIE.\*—AN antidote to spleen, and exorciser of the blue devils has arisen in Glasgow, under this curious designation. An amateur WHISTLE-BINKIE is described, in the lively Preface to his small pocket namesake, as a joyous, facetious fellow; a diner-out by profession, and a bachelor by destiny; a capital hand at a gleesome story, a joke or pun; but chiefly distinguished by his extraordinary powers of *whistling and singing*. He is the substitute at a certain kind of dinners and evening parties, for all other means of amusement, a character, consequently, in great request, both east and west; and one on whose joyous countenance Dame Nature has legibly written Dinners, and "Tea and Supper Parties, attended on the shortest notice;" a man once as necessary to the feast as the cook himself. We say once; for, in the march of intellect, it is proposed to supersede the WHISTLE-BINKIE by the small machine of wonderful powers, now under notice. It is a bold and ambitious attempt, thus to reduce the live WHISTLE-BINKIE, whether of the bare or hooded variety, to 32mo size, and concentrate his tuneful and facetious qualities within the compass of a Geneva musical snuff-box; thus enabling every party-giving lady to keep a Whistle-binkie of her own, and effecting an immense national saving in tea, punch, cake and ham.

That the original powers of the Whistle-binkie are not only retained, but improved, under this high pressure, we mean to give proof, by a few random instances; and, first, *Mo Laogh Geal*; or, *White Calf of my heart!* and *Peter and Mary*.—Poor Mary Mucklejohn, to wit, who

Sobbed, "Oh, perjured Peter Black,  
The basest man I know;  
You're black by name, you're black at heart,  
Since you can use me so."

Though Peter is a lover for cake and pudding, this lyric belongs to the age of "violent catastrophes." Mary hangs herself, as a matter of course. The moral is very impressive. We give it for the benefit of all interested.

\* David Robertson, Glasgow.

"From this let cook-maids learn to shun,  
Men who are long and lean;  
For, when they talk about their love,  
'Tis pudding that they mean!"

*The Gudeman's Prophecy* is very amusing, and so is the humorous conjugal dialogue, *the Trades' Bailie in his cups*. We like, at least, the hearty tone of *Marry for love, and work for siller*. It is a spirited defiance of the doctrines of Malthus done into rattling verse. Nor must we forget *Kilroony's Visit, the Ladies' Pocket Adonis, the Mother's Advice*, and many others. This is the Whistle-binkie of Bachelor's Hall. A more decorous and refined Whistle-binkie sings to the ladies, or teaches them to sing some of the sweetest and tenderest lays of Motherwell. We cannot enumerate more of these than *Love's Diet and the Cavalier's song*, both of which have a delicious smack of the olden poets; and that sweet song *Jeannie Morrison*, with which our readers are already acquainted. We have also Whistle-binkie chirruping over his cups in *the Three Stars and The Bumper*; and, as a patriot, chanting with the pith and spirit, which becomes a man of the west, the praises of Liberty, and the triumph of Reform.

LOUDON'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF COTTAGE, FARM, AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.\*—This latest work of Mr. Loudon, the ingenious and indefatigable writer on gardening, agriculture, and economical subjects, is in course of publication, in quarterly Parts; there will be a series of ten at 5s. each. It promises to be a highly useful performance, did it possess no other merit than turning attention to the third great want of mankind; that which follows in order, after food and clothing, namely, shelter. Mr. Loudon's professed object is to teach how comfortable habitations for the mass of mankind may take place, of the cave of the savage, and the equally wretched hovels of too many of the labouring classes in civilized society. In his own words, the great object of this work is to show how the dwellings of the whole mass of society "may be equalized in all essential comforts, conveniences, and beauty." An excellent object; but how accomplished? So far as the work has proceeded, well. The writer begins with the cheapest and simplest form of rural dwellings; something less than the *butt* and *ben*. This is a room for a man and wife, (for Mr. Loudon has no bachelor dwellings,) with the adjuncts needed to comfort and cleanliness. He gradually proceeds, in Part I., in a series of fifteen lithographic designs, to dwellings of greater amplitude, and extent of accommodation; but, in the most limited, never

forgets all the comforts and conveniences, of which human dwellings of this description are susceptible. The fifteen designs of cottages are explained and illustrated by above a hundred wooden cuts, comprehending the ground-plans, sections of the roofs, porches, stairs, chimney-tops, and every thing required to guide the designer or the practical workman; also cow-houses, piggeries, *lean-to's* of all kinds; ovens, filtering apparatus, improved window-sashes, and door-hinges; and a subject which once engaged the attention of the Lord Chancellor, economizing fuel, and heat, by flues under the floors. There are estimates, and specifications given with each dwelling, in three different styles of building and finishing; none of those, in Part I., though the best are built of stone, slated, and neatly finished, are above L.250, varying from that down to L.60. This may not be a work for learned architects, but country builders, employed in constructing dwellings for mechanics and small farmers, and all who are about to plunge their hands in the mortar tub on a small scale, would do well to hold a previous consultation with Mr. Loudon. Although they should not adopt him as an exclusive guide, they will find their own ideas expand, and become clearer under his tuition; and they cannot fail to receive many valuable hints. As a professed teacher of the beautiful and ornamental, as well as of the useful, Mr. Loudon, perhaps, carries his taste for *vases* and *parapets* further than may be always eligible; but they do not interfere with utility, nor at all appear in the number which we now recommend.

THE CHURCH OF GOD, IN A SERIES OF SERMONS. By the Rev. ROBERT WILSON EVANS.\*—These sermons, sixteen in number, form nearly a consecutive system of theology. They judiciously combine Christian doctrine with practical religion, and are composed in plain, familiar, and perspicuous language, and in an unostentatious style. We give one short extract—a brick of the temple greeting we dare venture no farther! The Christian's Profession:—

"Our profession, as compared with that of the Patriarch and Jew, will be this: We profess with them to repent, and renounce the world and its lusts; to die to sin, and live again unto righteousness. But we do this with such a death and life being made especially imperative upon us; being also actually proposed and represented to us in the death and resurrection of the Author of our forgiveness. We also profess our entire faith in the truth of his promises. But the greater part of what were promises to them are gifts to us; and such gifts as still remain in expectation, and not in possession, are rendered distinct, appreciable, and certain, from the accomplishment of others;

\* Longman & Co, 8vo.

\* Smith, Elder & Co. London. 8vo. pp. 380.

they have been made intended to be: The life after death, the resurrection of the dead, the beauty of the new world, is the grass and flowers of the saints from the day of Pentecost till now. Thus our profession is distinctly marked out to us; there is no room for doubt, no excuse for vacillation; it is not shadowy so as to elude our grasp; it is not indefinite in any point, so as at times to escape from it: it is so substantial, so comprehensible, that if we hold it not fast, the fault lies with our own weakness and wavering. What had Adam, what had Abraham, what had the Prophets for the ground of their profession compared with this? Verily the least in the kingdom of Heaven is greater than them all. The most practical part of our profession lies in the renunciation of the world, whose ways having been far more openly detected and awfully condemned by the Gospel than by any previous dispensation, we are more peculiarly called upon to reprobate and abandon. What fellow-feeling can a child of God in Christ have with it? It is bent on the joys and pleasures of this life; therefore the Cross of Christ, with its crucifying afflictions, is a stumbling block to it. It is wise in its own conceit, and therefore that Cross is foolishness to it; it worships rank and power, and therefore that cross is contemptible to it. It loves its own will and ways, and therefore that Cross is hateful to it."

The peculiar notions of the preacher on points on which Church of England Christians differ, may be gathered from the fact of his wishing the university to prescribe Paley's Moral Philosophy as a book of education.

**THE BLUE BAG, OR TORYANA: A POLITICAL JEU D'ESPRIT, IN VERSE. BY THE SPEAKER!**—So the title-page bears—blazoned with the Imprimatur of Eldon, Lyndhurst, Tenterden, and Wetherell. It is tolerably amusing; *Lord Tenterden's Dream* is clever; and there are some fair parodies. There was surely scope enough for parody without infringing the consecrated domains of Dr. Isaac Watts; consecrated by the pure affections of childhood, if by no feeling more sacred.

**THE VOICE OF HUMANITY.**—This is a small Quarterly Periodical, the organ of an *Association for Promoting Rational Humanity towards the Animal Creation*. This it does by *exposing the cruelties practised on animals*; and by diffusing knowledge in tracts, and in this work, which may tend to humanize the hearts of both the high and low tyrants, under whom the brute creation groans. The object of the Association is so purely benevolent and laudable, that we rejoice in the opportunity of commending the *Voice of Humanity* to our readers. It brings to light, and puts to shame, persons, and scenes of horrible atrocity.

**THE LITERARY PANCATIUM; OR A SERIES OF DISSERTATIONS ON THEOLOGICAL, LITERARY, MORAL AND CONTROVERSIAL SUBJECTS. BY ROBERT AND THOMAS SWINBURN CARR.\***

The title-page describes the nature of this work with tolerable fairness. It is not a book of the time, though it partakes of the spirit of the times. Those who would comprehend its scope and objects, must read for themselves; and that great majority who are afraid to venture on philosophical dissertations of any kind, we would encourage by the assurance that the Messieurs CARR, have contrived to mingle their profoundest speculations, with literary extracts and allusions, and apt poetical quotations, in a very agreeable and enlivening manner. With the help of these stepping-stones light readers may get fairly through; and then, perhaps, be tempted, and find courage to wade, and strength to stem the stream, in a second transit.

**THE REFORMER.\***—This novel is commenced on one plan, continued on another, and finished on a third. This pre-supposes abundant inconsistency, and incoherence; yet the work is not without merit. Mr. Keith, **THE REFORMER**, of whom we see little, is an absurd and extravagant visionary; his opinions and conduct a caricature and dull burlesque on a speculative Radical. His daughter Clara, converted from "Liberty and Equality" by the rough discipline of a mob, and a secret unrequited *penchant* for a Tory nobleman, is as over-strained a personage as her father is an absurd one. There is considerable vigour in the conception of the character of the *Radical*, Robert Kerr, though he also is a palpable exaggeration. The converted and bitterly penitent Clara, is repaid for her secret love, her political repentance, and her exertions in preserving family jewels, and family peace, by the hand of the noble aristocrat, and all ends as happily as if Clara's conversion had staid that mighty tide of opinion, to which this little book is considerably less than Dame Partington's mop, opposed to the waves of the Atlantic.

**A MANCHESTER STRIKE, No. 7. COUSIN MARSHALL;† No. 8. OF ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, BY MISS MARTINEAU.**—Two more numbers of this lady's admirable little books have appeared since we had an opportunity of noting her progress. The subjects, from their nature, are much less agreeable than *Brooks Farm*; for that was a picture of a rural community passing from a bad state to one much happier; but they are as important and pressing. In the *Strike*, the character of the master manufacturers, and the leaders of the operatives, are sketched with truth and

\* Simpkin and Marshall, royal 8vo, pp. 335.

† Edgingham Wilson, London. 3 volumes.  
† Fox, London, p. 132, 136.

spirit. The degradation and sufferings of the self-devoted and really excellent persons, who lead two *strikes*, leave a painful impression on the reader; but Miss Martineau has thought it necessary to execute rigid justice upon them. One becomes a strolling drummer, the other, who is an intelligent, noble-minded, and benevolent man, is doomed to drive a water-cart about the streets of Manchester, a warning against making *Strikes*. Miss Martineau, in re-capitulating the principles illustrated in this tale, states the following as the circumstances by which "the condition of labourers may be best improved:—1st, By inventions and discoveries, which create capital. 2d, By husbanding, instead of wasting capital: for instance, by making savings instead of strikes. 3d, BY ADJUSTING THE PROPORTION OF POPULATION TO CAPITAL." This question of Population and the Poor Laws forms the subject of *Cousin Marshall*. The story, from its very nature, cannot, by any process, be made agreeable. Drunken, lying, worthless paupers, breeding, and feeding on the rate, are a disgusting theme; and it required some moral courage in a lady to venture on the discussion of it. Miss Martineau is, from her creed, a determined enemy to Poor Laws; but, even in arguing this difficult and perplexed question, it cannot be necessary to picture the pauper-population of England as so shockingly depraved and degraded. We have also immense doubts of the truth of half those traditionary stories of beggars making three guineas a-week, feasting "on turkeys and pease in the prime of the season, delicate lamb chops, and asparagus." Such scenes are very well for the Beggars' Bush of Beaumont and Fletcher, (our own "Jolly Beggars" had no such nicety of palate,) but are scarcely fair illustrations of the actual condition of any portion of the poor, even the most dissolute: this beggar banquet, however, makes a spirited and amusing scene. The summary of principles illustrated in *Cousin Marshall* are, "that the subsistence-fund must be employed productively, and capital and labour be allowed to take their natural course; i. e. the pauper system must, by some means, be extinguished."

"The number of consumers must be proportioned to the subsistence-fund. To this end, all encouragement to the increase of population should be withdrawn; and every sanction given to the preventive check; i. e. charity must be directed to the enlightenment of the mind, instead of the relief of bodily wants." What follows is awful. "If not adopted speedily, all measures will be too late to prevent the universal prevalence of poverty

in this kingdom, and the indigent population of our nation will be increasing rapidly." *COUSIN MARSHALL*, the heroine of the tale, is one of the noble poor: would that she had been happier;—that her life had been less a struggle,—her mind less anxious! but truth does not admit of softer limning.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Rouse's Beauties and Antiquities of Sussex, 17.  
Horn's Sermons, 12mo., 3s. 6d.  
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St Mark's Gospel, Greek, Latin, and English Interlinear, 8vo., 5s.

St. Matthew's Gospel, ditto, 9s.

St. Luke's Gospel, ditto, 9s.

## THE FINE ARTS.

FINDEN'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF BYRON. —PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCIPAL FEMALE CHARACTERS IN THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.—These periodicals of the Fine Arts claim notice from their connexion with the works they illustrate, though we are not in the habit of devoting space to pictorial criticism. Of FINDEN'S *Illustrations of Murray's complete Edition of the Works of Byron*, there are now six Numbers published, each containing seven pictures. In this galaxy of the brilliant and the beautiful, it is not easy to single out for notice each "bright peculiar star;" and our remarks must be brief and cursory on a work which unites, in an unrivalled degree, cheapness, with talent in art, and beauty of imagination. Most of the engravings are executed by the Findens, which may often mean under their superintendence. The drawings are by different artists and amateurs; a few gems of art are by TURNER. We cannot even mention all the names of artists without unduly extending the notice.

In Part I., we have *Byron* as a sailor lad, at the age of nineteen—an attractive picture; a *View of Cadix*, by Stanfield, and one of *Lochin-y-gair*, that scene on the Highland Dee, celebrated by the minor poet. *Belem Castle, Lisbon*, is a clear and distinct print; *Yanina* is a fine subject, with somewhat of the charm of oriental costume, and of the picturesque in architecture, which is more elaborately developed in subsequent views of the series. In this Part is an exquisite girlish head, *Theresa*, the *Maid of Athens*, drawn by

STONE, from the sketch of an amateur. Part II. contains a view of the *Palace of Ali Pacha, Constantinople*! a delicately finished vignette; a view of *Corfu from the Sea*, with a splendid range of mountains; the *Franciscan Convent at Athens*, an effective picture of an old building; *Lisbon from Fort Almeida*, which rather disappoints, as views of modern cities, from their hard outline, and rigid angularity, must very often do. The foreground of this view is more within the line of painting, and consequently more attractive. *The Ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus at Athens* are not liable to these objections. The ruins are fine—the sky glorious. A portrait of *Ali Pacha* might do for a head of Wolsey. It represents the ample and furrowed brow, the bold broad hook-nose, and resolute expression of countenance, imagination assigns to this redoubtable personage; but not in the least the mild mealy-mouthed gentleman whom Byron has described.

The illustrations improve as the numbers advance. Part III. gives us *Marathon*, a lovely vignette; and a *Street in Athens*, an agreeable picture. *Geneva, Chamouni*, and a *View on the Lake of Como*, are all good prints, and, along with them, we have the early love of Byron, *Miss Chaworth*, at the age of seventeen. Though the face looks not more than thirteen, it is full of latent character. This head is beautifully engraved by MOTE, as are all the portraits. On the head of *Ada*, the daughter of

Byron, great pains have been bestowed : there is an expression of thought in the sweet little face, not common to childhood, and deeply affecting. The face of the little girl (now a young lady of seventeen) possesses beauty of the kind which grows as we gaze upon it. This portrait is in Part IV., which contains two charming vignettes ;—the *Coliseum from the Orto Farnese*, and view of the *Wengen Alps*, by HULMANDELL ; in which bare pine trees, log-houses, felled timber, peasants and cattle, and “Alps on Alps,” tell that intelligible story which gives a picture its stirring vital interest. *Cintra* forms one of the most delightful views of the series. In delineating that

..... variegated maze of mount and glen,

the poet has inspired the painter. We have here

The horrid crags, by topping convent crowned,  
The cork-trees hoar, that clothe the shaggy steep,  
The mountain-moss, by scorplingskies embrowned,  
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,  
The tender aure of the unruffled deep,  
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,  
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,  
The vine on high, the willow branch below,  
Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

*The Mosque of St. Sophia, from the Bosphorus*, is a superb architectural subject, but too stiffly and precisely given to inspire that feeling of the majestic for which we seek in views of this nature. The water and the vessels lighten and relieve the view. *Mafra*, a stately and magnificent edifice, is more interesting to the architect than the lover of painting, who may turn to the *Casile of Chillon*—a fresh life-like portrait of a place, with which all the readers of Byron are familiar. The “massy waters” of Lake Ieman are holding their troubled coil around its foundations, heaving and pitching the boats, as if they were about to descend to the dark dungeon vaults over which they are rocking. Part V., which is the most splendid in the series, contains two drawings from the magic pencil of Turner. One a lovely vignette, of which the subject is the *Church of Santa Maria Della Spina at Pisa*,—Italian groups in boats in the foreground ; and towers, and turrets, and enriched buildings, springing from the water, like the creations of enchantment. This, decidedly, is the most brilliant vignette of the whole, yet brilliant is not the term. The *Hellaspoint Sestos and Abydos*, is a clear, truth-telling picture. The *Acropolis* is another masterpiece of Turner ;—sunset behind the dark temple-crowned mountain, and ruined steeples rising boldly from the wide plain, over which parties of Turkish troops are careering, with flying banners

and glancing scimitars. Noble action, and majestic repose, are the grand elements of this splendid specimen of Turner’s pencil. *Santa Maura* possesses nearly the same character as the view on the Hellespont. The stretch of mountains rising sheer from the water, is hard and stiff ; the bridge not unlike the jagged edge of a small saw ; but the foreground is rich and pictorial. *The Piazzetta of St. Mark’s Place, Venice*, in this number of the illustrations, is an effective picture in its own style. It is by Prout. There is a distant view of the churches beyond the Lagune. The enriched surface of the pillars, and the fret-work of that old artist Time, are spiritedly engraved. *Ithaca* and *Delphi* are interesting subjects. In the latter the rocky gulf is boldly given ; the scanty waterfall is very bald and very stiff.

The Sixth Part of the illustrations abound in beauty. There are four home views ; three of them by Westall,—*Newstead Abbey ; the Old Fountain at Newstead ; and Hucknall Church*. These, the two first especially, are charming unpretending pictures. The foliage in the *Old Fountain*, and the ivy embowering the windows of the Abbey are delicately handled. *Lochin-y-gair*, the second, is a true Highland landscape ; groups of deer scattered over a rough heath in the foreground, with a few broad-topped pine-trees ; a castle smoke rising peacefully in the middle distance, and the vale opening on a view of wild and dreary Scottish mountains. *Malta*, though the artist is Turner, does not steer clear of the paste-board hardness of surface and outline, inseparable from a view of rows of houses. *Cádiz*, by Colonel Batty, though otherwise a fine picture, is liable to the same insuperable objection. *The Maid of Saragossa*, an imaginary portrait, we presume, is not taken “in her softer hour.” It is, however, a fine, unexaggerated, dark, female countenance ; expressive of strength of character, but of no passion. *Lady Byron’s* picture is in this number. From an incidental, but it may be an incorrect source, we learn that her ladyship sat on purpose for this portrait, that her picture might go among the other embellishments of this edition of her husband’s works. Apart from the knowledge of the fact, that this is the portrait of the wife of Byron, of a lady mixed up with so many calamities and mysteries, there is nothing noticeable in the countenance, one way or another. It is a neutral physiognomy ; the face of a person likely to hold on the even tenor of her way, if once fairly set out upon it ; of a quiet, calm, unpretending woman, without one strik-

ing feature, or any indication of a character beyond the common-place. The pleasure with which we have gone over this work of art, marks a high opinion of its merits. It is beautiful in itself, untrivalled in cheapness, and, from its connexion with this new edition of Byron, will be always interesting and valuable, and in a few years rare.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MODERN SCULPTURE, No. 1., with Descriptive Prose and Illustrative Poetry. By J. K. HERVEY.—We hope the periodicals of the Fine Arts, which are becoming so plentiful, will drive half the *Annals* to the wall, and that we shall have works which are one thing or another. This is a splendid publication. The Specimens of Sculpture are selected from the finest works of the best modern artists. They are beautifully drawn by Corbould, and engraved with great care and delicacy. There are three plates in the Number. *The Happy Mother*, from a work of Westmacott, is exquisitely soft; the picture of maternal affection in beautiful repose—

Patient as the brooding dove.

*A Dancing Girl*, Canova, forms the second subject. There is some dispute about the idea intended to be conveyed by this sculpture. In the Illustrations, it is called the *Dancing Girl in Repose*. "Nothing," says Mr. Hervey, "can exceed the grace of attitude, or the sweetness of expression, in this figure. The gentle inclination of the head to meet the raised forefinger; the chaplet loosened from the hair, and hung carelessly over the arm, which supports the languid frame; the relaxation and abandonment of the limbs; and the sweet and voluptuous expression of the face, speak at once of the past excitement and toil, and the present weariness and repose; while the drapery is arranged in folds, which are made to exhibit the richest contours of form, and produce lines of infinite beauty." *The third groupe* is from a basso relievo by Flaxman, *Mercury and Pandora*. It is somewhat heavy, whether the fault lie with the painter or engraver. The verses descriptive of this print possess great beauty. We shall watch the progress of this beautiful work with interest; and can assure such of our readers as may not have seen it, that it will well repay the trouble of examination.

*The Scott Gallery of Beauties* commences under many disadvantages. The artist who assumes the nearly impossible task of passing off as the real persons, por-

traits which a vivid preconception rejects as counterfeits, must not wonder if he fails, though his works should even transcend previous imaginations. Every man has a *Flora Macivor* of his own, hung in fancy's gallery. We all know the antique style of the classic features of the high-souled and enthusiastic maiden, whose beauty was but the softened reflection of her heroic brother. CHALON has given us, for *Flora*, a beautiful young female; but one who, we can swear, we never saw before, and wholly disclaim as the sister of *Vich Ian Vhor*. The same thing holds throughout. *The sweet, baby-faced girl*, with her golden locks fantastically arranged, whom Leslie has painted, is not Rose Bradwardine, cannot be: this is a simple pretty girl, whose soul has not yet been awakened. In the sweet composure, and moon-like beauty of *Mary of Avenel*, one is more disposed to recognize an original; probably, because this quiet character is less one of the haunters of imagination than Rose or *Flora*. *Mysie Happer* is another failure, from the same unconquerable cause. Here is a pretty girl with a pleasing expression of face. She may be a milliner girl; or one who would hand ices or jellies charmingly over a counter, or twenty other things, but it is impossible she can be that rustic Juliet, the *Miller's Daughter*. We will not have her palmed off upon us; and positively deny her identity, even to that small *parcel* of her charms, the "very seducing dimple."—And who shall venture to present the world with a *Rebecca*, an *Amy Robsart*, a *Minna Troil*? that world which has its mind made up on the subject, and its imagination full of them, each a distinct image. Why, then, attempt impossibilities? But this is an objection which, besides closing the *Sir Walter Gallery*, would put an end to half the business of life, shut up the theatres, arrest the printing press, suspend the operations of gravers and pencils. Such attempts must be made, whether they wholly succeed or not. Many imaginations are still a *carte blanche* on which any image desired may be traced; others are so ductile as easily to receive new impressions; and many, under the power of habit, will feel the first painting of their own fancy becoming dim, and flitting from memory, as they contemplate the newer portrait; as a second love in sight insensibly supplants a first, removed in time and place.

A series of fine female portraits, like these, are worth having, (when they can be obtained so cheaply,) although they may not do that impossible thing, realize a million differing fancies of their fair pro-

*totypes.* There is dogmatism in our first opinion. Though this splendid creature may not be our *Flora*, she may be many a man's *Flora*; and though this is not our *Myrtle Happer*, we never saw a fairer.

THE ALBUM WREATH.—A weekly periodical intended for ladies and young persons, consisting of original poetry, select sentences, and so forth; printed on tinted paper, with blank pages, and Medallion borders, for appropriate illustrations and sketches. It is too cheap. Luxuries in printing, as in every other art, must be paid for. The design is better than the execution, which is not very effective, nor can be at such price. Some of the verses are pretty.

MAJOR'S CABINET GALLERY OF PICTURES, NO. I., WITH *Critical and Historical Descriptions*, by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—The plan of this publication is excellent. It is to give in monthly numbers a series of pictures from the finest specimens of paintings, by the old and modern masters, which are to be found in the public or private galleries of Britain. Nor is there any law, we presume, to limit the selections to pictures within the four seas. There is no reason why transcripts of the beauties of the Italian galleries may not be brought to our own fire-sides. Mr. Major's first number contains three prints, *Bacchus and Ariadne*, by TITIAN, from the National Gallery. *Christ in the Sepulchre*, by GUERCINO, and the *Market Cart*, a charming *English* composition by GAINSBOROUGH. These pictures, fair transcripts of the valuable originals, may be brought to any table in the three kingdoms, at the cost of half-a-crown; and

along with them a rare *Cicerone*, Mr. Allan Cunningham, telling us their story, and the history of their makers, and how to look at them. The printed illustrations of this number make sixteen pages of elegant letter-press. It is like the prints with which it is stitched up, of super-royal size, and will, with them, make a splendid volume. Is it judicious in the expositor to tantalize provincials with his eloquent epilogium on the colouring of the original TITIAN? Do not his just criticisms on the GUERCINO intimate that this is not the sort of subject for a popular selection? The GAINSBOROUGH will please every body. Of it the illustrator says, "The picture before us is one of singular truth, airiness, and beauty; all is home-bred about it. The stamp of Old England is impressed upon it every where." Those late agreeable works of Mr. Allan Cunningham's—his somewhat *embellished* LIVES OF BRITISH PAINTERS have given him ease, fulness, and facility in handling this subject; but besides his ability in this department, we are certain he could give professional people most useful hints in making a popular selection from the best paintings, for English purchasers. Mr. Major deserves praise for his attempt; and is safely entitled to our best wishes for his success, since nothing short of continuing to combine the same degree of talent and beauty, with cheapness, can, now-a-days ensure prosperity to his work.

•PYNE'S POCKET SKETCHING COMPANION.—Many of these little sketches possess character, spirit, and freedom. Those in No. I. are capital. Our cheapness in prints will soon be, if it be not already, as wonderful as in needles, pins, and cottons. We shall beat the globe, which some of our first publishers have already challenged.

## THE DRAMA.

EVERY body says, and consequently every body believes, that the palmy days of the Drama are for ever gone, and its glory utterly shadowed; the fact, waiving its melancholy attire, is interesting were it only for speculation's sake; as there stands not, perhaps, out of Euclid, a prettier problem for solution, than an inquiry into the causes of the present degraded state of theatricals. We are not about to work it, but will content ourselves with simply naming, for the edification of the thoughtless, a few of those which have been enumerated. Ingenuity is ever most fertile, where uncertainty prevails, and accordingly this lamentable consequence has been severally ascribed to the frown

of fashion,—to the capricious disfavour of the press,—the straitened purses of pleasure-hunters,—the misguidance of managerial monarchs,—public apathy,—monopolies,—the absence of general talent, as well among histrionic artisans, as in dramatic composition,—and a crowd of minor suppositions, any one of all which, were sufficient to have wrought, in a greater or less degree, to the sore prejudice of the acted drama. Now fashion may have done much, but fashion, though a leader, is itself led; managerial influences may have accomplished much, for they are as omnipotent as they have been, allegedly deleterious, but (to pass by the other attributed reasons as of less



comparative force) much more in the opinion of many whose thoughts are worth the having, has been effected by the hearty, unqualified, and concurrent censure in which the press has, for some years past, indulged. If there be one power of easier achievement, and of more general exercise than another, it is the power to find fault; and that disposition is of prescriptive right, exhibited upon all fitting occasions by the critics of this favoured land, in a peculiar degree, for grumbling is the birth-right of every Englishman. Undeniedly one unceasing growl, most untowardly for the dynasty of the drama, has issued from the sensorial throats of our literary guardians, the *primum mobile* of which it were now difficult to discover. All our scribes, it is quite certain, have long concurred, with most felicitous unanimity, in smothering it under the cumuli of their rancorous hostility. Fierce as fighting-cocks in their general inter-enmity, they have united in accordant fraternity to pour upon it the phials of their aggregated wrath, or to use it in commonality, as the waste-pipe for the escape of their unlovely humours;—that there has been fair reason for much of this acerbity, no one can doubt, and no one can doubt, moreover, that it has necessarily increased the evil it sought to redress.

The continued strain of this unrelenting vituperation could not fail ultimately to induce a corresponding tone among those who were its warmest supporters; and the public, a sad weak-minded monster, enjoying a grunt to the full as well as his betters, rose of course *en masse* and followed in the merciless desecration, till at length every seventeen-year-old frequent of the two shilling galleries began to babble forth second hand iterations, touching the decline of the drama and the perversion of its legitimate objects, with as much confident flippancy as any learned Theban of them all.

The public, however, still cherishes towards the drama feelings of greater fondness than he cares to avow, or has shrewdness to suspect. He loves a play to his

very soul; (let him consult his conscience,) and though he jauntily turn his countenance contemptuously from it, his latent attachment is firm and faithful, and his interests are still dear to him. Much as it is decried, few subjects are more attractive; and, had he common penetration, he would see that the vivid eagerness he unconsciously manifests for all kinds of theatric intelligence, (which, because he clothes his thoughts in hard and unpleasant words, he fancies he despises,) betrays but his unconquered regards.

It is partly on account of the universality of this feeling, denied as it may be, partly because our purpose is not altogether unsolicited, and partly from reasons which are not the less cogent for being unmentioned, that we have come to the intention of directing our profundity towards the drama, and those of its collateral branches which form the source, if not of amusement, of animadversion to thankless multitudes. We have therefore invested ourselves with all proper parental attributes, and shall straightway exercise our important functions, by watching over its doings, directing its steps, pointing out the course of duty, and, so far as our authority shall extend, enforcing its fulfilment. Publicity is a mighty incentive to good behaviour, and we shall record its advancement to, or retrogression (if further be possible) from the propriety of excellence with even-handed impartiality, lamenting for the error of its ways; in its well-doing rejoicing.

As our remarks will be based upon as much liberality as is consistent with truth in its naked state, and an indifferently fair share of comparative honesty, we shall be sore wounded if our sagacity do not supply such a monthly commentary as shall at least show our desire to serve the interests thus taken under the wings of our protection, and prove to the outermost ends of the earth, the rigorous equity of our decisions, tempered, as they ever are, with clemency in this, as in all other matters, submitted to our decretal judgment.

## MUSIC.

THE only publications that have reached us for notice this month are three vocal sacred quartetts, composed by the late C. W. Bannister, and edited by his son Mr. H. J. Bannister, who has added to each a separate piano-forte accompaniment. The late Mr. Bannister's compositions are, we believe, much esteemed by the dissenting congregations in England. The quartet, up, entitled *Nebos*, *Shirley*, an *mation*, are well con-

structed compositions, in the anthem style. The subjects are simple and melodious; and the harmony is uniformly accurate and effective. Although not, perhaps, exactly calculated to gratify the scientific amateur, these compositions well deserve the extensive circulation they have obtained. They are the productions of a tasteful and well-informed musician, and are well fitted to inspire devotional feeling.

# BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

At 15, Drummond Place, on the 23d August, Mrs William Douglas, of a daughter.  
 At 37, Great King Street, on the 23d August, Mrs Archibald Boyd, of a son.  
 At 108, Lauriston Place, on the 23d August, Mrs MacLachlan, of a daughter.  
 The Lady Sussex Lennox of a still-born child.  
 At 32, Howard Place, on the 25th August, Mrs William Napier, of a daughter.  
 On the 24th August, The Lady Garvagh of a son.  
 At Tanfield, on the 11th August, Mrs Rennie of a daughter.  
 At the Marquis of Northampton's, Castle Ashley, on the 24th August, the Baroness de Normann, of a son.  
 At 7, Athol Crescent, on the 30th August, Mrs Hugh Dunlop, of a son.  
 At 51, Cumberland Street, on the 28th August, Mrs MacPherson, of a daughter.  
 At Gloucester Place, London, on the 27th August, the Lady of the Hon. Frederick Taluash, of a daughter.  
 At Blackett Place, on the 29th August, Mrs Turnbull, of a son.  
 At Minto Street, Newington, on the 1st September, Mrs Spittal, of a son.  
 At 14, Shandwick Place, on the 31st August, Mrs Dauncey of a daughter.  
 At 14, Atholl Crescent, on the 20th August, Mrs Graham, of a daughter.  
 At 18, Charlotte Square, on the 24th August, Mrs Robertson, of a daughter.  
 At 15, Drummond Place, on the 23d August, Mrs. William Douglas, of a daughter.  
 At 37, Great King Street, on the 23d August, Mrs Archibald Boyd, of a son.  
 At Mellerstain, on the 20th August, the Lady of George Baillic, Esq., junior, of Jerriswood, of a son.  
 At 16, Atholl Crescent, on the 28th August, Mrs Cadell, of a daughter.  
 At Worton Hall, on the 28th August, the Right Hon. Lady Louth, of a son and heir.  
 At Auchlyne House, on the 22d August, the Lady of George Andrew Campbell, Esq., of a daughter.  
 At Jedburgh, on the 14th September, Mrs Brown, wife of Bailie Brown, of a son.  
 At Coldstream, on the 26th August, the Lady of Thomas Fair, Esq., of Buenos Ayres, of a son.  
 At Montrose, on the 18th August, Mrs Lillie, wife of the Rev. James Lillie, of a son.  
 At Horsleyhill, on the 20th August, Mrs Douglas, of a son.  
 At 29, Great King Street, on the 2d September, Mrs M. N. Macdonald, of a son.  
 At 36, Melville Street, 24th August, Mrs Thomas Riddell, of a son.  
 At 11, St. John Street, on the 2d September, Mrs Yule, of a son.  
 At Legerwood Manse, on the 10th September, Mrs Cupples, of a son.  
 At Kirkcaldy, on the 29d August, Mrs Stocks of Abden, of a daughter.  
 At 31, St Andrews Square, on the 29th August, Mrs George Law, of a daughter.  
 At West End Lodge, Thames Ditton, on the 1st September, the Lady of Francis Horsley, Esq., of a daughter.  
 At Morrison's Place, Piershill, the Lady of Henry Robert Addison, Esq., 2d Dragoon Guards, of a son.  
 At Pitfour Castle, on the 6th September, Mrs Richardson, of a daughter.  
 At Stevenson, near Hadlington, on the 8th

September, the Lady of Sir John Gordon Sinclair, of a daughter.  
 At Grove House, Brompton, on the 7th September, the widow of Mr. David Blackie, W.B., of a daughter.  
 At 4, Heriot Row, on the 12th September, the Lady of James Robert Hart, Esq., of Drumcross Hall, of a son and heir.  
 At Bighouse, on the 9th September, the Lady of Major M. Kay of a daughter.  
 At Aberdeen, on the 8th September, Mrs Alexander Jopp, of a daughter.  
 At Old Windsor, on the 11th September, the Hon. Mrs Every, of a daughter.  
 At 30, Clarence Street, on the 9th September, the Lady of Captain James Buchanan, Honourable East India Company's Service, of a daughter.  
 At 62, Hanover Street, on the 9th September, the Lady of Francis Hamilton, Esq., W.S. of a daughter.  
 At Runcorne, Cheshire, on the 31st August, the Lady of the Rev. Edward Allan, of a son.  
 At 14 Mercraigs, near Campton, on the 11th September, Mrs Stewart of Glenbuckle, of a daughter.  
 At Claremont Crescent, on the 10th September, Mrs Stone, of a daughter.  
 At 26, Charlotte Square, on the 17th September, the Lady of Colonel Pittman, C.B., and of the East India Company's Service, of a son.  
 At Springhall, on the 10th September, the Lady of George Forbes, Esq., of a daughter.  
 At Glasgow, on the 18th September, the Lady of John Fleming, Esq., Clermont, of a son.  
 At Canberwell Grove, on the 11th September, the Lady of the Rev. Henry Melville, of a son.  
 At Minstead Lodge, on the 9th September, Lady Catherine Buckley, of a daughter.  
 At Fairfield, Somerset, the Lady of Sir Peregrine Palmer Palmer Acland, Bart., of a daughter.  
 At Stamford Hill, on the 12th September, the Lady of J. A. Droop, Esq., of a son.  
 At Charterhouse Square, London, on the 12th September, the Lady of the Rev. William Goodes, of a daughter, still-born.  
 At Park Street, London, on the 6th September, the Lady Elizabeth Trefusce, of a daughter.  
 On the 31st August, the Lady of J. D. Alexander, Esq., M. P. of a daughter.  
 At Gifford's Hall, Suffolk, the Lady of Patrick Mannock, Esq., of a son.  
 At Brockwell Hall, Surrey, on the 31st August, the Lady of Joshua Blackburn, Esq., of a son.  
 At Fleet Street, London, on the 1st instant, the Lady of S. F. T. Wilde, Esq., of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

At Ludgate Lodge, Ratho, on 31st August, William Hutcheson, Esq. surgeon, South Queensferry, to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late John Hooper, Esq.  
 At London, Arthur W. Torrens, son of the late Major-General Sir J. L. Torrens, Adjutant-General, to Maria Jane, daughter of the late General Murray.  
 At London, on 18th August, the Hon. Henry Howard, eldest son of Lord Howard of Effingham, to Eliza, only daughter of General Sir Gordon Drummond, G. C. B.  
 At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, on the 31st August, F. Murray, Esq., son of the late General Murray, to Catherine, youngest daughter of Lady Caroline Dundas.  
 At Weymouth, on 2nd August, John Muir Mackenzie, Esq. younger of Delvin, to Sophia

Matilda, fifth daughter of the late James Raymond Johnston of Alva, Stirlingshire.

At Keith, on 21st August, John Wilson, Esq., Tochneal, to Helen, eldest daughter of Alexander Thorburn, Esq.

At Camperdown, Forfarshire, on 28th August, John James Allen, Esq. Royal Navy, eldest son of John Lee Allen, Esq. of Errol Park, to the Lady Henrietta Dundas Duncan, eldest daughter of the Earl of Camperdown.

At Edinburgh, on 5th September, Adam Roland, Esq., younger of Gask, to Charlotte, daughter of the late John Craigie, Esq. of Quebec, and niece of Lord Craigie.

At Seafeld, on 4th September, Mr James Wilson, merchant, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late John Clark.

At Inverin, on 11th August, the Rev. Archibald Colquhoun, to Anne, third daughter of the late John Macintyre, Esq. Letterew.

At 10, Ainslie Place, on 6th September, Dr. William Pulteney Alison, Professor of the Theory of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, to Margaret Crawford, eldest daughter of the late Dr. James Gregory.

At Edinburgh, on 12th September, Evan Macpherson, Esq. of Glentruim, to Helen, eldest daughter of the deceased George Birrell, Esq., late of the Hon. East India Company's service.

At Dysart, on 11th September, Montague William Perreau, Esq. of the Madras Army, to Mary, third daughter of the late Captain John Reddie.

At Dundee, on 31st August, Mr. James Bathgate, to Agnes, youngest daughter of the late Mr William Young, builder, Pathhead.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, on 5th September, the Rev. E. Nepean, youngest son of the late Right Hon. Sir Evan Nepean, of Leders, in the County of Dorset, Bart. to Anne, second daughter of Sir H. Jenner, Knt. his Majesty's Advocate General.

At Buccleuch Street, on 31st September, Mr Richard Murray, cabinet-maker, Edinburgh, to Mrs. Wilhelmina Scott Brown, daughter of the late Mr William Brown.

At Tadbury, on 27th August, Arthur Fane, Esq. youngest son of Lieutenant-General Sir H. Fane, G.C.B., to Lucy H. Bennett, eldest daughter of John Bennett, Esq. of Pythouse, M.P. for the county of Wilts.

At London, on 29th August, the Rev. Montague James Taylor, vicar of Harrold, Bedfordshire, to Louisa Ann, fifth daughter of Sir William Curtis, Bart. of Portland Place.

At Holland, in the county of Lancaster, on 22d August, Captain Hunter Ward, of the 43d Light Infantry, to Harriet Jane, second daughter of J. A. Hodson, Esq. of Holland Grove.

At London, on 28th August, the Rev. J. Berry, M.A. vicar of Hoxton, Cambridgeshire, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Robert Gilbert, Esq. of St. John's Square, Clerkenwell.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, on 28th August, the Rev. George William Brooks, rector of Hampden, and chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Leeds, to Jane Mary, youngest daughter of William Shepherd, Esq. of Half Moon Street, Piccadilly.

At Stillorgan Church, on 28th August, Dennis Henry Kelly, Esq. eldest son of the Rev. Armstrong Kelly, of Castle Kelly, in the county of Galway, to Elizabeth Diana, eldest daughter of John Castor, Esq. of Beckenham Place, Kent.

At St. Pancras New Church, London, on 25th August, Mr. James Lindley, of Camden Town, to Miss Ann M. Clough, of Brompton, Middlesex.

At Trieste, on 19th August, Charles Grotte, Esq. of Threadneedle Street, London, to Isabella, eldest daughter of George Moore, Esq. of Trieste.

At Everton, on 4th September, Thomas, eldest son of Thomas Quintin, Esq. of Hatley Park, Cambridgeshire, to Louisa, third daughter of William Astell, M.P. of Everton House, Bedfordshire.

At North Tuddenham, the Rev. John Culling Evans, to Marianne Louisa, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Day, rector of North Tuddenham.

At Greenwich, on 6th September, Henry Hamilton Douglas, Esq. late of his Majesty's Life Guards, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late John Allen, Esq. of the Paragon, Blackheath.

At Lowestoft, on 5th September, the Rev. W. Herbert Chapman, M.A. of Emanuel College, Cambridge, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Porter Bringle, Esq. of Hingham, in the county of Norfolk.

At St. James's Church, London, on 6th September, William Gilbert, Esq. of Clapham, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Skelton of Piccadilly. At Shieldhall, on 6th September, Alexander Macpherson, Esq. M.D. to Miss Margaret Oswald, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Oswald, Esq. of Shieldhall.

At London, on 3d September, Robert Frederick Gower, Esq. to Lillias Miller, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Stewart of Kirkowan, Wigtonshire.

At Edinburgh, on 10th September, Robert Horsburgh, Esq. accountant, to Mary, second daughter of the late Alexander Marjoribanks, Esq. of Marjoribanks.

At Craig, on 12th September, by the Rev. P. Comrie, the Rev. Lewis H. Irving, minister of Abercorn, to Isabella, only surviving child of Archibald Carruthers, Esq., of Craig, Stewartry of Kirkcubright.

At Luffhess House, East Lothian, on 12th September, Lord Henry Francis Charles Kerr, second son of the late Marquis of Lothian, to Louisa Dorothea, only daughter of General the Hon. Sir Alexander Hope, of Craighall and Waughton, G. C. B.

At Edinburgh, on the 18th September, Mr Thomas Greig, writer, to Jane, oldest daughter of Mr George Bookless.

At Montrose, on the 7th September, the Rev. Andrew Wilson, to Catherine, daughter of the late Mr John Kinnear, merchant, Montrose.

At St. James's, Piccadilly, London, on the 10th September, Hugh William Gordon, Esq., of Hans Place, only son of the late Robert Gordon, Esq., of Fort St. George, Madras, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Francis Lovell, Esq., of Sloane Street, London.

At Oxton, on 11th September, Charles, son of the Rev. Sir Charles Anderson, Bart. of Lea, in Lincolnshire, to Emma, youngest daughter of the late John Savile Folgarbe, Esq. of Aldwark, in the county of York.

At Whitechurch, on 11th September, Charles T. Gaskell, Esq., of Stanmore, Middlesex, to Charlotte, daughter of the late General Bruce, of Elstree, Herts.

At Hampstead Church, on 12th September, the Rev. George Payton Harvey, Rector of Horton, in Staffordshire, to Sarah Frances, eldest daughter of Thomas Sheppard, Esq., of Hampstead Heath.

At St. James's Church, London, on 10th September, James Williams Braime, Esq., of St. James's Square, to Francis Amelia, second daughter of the late Allyett Woodhouse, Esq., Advocate-General of Bombay.

At Newton Valence, on 8th September, R. Henley Payne, Esq., second son of Sir Peter Payne, Bart., M.P., of Knuston Hall, Northampton, to Louisa, youngest daughter of Henry Chawner, Esq., of Newton Manor House, Hants.

At St. Andrew's, Holborn, London, on 8th September, Andrew Playfair, of the Bank of England, Esq., to Miss Jane Dixon, late of Twickenham.

At Chepstow Church, Monmouthshire, on 11th September, Robert Gun Cunningham, Esq., of Newland Park, Gloucestershire, and Mount Kennedy, County Wicklow, Ireland, to the Hon. Arabella Eliza Pery, eldest daughter of Viscount Glentworth.

At St. Mary's Church, Bryanston Square, London, on 8th September, Elliot Roberts, Esq., of Manchester Square, to Elizabeth, widow of the late Captain Julius Johnson, of the Madras Army, daughter of Colonel Barton, Deputy Quarter Master-General, of Cawnpore, India.

At Toddesley Park, Staffordshire, Viscount Newark, to Emily, Daughter of E. J. Littleton, Esq. M.P.

#### DEATHS.

At 30 Morrison Street, Edinburgh, on the 29th August, Patrick Wemyss M'Arthur, eldest son of the late Captain Dougal M'Arthur, retired list, 2d Royal Veteran Battalion.

At Rothay, on the 18th August, Miss Ann Crawford M'Dougall, daughter of the late Colonel M'Dougall, of Polaris.

At Sydney, New South Wales, on 15th February last, Mr. Henry C. Newton, youngest son of the late Mr John Newton, Shipowner, Leith.

At 31, Anna Street, Edinburgh, on the 21st August, Mrs Jean Tennent, daughter of the late John Wallace, Esq. of Damhead.

On 20th August, Mr John Paul, Spirit Merchant, Candlemaker Row, Edinburgh.

At Fisherrow, on the 17th August, Mrs. Christian MacMillan, wife of Mr William Watt, merchant.

At Scoone, Perth, on 18th August, Miss L. H. Dick, youngest daughter of the late Alex. Dick, Esq. accountant, Edinburgh.

At 6, Elm Row, on 21st August, Mr. Thomas Watson, upholsterer.

At 18, St Andrew's Square, on 26th August, Mrs Lillias Moore Stewart, wife of William Newbigging, Esq. surgeon.

At 3, Lauriston Lane, on 24th August, Miss Christian Erskine, daughter of the late Dr. John Erskine of Carnock.

At Edinburgh, on 26th August, Miss Jane Moir, youngest daughter of the late Andrew Moir, of Otterburn.

At 9 Shandwick Place, on the 31st August, Mary Elizabeth, youngest daughter of James Anderson, Esq. civil engineer.

At the Manse of Stromness, Orkney, on 20th August, the Rev. William Clouston, minister of Stromness and Shandwick.

At East Polten Mains, Lasswade, on 25th August, Mrs Jane Reid, relict of Mr George Dobble, late farmer there.

At Broughton Place, Peebles-shire, on 17th August, Mr John Anderson, Carmelit.

At Peebles, on 30th August, Mr John Anderson, late in Henderland.

At Chelsea Hospital, Sir E. Home, Bart.

At Falkirk, on 22d August, Thomas William Henbest, Esq. surgeon.

At Sea, on 5th January last, Captain Duncan Ross Taylor, youngest son of the late Reverend Joseph Taylor, minister of Cambo, Fifeshire.

At 10, Abbey Hill, on 16th August, Mr William Miller, writer, second son of the deceased Thomas Miller Esq. extractor of records.

At 45, Constitution Street, Leith, on 1st August Mr. A. D. Barclay.

At Glasgow, on 4th September, Rachel, youngest child of Mr William Dunnet, teacher, Edinburgh.

At 3, Davis Street, on 1st September, Miss Marion Shaw.

At Candlemaker Row, on 31st August, Mrs Huntly, Harrow Inn.

At Inchyra, on 20th August, Elizabeth, wife of Lieutenant Colonel Campbell, 95th Regiment, and eldest daughter of the late James Richardson, Esq. of Pitfour.

On 28th August, on his passage from London to Kirkcaldy, Mr James Forrester, mathematical instrument-maker, London.

At Baywater, on 3d September, David Blackie, Esq. W.S. late of Edinburgh.

On 1st September, J. Wade, Esq., son of the late General Wade, and grandson to the Field-Marshal Wade.

At Lower Berkely Street, London, Cecilia, infant daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay.

At London, on 1st September, Mr. William Young, of Downe's Wharf.

At Belladrum House, Inverness-shire, on 6th September, Buchanan M'Millan, Esq. of Bow Street, Covent Garden, Printer in Ordinary to his Majesty.

At 3, Davis Street, on 1st September, Miss Marion Shaw.

At the Manse of Gladsmuir, on 4th September, the Rev. George Hamilton, D.D. minister of Gladsmuir.

Drowned, in the River Hooghly, East Indies, on 22d of March last, Mr Alexander Campbell, son of the late Donald Campbell, Esq. Ballymartin, Islay.

At 3, North Hanover Street, Glasgow, on 6th

September, Margaret Young, wife of Mr Andrew Tennent, merchant.

At Glasgow, on 6th September, Mr Peter M'Meol, writer.

At George Street, Glasgow, on 5th September, Mr Malcolm, writer.

At Finlich Malice, Stirlingshire, on 6th September, George Buchanan, Esq. late of Demersara.

At London, on 22d August, Lady Lowe, wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Hudson Lowe.

At Whitefordhill, Ayr, on 24th August, Mrs. Elizabeth Muir, wife of Mr Thomas Young, farmer.

At 38, Clyde Buildings, Glasgow, on 5th September, Mr James Young, commission merchant. At Aberdeen, on 4th September, Ann, wife of Captain David Scott.

At Thurso, on 30th August, Lieutenant Alexander Robeson, R.N.

At Montreal, on 4th July, Mr Andrew Darling, late of Edinburgh.

At Rome, on 13th August, Gilbert Laing Meason, Esq. of Landeris.

At Portobello, on 9th September, Isabella Corneil, youngest daughter of William Blair, Esq. advocate.

At 28, Inverleith Row, on 1st September, Jane, daughter of Captain Grace.

At 14, Carlton Place, on 3d September, Augusta Walker Campbell, daughter of Charles Campbell, Esq.

At 1, Grove Street, on 1st September, the Rev. Alexander Harper, late of Lanark.

At Weddrie parish of Westruther, on 2d September, Agnes Peacock.

At Wick, on 30th August, Mr. John Calder, fish-curer, Leith.

At 1'athhead, on 7th September, Eliza Trail Craigie, wife of Mr. Dove, of the Customs, Kirkcaldy.

At London, on 6th September, George Watt, W.S.

At George Street, on 12th September, Major H. Cheape, of the Military Establishment.

At Charlotte Street, on 7th September, Mr John Gibb, writer.

At Cornwall, Upper Canada, in June, Mr James Thomson, late farmer at Oatridge.

At Carlisle, on 29th August, Helen Cunningham, wife of Mr James Kay.

At Green Lettuce Lane, London, Mrs Elizabeth Airy.

At Lorne House, Isle of Man, on 21st August, Christian Taubman, widow of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Cunningham, 68th regiment.

At Haggate, on 26th March, Lieutenant Alex Moir, 15th regiment, Bombay Native Infantry, youngest son of the late William Moir, Esq. Newgrange.

At Cardinnis, on 22d August, Mrs. Katherine Tod, wife of Patrick Begbie, Esq.

At Annfield Place, Musselburgh, on 10th September, Mrs Ann Lamont, wife of Mr John Telfer, merchant.

At Palaincottah, in March last, the Lady of Captain Carteret George Scott, 1st regiment, Native Infantry.

At Newcastle, on 5th September, Thomas Trotter, M.D.

At Hawick, on the 12th September, the Rev. John Cochran.

At Edinburgh, on 12th September, The Rev. Alexander Nisbet, minister of the United Associate Congregation of Portsmouth.

At Quebec, on 26th July, Thomas Gordon, Esq., merchant.

At 126, Lauriston Place, on 10th September, Lieutenant J. C. Mitchell, Fife Militia.

At Edinburgh, on the 12th September, Mr Andrew Craig M'Lehos, Junior, son of Mr M'Lehos, W.S.

At 12, Roxburgh Place, on 10th September, Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr Robert Pridie, hat manufacturer.

At James's Court, on 16th September, Mr Charles Stewart, printer.

At Edinburgh, on 16th September, Mrs Jean Forbes, wife of Hugh Sinclair, printer.

At Edinburgh, on 31st August, Mr Robert Hannay.

At Morrison Place, Piershill, on 10th September, Mrs Addison, wife of Lieutenant Henry Addison, Queen's Bays.

At Cadogan Place, London, on 13th September, Lady MacLean, wife of Lieut.-General, Sir Fitzroy MacLean, Bart.

At Aberdeen, on 10th September, James Calder, Esq., wine-merchant.

At Guernsey, on 9th September, Charles Tyndall, Esq., son of the late Thomas Tyndall, Esq., of the Fort near Bristol.

At Quebec, on 13th August, the Rev. Joseph L. Mills, D.D., Chaplain to his Majesty's Forces, Quebec.

At Colombo, on 31st March, Mrs Hamilton Bailey, daughter of the Right Rev. Bishop O'Leigh, and spouse of the Rev. Benjamin Bailey, senior chaplain of Ceylon.

At Norwood Lodge, Surrey, on 11th September, Elizabeth Mary, wife of John Rays, Esq.

At Leiston House, Saxmundham, on 8th September, Charles Calvert, Esq., M.P.

At Bruges, on 8th September, Thomas Drury, Esq., Admiral of the Red.

At Wimbledon Common, on 8th September, Arthur Tyton, Esq., late of his Majesty's Customs.

At North Brixton, on 8th September, Sarah, relict of the late James Brewer, Esq., of Clapham Common.

At Chelmsford, William Megarry, Esq.

On the 1st September, T. Wiltshire, Esq. of Hitchin, Hertf.

At Bryanston Square, London, on 10th September, Tully Higgon, Esq.

At Dalham, Suffolk, Miss Affleck, sister of General Sir J. Affleck, Bart.

At Boulogne, on 25th August, the Rev. John Fisher, Archdeacon of Berks.

At Grotto, near Reading, Caroline Anna Maria Frederica, daughter of the Hon. Arthur Theluson.

At Cheltenham, on 4th September, Lee Steere Steere, Esq., of Jafes, Surrey.

At Logie, on 24th August, the Rev. Dr James Robertson, South Leith.

On Friday, 21st September, at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 1 P.M., Walter Scott departed. He cannot be said, at his years, and after his labours, to have been prematurely taken from us; yet so strong was the principle of vitality in his frame, so apparent is the fact that a partial giving way of the organic structure alone has occasioned his death, that we cannot look upon him as one who has lived out his full term of years. His death is "matter for a greater moan, and that we'll spend hereafter." Of all the authors of our day he was the one to whose works the term healthy may be applied. His power was of that true and conscious kind, which is at times forgotten in the intense depth of its repose. His imagination, free from the currents and eddies of passion, was the fathomless pellucid lake which mirrors everything truly but lovelier. His soul was mirrored in his features:—colossal, homely, with an expression in which shrewdness gave a playful cast to intense kindliness; as if in him love, instead of being diminished, had but been afforded fuller scope and freer play by knowledge; as if the characteristics of the cherub and seraph had in him been blended together.

# TAITS

## EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

### THE RADICAL POETS.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, Author of *Corn Law Rhymes*, *The Village Patriarch*, *Splendid Village*, &c. &c. &c. ; CRABBE, BURNS, COWPER, SOUTHEY, POLLOCK, a COUNTRY CURATE, &c. &c. &c.

"WHAT is poetry?" has often been asked. To this question, Lord Bacon, a true poet, though he wrote in prose, replies,—“It is something divine; because it raises the mind, and hurries it into sublimity, by conforming the shows of things to the desires of the soul; instead of subjecting the soul to external things, as reason and history do.” What is poetry? we ask of Hazlitt, another of the poets, who neither submitted to the links of rhyme, nor more majestic bondage of blank verse; and he poetically replies,—“Poetry is that fine particle within us that expands, rarifies, refines, raises our whole being—without it man’s life is poor as beasts’;” and he eloquently illustrates the definition,—“The child is a poet, in fact, when he first plays at hide-and-seek, or repeats the tale of Jack the Giant Killer; the shepherd lad is a poet, when he first crowns his mistress with a garland of flowers; the countryman, when he gazes after the Lord Mayor’s Show; the miser, when he hugs his gold; the courtier, when he builds his hope upon a smile; the savage, when he paints his idol with blood; the slave who worships a tyrant, and the tyrant who fancies himself a God; the vain, the ambitious, the proud, the choleric man; the hero and the coward, the beggar and the king, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, all live in a world of their own making; and the poet does no more than describe what all others think and act.” These are subtle and exalted descriptions of poetry—passionate and imaginative poetry; but they are not complete. What is poetry? we inquire of Ebenezer Elliott, a Radical Poet, and he forcibly and briefly answers,—“What is poetry but impassioned truth?” The definition is clear and complete as regards his own writings, and applies, with nearly equal propriety, to those of CRABBE, the *Great Founder of the Radical School*; in which the Sheffield worker in iron and in steel is rather his steady and unflinching fellow-labourer than imitative dis-

eiple. His poetical Radicalism is as original and vigorous as is his genius.

The definition of Elliott applies with equal exactness to all the Radical poetry of the writers whose names are arranged at the head of this article. They make a formidable list; yet it would not be difficult to swell it; and every day is witnessing conversions among the living verse-men, and making additions to the number of the *Radical Poets*. The late volume of Mr. Proctor (Barry Cornwall) places him fairly in the category; and the author of the *Village Workhouse* has enrolled himself frankly and at once a volunteer under the Radical banner. The Radicalism of Burns\*—who died so early as to have scarcely begun to live to reflection, and who spent his noble mind in feeling—is but incidentally visible, though its character and genuineness cannot be mistaken. It runs through his tale of the *Two Dogs*, forms the depressing theme of his elegiac verses, *Man was Made to Mourn*, and triumphs in his glorious song,—

“The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,  
The man’s the goud, for a’ that !”

A deep-hidden vein of Radicalism runs through all the poetry of Cowper, occasionally breaking out both in his sarcasm, and pathetic regrets over the changed condition of the poor, and the manners of the rural population; and in his keen satire and sweeping denunciations of the profligacy and degeneracy of the higher orders; the corruption of modern statesmen, and of the clergy and magistracy; and the gradual demoralization of the people from impolitic or wicked laws; the Excise, with its legalized perjuries, its bounty on intemperance, and mockery of the sanctity of oaths; the State Lottery, and the military mania. But Cowper is, on Radical subjects, now comparatively an old writer. The materials of Radicalism have increased ten-fold since the author of the *Task* and of *Expostulation* laid aside his pen. He had closed his books before the consequences of the late war were even guessed at by the “terrible sagacity” of the poet. The bulk of Crabbe’s writings were, in point of time, twenty or more years later, and, in point of fact, and of the extraordinary position of the country, a full century later. Crabbe, again, had, in his turn, ceased to write before the evils of the system were felt in their utmost rigour—evils which are hurrying us to Heaven knows where. The gentle and benevolent spirit of Cowper was spared the pain of witnessing in his England, beloved with all her faults, the train of miseries produced by an enormous expenditure corrupting the few and grinding the many, and the consequent monstrous abuse of the poor laws; or the evils which false policy has created, and entailed on production, and the fearfully increased distress of a wretched, starving, and, by consequence, an ignorant and reckless population, madly aggravating every misery of their actual condition, by their own thoughtlessness.

Grahame, the friend of liberty, and the most soft-hearted of all poets, is also the gentlest of Radicals. Who can forget his affecting descriptions of the sufferings and feelings of the rural population, groaning under the proud man’s contumely, or driven from their ancestral fields by

\* We shall have an early opportunity of shewing our readers Burns as a MAN and a POET, in the light in which he should be viewed, and in the portraiture of one amply qualified by kindred genius and feeling to appreciate him truly—Allan Cunningham.

"stern monopoly;" or his touching pictures of the city mechanic, "plying the sickly trade?" The tenderness and benevolence of his nature was yet more strongly excited by the condition of children in factories, and those brought from their native cottages and burn-sides, to the dark unwholesome cellars, and stifling garrets, of the city lanes. Many of his descriptions, and most pathetic remonstrances and appeals, are of the finest essence of Radicalism. Who can ever forget such passages as these?

—— "Oft from their high  
And wretched roof they look, trying through clouds.  
Of driving smoke, a glimpse of the green fields  
To gain; while at the view they feel their hearts  
Sickenings within them. Ah, these vain regrets  
For happiness, that now is but a dream,  
Are not their sorest evil. No! disease,  
(The harvest of the crowded house of toil,)  
Approaches, withering fast the opening bloom  
Of infant years."

"Oh, that heart-winging cry  
To take them *home*—to take them home again!"

It need scarcely be told that the Laureate was, in his earlier years, a thorough, and indeed, a bitter Radical poet. His anti-manufacturing, anti-Malthusian, and anti-Macculloch opinions, make him still something "more than kin though less than kind" to a large section of the Radicals; however indignantly he might disclaim the relationship. Mr. Southey may have done severe, and, we doubt not, very sincere penance for those sins of his youth, *Wat Tyler*, and the *Battle of Blenheim*; but the spirit of the *Wanderer*, the *Eclogues*, and the *Wedding*, will continue to animate his poetry, while he trusts himself with popular subjects. Not one of the poets we have mentioned are so directly and zealously teachers in the school of which Crabbe is the Chief, as the Laureate was. The constraining power of the Spirit of Truth has made this an age fertile of Balaams; and Mr. Southey is of the number of the prophets.

CRABBE, whom we hold as the Founder of the Radical school, is emphatically the poet of low, of mean, and of suffering life. He has never yet found a true critic, though the progress of events has now given him many intelligent interpreters. No one appears to have either fathomed the Radical depths of his mind, or to have comprehended the most important purpose which may be educed from his writings. It cannot be said that he has manifested any pre-concerted design of drawing attention to the condition of the poor, and the prospects of society. But he was a deeply reflective and an actively benevolent man, of acute observation and profound thought. The discharge of his duty as a conscientious clergyman, brought him into close and constant contact with the poor; and his heart and mind from their overflowing fullness, poured forth treasured hoards of thought and feeling, in humorous, playful, sarcastic, and most pathetic verse, describing especially the condition of the lower classes, with great power, with minute fidelity, and in the spirit of "impassioned truth." His mind was full of his subject, and he was earnest and sincere in the deliverance of the prophet-message intrusted to him. But the mode was of lesser concernment; one man employs the lofty seraph-tone of Milton; another, the quaint para-



phrastic style of Bunyan. Crabbe had his own peculiar signs, though it is clear that he labours with the mighty reality, if not always with the consciousness of a great moral and political purpose, which his critics not perceiving, have judged him by the ordinary vulgar rules and standards of poetical jurisdiction, never once hitting upon the fundamental principle of his compositions. He is the Hogarth of the poets, and the critics read him like a child, nor understand half the meanings figured forth by his successive pictures. These meanings are beginning to glimmer upon them now.<sup>1</sup> It is now seen that *Radical* wrongs and evils are at the foundation of all the speculations he has illustrated in *tale* and *elegy*—that the *poor* are ever present with him. They may not at all times claim his respect, but they engross his thoughts and his care, and very much of his affection. If he dwell quite enough upon their debasing pursuits, and the mean concomitant vices of extreme poverty and extreme ignorance, he does not neglect their redeeming qualities. He loves to paint their piety, patience, resignation; and their tenacity and delicacy of affection; their inborn sense of the manly and independent in character, and all “the virtues of the lowly train.” The living truth of his descriptions has been universally acknowledged; and, than some of them, there are none in the language more powerful in simple pathos, and piteous and tender beauty, whether in thought or expression. Yet in the delineations of the master-poet of the suffering poor, pain must predominate. He, in fact, becomes oppressive and afflicting. The reader is looking in the verse of Crabbe for what he has accustomed himself to expect from all poetry,—pleasure, however melancholy or serious its prevailing character may be; and he quarrels with the author for not ministering the sweetened or the spiced draught, for which the poet has never bargained. The fastidious recoil, with somewhat of disgust, from his wholesome potions, distilled of rue and euphrasy, and all bitter but salutary herbs; and persons of keen sensibility on the hopeless, sickening view of society which he presents, are, with some shew of justice, tempted to retort upon him his own powerful words:—

“I'll know no more;—my heart is torn  
By sights of wo it cannot heal!  
Long shall I see these things forlorn,  
And oft again their woes shall feel,  
As each upon the mind shall steal.” —

A clear apprehension of the latent purpose of Crabbe and of Elliott will enable the reader to overcome this nausea. The poetry of both is something entirely different from the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of ordinary minstrelsy, or “the voices of those who play sweetly upon the instrument.” They probe the festering sore to the bottom; and tear away the veiling rags which, in our impatient selfishness, we are content to see interposed between the foul, eating ulcer and our daintiness; but this disgust is given only that the canker may be thoroughly exposed and examined, and skilfully salved. Neither of the Radical bards seems to give himself much concern whether his passionate representations of truth be what are conventionally considered fit for the purposes of poetry or not; contented if, by rousing, agitating, and affecting our feelings, they can awaken the torpid sense to the justice which society owes to its outcasts, and its degraded and suffering members. The admonitions both have received, not to write in verse what must give pain, are about as reasonable as forbidding a physician to administer a healing draught in

a glass vessel, as such vessels are usually consecrated to vinous beverages and social potations.

We need not longer detain the reader from the avowed Radical poet, by citing from the writings of Crabbe proofs of how closely their feelings and opinions were akin.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT is an original writer in an imitative age; and a powerful one at a time tending in literature to feebleness and effeminacy. He is himself; and in manner resembles no one else. Like every other original writer, he draws from the great mine of nature; but he works a vein which is wholly his own; and the ore he hammers out—for he is not skilful in refining processes or in the use of crucibles and alembics—bears his own deep and distinct impress,—Nature's broad arrow stamping every ingot. There is, accordingly, almost nothing which the Radical poet has written that could have been the composition of any other man. The shaping and cast of his thoughts are as much his own as the garb of strong and glowing words in which they are clothed. He is "a self-educated poet;" and it were to be wished that some one would, once for all, explain this parrot phrase, and fix the limits which divide the taught from the "self-taught" poets. To the latter class belong Shakspeare, Burns, and Elliott; to the former class, Milton, Wordsworth, and Byron. But were Milton and Byron poets because they studied at Oxford and Cambridge; and was Shakspeare an infinitely greater poet than either, because he could only have transiently smelt the air of the former learned city in passing through it, a fugitive adventurer? This phrase, "self-educated" poet, has, we suspect, no fixed meaning of any kind, if it have any meaning at all; and we imagine that the elements of all literary education, reading and writing, once attained, every poet may be described as "self-educated." Burns has said that no poet ever met the Muse, until he had learned to wander, solitarily,

"Adown some wimpling burn's meander,  
And no' think lang."

The only essential difference, we apprehend, between man and man, in whom the native genius lurks, over which time and the hoar can have influence, may be the enjoyment of leisure, and an employment favourable to the ripening and development of the poetical character. Like the business of Burns, for example,

"In glory and in joy,  
Following his plough upon the mountain's side;"

while Elliott's toilsome and noisy Cyclop calling, though it could not preclude the reception and gradual accumulation of poetical ideas, must have been adverse and retarding to their germination and development. The superincumbent weight of circumstances must have pressed heavily upon him; but the undying, unquenchable principle was there. The seed slowly received into a soil so naturally fertile and congenial, might long lie hidden; but gently nourished and quickened at last by the sun of truth and the dews of heaven, like the chilled and retarded buds and blossoms of a hyperborean region, it sprung at length into "the bright, consummate flower."

We do not exactly know how long Mr. Elliott may have been writing poetry; but he must have been revolving it, and brooding over it, for many years, and long maintaining a manly vigorous struggle, though, so far as we see, all his more important compositions have been published

within the last three years. Though our information is neither full nor perfect, every thing about the mental constitution and intellectual growth of "a self-educated mind" belonging to Elliott's class, is at present doubly interesting and curious, even though it may be far from arriving at the maturity and manly vigour of his disciplined understanding. These are the men, the influence of whose opinions is already strongly and directly felt in public affairs. They are the sinews of our society, and they must soon be more. With their virtue and intelligence, or their profligacy and ignorance, the weal or woe of Britain is bound up; and, apart from poetical accomplishment, we linger on the character of Elliott, as on a bright augury; trusting that, though far superior in poetic genius, he may be in knowledge and principle only a fair specimen of tens of thousands of our artisans. He says himself, in a private letter to a friend, that there was no early sign of the elemental poet about him, nor indeed bright promise of any kind. But it must be noticed that he has no faith in original genius. He, however, confesses to that inborn propensity which is the unfailing and least equivocal mark of the genuine poetic temperament—the love of nature. The love of nature and the education of Jacobinism formed the *Radical Poet*. Elliott was born rather more than fifty years since, in a village near the town of Sheffield. There,—we use his own strong words, and none can be found so fit,—he is still "a dealer in steel, working hard every day; literally labouring with head and hands, and alas with my heart too! If you think the steel trade, in those profitless days, is not a heavy, hard-working trade, come and break out a ton." A man of his knowledge and energy was not likely to remain the mere workman of another. Elliott, though labouring with his hands and head, is his own master, as well as his children's provider. But we must briefly advert to his origin and his youth. His father, a man of education, and of great natural humour, was a commercial clerk in an iron establishment, and also a Jacobin, the name given in those days to the friends of liberty by the artifice of its enemies, and meant to express the last degree of whatever was ruffianly and opprobrious. He was, his son writes, "a Jacobin, marked as such, and hunted, literally hunted out of society on that account. The yeomanry used to amuse themselves, periodically, by backing their horses through his windows. "I," says Elliott, "*I have not forgotten the English Reign of Terror*; there you have the source of my political tendencies." This holds in thousands of instances besides that of Mr. Elliott. The blood of the martyrs of freedom in the end of the last century has been the fruitful seed of liberty in this. The children of the persecuted then, are among the most determined of the Radicals now. Young Elliott excelled all his companions in kite-making, and such feats of boyish mechanical dexterity; but nevertheless obtained the reputation of a dunce, and almost a fool; and to prove that he deserved it he chose to play truant for weeks and months on end, preferring to hunt lizards, and search out bird nests in the Threybergh woods to the first four rules of Arithmetic. "To those wild wanderings," he says in the letter to a friend quoted above, "I impute the love of Nature and her wonders, which will quit me but with life." Though averse to school learning, Elliott speaks with the utmost affection and respect of his early teacher, Joseph Ramsbottom.—What a name! Mr. Croker or Mr. Hooke might exclaim, for one whom Elliott describes "as one of those unsophisticated beings, whom the improved state of society will no longer permit to subsist among us. He was disinterestedness personified; a man of

genius, of infantine kindness, of patriarchal simplicity; the gentlest and most benevolent of human creatures: humble, pious, industrious, resigned, he lived and died as few can live and die." He was an able mathematician and ingenious mechanic, and distinguished by a fondness for flowers.—Had the *Radical Poet* been trained at Harrow or Eton, we should, as soon as he became popular, have heard among the great a great deal about his tutors; and on as just a principle we here notice "the best of men, Joseph Ramsbottom."

As Elliott was a suspected dunce only for liking the woods and moors better than Dilworth or Cocker, his father gave up the point of school learning, and sent him into the Foundry with which he was himself connected, upon the foreman (a shrewd man, belike,) giving the comforting assurance that the lad was after all no fool. Like the sturdy energetic Radical he afterwards grew, Elliott put his soul into his business, and soon gave promise of becoming a first-rate workman. "At this period," he says, in the letter noticed above, "I was saved or lost by an accident;"—"saved," assuredly, if by this is meant that his character, was, from this time, determined to poetry; or to pursuits which led to it. A young relative was taking in a work on botany, with coloured prints of plants, in monthly numbers, and Elliott was allowed to peruse it, and taught by a common mechanical process to trace the plates. He thus became a draughtsman, and a lover of plants; which again led him back to the woods, and away from the ale-house, whither he owes he had sometimes gone with the other workmen. About this same time his brother bought a copy of Thomson's Seasons, which, being a good reader, he read aloud to the family, until the reputed dunce silently obtained some faint glimmering perception of the beauty of the descriptions. When Giles laid down the book, Ebenezer took it up, and carried it into the garden, whither he duly went to compare the poet's descriptions with the natural living flowers.

On holidays he still sought the woods to gather flowers. Poets call their writings "garlands, and wreaths, and chaplets." How long Elliott's poetry continued literally so, we cannot tell; nor yet when his mute, or flower-worship of Nature burst forth into words—the strong, fervid, earnest words of "impassioned truth."

When he first published is equally a secret to us; but he did publish long ago, and fortunately found his poetry completely neglected:—Fortunately, we say advisedly; for though there may be minds to whom neglect is annihilation, there are others more nervous and more sternly-strung, to whom it gives strength, pride, self-reliance, and instant and complete emancipation from the trammels of codes of opinion, and the systems of schools of criticism. Something worse than neglect, made, or shewed Lord Byron to be a great poet; and had Elliott's first attempts been received with maukish praise, and the fulsome empty airs of modern patronage, we might have found him still dallying with "subjects fit for poetry," instead of seeing him the masculine, original, and energetic Radical poet, which, left to himself, and taking counsel of his own mind only, he has become. By the time the critics and self-elected guardians of literature began to claim jurisdiction over him, Elliott had luckily learned to think and judge for himself, and, we suspect, to imagine that he was at least as much in the secret of where his strength lay as any one of them.

We cannot pretend to give an abstract of the poems of Elliott; though, in attempting some account of them, we believe we shall perform an ac-

ceptable service to the public, at least in this end of the island ; and to the friends of liberty, and of the improvement of mankind everywhere. *Corn-Law Rhymes* is a title to which few persons affix any intelligible idea ; and those who chance to be acquainted with the poetry of Elliott, only through this small volume, must have a very inadequate notion indeed of the high poetical merit of the *Village Patriarch*, of *Love*, and of the *Splendid Village*.

*Love* is a sentimental and descriptive poem, containing passages of touching beauty and pathos. It may be the most sustained and equal of all Mr. Elliott's productions, though it is far inferior in vigour, force, and power, to his subsequent writings. The *Corn-Law Rhymes* is a mere collection of pieces of very unequal merit, and is somewhat indebted to the attraction of a quaint name ; but of his more regular efforts, every one has been a decided improvement on that which preceded it. From *Love* we extract a few lines, following the opening apostrophe to " Love the eldest Muse." They are recommended by referring to the domestic circumstances of the author, for which reason we prefer them to more brilliant passages :—

" Love, 'twas my heart that named thee ! sweetest word,  
Here, or in highest Heav'n pronounced or heard !  
Whether by seraph near the throne above,  
Or soul-sick maiden in the vernal grove,  
Or matron, with her first-born on her knee,  
Or, sweeter, lip'd by rose-lipp'd infancy !  
Yes, Love, my heart did name thee ! not because  
Thy mandate gave the bright-hair'd comet laws ;  
Nor that thy hand, in good almightyest, showers  
The everblooming, fiery-petall'd flowers  
Wide o'er the fields of hyacinthine Heav'n ;  
But that to me thy richest smile hath giv'n  
Bliss, tried in pain. And mid my rosy boys,  
In joy and grief, I sing thy joys and joys.  
Bless'd is the hearth, when daughters gird the fire,  
And sons, that shall be happier than their sire,  
Who sees them crowd around his evening chair,  
While love and hope inspires his wordless pray'r,  
Oh, from their home paternal may they go,  
With little to unlearn, though much to know !  
Them may no poison'd tongue, no evil eye  
Curse for the virtues that refuse to die,  
The generous heart, the independent mind,  
Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting behind !  
May temperance crown their feast, and friendship share !  
May pity come, Love's sister spirit, there !  
May they shun baseness, as they shun the grave !  
May they be frugal, pious, humble, brave !  
Sweet peace be theirs, the moonlight of the breast,  
And occupation, and alternate rest,  
And, dear to care and thought, the rural walk !  
Theirs be no flower that withers on the stalk,  
But roses cropp'd, that shall not bloom in vain,  
And hope's bless'd sun, that sets to rise again !  
Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home be sweet,  
Their floor resound the trade of little feet ;  
Bless'd beyond fear and fate, if bless'd by thee,  
And heirs, oh, Love, of thine eternity !"

Though *Love* is not the characteristic volume of the *Radical poet*, we must give one or two more passages. This is from an address to conjugal and maternal love :

" Oh, bless'd, who drinks the bliss that Hymen yields,  
And plucks life's roses in his quiet fields !  
Though in his absence hours seem lengthen'd years,  
His presence hallows separation's tears.  
Oh, clasp'd in dreams, for his delay'd return  
Fond arms are stretch'd, and speechless wishes burn !  
Love o'er his fever'd soul sheds tears more sweet  
Than angels' smiles, when parted angels meet :  
To him no fabled paradise is given ;  
His very sorrows charm, and breathe of heav'n.  
And soon the fairest form that walks below  
Shall bless the name of parent in her wo ;  
Soon o'er her babe shall breathe a mother's pray'r,  
And kiss its father's living picture there,  
While the young stranger on life's dangerous way  
Turns with a smile his blue eye to the day."

The second book of this poem opens finely with an apostrophe to the faithful, conjugal love, and domestic bliss of virtuous Poverty. It is so amiable, and the lesson so nobly Radical, that we cannot resist this passage.

" Oh, faithful Love, by Poverty embraced !  
Thy heart is fire, amid a wintry waste ;  
Thy joys are roses, born on Hecla's brow ;  
Thy home is Eden, warm amid the snow ;  
And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm,  
Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form ;  
Ev'n as thy taper gives intensest light,  
When o'er thy bow'd roof darkest falls the night.  
Oh, if thou e'er hast wrong'd her, if thou e'er  
From those mild eyes hast caused one bitter tear  
To flow unseen,—repent, and sin no more !  
For richest gems, compared with her, are poor ;  
Gold, weigh'd against her heart, is light—is vile,  
And when thou sufferest, who shall see her smile ?  
Sighing, ye wake, and sighing sink to sleep,  
And seldom smile, without fresh cause to weep ;  
(Scarce dry the pebble, by the wave dash'd o'er,  
Another comes to wet it as before ;)  
Yet, while in gloom your freezing day declines,  
How fair the wintry sunbeam when it shines !  
Your foliage, where no summer leaf is seen,  
Sweetly embroiders earth's white veil with green ;  
And your broad branches, proud of storm-tried strength,  
Stretch to the winds in sport their stalwart length,  
And calmly wave, beneath the darkest hour,  
The ice-born fruit, the frost-defying flower.  
Let Luxury, sickening in profusion's chair,  
Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir,  
And, while he feeds him, blush, and tremble, too !  
But, Love and Labour, blush not, fear not, you !  
Your children, (splinters from the mountain's side,)  
With rugged hands, shall for themselves provide.  
Parent of valour, cast away thy fear !  
Mother of Men, be proud without a tear !  
While round your hearth the wo-nursed virtues move,  
And all that manliness can ask of love ;  
Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair,  
Remember Arkwright, and the peasant Clare.  
Burns o'er the plough sung sweet his woodnotes wild,  
And richest SHAKESPEARE was a poor man's child.  
Sire green in age, mild, patient, toil-inured,  
Endure thine evils, as thou hast endured.  
Behold thy wedded daughter, and rejoice !

Hear Hope's sweet accents in a grandchild's voice!  
 See Freedom's bulwarks in thy sons arise  
 And Hampden, Russell, Sidney, in their eyes!  
 And should some new Napoleon's curse subdue  
 All hearths but thine, let him behold them, too,  
 And timely shun a deadlier Waterloo!"

The story of the blind-struck bride, is full of interest and subdued pathos, and knowledge of that most wayward thing, a human heart, which, though not naturally either cruel or bad, is yet not under the guidance of steady principle, and the influence of early-formed good habits.

But it is in the *Village Patriarch* that the opinions and tendencies of Elliott are first distinctly evolved. He feels like a true and reflecting Englishman the gradual debasement, and rapid impoverishment of the people, from the combined operation of the Poor Laws, the Game Laws, and that hydra-curse the Corn Law, which has given activity to all the misery resulting from the Poor Laws, and made them more injurious to the morals and condition of the people, from the end of the American war till now, or in fifty years, than in all the centuries which have intervened since their institution. The Bread Tax, which, he emphatically says, speaks to him from the trenchers of his ten children, Elliott considers the tap-root of all the evils under which the country is labouring. The scrimped trencher is, indeed, quickening, powerful inspiration. The beer flaggon of himself and his neighbours, drained dry by excessive taxation, is equal to the poet's Helicon, with the minstrel whose only muse is Useful Truth. The account Mr. Elliott has given of the origin of his political poetry, sets the matter in the true light. Nor is it to the philosopher the least valuable section of his writings.

"My poem may be a weed, but it has sprung, unforced, out of existing things. It may not suit the circulating libraries for adult babies; but it is the earnest product of experience, a retrospect of the past, and an evidence of the present—a sign of the times—a symptom, terrible, or otherwise, which our state doctors will do well to observe with the profoundest shake of the head; for it affords a prognostic, if not a proof, that Smith and Macculloch must soon be as familiar as Dilworth to school-boys. And is it of no importance what a man of the middle class—hardly raised above the lowest—thinks, when the lowest are beginning to think? Believing as I do, that the Corn Laws have a direct and rapid tendency to ruin my ten children and their country, with all its venerable and venerated institutions, where is the wonder if I hate the perpetrators of such insane atrocities? Their ancestors, I believe, were good men. The Savilles and the Rockinghams, were not palaced almoners, nor are their successors like the Shelleys and the Lauderdale. But when suicidal anti-profit laws speak to my heart from my children's trenchers; when statutes for restricting the industry of a population, which is only superabundant because it is oppressed, threaten to send me to the treadmill, for the crime of inflicted want; when, in a word, my feelings are *hammered* till they are 'cold-short;' habit can no longer bend them to courtesy; they snap, and fly off in sarcasm. Is it strange that my language is fervent as a welding heat, when my thoughts are *passions*, that rush burning from my mind, like white-hot bolts of steel? You do not seem to be sufficiently aware of the importance of *these low matters of trade*; you do not seem to suspect, that, if the Corn Laws continue much longer, the *death-struggle* of competition will terminate suddenly!"

Like every other powerful thinker, who looks abroad with his eyes open, and whose vision is neither rendered purblind by "interest-begotten prejudices," nor disturbed by an attempt to accommodate facts to theories, Elliott believes the condition of the great mass of the people to be much worse, than it was even thirty years back; and that the accumulation of capital has been the scattering of well-being, owing to

bad government, bad institutions, and unskilful legislation. To prove this may be assumed as the leading moral object of the *Village Patriarch*.

*Enoch Wray*, the venerable ruin of an English handicraftsman of the good olden time, has seen a century of years, is blind and poverty-stricken, but still maintains his independence of character, and his place as the patriarch of the hamlet. He is full of shrewd and sagacious thought, and of ennobling feelings and recollections. The poem opens with a striking description of a day of severe settled frost, and the old blind man groping his way abroad.

“ How lone is he, who, blind and near his end,  
Seeks old acquaintance in a stone or tree !  
All feeling, and no sight ! Oh let him spend  
The gloaming hour in chat with memory,  
Nor start from dreams, to curse reality,  
And friends, more hard and cold than trees and stones.”

The “ poor blind father ” is elbowed in his way by

“ Men whose harsh steps have language, cruel tones  
That strike his ear and heart, as if with steel !  
Where dwell they, ere corruption's brazen seal  
Stamped power's hard image on such dross as theirs.  
Thou meanest thing that Heaven endures and spares,  
Thou up-start Dandy, with the cheek of lead !  
How dar'st thou from the wall push those grey hairs ?  
Dwarf ! if He lift a finger thou art dead !

“ Some natural tears he drops, but wipes them soon,  
And thinks how changed his country and his kind,  
Since he in England's and in manhood's noon  
Toiled lightly, and earned much ; or, like the wind,  
Went forth o'er flowers, with not a care behind ;  
And knew nor grief, nor want, nor doubt, nor fear.  
Beadle ! how can'st thou smite with speech severe,  
One who was reverenced long ere thou' wast born ?  
No homeless, soulless beggar meets thee here :  
Although that threadbare coat is patched and torn,  
His bursting heart repels thy taunt with scorn.

You, too, proud dame, whose eye so keenly scans  
The king's blind subject on the king's high-road,  
You, who much wonder that, with all our plans  
To starve the poor, they still should crawl abroad ;  
Ye both are journeying to the same abode.”

But we cannot follow the logical deductions of the lady, nor yet advert to the beautifully descriptive lines which follow, blended with the recollections of the patriarch. This account of changed manners, and city life, is, if less pleasing, more to our purpose.

“ But much he dreads the town's distracting maze,  
Where all, to him, is full of change and pain.  
New streets invade the country : and he strays,  
Lost in strange paths, still seeking, and in vain,  
For ancient landmarks, or the lonely lane  
Where oft he played at Crusoe, when a boy.  
Fire vomits darkness, where his lime-trees grew ;  
Harsh grates the saw, where coo'd the wood-dove coy ;  
Tomb crowds on tomb, where violets drooped in dew ;  
And, brighter than bright heav'n the speed-well blue  
Cluster'd the bank, where now the town-bred boor  
(Victim and wretch, whose children never smile)  
Insults the stranger, sightless, old, and poor,



On swill'd Saint Monday, with his cronies vile,  
 Drunk, for the glory of the holy isle,  
 While pines his wife and tells to none her woes !

" Here, Enoch, flaunts no more the wild brier rose,  
 Nor basks the lizard here, nor harmless snake.  
 In Spring, no more the broom, all golden glows  
 O'er the clear rill, that, whimpering through the brake,  
 Heard thy blithe youth the echoing vale awake.  
 All that was lovely then is gloomy now.  
 Then, no strange paths perplex'd thee, no new streets,  
 Where draymen bayl, while rogues kick up a row ;  
 And fish-wives grin, while fopling fopling meets ;  
 And milk lad his rebellious donkey beats,  
 While dwarfish cripple shuffles to the wall ;  
 And hopeless tradesmen sneaks to alehouse mean ;  
 And imps of beggary curse their dad, and sq' all  
 For mammy's gin ; and matron, poor and clean,  
 With tearful eye, begs crust for lodger lean ;  
 And famish'd weaver, with his children three,  
 Sings hymns for bread ; and legless soldier, borne  
 In dog-drawn car, implores charity ;  
 And thief, with steak, from butcher runs' forlorn ;  
 And debtor bows, while banker smiles in scorn ;  
 And landed pauper, in his coach and four,  
 Bound to far countries from a realm betray'd,  
 Scowls on the crowd, who curse the scoundrel's power,  
 While coachee grins, and lofty lady's maid  
 Turns up her nose at bread-tax-paying trade,  
 Though master bilketh dun, and is in haste."

The contrast of the scene with the time

" When Locksley o'er the hills of Hallam chased  
 The wide-horned stag,"

is more poetical but less characteristic of Elliott ; and we turn to the city-pent widow, who—

" Still tries to make her little garden bloom,  
 For she was country-born. No weeds appear  
 Where her poor pinks deplore their prison-tomb ;  
 To them, alas ! no second spring shall come !"

We leave the decaying flowers, for the sickly human flower.

" Pale, dwindled lad, that on her slated shop  
 Set'st moss and groundsel from the frosty lea !  
 O'er them no more the tiny wren shall hop :  
 Poor plants ! poor child ! I pity them, and thee ;  
 Yet blame I not wise Mercy's high decree :  
 They fade, thou diest, but thou to live again,  
 To bloom in heav'n. And will thy flowers be there ?  
 Heav'n, without them, would smile, for thee, in vain.  
 Thither, poor boy, the primrose shall repair,  
 There violets breathe of England's dewy air,  
 And daisies speak of her, that dearest one,  
 Who then shall bend above thy early bier."

We must not follow the widow and her boy farther. Yet more deeply pathetic, in the same strain, is this little incidental notice of the poor women in the Sheffield Factories, soothing toils, which nothing can cheer, by chanting hymns.

" Hark ! music still is here ! How wildly sweet,  
 Like flute-notes in a storm, the psalm ascends  
 From yonder pile, in traffic's dirtiest street !  
 There hapless woman at her labour bends,

While with the rattling fly her shrill voice blends,  
And ever, as she cuts the headless nail,  
She sings, 'I waited long, and sought the Lord,  
And patiently did bear.' A deeper wail  
Of sister voices joins, in sad accord,  
'He set my feet upon his rock ador'd!'  
And then, perchance, 'O God, on man look down!'

Such is the pathetic power, the moral pathetic of this Radical poet. We can remember many picturesque incidents of this nature in the elder poets and romance writers. The peasant chanting the old ballad of the Roncesvalles fight,—the milk-maid's song, so finely introduced by honest Isaac Walton,—and poor Ophelia's snatches of old ballads—but nothing so deeply moving as the minstrelsy of these poor Sheffield tasked work-women.

The blind patriarch on his ramble, visits an old friend, also blind and bed-ridden. But we cannot go farther into the history of his friend, or of the interview, than to extract a few lines from the prayer which Enoch breathes by the bed-side of Charles. Let us first notice that the patriarch's *useful* life had been spent in the labours of a stone-mason,—almost an architect,—the constructor of country mills, and stanch, enduring, old-fashioned mountain bridges. Charles had been his fellow-labourer, and now Enoch,

—— "with hands uplifted reverently,  
And heav'nward eyes, upon his bended knees,  
Implores the Father of the poor to spare  
His pious friend, and cure his long disease;  
Or give him strength his painful load to bear,  
That, dying, he may shew 'what good men are.' "

But we pass to the pith of Enoch's earnest petitions and thanksgivings.

—— "Thee, we bless, that he can proudly say  
He eats the hoarded bread of industry,"  
And that he hath not, in his evil day  
Tasted the bitterness of parish-pay.  
Though frail thy child, like all who weep below,  
His life, thou know'st, has been no baneful weed;  
He never gather'd where he did not plough,  
He reap'd not where he had not scatter'd seed;  
And Christ for wretched sinners deigned to bleed!  
At thy tribunal want may be forgiv'n;  
There, to be lowly, is not to be base;  
Oh, then—if equal in the eye of heav'n  
Are all the children of the human race,"——

We break off again abruptly; leaving the reader to follow out this passage.

The old man, seated in the sunshine of a bright winter's day, gives the poet opportunity for a hasty retrospection of the great public events of the last century; ending with the first French Revolution. This closes with a comparison between Washington and Napoleon, which it rejoices us to see a *Radical* make; as the name of the latter hero has often proved a meteor that has dazzled and misled too many professing the political faith of Elliott, but with much less knowledge of its fundamental principles.

Some complimentary lines to "cloud-rolling" Sheffield, and her skilled and independent artisans, free, on the return of the Sabbath, to emerge from the forge, and from the darkness of their six days' toil, lead to this splendid passage:—

"Light! all is not corrupt; for thou art pure,  
 Unchanged and changeless! Though frail man is vile,  
 Thou lookst on him serene, sublime, secure,  
 Yet, like thy Father, with a pitying smile.  
 Light! we may cloud thy beams, but not defile.  
 Even on this wintry day, as marble cold,  
 Angels might quit their homes to visit thee,  
 And match their plumage with thy mantle, rolled  
 Beneath God's Throne, or billows of a sea,  
 Whose isles are worlds, whose bounds infinity.  
 Why, then, is Enoch absent from my side?  
 I miss the rustle of his silver hair; \*  
 A guide no more, I seem to want a guide,  
 While Enoch journeys to the House of Prayer;  
 Ah, ne'er came Sabbath day but he was there!  
 Lo, how, like him, erect and strong, though grey,  
 Yon village-tower, time-touched, to God appeals!  
 But, hark! the chimes of morning die away!  
 Hark! to the heart the solemn sweetness steals,  
 Like the heart's voice, unfelt by none who feels  
 That God is Love, that man is living dust."

The Sabbath-walk of the toil-freed townsman, with his little children, to whom the very air of Heaven is a rich banquet, is, in tenderness and sweetness, the counterpart of similar descriptions in Grahame; and then we have the *skailing* of the kirk, which gives room for many little shrewd and sarcastic strokes and sketches of character. We see the spiritless, scorned curate; and are told of the reduced English yeoman and his degenerate successor, and see the ancient home,

———"where once dwelt Matthew Hayes,  
 A trading yeoman of the bygone days.  
 There, where his fathers sojourned on the plain,  
 And damn'd the French, yet loved all humankind,  
 His annual feast was spread, nor spread in vain;  
 There his own acres billowed in the wind  
 Their golden corn. A man of vulgar mind,  
 He laughed at learning, while he scrawled his cross,  
 And reared his boy in sloth. But times grew worse;  
 War came; and public waste brought private loss."

It is useless to follow a common history. The yeoman and his wife die broken-hearted beggars. Their ill-educated son supports a life of degradation and low debauchery, by poaching and theft. Let us turn for comfort to the dwelling, and forget the perished inmates. The English home—

———"that sternly could withstand  
 The storms of more than twice a hundred years!  
 In such a home was Shakspeare's Hamlet planned;  
 And Raleigh's boyhood shed ambitious tears  
 O'er Colon's wrongs. How proudly it uprears  
 Its tower of clustered chimneys, tufted o'er  
 With ivy, ever green amid the grey;  
 Yet envy-stung, and muttering ever more  
 To yon red villa, on the King's highway,—  
 'Thou dandy, I am not of yesterday.'  
 Time seems to reverence these fantastic walls.  
 Behold the gables quaint, the cornice strong!  
 The chambers, bellying over latticed halls!  
 The oaken tracery, outlasting long  
 The carven stone!"

The following sketch of an intelligent, reasoning, reflecting, instructed artisan, is a piece of first-rate Radical poetry. Let us hope, and, with

many late convincing proofs, the very existence of such a man as Elliott forces us to believe, that, among the skilled labourers of the great manufacturing towns, there exist thousands of parallels to the grandson of Miles Gordon, and that the number is rapidly increasing. Blind Enoch starts at hearing a footstep fancied familiar :—

“Alas! Miles Gordon ne’er will walk again;  
But his poor grandson’s footstep wakes thy tear,  
As if indeed thy long-lost friend were near.  
Here oft, with fading cheek, and thoughtful brow,  
Wanders the youth, town-bred, but desert-born;  
Too early taught life’s deepening woes to know,  
He wakes in sorrow with the weeping morn,  
And gives much labour for a little corn.  
In smoke and dust, from hopeless day to day,  
He sweats to bloat the harpies of the soil,  
Who jail no victim, while his pangs can pay  
Untaxing rent, and trebly taxing toil,  
They make the labour of his hands their spoil,  
And grind him fiercely; but he still can get  
A crust of *wheaten* bread, despite their frowns;  
They have not sent him, like a pauper yet,  
For workhouse wages, as they send their clowns;  
Such tactics do not answer yet in towns;  
Nor have they gorged his soul. Thrall though he be  
Of brutes who bite him, while he feeds them, still  
He feels his intellectual dignity;  
Works hard, reads usefully, with no mean skill  
Writes; and can reason well of good and ill.  
He hoards his weekly groat. His tear is shed  
For sorrows which his hard-worn hand relieves.  
Too poor, too proud, too just, too wise to wed,  
(For slaves enough already toil for thieves.)  
How gratefully his growing mind receives  
The food which tyrants struggle to withhold!  
Though hourly ills his every sense invade,  
Beneath the cloud that o’er his home is rolled,  
He yet respects the power which *man* hath made,  
Nor loathes the despot-humbling sons of trade.  
—But when the silent Sabbath-day arrives,  
He seeks the cottage bordering on the moor,  
Where his forefathers passed their lowly lives,  
Where still his mother dwells, content, though poor,  
And ever glad to meet him at the door.  
Oh, with what rapture he prepares to fly  
From streets and courts, with crime and sorrow strewed,  
And bids the mountain lift him to the sky!  
How proud to feel his heart not all subdued!  
How happy to shake hands with solitude!  
Still, Nature, still he loves thy uplands brown,  
The rock that o’er his father’s freehold towers!  
And strangers hurrying through the dingy town,  
May know his workshop by its sweet wild-flowers,  
Cropped on the Sabbath from the hedge-side bowers.”

Elliott’s early passion for flowers breaks forth in the sequel to this description, as in many other places of his poetry; but all this we give up, deeming, since we cannot transfer his volumes altogether to our pages, the useful better than the beautiful.

Our Artisan-poet, in his pride of intelligence, and intellectual superiority, is occasionally somewhat severe, if not unjust, in speaking of agricultural labourers. And yet, with saddened hearts, we must subscribe to the painful truth of this picture. The writer is describing the worst con-

dition of the toil-worn artisan, dragging the chain of life along, all but hopeless ; and still, in all that distinguishes *man* from *brute*, so far above the rural labourer :—

“How unlike thee, though once erect and proud,  
Is England's peasant slave, the trodden down,  
The parish-paid, in soul and body bowed !  
How unlike thee, is Jem, the rogue avowed,  
Whose trade is poaching ! Honest Jem works not,  
Beggars not ; but thrives by plundering beggars here.  
Wise as a lord, and quite as good a shot,  
He, like his betters, lives in hate and fear,  
And feeds on partridge, because bread is dear.  
Sire of six sons, apprentice to the jail,  
He prowls in arms, *the Tory of the night*.  
With *them* he shares his battles and his ale ;  
With *him* they feel the Majesty of might ;  
No despot better knows that Power is Right.  
Mark his unpaidish sneer, his lordly frown ;  
Hark ! how he calls beadle and flunky liars ;  
See, how magnificently he breaks down  
His neighbour's fence.”

The comparison between Jem poaching in the squire's covers, and the Tory poaching on society at large is felicitous. By this time the reader surely sees that our *Radical Poet* is no ordinary versifier,—power, beauty, tenderness, are alike his elements. We have given instances of them all, and might multiply them, page after page, if this were admissible. He only fails decidedly in attempts at light humour ; for abruptness, and occasional want of attention to minute finish, produce only those trivial blemishes which are not worthy notice. His vocation, as a poet and as a man, is to furnish the original metal in rods and bars, leaving to the less strong-armed, though more patient workman, to mould and finish into all kinds of useful instruments or pretty toys. Elliott is indeed too earnest and conscientious to succeed in humour. He is too deeply affected with his subject to sport, and dally, and trifle with it. We therefore feel *Alice Green*, and all about that old lady, tiresome, and out of place ; and this is the more provoking, as we suspect our author, without any affection for Alice himself, has introduced her, mistakingly enough, for the entertainment and relief of his readers. But, by this time, Mr. Elliott knows that the public are in the vein of witnessing his tragedy and serious comedy, without interlude of any kind. The world, for nearly four hundred years, has never been in so earnest a temper as now, nor in one so fitted to relish the poetry which grows out of this disposition—his *Radical poetry*.

With whatever reluctance, we must pass all Mr. Elliott's heartfelt and beautiful descriptions of the scenery around Sheffield. They will survive to ennoble his town when much of it, of great present value, shall have for ever perished. It is enough that he has made us familiar with the finest aspects of the streams, the moors, and the hills of Hallamshire, in strains of noble poetry.

The desperate, reckless grinder, who,

“Born to die young, nor fears nor man nor death”—

we must also pass ; and, what is more important, the vision, philosophic and political, of old Enoch, to whom the spirit of the regicide Bradshaw comes, in the night-watches, running over, with a spirit's fiery glance, the history of degenerate England. In this Dante vision, Pitt and Castle-reagh—“ice-hearted dog !”—are not forgotten ; and long shall we look

in fashionable pages for poetry of the same boldness and energy. It would be doing positive injustice to the poet, to attempt any extract of this vision ; nor can we enter on the tragic episode of Hannah Wray, exposing the effects of the cruel and detestable game-laws ; nor yet on Enoch's visit to the churchyard, that now vital spot to him ; and of his groping among the tomb-stones, reading, for the last time, with his fingers, the inscription he had chiselled on the head-stone which marked where his wife and children reposed—the babe of a day, the infant of thirty weeks, the man of fifty years, all

“Children of Enoch and of Mary Wray.”

Let us hasten to the close. In a lovely April evening, the patriarch sits in the cheerful sun,

“ stooping his hoar grey,  
To hear the stream, his ancient neighbour, run,  
Young, as if Time had yesterday begun.  
Heaven's gates are like an angel's wing, with plumes  
Of glorious green, and purple gold, on fire ;  
Through rifts of mount'nous clouds, the light illumines  
Hill tops and woods that, pilgrim-like, retire ;  
And, like a giant torch, burns Morthen spire.  
Primrosy odours, violet-mingled, float  
O'er blue bells and ground ivy, on their wings—  
Bearing the music of the blackbird's note.  
Beneath the dewy cloud the wood-lark sings,  
But on our father's heart no gladness flings.  
Mary bends o'er him mute. Her youngest lad  
Grasps, with small hand, his grandsire's finger fast.  
Well knows the old man that the boy is sad ;  
And the third Mary, as she hurries past,  
'Trembles, and looks towards the town aghast.”

These symptoms foretell an execution for rent in the house of his son-in-law, where his old age had long found refuge :

“ The Bible of his sires is marked for sale ;  
But degradation is to him despair.  
The hour is come which Enoch cannot bear ;  
But he can die ! ”

And the *Village Patriarch* dies, the “ last of England's king-souled poem.” Though tenderness that thrills, and a homely, earnest power that stirs and warms the breast, are the distinguishing excellencies of Elliott's poetry, the strong arm of the Artisan has a bolder sweep, his lyre grander, and more majestic and swelling tones. The final close of this poem rises to the true sublime :

“ Bid the mountains weep for Enoch Wray,  
And for themselves, albeit of things that last  
Unaltered most ; for they shall pass away  
Like Enoch, though their iron roots seem fast  
Bound to the eternal Future, as the Past !  
The Patriarch died, and they shall be no more.  
Yes ! and the sailless winds which navigate  
Th' unutterable deep that hath no shore,  
Will lose their starry splendour, soon or late,  
Like tapers, quenched by Him whose will is fate !  
Yes, and the Angel of Eternity,  
Who numbers worlds, and writes their names in light,  
Ere long, oh, Earth ! will look in vain for thee,  
And start, and stop in his unerring flight,  
And, with his wings of sorrow and affright,  
Veil his impassioned brow.”

*The Corn-Law Rhymes*, we have said, are a collection of poems all bearing on one great point, but of unequal merit. The longest is entitled the *Ranter*; which, with Elliott, means a field preacher of the bold and free spirit of the old Scottish Covenanters. He is the same Miles Gordon lamented by the *Village Patriarch*. The home of the many-childed widow, in whose humble dwelling he occupies a prophet's chamber! the Sabbath morning preparations, the out-door worship "on Shirecliffe's lofty side," the surrounding scenery, the gradual dispersion of the mists, and the brightening of the morning, are all beautifully described; but our readers will prize more a few "notes" of the energetic *Radical* sermon. And first, we have a denunciation of the Wesleyan Methodists, and an assertion of the right of out-door worship.

" ' Wo be unto you, Scribes and Pharisees,  
 Who eat the widow's and the orphan's bread,  
 And make long prayers to hide your villanies,'  
 Said He who had not where to lay his head;  
 And wandering forth, while blew the Sabbath breeze,  
 Pluck'd ears of corn, with humble men, like these.  
 God blames not him who toils six days in seven,  
 Where smoke and dust bedim the golden day,  
 If he delight, beneath the dome of heaven,  
 To hear the winds, and see the clouds at play,  
 Or climb his hills, amid their flowers to pray.  
 Ask ye, if I, of Wesley's followers one,  
 Abjure the house where Wesleyans bend the knee?  
 I do—because the spirit thence is gone;  
 And truth, and faith, and grace, are not, with me,  
 The Hundred Popes of England's Jesuitry.  
 We hate not the religion of bare walls;  
 We scorn not the cathedral's pomp of prayer;  
 For sweet are all our Father's festivals,  
 If contrite hearts the heavenly banquet share,  
 In field or temple: God is everywhere!  
 But we hate arrogance and selfishness,  
 Come where they may—and most beneath the roof  
 Sacred to public worship; we profess  
 No love for him who feels no self-reproof  
 When in God's house he stands from God aloof.  
 Nor worship we grim Mars the homicide;  
 Our prayers are not for slaughter; we behold  
 With scorn, sectarian and prelatic pride,  
 Slaves, if not bought, too willing to be sold,  
 Christians misnamed, whose gods are blood and gold.  
 What are the deeds of men call'd Christian, now?  
 They roll themselves in dust before the great;  
 Wherever Mammon builds a shrine, they bow:  
 And would nail Jesus to their cross of hate,  
 Should He again appear in mean estate.  
 Pleasant, repaid by splendid beauty's smile,  
 Praised by the proud, to flatter power and pride,  
 And prate of independence all the while;  
 Pleasant and safe, down sunny streams to glide;  
 But virtue fronts the blast, and breasts the tide.  
 Where are their ' protests,' monthly, weekly made,  
 Against Abaddon's Corn Law, and his sword?  
 Where their petitions for unfetter'd trade?  
 Where their recorded execrations, pour'd  
 On blood stain'd tyrants, and the servile horde?  
 When earth wept blood, that wolves might lap and swill,  
 And pleading mercy was a trampled worm,  
 Basely they pander'd to the slaver's will;  
 And still their spells they mutter in the storm,  
 Retarding long the march of slow reform."

It is agreeable to turn from the *Cadi-Dervises*, or justice-parsons of the present day, held up to loathing and bitter scorn, in the severe, but truthful, not satiric page of Elliott to passages like this.

"Oh, for a Saint, like those who sought and found,  
For conscience' sake, sad homes beyond the main,  
The Fathers of New England, who unbound,  
In wild Columbia, Europe's double chain;  
The men whose dust cries, 'Sparta, live again?'  
The slander'd Calvinists of Charles's time  
Fought, and they won it, Freedom's holy fight.  
Like prophet-bards, although they hated rhyme,  
All incorruptible as Heaven's own light,  
Spoke each devoted preacher for the right.  
No servile doctrines, such as power approves,  
They to the poor and broken-hearted taught;  
With truths that tyrants dread, and conscience loves,  
They wing'd and barb'd the arrows of their thought;  
Sift in high places was the mark they sought.  
They said not, 'Man, be circumspect, and thrive!  
Be mean, base, slavish, bloody—and prevail!  
Nor doth the Deity they worshipp'd drive  
His four-in-hand, applaud a smutty tale,  
Send Members to the House, and us to gaol.  
With zeal they preach'd, with reverence they were heard;  
For in their daring creed, sublime, sincere,  
Danger was found, that parson-hated word;  
They flatter'd none—they knew nor hate nor fear,  
But taught the will of God—and *did it* here.  
Even as the fire-winged thunder rends the cloud,  
Their spoken lightnings, dazzling all the land,  
Abash'd the foreheads of the great and proud,  
Still'd faction's roar, as by a God's command,  
And meekn'd Cromwell of the iron hand."

Against the "*Cadi-Amateur*," or fashionable Tory saint, the *Ranter* next launches his moral thunders; and let those who would understand the might of *Radical* poetry, read the following disjointed extracts, which we wish much we could give more entire:—

"Dost thou, thus early, mighty lord, repair  
To yonder ~~place~~? 'Tis well. Go, and in tears  
Kneel, holy wretch, although the Sabbath air  
Is weary of thy long unpunish'd prayer.  
Thou, who with hellish zeal, wast drunk and blind,  
When tyrants, cloven-hoof'd in heart and brain,  
Made murder pastime; and the tardy wind  
Bore fresh glad tidings o'er the groaning main  
Of hecatombs on Moloch's altar slain!  
Kneel, Saint of Carnage!—kneel, but not to Baal;  
Kneel, but alone, with none to laud thy zeal;  
For the hour cometh when the reed shall fail  
On which the wicked lean. But wherefore kneel?  
Can the worn stone repent, and weep, and feel?  
Still harder granite forms the bosom core  
Of him who laugh'd when freedom's thousands fell.  
Hark! 'tis the voice, that erst of battle's roar  
Was wont too oft from yonder tower to tell,  
Pealing at thy command, o'er crash and yell,  
And fiend-like faces, reddening in the light  
Of streets, that crimson'd midnight with their glare,  
When England hired the hell-hounds of the fight,  
Because men broke, in their sublime despair,  
The bonds which nature could no longer bear!  
Hark! 'tis the iron voice! and still to thee



It speaks of death. Perchance, some child of clay,  
 Some wo-worn thrall of long iniquity,  
 Some drudge, whose mate can yet afford to pay  
 For decent pray'rs, treading the gloomy way  
 Which all must tread, is gone to her long rest,  
 And last account;—a dread one *thine* will be!  
 Of means atrocious, used for ends unblest'd!  
 And joy—for what? for guilty victory;  
 States bought and sold, by fraud to tyranny!  
 Slaves arm'd to kill, the free by slaves enslaved;  
 Red havoc's carnival from shore to shore;  
 Sons slaughter'd, widows childless, realms depraved;  
 And Britain's treasures pour'd in seas of gore,  
 Till lords ask alms, and fiercely growl for more!  
 Yes, when your country is one vast disease,  
 And failing fortunes sadden every door,  
 There, O ye quacks, these are your remedies;  
*Alms for the rich!—a bread-tax for the poor!*  
 Soul-purchased harvests on the indigent moor!  
 Thus the wing'd victor of a hundred fights,  
 The warrior ship, bows low her banner'd head,  
 When through her planks the sea-born reptile bites  
 Its deadly way—and sinks in ocean's bed,  
 Vanquish'd by worms. What then? The worms were fed.  
 Will not God smite thee black, thou whited wall?  
 Thy life is lawless, and thy law a lie,  
 Or nature is a dream unnatural."

What follows is an original mode of illustrating the principles of Free Trade.

"Look on the clouds, the streams, the earth, the sky!  
 Lo, all is interchange and harmony!  
 Where is the gorgeous pomp which, yester morn,  
 Curtain'd yon orb, with amber-fold on fold?  
 Behold it in the blue of Rivelin, borne  
 To feed the all-feeding seas! the molten gold  
 Is flowing pale in Loxley's crystal cold,  
 To kindle into beauty tree and flower,  
 And wake to verdant life, hill, vale, and plain.  
 Cloud trades with river, and exchange is power:  
 But should the clouds, the streams, the winds disdain  
 Harmonious intercourse, nor dew nor rain  
 Would forest-crown the mountains: airless day  
 Would blast, on Kinderscout, the heathy glow;  
 No purple green would meeken into grey,  
 O'er Don at eve; no sound of river's flow  
 Disturb the sepulchre of all below."

Pursuing the same subject the *Ranter* breaks out,

"Is there no land where useful men are prized  
 By those they feed? Or will there never be  
 For hope a refuge, and a dwelling place,  
 Where tyrants, in their mad rapacity,  
 Shake not their clench'd fists in the Almighty's face,  
 And cry 'Thou fool!' Shall glorious seas embrace  
 A thousand shores in vain? Shall paupers grow,  
 Where he hath said the eagle's young shall feed?  
 Shall hopeless tears to water deserts flow,  
 While flow his mighty streams, with none to heed,  
 And make fertility a baneful weed?  
 Poor bread-tax'd slaves, have ye no hope on earth?  
 Yes, God from evil still educes good;  
 Sublime events are rushing to their birth;  
 Lo, tyrants by their victims are withstood!  
 And Freedom's seed still grows, though steep'd in blood!"

We must give a few lines from the concluding exhortation of the Preacher, and his animated address to Commerce.

“Despond not, then, ye plunder’d sons of trade!  
 Hope’s wounded wing shall yet disdain the ground,  
 And Commerce, while the powers of evil fade,”  
 Shout o’er all seas, “all lands for me were made!  
 Her’s are the apostles, destined to go forth  
 Upon the wings of mighty winds, and preach  
 Christ Crucified! To her the South and North  
 Look through their tempests; and her lore shall reach  
 Their farthest ice, if life be there to teach.  
 Yes, world-reforming Commerce! one by one  
 Thou vanquish’st earth’s tyrants! and the hour  
 Cometh, when all shall fall before thee—gone  
 Their splendour, fall’n their trophies, lost their power.  
 Then o’er th’ enfranchised nations wilt thou shower,  
 Like dewdrops from the pinions of the dove,  
 Plenty and peace; and never more on thee  
 Shall bondage wait; but, as the thoughts of love,  
 Free shalt thou fly, unchainable and free;  
 And men, thenceforth, shall call thee Liberty.”

“Farewell, my friends! we part, no more to meet  
 As trampled worms; but we shall meet again  
 At God’s right hand, and our Redeemer’s feet!  
 And oft! how oft! Meantime, your solemn strain  
 Shall roll from Shirecliffe’s side, o’er vale and plain.  
 Oh, keep the seventh day holy, wheresoe’er  
 Ye be, poor sons of toil! sell not to those  
 Who sold your freedom, sell not for a sneer  
 Your day of rest; but worship God, where glows  
 The flame-tipp’d spire, or blooms the wild-wood rose.  
 Hallow this day to gladness.”

So much for the *serious* and *earnest* poetry of the *Corn-Law Rhymes*. A specimen of what is lighter in tone, though probably as effective, remains to be given; and, at a loss what to choose, we select, at random, a few stanzas of a kind of hymn.

“Up, widow, up, and swing the fly;  
 Or push the grating file!  
 Our bread is tax’d, and rents are high,  
 That wolves may burst with bile.  
 Sire of the hopeless! canst thou sleep?  
 Up, up, and toil for gould,  
 Who drink our tears, but never weep,  
 And, soulless, eat our souls.”

“Child, what hast thou with sleep to do?  
 Awake, and dry thine eyes:  
 Thy tiny hands must labour too;  
 Our bread is tax’d, arise!  
 Arise, and toil long hours twice seven,  
 For pennies two or three;  
 Thy woes make angels weep in Heaven,  
 But England still is free!”

“Up, weary man, of eighty-five,  
 And toil in hopeless woe!  
 Our bread is tax’d, our rivals thrive,  
 Our gods will have it so.  
 Yet God is undethron’d on high,  
 And undethroned will be!  
 Father of all! hear Thou our cry,  
 And England *shall* be free!”

“They smite in vain who smite with swords,  
 And scourge with vollied fire;  
 Our weapon is the whip of words,  
 And truth's all-teaching ire;  
 The blow it gives, the wound it makes,  
 Life yet unborn shall see,  
 And shake it, like a whip of snakes,  
 At unborn villany.”

The *Death Feast* is full of deep, touching pathos; and in the sarcastic vein we have *Caged Rats*, the *Black Hole of Calcutta*, and others; though these are the least our favourites.

The *Splendid Village* yet remains. It is a sequel to the *Village Patriarch*, and the most finished and beautiful of all Mr. Elliott's political poems. It has, however, appeared so recently in a periodical work that we must limit our extracts. The *Splendid Village* is the modern *Auburn*. It is re-visited by a lonely wanderer from foreign lands, who had spent his boyhood here, and who bitterly feels, and feelingly describes the changes visible, at his return, on every thing around him; and most of all on the hearts and minds of the degraded and brutalized poor. He enters a hovel:

“My brother dwelt within. 'Tis true, he took  
 My offer'd hand, but froze me with a look  
 So trouble-worn and lost, so hard yet dull,  
 That I shrank from him, though my heart was full:  
 I sought society, but stood alone,  
*I came to meet a man, and found a stone!*  
 His wife, in tatters, watch'd the fireless grate;  
 Three boys sate near her, all in fierce debate,  
 And all in rags—but one constructing snares,  
 With which, at night, to choke Lord Borough's hares.  
 ‘My sister Rose had parish pay,’ they said,  
 ‘And Ann was sent abroad, and Lane was dead;  
 And these mist-tunes laid my sire beside  
 The mother, who in better days had died.’  
 Such welcome found the wanderer of the deep!  
 I had no words—I sobb'd, but could not weep.”

Mr. Suckemwell, the keeper of the Modern Academy, which had taken place of the primitive village school; the poor curate and his lame donkey on their Sunday steeple-chase; the miserable usher,

“Servant of servants, brow-beat by a knave!”

we must hurry past to come to the Attorney, whose mushroom pomp flourishes under the shadow of

“Broad Beech! thyself a grove! five hundred years  
 Speak in thy voice, of bygone hopes and fears;  
 And mournfully, how mournfully! the breeze  
 Sighs through thy boughs, and tells of cottages  
 That, happy once, beneath thy shadow gazed  
 On poor men's fields, which poor men's cattle grazed!  
 Now, where three cotters and their children dwelt,  
 The lawyer's pomp alone is seen and felt;  
 And the park entrance of his acres three,  
 Uncrops the ground which fed a family.  
 What then? All see, he is a man of State,  
 With his three acres, and his park-like gate!  
 Besides, in time, if times continue dark,  
*His neighbour's woes may buy his gate a park!*  
 Oh, then, let trade wear chains, that toil may find  
 No harvests on the barren sea and wind;

Nor glean, at home, the fields of every zone ;  
Nor make the valleys of all climes his own ;  
But with the music of his hopeless sigh  
*Charm the blind worm that feeds on poverty !*"

In drawing to a close, we feel as if, in the account we have given of Elliott's poetry, lengthened as it is, we have rather done justice to his vigour and peculiarities as a powerful thinker, than to the extreme beauty, delicacy, and sensibility of his genius as a poet. The fount of his inspiration is the lacerated and bleeding heart; the "Parnassian dews" in which his Muse steeped her<sup>•</sup>verse, are real human tears. Our remaining space must be devoted to illustrating this, only noting that the *Splendid Village* is studded full of descriptions that equal Crabbe in their truth, and surpass him in sweetness and heart-wringing tenderness, and in power to move the hidden springs of pity. The wanderer, who had so long

"Ploughed the seas to reap the wind," •

has a secret cause of sorrow, which the lover "of imagination all compact" cannot reveal. He misses, from the changed village, one whom he had injured and deserted, but had not ceased to love.

"I dreamed I saw her, heard her ; but she fled !  
In vain I seek her—is she with the dead ?  
No meek blue eye, like hers, hath turned to me,  
And deigned to know the pilgrim of the sea.  
I have not named her—no—I dare not name !  
When I would speak, why burns my cheek with shame ?  
I joined the schoolboys, where the road is wide,  
I watched the women to the fountain's side ;  
I read their faces, as the wise read books,  
And looked for Hannah, in their wondering looks ;  
But in no living aspect could I trace  
The sweet May morning of my Hannah's face ;  
No, nor its evening, fading into night :  
Oh, Sun, my soul grows weary of thy light !"

He learns of her at last, and the manner of her death—too horrible for poetry, the critics may say—drives him almost to frenzy. He hurries back to sea.

"Oh, welcome once again black ocean's foam !  
England ? Can this be England ? this my home ?  
This country of the crime without a name,  
And men who know nor mercy, hope, nor shame ?  
Oh, Light ! that cheer'st all life, from sky to sky,  
As with a hymn, to which the stars reply !  
Canst thou behold this land, oh, Holy Light !  
And not turn black with horror at the sight ?  
Fallen country of my fathers ! fallen and foul !  
The body still is here, but where the soul ?  
I look upon a corpse—putrid clay—  
And fiends possess it ! Vampires, quit your prey !  
Or vainly tremble, when the dead arise,  
Clarioned to vengeance by shriek-shaken skies  
And cranch your hearts, and drink your blood for ale !  
Then, eat each other"—

We shall conclude these long extracts with the Farewell to England.

"Again upon the deep I toss and swing !  
The bounding billow lifts me, like the wing  
Of the struck eagle ; and away I dart,  
Bearing afar the arrow in my heart.

For thou art with me, though I see no more  
 Thee, *stream-loved* England! Thy impatient shore  
 Hath sunk beneath me—miles, a thousand miles!  
 Yet, in my heart, thy verdant Eden smiles.  
*Land where my Hannah died, and hath no tomb!*  
 Still, in my soul, thy dewy roses bloom.  
 Even in Niagara's roar, remembrance still  
 Shall hear thy thrortle, o'er the lucid rill,  
 At lucid eve—thy bee, at stillest noon;  
 And when clouds chase the *heart-awaking moon*,  
 The mocking-bird, 'where Erie's waters swell,  
 Shall sing of *fountained vales* and *Phœmel*:  
 To my sick soul bring over worlds of waves  
 Dew-glistening Albion's woods, and dripping caves,  
 But with her linnet, redbreast, lark, and wren,  
 Her blasted homes, and much-enduring men!"

## THE LIFE AND TIMES OF A PROTOCOL.

BY HIMSELF.

Tis done! my race of life is finished. The *rack* and the *iron* are already prepared. This very night must those beauteous limbs ornament the hair of some storky-hearted lady's maid. The Dutch packet and my last hour have arrived. How short are the days of a Protocol! He is cut down like a flower, and he vanishes as a shadow! He sees the light, and is hurried into darkness! What is a weaver's shuttle, to the briefness with which he is spun and unravelled? Are not the insects that rise and perish in a day miracles of longevity, compared with the puff of his existence? Does he not come but to go? Is he not born but to die? Too true. But shall we perish ingloriously? Perish the thought! Shall we not discuss? Shall we not exhale? We will die like a Protocol! Here is a bottle and pens and ink. We will write the history of our life; and the fame of the Protocols shall be as immortal as their earthly duration was circumscribed.

It was at the Foreign Office in Downing Street, on the 15th September, at 20 minutes, 33 seconds, 18 thirds, and 22 fourths, after five o'clock in the afternoon, that I sprung in full armour from the head of Lord Palmerston. I bore in my right hand a long tin sword of extraordinary temper, and on my left a shield covered with polished parchment; the device was a lion in an ass's skin, and under it the words—"Let him roar again." My helmet, which was of brass, was surmounted by a goose in full flight, with its neck extended, and carrying in its bill a scroll—"Sic itur ad astra." But as my transitory existence is nearly passed, and singular circumstances have enabled me to become the historian of our shortlived and much despised race, the few moments that remain will be employed in registering, for the wonder of posterity, the general course of the production and annihilation of a Protocol. Gratitude to the illustrious author of our being requires that personal vanity be sacrificed to his renown; and I fondly contemplate the day, when to the statesman and the historian, his Lordship, with all his progeny of Protocols after him, will exhibit as splendid an appearance as a comet with its tail, or a schoolboy's kite in the holidays.

First, as to the place of our production.

It was not to be supposed that such a phenomenon as his Lordship's fertility would not have occupied the speculations of philosophers. In

fact, it created the most intense interest in all classes, both here and on the continent. The Scottish School of Metaphysicians were thrown into a state of extreme alarm; and a perplexity fully equal, though of a different kind, fell on the disciples of Kant, in Germany. The Political Economists next took it up. Mr. Malthus appealed to it as conclusive with regard to the soundness of his theory on population; and Mr. Ensor and Mr. Sadler held it forth to the world as setting the cornerstone on their doctrines. A great variety of opinion accordingly prevailed on every point connected with us, but more particularly on the region of our birth. One philosopher, after dissecting a vast number of my brethren, decided that from our extreme hollowness, we must be created in one of the large frontal sinuses. Another, from the absence of mind which he thought he discovered in us, concluded we were produced in the pineal gland; which, as is well known, is generally believed to be the seat of the soul. An eminent phrenologist, observing the immense development of the organ of philoprogenitiveness in Lord Palmerston's poll, insisted we must come from the back part of the skull; while another was equally positive that we must be from the fore part, where the organ of number is situated. This opinion gained much influence, from the elaborate calculation of our numbers, and of the rate at which we double our population, that was printed in the last volume of his great work upon this subject. A third ingenious writer argued that the real locality was the side of the head, as it is there the organ of destructiveness is placed; but he would not positively say whether this signified the immense waste of paper, or the injury done to Belgium by these glorious delays; this hesitation was fatal to his theory. He was supplanted by a countryman of his, who maintained that, from the firmness of our noble progenitor, the crown of the head must be the place, as it is there adhesiveness is situated. But it would weary the reader to detail all the erroneous notions upon the subject, supported by the clearest and most satisfactory demonstrations.

The fact is, we are produced neither in the *occiput* nor *sinciput*, the right nor left side, nor yet in the crown of the head, but in the centre of the *corpus callosum* of his Lordship's brain. And the process of generation is as follows: As soon as his Lordship has read a despatch from the Hague, the whole brain, particularly the *crura cerebelli*, is thrown into a state of violent excitement. A windy sort of gas is generated in such large quantities, that the walls of the *cranium*, though of surprising thickness, are scarcely able to withstand the pressure of this vapour. The *corpus callosum*, however, remains in its usual insensible state. A subtle fluid soon ascends from the despatch, and, passing along the optic nerve, enters the *corpus callosum*. It must be observed that the apparatus of production is here exceedingly complex. There is a minute and extensive machinery, which proves that Lord Palmerston was specially fitted up for the multiplication of Protocols. As soon as the impregnation has taken place, his Lordship becomes almost ungovernable by the nurses round him: messengers are despatched for the Representatives of the other great Powers; summonses for a Cabinet council are also prepared; and some of the evening papers are apprized of the approaching event, which now never fails to put them at their wits' end with joy.

As soon as the Foreign Ministers have assembled, our great progenitor reads the despatch again; and having made a few observations, is instantly seized with the pangs of labour. His hair stands on end, his

face assumes a hideous expression of determined resolution, and becomes so deeply suffused with gall, that our mighty ancestor looks like a man in the last stage of the jaundice. At the same time the lips are drawn back so as to expose the teeth, which thus make a most ferocious appearance; but as it is well known that the muscles of the jaw are at the same time so violently contracted, that his Lordship cannot bite, the Foreign Ministers take not the slightest notice of it, nor do even the old women feel any alarm. The brain is soon in a state of great confusion. Both hemispheres tremble; a rumbling noise, at least as loud as the new thunder in Covent Garden, is heard through the whole extent of the frontal sinus, and the *crura cerebelli* kick with immense vigour. The head is now as large as a pot, and the crisis approaches. Talleyrand pats his Lordship on the back of the head in a very affectionate manner; the other Ministers grasp their goose-quills to encourage him; in about a minute, the coronal suture slowly opens; our great Parent gives a loud hem, which expresses his determination to uphold the character of England, to open the Scheldt, to astonish General Sebastiani, to compel Holland, if necessary, by force of arms, and, at the same time, do nothing to offend her; immediately after this the Protocol springs out upon the table.\* The event is announced by a discharge of twenty-one pop-guns; and Couriers are dispatched, without a moment's delay, to foreign courts, in order to communicate, before its death, intelligence of the birth of the Protocol. His Lordship is immediately put to bed, the room darkened, and the streets thickly littered. His head is put into a bag of flour, as I understand those of pugilists are, after a severe fight, in order to reduce the swelling; and the strictest anti-phlogistic treatment is employed, the only diet permitted to the patient being flummery, and milk and water. Under this judicious system, in six hours, "he is as well as can be expected;" and in twelve, the tumour has quite subsided; the wonderful resolution that screwed up his features to such a pitch of magnanimity is gone, and he walks about like a person of ordinary firmness and sagacity. No one, on meeting him in

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\* As the 'scutcheon and device on my own shield have been mentioned, I ought in justice to insert those of some of my distinguished predecessors. The 70th Protocol bore the King of Holland, in the likeness of a pig, with a soaped tail, pursued by Lord Palmerston. The motto, *Jam jamque tenet*. The shield of the preceding one represented his Lordship at a table writing; the huge sheet before him was marked, *P. No. 69*. Motto:—*Brevis esse laboro*.

The 65th represented our great Parent fathoming Prince Metternich's brain. Motto:—*As for Palmerston, who knoweth the depth of him?* ●

The 60th showed a figure; some maintain it was Pistol; others that it was Palmerston, eating a long roll,—of paper probably. Whatever it was intended for, it certainly was marked with the figures 5 and 9. Motto:—*Must I bite? I eat, and cke I swear*.

The 61st showed a schoolmaster whipping a school-boy, who bore a strong resemblance to our illustrious Author. Motto:—*Nec semel hoc fecit*.

The 55th represented his Lordship in an attitude of amazing dignity. Over the figure were the words, *Cedant arma togæ*. Underneath was the translation, *Put a strait waistcoat on him*.

The 52d bore his Lordship, immediately after being delivered of the 49th. The Foreign Ministers, with open mouths, are looking into his cranium. Motto:—*Who hath put wisdom in thy inward parts?*

The 67th showed his Lordship, preceded by a penny trumpet: the Hague in the distance. Motto:—*Quid dignum tanto feret hie promissor hintu?*

The 68th represented his Lordship with a look of unalterable resolution, writing in the Foreign Office. Motto:—*Sedet, eternumque sedebit*. In the centre there was also a miniature Protocol; above it, the figures 1001; underneath, *Heu, Marcellus eris!*

the streets, would think he was THE ANCESTOR OF ALL THE PROTOCOLS. No one would give him credit for being the *very* great man he is. Who would, in that gay and debonair appearance, recognise the counterpart of the venerable patriarch, who had sixty sons and thirty daughters, all mounted, too, upon asses? Who would suspect him to be the man that has outwitted Metternich, Ancillon, and Pozzo di Borgo to boot; and who has been so cunning of fence, as for two long years to keep that "cool old sworder" of Holland at his weapon's point? Oh, shade of Chatham, you were nothing to the decision of Palmerston! Grotius, how thick was thy wit compared with his! And thou poetic animal, of "implicit augury," what were thy "prodigies of fertility" beside all the Protocols!

For some days, or to speak more precisely, until the return of the Dutch packet, a Protocol stalks about with an air of immense dignity. We are, however, cautioned to beware of the Morning Papers; and hens do not dread the vulture more than does all our generation, *The Herald and Chronicle*. • Even *The Times*, which we thought safe,—why, the other day, one of my unfortunate predecessors approached its perch; when instantly, with a loud scream, it struck its talons into him, and killed him on the spot. As for *The Morning Post*, the moment he descries one of us, he inverts his urn, like an ancient river god, and drenches us with abuse. The fate of those who are delivered to the foreign ministers is still more deplorable. They are subjected to the most cruel treatment. As soon as the minister reaches his own hotel, he tosses my wretched brother to his mischievous son, who tears him limb from limb to make "messengers" for his new kite; or perhaps the servant seizes on him, and sells him as a slave to the grocer or bookseller. I am informed that one was reduced in this capacity to the degradation of conveying the Duke of Newcastle's last pamphlet! Hear it, ye Powers of the Pathos and the Bathos! Indeed I am convinced that there is no atrocity of which the foreign ambassadors are not capable. In the very agonies of delivery, when a man of any bowels would pity Lord Palmerston, they are convulsed with laughter, and Talleyrand himself can scarcely keep his countenance. It is at the most violent throes that their mirth is greatest; and what is still stronger, the succession of ferocious faces which his lordship makes, only throws them into more obstreperous delight. The ruin that threatens Holland ought not to be treated so lightly; but such conduct to a person in Lord Palmerston's situation is absolutely inhuman; nor is it excused by the fact of his not being sensible of it. In truth, the only anxiety they have ever been observed to show, is at the moment the skull opens; and then they stand on the tips of their toes, and endeavour by all means to discover *what* is in it,—hitherto, happily, without success.

But, supposing us to escape all these perils, our doom is certain at the return of the Dutch packet. The reader will, however, forgive me if I cannot detail the murder of so many of my brethren by that ruthless hand.\* Let us rather turn to a more pleasing theme, the continuation of our race. There are some who think that I am the last of my family; but that is a grievous error. I had scarcely alighted on the obstetric table, when the Russian minister, turning to Talleyrand, asked, in a confidential tone, "Isn't this the end of the Protocols?"—"It is the beginning of the end," answered that sagacious plenipotentiary. I can, however, speak with more precision on that point; and I now, with all the solemnity of death, assure the world that Lord Palmerston is inexhaustible in Protocols; that not only the *corpus callosum*, the whole brain, but



even his entire body, may be spun into Protocols ; and that, if permitted, the Protocols and he will eat each other down to the tails. For every insult offered by the King of Holland, he has a Protocol ; every demur he answers with the same ; and at every turn of the evasion he meets him again with a Protocol. The *corpus callosum* is, in fact, a mere heap of granulations, on each of which, with the aid of a good microscope, may be discerned the puny face of a Protocol. The brain, also, is a congeries of the same embryo diplomacy. When I left, there was an interminable series, like the eggs in the body of a goose, in different stages of life ; some wanting nothing but the impregnating quality of a new contempt and derision from the King of Holland. But that is not all. As the young snake in the body of its mother contains a little snake within it, and this little snake another, and so *ad infinitum* ; so each Protocol contains within itself the rudiments of an innumerable quantity of Protocols. If, therefore, no ever-to-be-deplored calamity cuts short the incubation of our great parent, the history of our species will always *end* (unless the paper manufactories of Great Britain fail) with the awful words, " To be continued."

#### THE BRIDE OF MARSEILLES.

MADLINE is up in the morning fair,  
Binding the braids of her beautiful hair  
In a crimson coil of the true Cachemere,  
Drawn down to the tip of each delicate ear :  
A petticoat close of the satin green,  
Through folds of the purest of muslin is seen ;  
And the small white sandal as white as milk,  
How softly it slips on the rose-colour'd silk :  
Her arms and her neck and her bosom are bare.  
And whitest of all is the whiteness there.  
Seven bright rings of the finest gold  
Her small round fingers with jewels enfold :  
She has dress'd herself in her bridal array,  
And the Maid of Marseilles will be married to-day.

The sill of her lattice is daintily set  
With sprigs of green myrtle and mignonette ;  
And garlanded flowers, that fill all the room  
With the odorous steam of their rich perfume,  
Hang round the walls, white, purple, and red,  
And the curtains pure of the bridal bed.  
There is joy in her heart, there is joy in her eye,  
As she trips her small mirror so lightsomely by,  
Now catching a glimpse of that elegant form,  
And now of that cheek with its roses so warm :  
She can see the quick beat of her own light heart ;  
And the smile which hath riven her lips apart,  
Shews her ivory teeth in their even array ;  
And the fair Madeline will be married to-day.

But where is the bride's-maid to help her prepare,  
To tie her white sash, and to bind her black hair ;  
And where is the mother should calm her young fears,  
And kiss from her beautiful cheek the warm tears ;  
And where is her sire to allow, with a smile,  
She is almost as fair as her mother erstwhile ?  
And where is the priest, the rosy old priest,  
Who loveth the smell of a bridal feast,  
With his book of the mass and his rosary,  
And the drawl of his benedicite,  
To join their young hearts in that holy noose,  
Which he saith he can tie so that no man can loose ?

No matter, no matter, though all are away,  
Madeline of Marseilles will be married to-day.

Her lover will come at the hour of noon—  
He has promised her; surely he *will* come soon!  
They have loved each other through many long years  
Of bitter regret, disappointment and tears;  
And now they will fly from these scenes of despair,  
To a clime which is brighter and hopefuller far;  
They will fly together, and leave behind  
The ungentle look and the word unkind;  
They will fly to a country where no one will come  
To disturb the deep peace of their own happy home;  
Where the scorn of the cold world shall track them in vain,  
And the frown of the parent give no more pain.  
Though their loves have been cross'd by a cruel delay,  
Madeline and Eugene will be married to-day.

He comes in his beauty, he comes in his pride,  
He folds his fond arms round his beautiful bride,  
And she rests her soft cheek on his shoulder free:—  
Was ever a bridegroom more happy than he!  
All alone in her chamber the lovers are met,  
And forth the rich fare of the bridal they set,  
Sweetmeats of apples, and quinces, and gourds,  
Spices, and jellies, and creams, and curds;  
All things that are delicate, dainty, and fine,  
And a flask or two of the Burgundy wine.  
Pledge we the guests of our bridal lone,  
That shall feast when bridegroom and bride are gone;  
Let them feast them to-morrow, as blithe as they may—  
Madeline and Eugene will be married to-day.

"But come, my sweet love, for the daylight dies;  
Art thou watching it still with thy dear brown eyes?  
And yonder behold, on the blue west afar,  
Shines the old love-lamp of the vesper star.  
'Tis the star of our happiness rising at last;  
The casement is closed, and the door made fast;  
We have drank the red wine at our wedding feast,  
Without the help of the holy priest,  
And will make the red torch of our Hymen\* shine,  
Without the aid of his holy wine.  
Behold! my sweet love, 'tis already alight,  
How steady it burns! how pure, how bright!  
Madeline!—Eugene!—good night!—good night!"  
The guests will come late, come whenever they may—  
Madeline and Eugene have been married to-day!

Yea! the bridal is over, the feasting is done;  
The bridegroom and bride to their slumber are gone:  
Come, father, come, mother, come, sister, and see  
How comely, how calm, and how happy they be!  
Her lip is laid close to the lip of Eugene,  
And his arms are entwined round his own Madeline.  
Come to the chamber, and come to the bed,  
And take a long look at the beautiful dead,  
All you that are lovers, unhappy, and true,  
For they died for freedom, and died for you.  
Oh! make them a grave on some flowery shore,  
Where the sunbeams shine, and the sea-waves roar,  
And weave them one shroud of the loved Tricolor,  
To wrap their two bodies; and over them play  
The holy hymn of the Marseillais—  
Madeline and Eugene shall be buried to-day!

\* A chaffing-dish of charcoal. Two young persons of Marseilles lately died there, under circumstances closely resembling the above.

## MR. HUME AND THE SMALL WHIGS.

SUCH of our readers as are old enough politicians to remember Vansittart Chancellor of the Exchequer, are acquainted with the commencement of Mr. Hume's Parliamentary career. The nation, no longer distracted by external wars, was beginning to look more narrowly into domestic arrangements; and, finding much that was cumbersome, and inefficient, and extravagant, was muttering to itself, much after the fashion of Meg Dods, while taking a survey of the kitchen in the absence of her servants:—"The hizzy Beenie, the jaud Eppie, the deil's buckie of a callant! anither plate gane! they'll break me out of house and ha'!" The labouring classes, "constantly on poortith's brink," were the first to feel the pressure, and to offer remonstrances. The more opulent classes, at ease themselves, were slow to feel the necessity of retrenchment. They shrank from the trouble of thinking and acting; they found it more genteel to adhere to the powers that be, than to shake hands with greasy mechanics; they cheerfully lent their most sweet voices to swell the war-whoop, "disaffection, revolutionary doctrines," &c. By the reckless and unprincipled machinations of the then government, considerable bodies of the working classes were lured to rise in premature and isolated revolt, in different districts. A spirit of hatred and mistrust between rich and poor was sedulously cherished; the two classes sundered into hostile bodies; and every day threatened to increase their mutual defiance. The country stood on the brink of a civil war.

There were not wanting, at this perilous crisis, men who saw the danger in which we stood: but the tyrants of the day succeeded in defeating their opposition, by representing them as mere theorists, ignorant of practical statesmanship, or as dangerous and designing men. It was at this critical period of our national fortunes, that Mr. Hume commenced his financial lectures. He attached himself to the cotton bag which then filled the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and insisted upon bringing all his plausible statements to the test of the rule of three. He exposed the incorrectness of ministerial calculations, the falsehood and fallacy of the arguments built upon them. This he did not once and away, but night after night. Vansittart was no sooner seated, than up rose his indefatigable adversary. Hume stuck to the skirts of the harassed and sickening Chancellor, with the snap of a greyhound and the pertinacity of a bull-dog. The greater caution and economy forced upon government was the least part of the gain. The eyes of the mercantile portion of the community were opened to the manner in which the national money was squandered. They quickly discovered that no hopes of more rational management could be entertained under the old system of government; and thus a most important and influential portion of the community were won over to the cause of reform.

It would be absurd to attribute to Mr. Hume the whole merit of breaking up the old Tory phalanx; of bringing Canning and Huskisson, in the great heap of their wisdom to coquet with liberal principles, to seek to sew new cloth on old garments, to put new wine into old bottles. The best talents of the land were labouring day and night to bring about that consummation which has at length arrived. Our increasing poverty was working to the same end. But this we will say, that the appearance of a man of Mr. Hume's peculiar turn of mind at the time he commenced his career, and the steadiness with which he clung to his purpose, undeterred by the opposition of enemies and the coldness of friends, by the angry clamour of abuse, and by sneers not the less galling for their silliness, by

enlisting in the ranks of the good cause, the plain, practical, hard-working portion of our capitalists, has done more towards the salvation of his country than has been effected by the efforts of any other single individual.

But Mr. Hume has greater claims upon the public gratitude and confidence than are due even for this important service. There are many public men who see deeper into the workings of the human mind ; many who are more extensively and intimately acquainted with the complexities of our law, and the remedies which may be applied to it ; many who may be more ingenious in devising light yet efficient modes of taxation ; many with more glowing sentiments of patriotism, genius, or philanthropy ; many with powers of fairer and more sounding speech ;—but there exists not one who sees and grasps more clearly what lies within his range, none who has more uncompromisingly and undeviatingly identified himself with the people, none who has shewn a tithe of his sturdy perseverance and unwearied activity. Never hurried off his feet by passion, the practical always maintains the ascendancy in his plans of action. His policy is direct, going at once to the point aimed at—and no further.

Were we called upon to point out to any community the model of a representative, we should desire no better than Mr. Hume. And yet an eager attempt is at this moment making to throw him out of the representation of Middlesex. In favour of whom ? Of Lord Henley, a man of whom *The Edinburgh Review*, now turned dispenser of conservative doctrines, says, “ He has no leaning whatever towards the principles of innovation, nor any disposition to ‘ meddle with them that are given to change ;’ ” a man who has published a pamphlet on Church Reform, in which he contemplates, as the most eligible mode of effecting his object, leaving the matter in the hands of the Bishops, or re-assembling the Convocation. And by whom ? By an unhallowed alliance of the Whigs, the out-and-out supporters of Ministers and the Tories. “ Mr. Hume is no stanch friend,” cries the one pack, “ and therefore he must out.”—“ Mr. Hume voted with Ministers on the question of the Russo-Dutch loan,” cries the other, “ and therefore he must out.” And then both join in the yelping chorus, “ He must out.”

The cuckoo song of the Whigs at present is, that the Radicals are sacrificing all principle, and colleequing with the Tories to oppose them. “ With whom,” says *The Edinburgh Review*, “ are they [the Tories] everywhere making common cause against the Government ? With the Radical party.” This charge has twice been brought, by *The Times* against two individuals, and twice indignantly repelled. And now the more wary *Review* takes care to save itself from the disgrace of contradiction, by framing its assertion so vaguely that no one can disprove it. What is the Radical party ? There is a Tory party,—a large body of men leagued and allied to attain office, and keep themselves in it. There is a Whig party, united for the same purpose. These men stand all for one, and one for all ; and for the conduct of each individual member the party is responsible, if it do not expressly disavow him. But there is no Radical party ; no servile unity of opinion, no organization among those to whom this appellative is vaguely and arbitrarily given. Each individual, or each community, is responsible for its own deeds, and for them alone. If, then, it shall appear that in any place the politicians called Radicals aided the Tories and opposed the Whigs, they are a pack of fools for their pains. The Whigs may turn out to be knaves ; but the Tories ostentatiously proclaim themselves to be knaves. This is all that can be said. But what terms shall we apply to those Whig-lings who, borne into office on the backs of the people, now begin to curry

favour with the Tories, and seek to insinuate distrust or contempt of every independent man who refuses to swallow implicitly every word of their political creed?

This accusation is not rashly urged. We could prove it in more instances than one; but Mr. Hume's is as good a case in point as any. Mr. Hume is opposed in Middlesex by Lord Henley. Now what is the line of conduct adopted by the organs of the Whig party? The last number of *The Edinburgh Review* lies upon our table. It contains an article entitled, "Working and Prospects of Reform." In this paper all reformers whose opinions are of a bolder cast than those entertained by the writer, are unceremoniously described as "few in number and inconsiderable in weight;" as "wild fantastic theorists, profligate speculators in confusion, for the chance of what they may be able to snatch in a scramble, or for the mere gratification of a preposterous vanity, seeking momentary distinction and speedy destruction;" as "a band leagued together by the mere indiscriminate love of destruction." We are also told that the return to Parliament of a large number of the enemies of reform is far less perilous to the state than would be any trust reposed in these persons. And occasion is taken to represent the hissing of the King after he had played Earl Grey false, and the pelting of the Duke of Wellington with mud, "as a disgrace more foul and lasting than we in Scotland endure this day for the sordid crime of the seventeenth century." \* Most appropriately do we find a fulsome lick-spittle eulogium of Lord Henley and his pamphlet, introduced into the same number of the Review, which contains this clumsy pawing of the Duke, and these indiscriminate calumnies against the independent reformers.

In the circumstances of the case, we should have thought ourselves entitled thus to infer the Machiavellian purpose of these innuendos, even without further aid. But when we find *The Times* sneering in its own awkward manner, day after day, at Mr. Hume's "crotchets,"† and warning the country against his attempts to smuggle a party into Parliament pledged to his impracticable schemes, it is impossible to doubt. As if to accumulate proof where it is no longer required, *The Globe* congratulates the country that not above fifteen of the extreme Radicals who vote with Mr. Hume will be returned to Parliament. *The Courier* discovers that since the bill has been carried, its friends and foes are equally eligible. *The Standard* accuses the member for Middlesex of irreligion; and—"unkindest cut of all,"—Sir Francis Burdett sneers at his petty details of retrenchment.

The meaning of all this is obvious enough: but the country is not to be hoodwinked by such gross and palpable juggling. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that Ministers lend their countenance to these dirty tricks. It would be unjust to hold them responsible for the knavery of every dirty fellow who has forced his services upon them. At the same time, they will do well to order their curs "to heel." We have known a decent farmer fined for the misdeeds of his "dunching bull" before now. They may take our word for it, that Mr. Hume is disposed to render them every assistance if they will only act so that he can conscientiously do it. The conduct of their tools, as often happens, is as foolish as rascally; tending to force a friendly man to take up a hostile position.

\* The illustration is singularly unfortunate in a work which not long ago undertook to prove that the Scots were not accessory to the death of Charles I., and that his execution was no great crime after all.

† Short Parliaments, the Ballot, Reduction of Expenditure, Church Reform, &c.

"THE RHINE—THE RHINE, O!"

*Burthen of a Drinking Song.*

At the commencement of last spring, when the cholera, having donned its seven-leagued boots to take a ramble over Europe, was spreading consternation from capital to capital, it was our misfortune, or fault, or folly, to be infected with the general mania of flying before an enemy, who "came neither from the East, nor from the West, nor yet from the South." Driven from our *aërial quatrième* in the Rue Montblanc by a panic still more fatally contagious than the *malady* itself, and forewarned that quarantine was already established in all the ports of *La Manche*, we threw our despairing selves and microscopic valise into the Strasburg *malle poste*, determined to go and drink the waters of Selters, fresh from the rock, and, if possible, outstrip the pursuit of the ogre. The month was May, the weather May-like; and already the sun was assuming sufficient ardour to enhance the attraction of blue waters and green woods. With kindling enthusiasm, we now longed to behold the waves of the Rhine eddying round the Bingerloch, or rippling over the black altar-stone of Bacharach; and the *coup d'œil* of the white walls, lofty poplars, and confluent streams of Coblenz filled us with agreeable anticipations!

Eighteen years had elapsed since our eyes were first feasted with "Ehrenbreitstein and its shattered wall." During the Congress of 1814, while Elba afforded only a temporary imprisonment to the ex-Postmaster General of the Continent, we had the good luck to achieve the tour of the Rhine; to behold it ere yet the dust raised by invading armies was laid upon its highways, and while the gloss of nationality was still bright upon the land. No tourist had been maundering there with his sketch-book, no poet with his rhymes; there was no steam-boat, no Schreiber, no Reichard! and the Rheingau, the Taunus mountains, Rolandseck, Nonnenwerder, and fifty other places, (now mere Cockney cake houses,) came upon us with the freshness of fairy-land!

On this, our second visit, we were aware that a change must necessarily "come o'er the spirit of our dream;" that we must prepare to behold this most frequented of aquatic gangways invested with somewhat of the familiar vulgarity of Fleet Street. The mere newspaper advertisement of "Guides to the Rhine," and "Panoramas of the Rhine," and "Picturesque views of the Rhine," and "Lays of the Rhine," having extinguished the romantic associations of the excursion, it is now a mere affair of seeing the Lions; a sort of holiday trip to the Hornsey or Hackney of Germany. Scarcely, however, had we arrived at Coblenz, established ourselves at the inn of the Trierische Hof, and looked out on the *Platz* to bestow, for the fiftieth time, our fiat of approval on the soldierlike breadth of chest distinguishing the troops of the 'Schneider König, when (by the ministry of that most worthy and most tedious of men and hosts Herr Maas, once *mâitre d'hôtel* to the Marquis of Huntly, now *mâitre* of the best *hotel* in Coblenz) a list of the company at the Baths of Emms was placed in our hands; containing among the rest, the transcribable, but somewhat unpronounceable, patronymic of a certain Bohemian Princess, our favourite partner of the last Carnival, who was drinking the waters on her way to Vienna, across the Duchy of Nassau. Without a moment's hesitation, we secured a place for Emms by the earliest diligence; but, as a compensation to our

old friend Maas for the service he had unconsciously rendered us, we stept, meanwhile, into the *Speise Saal* ; where (the clock having struck one) the *table d'hôte* dinner was smoking on the table. And what a dinner for one o'clock on a warm May morning !—Within scope of our own observation stood a reeking tureen of sausage soup, with poached eggs floating on the greasy surface ; bouilli with damson sauce ; suet dumplings garnished with onion chips ; a Rhine carp stewed in hop shoots ; roasted fieldfares ; a ragout of liver with carrots and parsley ; a mysterious mass of extremely infantine veal ; a pancake resembling a Witney blanket, and a dish of spinach and water, resembling a weedy pond ! The spectacle, with its concomitant *fumet*, was nauseous enough ; and not the less so from the celerity with which these savoury viands disappeared down the throats of some dozen or so of Rhenish-Prussian officials, civil and military, who washed them down with potations of sour Moselles, (their half empty flask bottles generally distinguished by a dirty rag tied round the neck,) and liberal draughts of mineral water from the spring at Thal Ehrenbreitstein. Three courses did we endure with the ex-cruciation of martyrdom ; nor was it till a dessert of *Mandel-brod* and *Zucken-brod*, of various kinds, comprehending a large sausage made of quince marmalade and chopped almonds, was placed on the table, that we began to breathe again. Looking round for some object on which to bestow the philanthropic sympathies melting within us, we perceived that a knife and fork, which had been peculiarly active on our left flank, were plied by an odd-looking animalcule, in a black wig ; attired (not to say disguised) in a large pair of green spectacles, a large pair of whiskers, a large pair of mustaches, a large double-breasted coat, and a very small pair of shrunken nankeen continuations ; one of those strange looking figures peculiar to *Les Femur* ; who are seen one summer at Barège, and the next at Carlsbad ; at Cheltenham one autumn, and the next at Lucca ; without affording any clue to the whereabouts of their winter residence, or means or motive of such extensive locomotion. We were about to apostrophize him as “ Monsieur le Baron ! ” (the general alias of the tribe,) when, “ Do me the honour of a glass of wine, sir ? ” pronounced with a smirk and cringe savouring most vilely of the counters of Soho, mortified our susceptible bosom with the certainty that we were addressing an Englishman.

“ My countryman ! and yet I know him not ! ” was our involuntary exclamation, as we accepted the challenge ; and after a reciprocation of the compliment, and a considerable advance towards intimacy on the part of our anonymous neighbour, Herr Maas, whose swivel eye was fixed observingly upon his proceedings, seemed to think it time to apologize for the officiousness of his guest, by observing, half aside, though quite across the table, “ I see you vind out your goundrymans, sirr ; Misder Smidz he fery long residence in Goblentz, sirr ; Misder Smidz he know efery von vhat trafels the Rhine, sirr ; Misder Smidz he know efery ding vhat efery von trafels de Rhine to see, sir ! ” We sat corrected ! It was clear that a Mr. Smith, resident in Coblentz, was not the travelling Baron we had taken him for ; and we accordingly made it a point of conscience to insinuate as much deprecation and amenity as we could command into our mode of reiterating the intelligence already received.

“ You have resided here some time, Mr. Smith ? ”

“ Yes, sir, yes ! When first I came to Coblentz, the city was up to sale, as one may say, sir ; we didn't know for certain, sir, who she'd be knocked down to by the great auctioneers over yonder at the Con-

gress. Lord bless you, sir ! since I've been here, I've seen every stone of Ehrenbreitstein laid one a-top o' t'other. The place isn't the same place as when I took up my quarters in it just afore the battle of Waterloo."

"The town, I understand, has doubled in size and population under the protection of the Prussian Government?"

"Why, if you'll believe me, when first I settled on the Rhine, sir, there wasn't so much as a steam-packet a-going on the river."

"There were few, I fancy, established in Europe at that period."

"The people were quite uncivilized, as one may say, without no accommodation to speak of for travellers, or gentlemen in your line of business, sir."

"Gentlemen, in my line of business !" What could the villain mean? We looked a forbearing note of interrogation.

"Beg pardon, sir ; hope no offence."

"None, whatever !" We were predetermined against a quarrel with so small an individual, wearing such formidable whiskers.

"Seldom have any travellers on the Rhine, at this time of year, sir, except in the picturesque way !" —

"Indeed?"

"Author, pray may I ask, sir, or artist?" —

"A little of both," said we, willing to ascertain the limits of his vulgar audacity.

"Aha! — a volume, — perhaps two volumes of an octavo tour, with head and tail pieces of your own ; eh, sir? — A *Spring* near the Rhine !' The *Autumn* near the Rhine had a wonderful run, sir ; eight editions, I'm told?"

"I am not ambitious of attempting a rivalry with its attractions."

"Not a matter-of-fact writer, perhaps! — a novelist, then? or may be you are getting up an annual? Lord bless you ! take my advice ! The Rhine's drained dry, sir ! Go to the Danube ; it wouldn't cost you a couple of hundred florins. Nobody's been at work on the Danube yet, but Planché ! Or what do you think of trying the Wolga, sir ? There hasn't been a scratch of the pen or pencil about the Wolga ! But as to the Rhine, it's growing as Cockneyfied as Greenwich or Blackwall."

We now began to suspect a competitor ; and accordingly arraigned "Mister Smidz" as a foundling of the muses.

"Why, to say the truth, my dear sir, I believe I *may* plead guilty to a little bit of literary ! Lord bless you, there hasn't been a single work made up out of the Rhine for the last fifteen years, without *my* finger in the pie ! They get all their information out of me, sir, (a sad set, our literary brethren !) and then go home, and fancy themselves authors !"

"Why, you must have become acquainted with a succession of all the men of genius of the age?"

"Lord, sir, we have them in cargoes by every steam-packet ! I'll be bound there's not a gentleman nor gentlewoman of the press, but what has made the Rotterdam trip. First of all, sir, we had Ackermann's people stuck about sketching on the rocks, like so many jackdaws. Then there was Leigh's fellows, and Galignani's, and Schreiber's, picking up materials for their Guide Books. Then came my Lord Byron with his third canto ; and the "Autumn" gentleman, and Dr. Russell, and Jefferson Hogg ; and Planché, with his "Lays and Legends," and Sullivan with his "Historiëttres," and Præd with his "Lyrics," and



Derwent Conway with his "Tales;" and a poetical touch or two from Lockhart, and a blunder or two from Sir Walter; and a rhodomontade from young D'Israeli; and it was only t'other day, sir, we had little Grattan, hunting over the country with his dog Ranger; and Fenimore Cooper, poking about among the ruins of the Palatinate! In short, sir, we've had 'em all, (my service to you!) and I'm afraid there's not so much as a twig or an old castle left for you; they've made away with 'em all."

"The English public has been dosed with Rhenish picturesque, as largely as with counterfeit Hock," said we, trying to be sententious. "But the true Johannisberger still fetches its price, and a work of *real merit*"——

"Pshou! pshou! pshou!" cried Smith. "Every work is a work of merit to its author. But, just consider a moment how thoroughly the thing's worn out! 'The Mouse Tower!' 'The Pfalz!' For my part, I'd as soon write an ode to Aldgate Pump!"

"The Rhenish provinces supply a curious variety of matter; and"——

"*Variety!* Why, you might just as well go beating the furze for game on Hampstead Heath. Every inch of ground has been hunted over and over, sir, till there's not so much as a cock-robin left! Lord! if you did but know what tribes of blue ladies and black gentlemen are brought here by every Dampschiffe! I know 'em, sir, before ever they land! I could swear to the Picturesque gentlemen, before ever they set foot on shore; (twigged *you*, sir, as soon as you stepped out of the Eilwagen yesterday!) There you see 'em, the moment the boat stops, out with their note-books, and questioning the *Commissionär*, frightened to death for fear the least inkling of useful knowledge should escape 'em. 'Pray, my friend, what was the name of that old ruin to the left?' 'Was that a castle, my good fellow, or a prison, on the rock to the right?' Down it all goes, by way of novel information!"

"An intellectual gentleman, like yourself, Mr. Smith, must be an invaluable acquisition to travellers of this description."

"I believe I *do* sometimes save a little waste of ink, sir. They all dine at the table d'hôte. (Waiter! a fresh bottle of Moselle to this gentleman!) Last week there was an amazing promising young writer, with a Byron shirt-collar, the Shelley stoop, and the Montgomery eye, 'in a fine frenzy rolling.' (I fancy he makes some noise in the periodicals, sir!) Never heard a finer melodrama voice in my life! 'Smith!' said he, (in a tone to make one's blood curdle if he'd been talking by moonlight,) 'Smith! know you the Drachenfels?'—'To be sure I do,' says I, 'but lord! you've no chance *there*. It's all dicky with the Drachenfels. Byron did 'em, and Prael did 'em, and Planché did 'em. They're as common as Greenwich Hill.'"

"Poor young man!"

"Well, sir, next day a solemn young prig of a literator (one of the march of intellect chaps) arrives from Mayence by the boat, and decoys me up to the Fortress, under pretence of wanting an interpreter. I hadn't got half way up the hill, when he out's with his commonplace book, and gives me what he calls a philosophical sketch of Faustus in his laboratory. '*The great bell of the Dom-Kirch had revealed to the burghers of Maintz the commencement of a new day: but in a small desolate chamber of the quadrangle of the Benedictines, overlooking the dark waters of the Rhine, a lamp was still burning. It was that of a recluse to whom the whole world of letters*'——Lord, sir, what was the use of it

all? As good and better's been said by Victor Hugo and all the romance-mongers of the *cent et un* ! Then, sir, only last Friday, there was a very pretty youth, (nice dapper little fellow, something of your cut, sir—hope no offence,) and says he, 'Smith, my good fellow,' says he, 'I'm thinking of a little tale about Rheinfels ; something intense, something startling, something d—d Gothic, and feudal, and apparitional !—I mean to go and sleep on the mountain over night, and see the sun rise !'—'Lord, sir !' says I, 'spare your pains ; Rheinfels was very prettily done for the Winter's Wreath, two seasons back.'—'Well, then,' cried my young friend, slapping me on the shoulder, 'I'll try Lahmeck ! There's a fine opening at Lahmeck.—*The lugubrious masses of the dark rocks of Neider Lahnstein were casting the impressive shadows of their*——' Lord love you, sir,' cried I, interrupting him, 'Derwent Conway had all that four years ago.'—'Then, by Jove !' says he, 'I'll have a touch at the *Lurelei* ; and L. E. L. etrify the world of letters with a ballad.' 'Sorry for you, sir !' as soon as he'd done spouting. 'There's scarcely been an annual without a *Lurelei* for the last five years.'

"What will become of the poor fellow?" cried we, attempting a sympathetic countenance.

"Ah, sir ! as I said before, terrible bad spec. the Rhine, for literary gentlemen ! You see there's been a great call of late years for small tales, and little picturesqueisms. There's the Souvenir, and Keepsake, Gem, Forget-me-Not, Bijou, Christmas-Box, Landscape Annual, Continental Annual, Cadeau, Friendship's Offering, (besides the Musicals and the Juveniles,) keep a wonderful number of hands going. Then, you know, there's the Monthlies ! Blackwood has given us two or three magnificent Rhine stories ; and the Monthly, and the New Monthly, and Fraser, they have all a bit of '*It was during the non-bondage of the feudal era, that one evening a knight, fainting with toil, and accoutred in the iron harness of war ;*' or, '*Gisela of Eberstein was seated beside the arrow slit of the highest tower of the castle.*' It cuts in neat among the heavy politics and light essays !"

"You seem completely *au fait* to the mysteries of the profession."

"And even the Weeklies do now 'a tale unfold.' The Athenæum's got hold of two or three monstrous showy getters-up of a baronial anecdote. Besides, there's the twopenny halfpenny periodicals ; the 'Story Teller,' and 'Thieves,' and—I protest I saw the Götterfels as neatly dished up in a penny paper (with a wood-cut and all) as you'd wish to see. And I'm told, Roscoe and Leitch Ritchie are at work at a series ; and there are not two better hands for a mountain sunset, or a dungeon scene, or a winding staircase, from Paternoster Row to Ave-Maria Lane."

"I see the game is up !—It is all over with us !"

"Hope you ha'n't been rash enough to take earnest of your publisher, sir?"

"Not quite so bad as that ! But, alas !"—

"Now, look here, my dear sir ; you may perceive that I have a little experience in these matters. Set off to the valley of the Næh ; just up yonder by Bingew. There's an old castle there, with a legend about a dragon and a crusader, that would do your business at once ; 'tis as fresh as a spring morning ! I've kept it as snug as if it was my own ! *Chronicle of the Castle of St. Edelberg* ! What a jewel for a table of contents ! Or the Murg—what say you to the Murg ? The Black Forest, you know ! the—God bless my soul ! sir, that's your cue ! '*Legends*

*of the Schwarzwald!* Call it the Scharzwald, by all means; a name nobody understands makes people ask questions. It got on *The Giaour* amazingly; the young ladies were wonderful curious what could be the meaning of *The Giaour*, a *Turkish Tale*. I hav'n't heard how the *Heidenmaur* takes, but"——

Fortunately (for I had fooled and been fooled by Mister Smidz to the top of his bent) the *Kellner* now made his appearance to inform me that a *Post-kutsch* was about to start for Emms, and that my baggage was already coached. I had but five minutes to settle with Maas, listen to his twice (ten thousand) told description of "the fine collection of trinking-classes what pelong to mein lade broder, if you sday till morning, I do mineself the bleasure to show you," and speak a brief farewell to my loving countryman. To my great surprise, I found Misder Smidz squeeze my hand tenderly at parting; and on settling myself in the corner of the diligence, discovered that he had managed to deposit therein a card, bearing an inscription, which we transcribe for the benefit of future travellers in the picturesque line of business.

TIMOTHY SMITH,

*Professor of the English and German Languages,*

4, ALSER GASSE, COBLENTZ,

Gives Lessons at Gentleman's own houses, hotels, or otherwise; or at his own residence, from 6 to 10 evening.

T. S. undertakes to qualify gentlemen for tours in six lessons.

N.B. No Entrance.

## THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.—No. II.

†

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANTI-DRACO."

HAVING spoken of penal laws passed upon "the spur of the occasion," which are always vindictive and mostly sanguinary, we must notice another class of criminal enactments made with more deliberation, but which do not less grossly sin against the right rule of proportionate justice:—such are most of our laws intended for the protection of property, but really operating to the encouragement of depredation. The former were framed in times of public excitement, and spoke the language inspired by the warm blood of eager vengeance; the latter were the result of the cool calculations of avarice, which weighed the life of a human being against a bit of coin, and found it a feather in the scale. Anger is not a more deceptive guide to follow in penal legislation than cupidity. The one errs from blind impulse, the other from calculating cruelty; both mistake the violence of law for its efficacy; both reject all moderate, all proportionate punishments,—all punishments that correct and reform, in their insatiable craving for victims, and victims only.

The task of legislators who act under the influence of anger or cupidity, is an easy one. It requires no patient research, no mental labour. It does not involve any of the cares or anxieties which are necessarily connected with a nice adjustment of the degrees of crime and its penal consequences. It is not impeded by moral considerations, nor controlled by the suggestions of experience. Such legislators want to know nothing more than that the offender has a life which can be destroyed, and that they have the power to destroy it; never caring whether the possession

of that power confers any right to exercise it, they avoid all the moral and intellectual difficulties of legislation by the one compendious process of human destruction. Confounding small and great crimes in the one sentence of blood, they stride over all distinctions of guilt to strike at the life of the offender, as the only certain way of eradicating the offence. Having given the name of Justice to a malignant power invested with the murderous attributes of revenge, they have no necessity for arming her with other weapons for the repression of crime than those of extermination.

Let us illustrate what we mean by the class of sanguinary laws made upon deliberate calculation, by a few instances. The offence of *sheep-stealing* was not punishable capitally by the ancient common law of England, but, like other offences coming under the head of simple larceny, was punishable by a pecuniary ransom, which, it is supposed, went not to the Crown, like a modern fine, but in the way of *restitution* to the parties injured. In this respect, our Saxon law was conformable to the Mosar, and also to the civil law, before it was adulterated by those cruel enactments which were among the proofs of the barbarous degeneracy of the Roman empire. It was after the *Norman conquest*, namely in the reign of Henry I., that a statute was first passed, making offences of *simple larceny* punishable with death. Notwithstanding that statute, however, all persons convicted of simple larceny who could read, were allowed the *privilegium clericale*, or benefit of clergy, at least for the first offence, which exempted them from capital punishment; but those who could not read, and all women convicts, whether they could read or not, were liable to be sent to the scaffold. Thus the rule of right reason was inverted: *ignorance* was made an aggravation of guilt, and *education* a palliative of crime! Subsequently, the test of reading was abolished by law, and the benefit of clergy allowed to both sexes, upon praying the benefit of the statute. Now, *sheep-stealing* being an offence of *simple larceny*, remained a *clergyable* felony, that is, a felony not capital, until the fourteenth year of George II.; when some sapient members of Parliament, thinking sheep not sufficiently protected, as long as the sword of the law was not stained with the blood of him who committed theft of that species of property, had a bill passed through the Legislature to make the offence as penal as *murder*! The bill easily passed through both Houses; for, unfortunately, in the British Parliament, the horror of innovation never arose unless when the alteration brought improvement. To adapt the institutions of the country to the advancing spirit of civilization, to purify what was corrupt, abolish what was irrational, and ameliorate what had the tincture of a barbarous origin, was what no man could attempt to do in the British Legislature without an outcry being raised against the "dangers of innovation." It was only when new laws were introduced to make what was bad worse, and to create additional obstacles to the amendment of social institutions, that they received a ready assent from the "collective wisdom" of the nation. Hence it most frequently happened that bills which innovated upon the comparatively mild spirit of our ancient *common law*, by substituting sanguinary and revengeful punishments for those of a coercive or corrective nature, excited so little of the alarm of innovation, that they generally passed *sub silentio*, in almost empty Houses. One of the easiest things in the world was for a country gentleman, or a great manufacturer, or a dealer in paper-securities, or a director of some trading, perhaps bubble company, as the case might be, to obtain the favour from the

Minister of the day, of a "new felony without benefit of clergy." It is no wonder, then, that our Statute-book became almost one mass of sanguinary enactments, and the cry of *judicial murder* went up to Heaven, perpetually, from every corner of the land!

What were the arguments used by the original author of the law to make *sheep-stealing* punishable with death, we know not, nor, indeed, can we say that he found it necessary to use any; but we presume if he did argue the matter at all, he observed upon the unavoidable *exposure* of this species of property to depredation, and the necessity of having an *efficient* protection, by placing every flock under the tutelary shadow of the gallows, and sacrificing a human life for every stolen sheep. But if we have no record of the arguments of that Draconic Legislator, who, to save sheep from being stolen, would slaughter mankind, we are disposed to believe we can quote something very like them from the more recent speech of a "philosophic" legislator, who, about two-and-twenty years ago, favoured the House of Commons with his own reasons for the perpetuation of that exterminating law. The occasion was the discussion of the first of the three bills brought in by the enlightened Romilly to repeal the penalty of *death* for the offences of *privately stealing in a dwelling-house*, or in a vessel on a canal or navigable river, to the amount of *forty shillings*, or stealing goods in a shop to the value of *five shillings*! The legislator to whom we allude, is Mr. Davies Gilbert, sometime President of the Royal Society, which boasts to be the associated science of England. This philosopher, who never was betrayed into error by any unreflecting ardour of temperament, commenced his speech by observing that he "agreed with the honourable and learned gentleman [Sir Samuel Romilly] in many of his propositions, though he could not help thinking that the career of humanity, on which he had entered, was likely to be *too extensive*. If it had been *more limited* and confined, he should have been happy in contributing, to the best of his ability, in forwarding, instead of obstructing his object; but he now felt it his duty to *resist the alteration* proposed by the present bill." Only think, reader, of the disciplined sensibilities of this philosopher being alarmed into resistance by the unlimited and dangerous benevolence that would make the stealing of forty shillings in one case, and *five shillings* in another, an offence no longer punishable by the forfeiture of human life! In support of his *rational* fears on this subject, he gave a scientific reason in the course of his harangue, which we will cite in his own words. "As to the effects of certainty and severity of punishment, a proposition might be stated almost with mathematical precision,—that the prevention of crime, from this source, varies in the compound ratio of the severity of the punishment, and the certainty of that punishment being inflicted; and if this severity and certainty vary, according to some inverse law, with regard to each other, it is indisputable that the increase of severity may so far decrease the certainty as to diminish the aggregate upon which the prevention depends. Attention is always to be paid to this ratio; but it may be safely adopted as a general principle that the punishment should increase with the difficulty of the detection. Without trespassing upon the time of the House, by entering into any minute application of this principle in any of the more heinous offences, I will confine myself to the single instance of *sheep-stealing*." Now come what, we presume, were precisely the reasons given by the author of the sanguinary law for making the offence capital. "Considering the manner in which sheep are, and must be fed on extensive downs,

their exposure to *dépredation*, and the difficulty attendant upon the detection of this class of depredators; and considering how much the sustenance and clothing of the people depend upon this useful animal, I cannot but think that whatever alterations may be introduced in other parts of our law, *sheep-stealing* should still continue to be punished *capitally*." Notwithstanding this learned dissertation in support of the policy of the sanguinary punishment for theft of this nature, the proved inefficacy of the statute, not merely to repress the crime, but to prevent its increase, and the outrage done to reason and humanity by the vindictive spirit of the law, have caused the public feeling to revolt against the penalty of blood. The sentence to which Princes and Parliaments must bow, has gone forth; and the legislation, founded upon false calculations of inhuman cupidity, and supported by the vicious refinements of sophisticated science, perishes in the masculine grasp of enlightened public opinion.

To say nothing of the Forgery bill, which has become law since we wrote on this subject before, and which sweeps off at once (with two exceptions, introduced by the Lords, of which more at another time) the capital punishment as applied to about forty distinct offences, Mr. Ewart's act alone gets rid of that punishment in reference to four separate classes of crime, of which *sheep-stealing* is one. When, to repeal only one of those, namely that relative to privately stealing in the dwelling-house to the amount of forty shillings, Romilly introduced a bill into the House of Commons, in the year 1810, to which we have above alluded, Mr. Spencer Perceval being then Prime Minister, it caused the most grave and solemn imputations of a revolutionary attempt upon the good old system of established justice to be levelled at that sincere, though truly cautious reformer, by the Lord Chancellor, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, the placemen and minions of the Government of that day. Nothing, indeed, could exceed their surprise and alarm, on finding that he meant to follow up that bill, if successful, by some other measures for the amelioration and improvement of the criminal law. On the division, the bill was lost by a majority of 35 to 33. Had the philosophic Mr. Davies Gilbert voted on the side of reason and humanity, the numbers would have been equal; and had the metaphysical Mr. Wyndham voted on the same side, the conservators of the "vested rights" of the executioner would have been beaten; but those "intellectual" gentlemen conceived that the career of improvement which Romilly commenced was likely to be too extensive, and so they stopped him, as soon as he had fully revealed his dangerous intentions of actually preventing the law from visiting with the same punishment the offender who stole forty shillings in the dwelling-house as it awarded to him who robbed the house and murdered the family!

Of the 35 who, on that occasion, opposed so small a reform of the sanguinary law, 22 were actually members of the existing Government, or holding office under it; so that in reality the decision upon this question, not connected with politics, but being a question of public morals affecting human life, was procured by the direct influence of Government. The most powerful arguments of reason and experience in favour of the superior efficacy of humanized justice, were beaten only by the venal votes which official corruption called to the aid of legislative barbarity.

The House of Commons, however, which rejected the bill for repealing the penalty of death, as applied to the offence of stealing in the dwelling-house, did so far relent, touching the sanguinary system, as to

pass the bill to repeal that punishment as applied to the offence of stealing in a shop, warehouse, &c., to the amount of *five shillings*. On that bill going up to the House of Lords, it had to encounter, in all its renewed vehemence of invective, the venerable terror of "innovation," which had been, *pro hac vice*, hushed into repose in the Lower House. Lord Ellenborough, the then Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, led on the "Conservatives" with a vigour and determination which clearly shewed his opinion of the deadly blow struck at our "unrivalled constitution," by an attempt to abolish a statute which estimated the life of a human being at the Parliamentary price of *five shillings*! It was necessary that this attempt should be promptly and signally defeated, or there was no saying how far the "standard of value" for human life, might, in course of time, be altered. As Mr Canning, in opposing reform in Parliament, said he would take up his position within the lines of Gaton and Old Sarum, to defend the integrity of the constitution, so Lord Ellenborough entrenched himself behind the five-shilling *shop-lifting act*, to defend the integrity of our incomparable system of criminal justice. He said, on moving that the bill be read a second time that day six months, "Though I feel it ungrateful to oppose the wishes of those who are attempting to introduce this *innovation* into the criminal law of the country, and with all my deference to them for the purity of their intentions, and giving them every credit for the ingenuity of their speculations, yet I trust your lordships will pause before you assent to an *experiment pregnant with danger* to the security of property, and before you repeal a statute which has been so long found necessary for public security, and which I am not conscious has produced the smallest injury to the *merciful administration* of justice." Now the law was either executed, or it was not. If executed, is it not astonishing that any being in the shape of a man, not to speak of a senator and the chief judge of a civilized and Christian land, could venture to say in the face of the world, that to *deliberately strangle* a fellow-creature on the scaffold for stealing *five shillings*, was part and parcel of a merciful administration of justice? If, on the other hand, the law was not executed, why should an enactment, at the same time so barbarous and so ineffective, remain on the statute book a single moment, to testify against the Legislature for carrying its cruelty to so absurd an extreme as to render it impracticable?

But to show more clearly what Lord Ellenborough meant by the "merciful administration of justice," let us take the instance of the application of this law, mentioned by the intelligent and humane Sir William Meredith. It cannot be too generally known at a time when ministers of the crown who had co-operated with Romilly, when circumstances were much more adverse to the reform of the criminal law than at present, profess a profound veneration for the *opinions of judges*, touching any proposed alterations of our penal jurisprudence. Speaking of the shop-lifting act, Sir William Meredith said, "Under this act, one *Mary Jones* was executed, whose case I shall just mention. It was at the time when *press-warrants* were issued, on the alarm about Falkland Islands. The woman's husband was pressed, their goods seized for debt, and she, with two small children, turned into the streets *a-begging*. 'Tis a circumstance not to be forgotten that she was very young (under nineteen) and most remarkably handsome. She went to a linen-draper's shop, took some coarse linen off the counter, and slipped it under her cloak. The shopman saw her, and she laid it down. Her defence was,

*'that she had lived in credit, and wanted for nothing, until a press-gang came and stole her husband from her; but since then she had no bed to lie on, nothing to give her children to eat, and they were almost naked;'* and perhaps she might have done something wrong, for she hardly knew what she did. The parish officers testified to the truth of this story. But it seems there had been a good deal of shop-lifting about Ludgate-hill; an example was thought necessary; and this woman was hanged for the comfort and satisfaction of some shopkeepers in Ludgate-street. When brought to receive sentence, she behaved in such a frantic manner as proved her mind to be in a distracted and desponding state; and the child was sucking at her breast when she set out for Tyburn gallows!" Here is an instance of what Lord Ellenborough, the Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, described, as "not being of the smallest injury to the merciful administration of justice!" Why, it was a scene more fit to be enacted among fiends than among beings whom God had endowed with the gift of reason, and whose reason he had further assisted by the light of a religion of mercy! Here the law creates the crime and then punishes it. The infamous law of impressment deprived the poor woman of her stay and protector. This law committed a greater robbery than that which can be committed upon a little property: it committed a robbery of the person. When the woman whom it made destitute of the honest means of subsistence for herself and children, impelled by the cries of nature, and the desperation of want, attempted to commit a paltry theft, the circumstances which drove her to it were left out of consideration. What the law of impressment had begun, the shop-lifting law completed. The one drove her of necessity into crime, the other strangled her on the scaffold, for yielding to the temptation: how affecting to see, in the horrors of her situation, the maternal feeling prevail over every other; and the child, the fatherless child, clasped to her bosom, while the friendless outcast victim of merciless oppression sustained its little life amid the expiring agonies of her own!

But of what degree of "hoar antiquity" was that statute, which, in the opinion of Lord Ellenborough, could not be repealed, in order to substitute one of a more moderate character, without causing a "dangerous innovation" upon the criminal law? It had no existence before the reign of William III.; that is, it had been a part of the law during a little more than a century out of the ten centuries during which the monarchy of England has endured. The offence had been punishable as a *simple larceny*, until this statute made it a capital crime. We need scarcely add that such a statute was, like most other of our sanguinary laws for offences against property, the result of that calculating and inhuman cupidity which accounted not human blood, nor even the immortal destinies of a living soul, of the least value when put in competition with a little pelf. It was, in short, one of those laws, which, in punishing a violation of the *eighth* commandment, was itself a violation of the *sixth*. For most assuredly the eternal decree, "Thou shalt do no murder" was addressed to man in his collective, as well as his individual capacity, — to princes and legislators, as well as to every human being subject to their dominion.



## THE MAD TORY'S SONG.

THIS sweet madrigal was brought to our office by one of our devils, who picked it up in the street. He thinks it fell from the pocket of a wobegone elderly gentleman, who came out of Mr. Blair's Committee Room, and seemed to be making a variety of evolutions to avoid the approaches of a messenger-at-arms, who had been seen lurking for some time about the doors of that conclave of eminent patriots.

I bought myself a good freehold,  
Down in the west countree :  
A thousand pounds of borrow'd gold  
My vote was worth to me.

My vote ! To me 'twas beef and cheese,  
And buttermilk and ale,  
And dinners and civilities  
From great Lord Dunderdale.

My vote ! 'Twas blankets for my bed,  
'Twas generous cups of wine :  
My earthly prospects all have fled  
With that good vote of mine !

The vision'd glories I have miss'd  
How can I e'er forget ?  
The red book and the pension list,  
Perhaps a coronet.

My sons were known as General Tom,  
Judge Dick, and Sheriff Ned ;  
Lord Grey has stolen the heaven from  
My children's promised bread.

Alas ! the Tollbooth's grasping gates  
For me are yawning wide ;  
And there is bird-line on the grates  
And chains of Morningside.

'Twas mine last night alone to sit,  
Even till the morning grey,  
To drink in gin the health of Pitt,  
With hip, hip, hip, hurra !

And Mister Pitt, from gulf of hell,  
Walk'd up and drank with me,  
And, though he had a brimstone smell,  
Was right good company.

He spoke of English politics,  
Of great Duke Arthur's fall,  
The price of stocks, the shares of Styx,  
And Acheron canal.

Then told he how, by naphtha light,  
He wiled his hours away,  
Playing blind Hookey every night  
With Viscount Castlereagh.

He thought my vote, by magic art,  
The envious moon had ta'en ;  
He lent me his old donkey-cart  
To fetch it back again.

A charter was the phaeton gay,  
A seizin was the steed ;  
It bowl'd along the milky way  
With comet's meteor speed.

The milky way was deep and rough ;  
I nearly miss'd a fall ;  
'Twas new Macadamised with stuff  
From dear old Sarum's wall.

At me the starry lion roar'd,  
His fangs grim Cancer spread ;  
And that sad dog, Aquarius, pour'd  
His slop-pail on my head.

Moon ! thou art dizen'd out with votes ;  
My own, I saw it plain,  
'Twas crumpled into papillotes,  
'To curl thy grisly mane !

The broad-faced hussey, with a stare,  
Swore it was deeply hid  
In Egypt, down, the Lord knew where,  
Beneath a pyramid.

'Twas madness all ; a dark blue mist  
Came o'er my boiling brain ;  
'Twas madness all,—my heart's blood  
hiss'd,  
And sparkled like Champaign.

Away ! ye vampires, and ye gowls !  
Avaunt ! ye creeping things !  
O flap not thus, ye hateful owls,  
At me, your wicker wings !

The beastly Whigs, in countless hosts,  
Against our cause combine ;  
And Duncan Bain, the porter, boasts  
A vote as good as mine.

He, Celtic dog, akimbo stands,  
With stiff and surly air,  
And laughs outright at my commands  
To vote for Mister Blair.

Gone are the blessed days, alas !  
When our good thirty-three  
Electors met, and chose Dundas,  
In peace and jollity.

We had no public meetings then ;  
The town was calm and still ;  
No five-and-thirty thousand men  
All clamorous for the Bill.

Gone are those days of prospering—  
And golden days they were—  
When glorious George the Third was  
King,  
And Pitt, Prime Minister.

On well-greased wheels our empire rolled,  
As smooth as smooth could be ;  
But now I've lost my good freehold,  
Down in the west countree.

Deep in the dust our kingdom's trod,  
While I am mourning thus ;  
The thought is madness : I chabod !  
Our glory's gone from us !

But I will thwart the levelling Bill  
Before this sun shall set,  
And metamorphose my goose-quill  
Into a bayonet.

Duke—Prince—*King* Arthur,—hear us  
plead ;

Our hopes are fix'd in thee ;  
Thine *arts* have fail'd to do the deed ;  
Thine *arms* must set us free !

Thine aid-de-camp to lead us on,  
To free this labouring earth,  
Sir George, his thankless task must  
shun,  
And leave the shire of Perth.

In forman's blood our hands we'll wet ;  
We'll tear them limb by limb ;  
To try our prisoners, we will get  
Some Rhadamanthus grim ;

Some modern Braxfield in divan,  
With some revived Kakgrove,  
To ship each Whiggish gentleman  
• Direct to Sydney Cove.

With finger-screw, and torturing boot,  
We'll make them weep and wail ;  
And, scion of a hangman root,  
The Earl of Lauderdale

Will wind each wheel with crimson hands,  
Our great Jack Ketch of State :  
Bare-arm'd, the gracious Rosslyn stands,  
Assistant-surgeon's mate.

And Peel, our flag, mule-jenny-twined,  
Blood-dyed, aloft will bear.

Benignant Balgray trots behind,  
Our sergeant-trumpeter.

Vain is the dream. My wasting limbs,  
I drag from place to place ;  
While jaundiced yellow still begrims  
My worn and hectic face.

The Tolbooth's black and creaking gates,  
For me are yawning wide ;  
And there is bird-lime on the grates  
And chains of Morningside !

## THE IRISH COUNSELLOR.

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se  
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.—JUVENAL.

THERE is no place in Ireland which indicates more strongly the peculiarities of the Irish character than the hall of the Four Courts in Dublin. Go into it, any day in term ; and you will, if you are a stranger, be horrified at the noise, the buzz, and the clatter of tongues which salute your ears from every side of its extensive area. You will be astonished, at first sight, to perceive the extreme number of powdered wigs, and flaxen coifs, as compared with those heads which appear undecorated by any extraneous ornament. To every client there appear to be three counsellors ; and for every attorney thirty lawyers. We shall not, at this moment, investigate what may be the various subjects of conversation amongst the multifarious groups into which the multitudinous mass is separated : but there they are ; the care-worn client and the shrewd-looking solicitor enveloped and almost smothered up by the Tory lawyers who are *out*, and the Whig lawyerlings who are expecting to *get in*.

How comes it to pass, that, in a country which is impoverished, which is nearly destitute of trade, and almost solely devoted to agriculture, there should be such numbers educated to a profession completely dependent for its existence upon the complicated arrangements of society, and particularly the extent of its commercial transactions ? Every matter connected with land can be arranged in the Court of Chancery, or by a trial at the assizes. It is well known, that in the Courts of King's Bench, and the Exchequer, there are not, on an average, each term, fifteen actions on bills of exchange. As to the Court of Common Pleas, since it was deserted by the facetious and remorseless Norbury, the situation of a judge is, from the paucity of business, a complete sinecure.

Why are there so many lawyers in Ireland? This is a question asked by every stranger visiting Dublin; and as its elucidation may also serve to give an illustration of Irish character, we shall endeavour to answer it.

The Irish are fond of "a skirmish," whether it be with the bone-breaking shillelah, or the heart-breaking tongue. They like to witness a row, either in the open field, or in the close court-house. As their forefathers took especial pleasure in the game of hurling, where a man's neck might be smashed, so do the Hibernians of the present day rejoice in beholding a conflict of wits, in which a man's character may be cracked. In neither case can ill-nature be ascribed as the motive for delighting in a hostile exhibition of strength. The Irish are a romantic and an imaginative people; and what they have thought of in their day-dreams they wish to see acted in real life before them. In days of old, the pursuits of the Irish aristocracy were, "war and the chase;" in the times of persecution, the Catholic was shut out from every honourable profession, and his humble ambition (for he could aspire to none above it) was to excel in feats of personal prowess; now, it is the anxious hope of the poorest to see his son holding the position which O'Connell so nobly occupies, "the assailant of the tyrant, the protector of the weak, the advocate of the injured." Whether it be in the capacity of discharging such duties to his client, or of attacking the clients of his opponent, there is nothing so gratifying to the Irish gentry and people as that of witnessing a forensic contest. There is in it all the charms and excitements of gambling; there is, according to their opinions, either the low stake of life, or the high stake of property to be decided; and they consider, that, according to the skill of the lawyer, the game is lost or won.

Such is the leading incitement that brings a young man to the bar in Ireland. But there are other causes to induce him to attach himself to the profession. The Irish are a genteel people; they have an instinctive abhorrence of any thing which touches upon what is regularly called "low life." The mechanic is ashamed of his trade; the shopkeeper of his business. When either of them acquire property, instead of bringing up a son to their own occupation, they wish to have him "an esquire all at once;" and accordingly the bar is selected, as "who knows but little Pat might be a Lord Chancellor, or a puisne judge, at the least?" Master Pat, therefore, goes to a Latin school; he learns the classics; enters college; dines at the King's Inns in Dublin; posts off to London; feeds there, and returns in two or three years, with full leave and liberty to put powdered horse-hair on his head, and is introduced into all companies as "my son, the counsellor."

The agitation which has prevailed in Ireland for the last nine or ten years has added its quota to the profession. We have known men, who were comfortable farmers, and (it is scarcely credible!) some of them attorneys, in good practice, who, unfortunately for themselves, had "the gift of the gab." They could, without hesitation, tire a meeting for half an hour, in pouring forth commonplaces, in a most confident tone, and with the most faultless impudence. They could mimic O'Connell, steal a metaphor from Sheil, and throw back the flaps of their coat like Jack Lawless; and for doing all this, and nothing more, they were, at country meetings, and even in the "old Association" itself, applauded "to the very echo." We have known such unmerited approbation to turn the heads of men, who thought the plaudits were given to them,

and not to "the cause," of which they were the insignificant supporters. The consequence has been, that many, who, but for agitation, would still be comfortable and independent members of society, are now lawyers without briefs, and barristers without clients. They walk the hall of the Four Courts, sad memorials of the weakness and folly of human nature !

It is not necessary for us to allude to those young gentlemen who become lawyers ; because they know that on assuming the character, they set forth on the straight road to *sinécure*. Those individuals are quite conscious that they have not talent ; but they are dependent upon nepotism for promotion. These are the " waiters upon Providence," the hangers-on ; the sons, nephews, grand-sons, and grand-nephews of chancellors and judges. Each of them is as certain of being provided for by the elevation of a relative, as that the new judge's butler will obtain the exalted perch of " a crier." It is as improbable that an Irish judge will *sit* ten years on the bench, without wearing a full-bottomed wig, as it is for him to leave his comfortable nest, without having deposited in his court a young brood of placemen. The Saurins are now fastened on the country ; half a century will not see extinct the Plunketts, the Bushes, and the O'Gradys. A judge's relations are like a bishop's sons and sons-in-law—innumerable. They spring up in the hot-bed of patronage as fast as mushrooms ; and there they remain, till death cuts them off, or the new successor to office spreads a fresh layer of corruption, and plants a fresh stock of dependents. To such " counsellors " our observations can scarcely be applied. They run no risk in adopting a profession ; for they take up the cards in the game of life, certain of having " *all the honours* " dealt out to them.

Ambition, pride, and vanity, fill the Four Courts' Hall with the majority of its unemployed barristers ; but the exceptions to this remark are numerous. There are to be found, at the Irish bar, men gifted with the highest order of genius, of first-rate talents, and unbounded learning. We do not now refer to those who are *known* to possess those qualifications, but to men to whom the opportunity has been denied of manifesting them ; who pine on in almost hopeless poverty, or are sinking gradually into the chill of despair, to which the continued mismanagement of Ireland and her resources seems to doom them. Such men would succeed in their profession as certainly as O'Loughlen, Wallace, Richards, Bennett, Ball, Jackson, and Greene, have succeeded ; but their powers never can be known, unless they betake themselves to the Criminal, or the Civil Bill Courts ; and going to either of these, unless upon the most extraordinary occasions, is regarded by the profession as equal to a sentence of banishment to Botany Bay, or transportation to the shores of Africa.

This is the situation of the Irish bar in the year 1839 ; a profession filled to overflowing, and hackneyed with vulgarity. In the courts, the counsellors are walking over each other ; they are crowded together like flies in a bottle of syrup. In the streets, they are meeting you at every corner. They are at tea-parties as common as saffron-cakes ; and at balls, there is more attention paid to the fiddlers than to them. They fill the tea-urn, and dance with the governess ; they call the coach, and buy the play-bill ; they dandle the baby, and carry the matron's muffling ; they *look on* while cards are playing ; and if the servant is out of the way, help round the refreshments ; they are *seconds* to all peaceable duellists, and swear informations to have their *principals* arrested ; they

"try" the little boys in their Latin, and the young misses in their French; they are seldom to be met with at dinner-parties, and they are asked out in the evening, as being a more useful *stick* than a chair in a quadrille; they are the slaves of the women and the drudges of the men, and the butts for children's practical jokes. To "such base uses" are applied an Irish counsellor—a poor Irish counsellor—an Irish counsellor without a brief!

### MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN.

It may be so, but we have our doubts upon the matter. Heaven, we think, would have made neater jobs than most of them are. Not that we incline, with certain Manicheans, to give the other power the credit of their manufacture. They are a cut above him. That the Devil inhabits hell, we know; but we also know that he did not make it.

We have sometimes wondered that Milton did not think it necessary to prefix a "Doctrine and Discipline of Marriage" to his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce." When his hand was 'in, he might as well have done it. Whatever evil rumours may be abroad as to his practical fitness for making the married state happy, "and keeping it so," it is evident, from his account of the life Adam led in Paradise, that he had very pretty theoretical notions on the subject. Perhaps, as some old heathen philosophers held the business of life to be preparation for death, Milton esteemed divorce the great object of matrimony, and, like other great men, forgot the means in the end.

There are two main obstacles to the proper choice of a partner. People are, for the most part, in love, as far as their natures will permit, when they marry; and hence a twofold delusion. Firstly, each party sees the other through the glowing medium of passion; secondly, each is for the time in reality a different being from what he or she was before, and is to be again.

And firstly, of the first.—Each sees the other through the glowing medium of passion; which makes the object seen through it differ as much from its ordinary phasis as Arthur's seat seen through the tremulous atmosphere of a summer's noon-day, with the dim shadow of a drowsy cloud stealing over it at times, like the drooping of woman's eyelid veiling the glow of love, does from Arthur's seat when the rain cloud wreathes its summit, and the damp chilly gale sobs down the Hunter's bog, and every crag stands out with more than wonted blackness and marshiness.

It is this that makes poets such pre-eminently bad selectors of wives. They, more keenly alive than other men to every throb of sense and sentiment, have also the marrying instinct more strong within them. Rich in all stores of imaginative wealth, they can, under the access of passion, hang festoons of all that is rich and beautiful round the ungainliest persons. A strange bashfulness ever attendant on the most gifted minds keeps them at a timorous distance from all who do not meet them half-way; and a shrinking sensitiveness, which is pained even by beholding what is unamiable, makes them translate every indication favourably. In short, the exceptions are few in which poets have not made such an owl's choice in marriage as to astonish every one.

But a more serious source of misapprehension than the erroneous opinion entertained of the future partner's character, is the temporary

change which that character really undergoes under the influence of passion. Even in animals a similar alteration is visible. The fox and stag turn upon all passengere during the amatory season, with a valour not natural to them. The hen, under the access of maternal affection, defends her chickens with desperate valour. So in the human race, the most unamiable persons are, while affected by the universal passion, at least to the beloved object, yielding, caressing, generously devoted. Their feelings are for the time purified and ennobled. The folds and sharp points of their character are for the time plumped out and rounded. A new and strange life fills their veins, and tinges all their actions. They can as little recognise themselves in their new state of feeling as others can. They believe that an essential change has taken place in their character.

Alas, it is but a transient moment! It is like the glowing sunset changing to gold the clouds which were grey before, and will be black afterwards. It is like the period of blossom, the love era of the vegetable world, when the least beautiful herbs load the evening air with rich, voluptuous perfume, the herald of their own speedy emaciation and death. Love is a deluding guide to matrimony. It is like the green fields and bowery woods seen by those sick of a calenture in the rippling sea, luring the maniac to a cold and weltering tomb. It is lightning in the night, revealing for a moment all surrounding objects, to leave us in double darkness. It is a faint though delicious note borne on the evening breeze, less pleasing from its own mellowness than painful from its transitory character, and the ineffectual striving to catch and retain its fellows which it excites.

"No one then should marry in love or for love." It is easy speaking. Marriage contracted without love is generally the consequence of some motive which poisons the union in its source. Friendship, if such a cool feeling can exist between persons of different sexes, does not seek for identity of abode and all worldly interests. It is satisfied with a less incorporating union; feels that occasional absence is necessary. No man or woman either will promise and vow eternal fidelity for the sake of friendship alone. Cool and unimpassioned marriages are uniformly the fruit of interested views—means to an end—entered into for the promotion of ambitious purposes, or the attainment of money, which is supposed to command every thing. This is mending the matter with a vengeance. Marry for love, and you may eventually feel marriage a burden; marry for any other reason, and you take it up as such from the first.

There is another way, which has sometimes been found to answer—marrying because one cannot help it. In some countries—in our own, in the good old times—marriage was the business not of those who entered into the solemn contract, but of their parents. The old people agreed that their children should marry, and the young people assented with the best grace they could. Were the old of the world always the wise, this would not have been so far amiss. But, unluckily, "there are no fools like old fools." The young feel that there must be sympathy in so close a connexion; they only err in dreaming that they find sympathy where it really does not exist. The old, with hearts which have lost the first edge, or with sickly frames more sensitive to physical discomforts than those of youth, are apt to restrict their notion of worldly comforts to the possession of a fair share of its goods. Regarding this alone, the grave and the gay, the cold and the passionate, the old and

the young were united in preposterous union. Had compatibles been linked together without previous acquaintance, and left to love each other as they best might, history gives strong reason to believe that such matches would have been happy. One old proverb hath it—

Happy's the wooing  
That's not long a-doing.

And although one eminent philosopher has said :—

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure : .  
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure !

Yet another, not a whit behind him, has told us :—

Some by experience find those words misplaced ;  
At leisure married, they repent in haste.

It is not, however, to such old saws alone that we are called upon to yield credence. Isaac, who had his wife brought home to him on a camel, and married her a few hours after sight, made no complaints of his fortune. Boaz, who was persecuted into marriage, honest man, by a young woman in want of a settlement, made an eminently happy marriage. Of Jacob's two wives, poor Leah, whom he never dreamed of marrying till he found himself lying beside her the morning after his nuptials, proved, by all accounts, the more amiable wife of the two. And to pass from sacred history to profane, we do not read that the matches with the Sabine women, clapped up on such short notice, and with such slender ceremony, proved less happy than the subsequent marriages of Rome. In fêtes-champêtres, pic-nics, and pleasure excursions, we find those which are extempore always the most agreeable. Where the pleasure comes unlooked for, and the mind has not been worked up to impossible expectations, or jaded with anticipations of pleasure, it is naturally sweeter. So it may be with marriage.

After wandering, however, in retrospect over all the possible methods of entering into this holy and mysterious state, we always recur to the natural portal, love, as the most natural.\* It is appointed unto all men once to marry, and after marriage—Well, that's the business of nobody but the married couple. Every thing in life commences with passion and headlong enthusiasm, to fade by degrees into insipidity and commonplace. Equal laws are achieved by popular commotions ; they are enjoyed in utter forgetfulness of their existence. In childhood, the mere consciousness of existence is rapture ; in mature years we require something to live for—some conserve to give a relish to the dry-bread of life. It is a uniform and pervading law of nature, and must be submitted to in marriage as in every thing else. Marry then for love, in God's name, all who are fools enough to marry ! Love is the only apology for such an absurd step. Burning, over-mastering passion, fusing two beings into one ; satisfied with nothing short of a perpetual struggle to attain such an intermixture of soul, body, and interests as nature has rendered unattainable ; this alone can justify the tying of the knot which may not be unloosed. It is madness, but it is a madness which is in the order of nature, and must be undergone. The only advice that can be given to

\* The only philosopher who has satisfactorily elucidated the efficient cause of marriage is an old woman,—as most philosophers are. Mrs. Alison Wilson of Milnwood, sagely observes, " Folk maun either marry,—or do waur."—See *Old Mortality*.

those unfortunates who stagger hither and thither beneath the load of the tempest, is to keep their reeling wits as sober as possible,—to speak and act as like rational beings as they can,—to remind themselves, perpetually, that they are living in a world of dreams, out of which they must one day awake, in order that the fading of their garish fancies may be as gradual, and their *exit* into the world of reality, accompanied with as slight a shock as may be.

In these days of education, the bright and musical delusions which flit, and hover, and warble around the gates of matrimony, are augmented in number, and their sorceries rendered infinitely more potent. The progress of civil society has had the effect of increasing, not only the number of positive idlers, but also of those whose labour is of such a kind as leaves the mind room to work and prey upon itself. There is a period of life, when leisure to brood over one's own thoughts is dangerous and unnerving; the period when those throbbings and longings, vague and undefined, but mighty and bewildering, which form the buoyant and surging couch and canopy of love, are awakening into existence. Lack of such employment, as leads the mind out of itself, is then all but inevitable destruction. The tone of our literature, the general tendency of daily conversation, increases the danger. The lyres of modern poets "have one unchanging theme."—" 'Tis love, still love." Every work of art has a completeness in itself; and what in life is a mere episode, appears, when reflected in a poetic mirror, endless and unbounded. The eternal lecture of wise mammas and wiser aunts, is a good marriage settlement. Even before the voice of the heart is heard, the fancy is prepared to attribute an undue preponderance of importance to love and marriage; and when the fever fit comes resistless and maddening, rapturous and bewildering, swelled by so many tributaries, whose streams have been dammed up to augment its torrent, it overflows the mind like a deluge; leaving, when it ebbs back, an exhausted and shattered world.

Sad is but too often the re-awakening to the reality of life, after an inconsiderate marriage; when the passions, which in the beloved object had been overflowed and hidden by the spring-tide of love, as the low lumps of rock, rough with shapeless shells, and tangled with brown, withered sea-weeds are by a waveless summer sea, are again left bare. That good lady there, whose face is like frozen vinegar, and whose life is one perpetual scold, was once, to all outward appearance, a very loveable person. Now, the first thing you hear in the morning is her sharp voice on the stair, rating the maid for leaving the brush and duster there. During breakfast, she keeps up a perpetual maunder. The water is off the boil and smoked, the toast burned, the milk soured, (no wonder, it is near her;) some member of the family has come too late, or some one has been in the parlour before her, which is interpreted into impatience. Should your evil genius keep you within doors during the forenoon, she is to be heard incessantly clattering up and down stairs, like a cat shod with walnut shells; fretting from cellar to garret, and from pantry to bed-room; everywhere finding cause for dissatisfaction, and everywhere venting it in shrill, sharp, peevish tones. Should your avocations call you out, you are welcomed back with a scold. Company at dinner may make her bridle her tongue; but then she only "puts that tongue into her heart, and chides with thinking," her looks giving terrible evidence of the indemnification she promises herself for this restraint. She repeats through her sleep the obprobriations of the day. She even scolds the family to church, and employs the time of divine-



service looking out for faults which she may reprehend on her return home. A party of pleasure is an excuse for finding fault with all the preparations of her family before-hand, and of their conduct while there. She scolds her husband first into habits of drinking, and then into his grave; her sons into occupations for which they are not fitted; and her daughters into ineligible matches, from their eagerness to get out of hearing. And yet she means no harm. She merely needs, like all other people, some excitement to keep her alive; and the only excitement of which she is susceptible is irritation. Hays is not that anger which flows from dislike: it is only a sort of moral itch, seeking to scrub itself against every object with which it comes in contact. And yet in the brief season of love this creature was agreeable. That impulse which seeks pleasure in conferring it, made her look lovely for the time; as accidents of the atmosphere can lend a momentary beauty even to the most barren moor.

It is easy to find a male counterpart to this picture. We would say to all ladies, in search of a husband, beware of a sentimental man. He is a selfish voluptuary: he would take without giving. He has lived over in fancy all that gives happiness in reality, and the edge of his feelings have been blunted. Devoted exclusively to such trains of thought, his mind is empty and without resources. Shrinking from the labours and contests of life, his thoughts are devoid of that manliness and vigour which exercise alone can give. Dull, inane, feeble, loveless, he can feel for no one; protect, support, or cherish no one; cheer the dull path of life to no one. In the prime of life, he will be at the best but a negative; and in old age he will sit moping and snivelling by the chimney corner,

Clownish, and malcontent,  
Peevish, impertinent,  
Dashing the merriment;

a clog, a log, a nuisance, and an incumbrance.

"What then is to be done?" Bear your allotted cross meekly. Submit to fate. Marriage is at the best but a leap in the dark; a lottery in which, like those announced at times by itinerating mountebanks, "every ticket's a prize," but few of the prizes worth the cost of the ticket. It is indeed "paying too much for one's whistle!" to give all the immeasurable wealth of young emotion, and receive in return a shrew, a clod, a fool, or a knave. But "wo that too late repents!" and consequently better not repenting at all. Put a good face on the matter. "Men do their broken weapons rather use than their bare hands." Emulate Zani Kiebags, who, when he got a tooth knocked out, discovered that he had long wanted a hole to stick his pipe in. There is an alchymy in the mind, that can, by dint of perseverance, transmute evil into good. Men who have lived long amid the clattering of tinsmiths, have found themselves unable to sleep without their lullaby. When a learned and venerated friend of ours rendered the town in which he resided the inestimable service of conducting clean water into it, the honest burghers complained that the pure liquid "had neither taste nor smell."

Seeing that "he who will to Cupar maun to Cupar," the only advice that can be given to aspirants after connubial bliss is not to expect too much. To the men we would moreover hint, that marry whom they may, they ought to eschew silly women. Sentiment it is that attracts

man to woman ; and where this is not embedded in, interpenetrated with a goodly portion of intellect, it is shallow and evanescent. 'To the women we would say, avoid idle men, "Man's love is, of man's life, a thing apart." Every man has a certain proportion of the commodity, which, if treasured up for idle hours, will suffice ; but if beat out over his whole time, will prove lamentably thin and brittle.

Our sermon, we fear, has proved, on the whole, rather dull ; but the indulgent reader will remember that

MARRIAGE IS NO JOKE !

## • DR. CHALMERS

AS A MORALIST, ECONOMIST, AND POLITICIAN.

THE Universe does not contain a prouder or more spirit-stirring spectacle than the life and actions of a man of gigantic powers and indomitable perseverance, who, in whatever walk or department of labour or inquiry, has devoted himself to the pursuit of truth and the means of ameliorating his race. The material world is ever great and magnificent ; and there is about it a depth of beauty and sublimity, alike when its forms are reposing in peaceful majesty, and its thunders sending abroad their voice, which, as so well pictured by Akenside, can entrance even the rude peasant, and light up his wearied eye ; but it yet owes its whole influence to its significance as an emblem—to the fact of its being "a shadow of heavenly things," and an indication of the benevolence, tranquillity, and pure will, with which, by a first necessity of our spiritual natures, we are constrained to people the remoteness of infinite being. When following the course and triumphs of the great moral reformer, we clearly approach much nearer to the true source of sublimity, and come into actual presence of the victories—the omnipotence of MIND. In our contemplation of the freedom with which the noblest energies of his spirit have risen in triumph over passion, and prejudice, and feebleness,—in our contemplation of the sway he bears over his own age, and the command to which he has attained amongst its surging elements—how the stagnant multitudes heave to and fro at his approach—how he kindles within them the smouldering fire of patriotism, and arouses them to the heroic duty of self-sacrifice—how he stirs up in the coldest bosoms an aspiration after whatever is "divine," brings activity out of torpor, life out of death, and evokes immortality even from the "mouldering urn"—how abuses vanish, and evil hides its face in his presence—how oppressors grow pale at his rebuke, the dominion of antiquity and the tyranny of custom relax their gripe and abandon their pretensions, because "a King has come,"—in our contemplation of a progress so truly triumphal, and of an energy before which "valleys are exalted and mountains laid low," the dead raised, and the blind, deaf, and maimed, relieved each man from his infirmities ;—we feel as if introduced into the very penetralia of all this grand workshop of phenomena ; we perceive the power which moves, guides and upholds ; we recognise the divine presence of that which matter but darkly adumbrates—the SPIRIT which erst arranged Chaos, and again walked in majesty over the waters ; and we bend down and worship it as the noblest image of the CREATOR !

There are, in the composition of our countryman, DR. CHALMERS, very many of the most essential dispositions and highest qualities of a reformer of this MASTER-LODGE; and although it is quite true that sundry men in other walks of life, have, even in our pigmy age, exhibited a greater regularity and completeness of character, and, upon the whole, approached much more nearly to our IDEAL,—it is as undeniable that the labours of no single person have been crowned with more remarkable success, or attended with a more large and intoxicating effect upon the minds in his immediate neighbourhood. To arouse the slumbering or over-laid spirit to a perception of higher and purer forms of virtue, is an achievement to which no man has ever proved himself more thoroughly equal; and it is a notorious fact, that more than any other teacher of this generation, has he succeeded in awakening that enthusiastic sense of independence, responsibility, and self-respect, which is the only origin of the improvement of human nature, the substratum or condition of all moral freedom. The gifts which have enabled him to fulfil the important duties of his mission are two-fold,—a free insight into principles the most deeply-rooted, and a wide sympathy with the dearest hopes in the human heart, along with surprising power and energy in the conduct of his appeal. Dr. Chalmers, as well as other men, has often delivered what was not accurate, and his creed is not untinged by the ephemeral habits and systems of the present and receding age; but inasmuch as humanity can only be purified by what is pure, and attracted upwards by what is heavenly, his veriest fallacies must have been accompanied by some redeeming truth, and his logical or dogmatical errors countervailed by the presence of natural and deep-searching feeling. The victories which he gained, and the sway he has established over his followers, are too great and remarkable to have their roots in sophism. What is fitted for the heart, alone goes to it;—whatever is untrue, has, from Time's beginning, had but a transient reign; and it were not possible to make it permanent, or to extend its influence far, even by the surprising strength of expression and power of energetic enforcement which may be predicated *par excellence*, of our countryman's most original oratory. That energy which is so peculiarly his own, springs from his profound convictions of the truth. Of all men in this speculating world, it could be said with the least justice of Chalmers, that he has, upon any point, a sympathy with the sceptic, or the slightest tendency towards indifference. Scepticism is, perhaps, much more of an intellectual infirmity than moralists are generally willing to allow; and certainly the Doctor is precluded from being afflicted with it, by the very structure of his intellect. We know not another individual, in the whole gallery of literature, who takes hold of his ideas with something so like a convulsive gripe. His conceptions are often true, and always possessed of a certain verisimilitude; but it is the character of his mind to throw itself rapturously into them on the very instant of their creation, to seize them with a vigour, and expound them with an emphasis and exclusive devotion, which bespeak their possession of his entire soul. There is no mistaking that he uniformly delivers himself "from the heart." His compressed enunciation is the evident breathing of his spirit; and it is said that he composes as if from a divine impulse, and under a frenzy resembling the inspired delirium of the Pythoness.

It were utterly impossible for a man like this to have taken a range over so many subjects of contemporary interest, as have avowedly attracted Dr. Chalmers' attention, without illustrating much that is im-

portant; and an enlightened survey of his labours, cannot but be fraught with interest and instruction. Had his speculations been confined to mere technical theology, it is not likely that we should have conceived ourselves qualified—or, to say the least, *entitled*, to summon him before our critical bar, and either to dismiss him with our approval, or to take exceptions to his deliverances; but he is nearly as well known as an economist as a theologian, and has made distant excursions to the field of politics, not because of the instability, but of the expanse and comprehensiveness of his intellect,—because of his practical acquaintance with the mutual dependence of the different departments of moral inquiry, and his conviction of how much, in the fabric of human knowledge, and the progress of human society, the several parts and powers support, illustrate, and modify each other. His attention to the systems of public economy appears to have originated in a deep sense of their connexion with the machinery of public morals; and even in the formation of this single idea, we recognise a spirit infinitely superior to the trammelled sectarians who would convert Theology into a formulary and a trade. Surveying economy from such an elevation, and with an object so exclusively philanthropic, he could not fail to seize hold of several of its most important discoveries, and impress and expound them with his wonted energy and perseverance. Political science, accordingly, owes much to Dr. Chalmers; and we are, above all, his debtors, for one of the most eloquent, unshrinking, and best sustained developments of the grand doctrine of population with which modern literature has furnished us. This momentous truth appears to have attracted, and almost engrossed him from the very commencement of his economical inquiries; and he has never ceased to enforce and inculcate, with every variety of illustration, that those wide-spread social miseries which flow from the constant pressure of numbers upon the means of subsistence, can be neither removed nor permanently alleviated, by any change or provision whatsoever which does not infuse into the working man a taste for higher comforts, and the desire after a better form of life. Simple and axiomatic as this is, when formally and distinctly stated, it has nevertheless been hitherto the great stumblingblock of political economy, the truth which theorists and sentimentalists view with the most utter repugnance, and has called down upon the science the dead weight of Mr. Sadler's displeasure. Nothing, it seems, will drive the crude nostrum from the heads of these benevolent innocents, that the method of alleviating a wretchedness which flows from the comparatively slow increase of the public wealth or means of subsistence, and the comparatively rapid increase of the state's population, is the adoption of certain ingenious contrivances for accelerating the latter and impeding the former! This and nothing less is the secret meaning of our schemes of modern agrarianism, our New-Harmony settlements, our cottage-systems, cow-systems, *et hoc genus omne*; and it is hardly in our power to express the depth of our gratitude to Dr. Chalmers for his masterly exhibition and fearless denouncement of the whole list of ludicrous fallacies, in the volume he has lately given to the public.

That we mean to follow up the foregoing expression of honest praise, with a few exceptions, against what we consider our countryman's errors, can neither be unacceptable to the public, nor disrespectful to him. Our admiration is not the less valuable that we admire without adulation; and our censure will not offend by its bitterness, as it had not its origin in envy. To praise a great man is not to dethrone our own reason, nor

do we cease to love him when we note his faults. In regard of his position in society, and the place he holds in men's esteem, Dr. Chalmers is very independent; but he has himself too much humility and good sense, to imagine that this place ought either to blind us to his weaknesses, or give an unquestioned currency to his speculations. Many of these are indeed exceedingly exceptionable, and the defects of his mind are almost as evident as its powers. His ability to enforce and illustrate truth is much greater than his ability to discover or define it. His strength is greater than his discrimination. More comprehensive than minute—more eloquent and forcible than accurate, he is ever apt to be misled by his own illustrations, and whirled into ecstasy by his analogies; and the very profundity of his convictions, and intenseness of his gaze upon what he deems an important principle, appear too often to have effaced from his understanding all knowledge or recollection of its limits, and allowed him to manufacture it into a paradox.

He often dwells upon some single announcement with a most unproportionate and unnecessary perseverance—in the belief seemingly that he was the first to reveal it to mankind, whereas the truth may have been as old as science, and long ago taken its due place, and obtained its full importance in the system of knowledge.\* It is, however, by an unguarded extension of his analogies and illustrations that he is led most frequently into error. The volume lately published for instance, is principally occupied with an endeavour to extend the doctrine of POPULATION to CAPITAL, and to prove its corresponding tendency to impinge against the limits of profitable employment. The dogma bears upon the very front of it the undisguised mark of a paradox; but the Doctor neither pauses nor doubts. Impelled by some unaccountable dislike of the inquirers, at whom, with an ill-disguised but most unworthy contempt, he constantly sneers as “the economists,” he flies back to one of Adam Smith's vague statements regarding profits, and erects it into an absolute foundation for his theory. No two persons could be more apart in their whole character, as well as in the nature of their systematic writings than Adam Smith and Dr. Chalmers. The latter is essentially a speculator—a *logician*; whilst the father of Political Economy was a philosophic observer. Several of Smith's statements on the effects of accumulation certainly required the correction of Mr. Say and Mr. Ricardo; but, as “The Wealth of Nations” is a book of observation, not of logic, these fundamental imperfections seldom led its author into important errors. By Dr. Chalmers, on the other

\* One very remarkable instance of this vice, cannot have escaped the notice of any one at all acquainted with the Doctor's economical writings,—we allude to the supposed discoveries which he hangs upon his division of society into the three classes of primaries, secondaries, and disposables; by which, he means the labourers employed in the production of food, of the second necessities of life, and of luxuries. What new truth, or new light, in regard of any important point of economical or political science, might be expected from this new *nomenclature*—for it is nothing more—it would certainly puzzle an ordinary thinker to predicate; but the Doctor cherishes it vastly, writes of it in no measured terms of laudation, infers from it that commerce is of the least possible use; that the lauded aristocracy are our natural superiors, in virtue of principles similar to those which make Euclid true; and that “the Economists,” for want of possessing the invaluable Abracadabra, have fallen into the terrible error of supposing that the buckle-trade, could *directly*, and of itself, administer to the keeping up of the flesh and blood of the disposables! It is really astonishing that a man like Dr. Chalmers, could, by any process of self delusion, be brought to give in to this egregious trifling. See an admirable exposé of the whole absurdity in the Westminster Review, No. XXXIII, for July, 1832.

hand, that incipient mistake is not only never corrected, but relentlessly worked up by his fearless logic into all manner of extravagant untruth. There are sundry gaps at which we think he might have been stopped by the way—but stop he does not; and at length lands himself in the astounding asseveration, that **ALL TAXES FALL ULTIMATELY UPON RENT!** We do not remember a counterpart to this piece of extraordinary ratiocination, if it be not Laplace's inquiry into the ascent of fluids in capillary tubes. No analysis was ever more perfect or more beautiful; the symbolic process is exquisite, and the management of the calculus most dexterous; yet so ludicrously inconsistent is the result—so utterly in contradiction to all fact and experiment, that, although Frenchmen delight not in acknowledgments of error, the illustrious mathematician was compelled to resign the attempt in piteous hopelessness, and to close his volume in silence. Our countryman, however, is even bolder than Laplace; for he dwells with pertinacious steadfastness upon his discovery, and insists in a tone of authority for its instant application! We are no great believers in political arithmetic, and are aware that it is never difficult to get up a plausible statistical refutation; but we truly think that, in this case, statistics might have sufficed to intimate the error, for the veriest tyro in finance could demonstrate the result impossible. On Dr. Chalmers' theory, the total rent of Great Britain and Ireland should amount at present to about one hundred and ten millions, a sum less by but a few millions than the value of the entire annual produce of the soil of the United Kingdom, including the whole corn, of all descriptions consumed by men and animals within the year, and the whole animals killed annually for the purposes of food! Rent, it is well known, is only the surplus, after deducting all the expenses of the agriculturist—expenses which consume much more than *half* of the entire produce. There is, indeed, no danger of application being made of this strange fallacy, or of the State suffering by its incorporation with our theoretical finance; but we nevertheless exceedingly lament our countryman's having fallen into it, and regard his mistake with the very gravest emotions, as it has blinded his upright spirit to one efficient mode of benefiting his country, reconciled him to the exactions of the oppressor, and withdrawn him, for the present, from the patriot ranks.

The same unfortunate incompleteness or imperfection of mind, which has hurried Dr. Chalmers into these theoretical errors, renders him an unsafe guide in matters of Practical Politics. What is exhibited by a want of attention to the minutiae and limitations of a logical process, manifests itself in the world of action by an imperfect sympathy with the tendencies and character of the time. Without a profound acquaintance with all these deep and ever-moving tendencies, a man may fashion Utopias, but he can never be a Statesman. Do we recommend slavish obedience to the commands and ephemeral passions of "the mob?" No such thing; only attention to popular movements, and a right appreciation of their importance. Superficial thinkers spurn even at this, and talk magniloquently of the lack of foresight and headlong ignorance of the many! Fools! the multitude are what they are, not by their own making; they are the produce of all past time, the receptacle into which every discovery of genius made heretofore, every new light thrown upon the condition of the human heart, and every revelation in regard of man's destiny, have been laid up and are all preserved. The multitude are the result of the world's bygone growth, and their movements its *pulse*. To despise the multitude is easy—easy to separate one's self from them; but to rise above them is permitted to few; and the great

mass of our *originals* acquire little other distinction than is conferred by a Harlequin's cap and bells. The man who truly merits the appellation of GREAT, attains, indeed, to a superior elevation ; but it is only because he steadily eschews separation. His mind is formed by past time, as well as the tendencies of the multitude—his opinions are the very principles which guide and modify their hidden life, and he merely superadds an energy of WILL. Dr. Chalmers possesses too much prudence to admit of his entirely cutting himself loose ; but he has never taken sufficient note of the progress of events ; and his sentiments on all practical matters are marked, accordingly, by a tendency towards absolutism and mere fancifulness. There is an amusing *naïveté* in that announcement somewhere in the volume referred to, of the form of government which he considers the only tolerable one. He wishes a King upon the throne, and nobles around him, clad, we fancy, in mail jackets, and swelling with the *virtues* and *chivalries* of feudalism ; but this wish, ought, logically, to have been preceded by another,—the vain wish that societies remain permanently in that condition which could alone render the machinery possible. The day of feudalism is indeed past : its tournaments are now food for the romancers ; and the body politic of Europe is throwing off its oppressive forms as an old shell. There were good feelings and virtuous men in these past ages ; but the ages are themselves gone, and no theorist need expect to restore them—at least until the Reform Bill shall be accounted of less value than the ballad of Chevy Chase. Has Dr. Chalmers fallen into the egregious blunder of imagining those social respects—those *duties of the lower orders*, and what else might be denominated the conservative sentimentalism of feudal times—to be the natural offspring of the heart and conscience of man ? Does he not know that they were the *produce* and not the *cause* of that peculiar arrangement of political society, that they were the results of man's endeavours to be happy, however cloudy the vault above him—of his heart's struggles to alleviate the oppressions of the worst and best compacted tyranny the world ever saw, and to humanize rugged and barbarous force by initiating it in kindness, and teaching it to *feel* ? To lament over the passing away of these sentiments is no task for a philosopher, and our countryman should not have composed their elegy. It is vain to endeavour to revive them, as their *materiel* is worn out ; and to regret their disappearance is unworthy, since it merely happened because society has advanced.

The Doctor, however, not only regrets those antiquated forms of social life, but alludes, with little ceremoniousness, and no forbearance or kindness of feeling, to the attempts of modern nations to organize a new one ; and certainly, if we were to quarrel with him seriously, this would be the point of our difference. Jonathan may abide a jibe, for he is stout and healthy, and now tolerably used to it ; but we must pronounce it ungracious in the extreme, to refer, with a sneering lip, to the brave but unfortunate population of France, who have been twice afflicted by the terrible scourge of revolution. The safety of Britain, a safety which hung but upon the events of a few hours, may be a ground for our thankfulness, but it is none for despite of our neighbour ; and, least of all, ought one sneering remark to have escaped from a theorist, whose panacea for the evils which afflict that country, appears to be a form of Government ; the materials of which do not exist within its boundaries ! In regard of their final settlement, let the Doctor be quite at ease. We will not trust the formation of a constitution to him ; but we will trust it to that "moon-struck rabble." If they have hitherto

been "dancing round a May-pole" with apparent thoughtlessness, they will tire soon; and there are already symptoms that they are in quest of rest. In what political bed they will choose to repose, we will allow them to discover;—in one thing we agree with the Doctor, and it is, that this bed is not their present one. How long, too, will the BURDEN of American civilization be misunderstood? It is painful to find a man like Dr. Chalmers giving even an indirect countenance to the Halls and Trollopes, and other retailers of the flotsam and jetsam of the age. Is it of no moment with him, that in America no man is born to independence of good conduct? Does the grand truth, which elsewhere appears so powerful over his mind, that Industry is the parent of Virtue, reconcile him nothing to a society where all *must* be industrious—to a society which permits of no aristocratic order of mendicants, which, as it can never have a Lucullus, will neither have an Augustus nor a Nero? Critics compare America with their ideal states, their cloud-land republics, and straight turn away, in sentimental squeamishness, from the contemplation of its rude virtues. Is it then only on this side of the Atlantic that the world is in a state of *probation*? Is it only here that we can tolerate imperfection or look *forward* for improvement? Legitimates! your ingenuity will not all do! The third Rome is rising in the west. Her long shadow already reaches across the Ocean, "and obscures the splendour of your throne!"

#### THE TOWN.

PHANTASMAGORIAN show of things,  
Of privy councils, princes, kings,  
Lords, Commons, macers, Speaker!  
King's Bench, Old Bailey, and riff raff,  
"Deardamned enchanting town!" I quaff  
To you my midnight beaker!

"THE TOWN, with three times three!"  
The Town

Where neither prose nor verse go down  
Undrugg'd with Useful Knowledge;  
Where all mankind grow *penny-wise*,  
And, Stranded, prim Minerva plies  
Her distaff at King's College.

Where Carlton's column stands, to say  
That Royal York on such a day  
The debt of nature paid;  
The only debt that could not be  
Remitted, bail'd, or held in fee,  
By Messrs. Coutts's aid!

Where, sticking in the mud, the Tunnel  
Gapes, by rash engineers begun ill,  
By ebb and tide half-drown'd;  
Where Nash's gate for camleopards  
Astonishes the bagshot shepherds,  
To Smithfield market bound.

Where, in the terraced Regent's Park,  
Roars, squeaks, and squalls a new Noah's  
Ark,  
Of beasts in pen or stall;  
While creeping things—a mightier host—  
Their cunning nests, well feather'd, boast,  
In Downing Street, Whitehall.

Where, in orations from the Woolsack,  
That make the ears of knaves and fools ache,  
Brougham's comminations thunder;  
Showing each foul abuse in Chancery,  
Till (while scar'd Lyndhurst brews an  
answer) he

Strikes dumb the Lords with wonder!

Where dandyings, baptized in ink,  
Find saving grace to write or think;  
Where many a peer pedantic,  
Lord of the Bedchamber, and Lord  
Knows what's beside, sheathing his sword,  
With pen in hand grows frantic.†

Where hon'rabes of tender mien  
Show fight in the Court Magazine  
Of powder (and pomatum);  
While their dread sires, oppress'd with gout,  
For tittle-tattle grope about,  
And *scandalum magnum*.

Where multitudes of things unclean  
Form, from Blackwall to Kensal Green,  
One vast Augean stable;  
Crowds roaring forth with lungs of leather,  
As though Old Nick had call'd together  
A Lower House in Babel!

"THE TOWN, with three times three!"  
Again

My whisky-toddy pleased I drain  
To drink your melioration!  
And may the Bill soon lop away  
Each rotten branch that forms to-day  
A by-word to the nation!

\* Goldsmith.

† Lord L—g.



## FUNERAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY AN EYEWITNESS.

“Och, hone a rie! Och, hone a rie!”—GLENFINLAS.

ALAS for Scotland! Her highly gifted, her beloved, her idolized Sir Walter has yielded his mighty, his magic spirit into the hands of him who created it; and she, his hitherto proud mother, now weeps over the bereavement of her darling son, like Rachel refusing to be comforted! Vain is it to remind her of the sad truth that his soul had been for some time so clouded by the premature advancement of the dark shadows of the Valley of Death, as to make it matter of Heaven's mercy that it has been at last removed from its earthly imprisonment. *She* can never view him as thus bereft of intellectual light. *She* can never think of him but as the living magician who so long held all her feelings under his control; at the wave of whose wand she laughed or wept as he listed; and who continued day after day to raise her name, coupled with his own, higher and higher among the civilized nations of this earth. Yet bitter as is this her present affliction, she is not altogether without a source of consolation. He has, it is true, terminated his earthly career, but he has left behind him a legacy to his grateful country of literary treasures, and of fame, which, defying the ravages of the worm, the moth, the rust of age, or the destructive tooth of time, must endure as long as any part of the world itself may endure in a state of intellectual civilization.

When we arrived at the ford, which gave its fancied name to the poet's dwelling, we found the silver Tweed sparkling merrily along as if all things were as they were wont to be. The young woods before us, and the towers, and gables, and pinnacles of the mansion were smiling beneath the mellowing rays of the September sun, as if unconscious that the master spirit which called them into being had for ever fled from them. The sound of wheels came on the ear at intervals, rushing from different directions, and indicating the frequent arrival of carriages; yet when we, availing ourselves of the open doors, had taken our well-known way through the garden, and passed beneath the Gothic screen that might have vied with the Beautiful Gate of the Temple itself, and on into the court-yard in front of the house, we were surprised to find it deserted and lonely. Before any one came to interrupt us, we had leisure to gaze around, and to wonder at the great growth of the trees and shrubs since we had last beheld them; and as we did so, the venerable shade of him who had last walked there with us, filled our imagination and our eyes, shifted with them as they shifted; and as it glided around us, it recalled to our full hearts a thousand pleasing and touching recollections. But our dreams were at length abruptly broken, by the appearance of some of our acquaintances who issued from the house; and the sight of their weeds of wo immediately recalled our thoughts to the garb of grief which we also wore, and to the sad object of our present visit.

Passing through the Gothic hall, we met with no one till we entered the library, where we found a considerable circle of gentlemen already assembled. These were chiefly from the neighbouring districts; but there were a few whom we recognised as having come from Edinburgh and other places equally distant. Here our visions were too much broken in

upon by the appearance, and the frequent entrance of so many human beings, to permit us much indulgence in them. But still there were moments when we forgot that we were not alone; and during these we wandered back to those happy days when we experienced the condescension, the kindness, and the unvarnished hospitality of him, who, more perhaps than any other human being, knew the grand secret of bringing down a great mind to the level of smaller intellects. Indeed this, which is with others a very important *art*, was with this great man a part of his very *nature*. It was this golden ingredient in the character of Sir Walter Scott that made him at all times the most entertaining, as well as the most instructive of hosts. How did all the Tales of our gifted Landlord, even those tales with which he seasoned our feast and lightened the passing hours, return upon us as memory became gradually roused and stimulated by the inanimate objects around us! Nay, by degrees, even the people in the room were forgotten, and our reverie ran on for a brief space of time in one unbroken thread. Obscured with in the shadow of one of the book-cases, we remained ruminating as if we had been absolutely alone, until we were interrupted by a summons to the drawing-room, where certain refreshments were prepared for those who had any inclination to partake of them. But we must confess our natural antipathy to all such mournful feasts. We therefore declined to join in this; and after catching, as well as our position near the door allowed us to do, a few stray sentences of a prayer which was feelingly offered up by the parish clergyman, we became so oppressed by the heat of the room, that we ventured to steal away to enjoy the air in the porch.

That porch was soon tenanted in our imagination, by that venerable ideal image which we had been all this while courting to our side. With it we continued to hold sacred communion; with it we looked, as we had formerly done with the reality, on the effigy of *Maida*;<sup>\*</sup> and the harsh truth, that Maida's master was now as cold as Maida itself, went rudely home to our hearts. But footsteps came slowly and heavily treading through the small armoury. They were those of the servants of the deceased, who, with full eyes, and yet fuller hearts, came reverently bearing the body of him whose courteous welcome had made that very porch so cheerful to us. We were the only witnesses of this usually unheeded part of the funeral duties. Accident had given to us a privilege which was lost to the crowd within. We instinctively uncovered our heads, and stood subdued by an indescribable feeling of awe as the corpse was carried outwards; and we felt grateful, that it had thus fallen to our lot to behold the departure of these the honoured and precious remains of Sir Walter Scott, from the house of Abbotsford, where all his earthly affections had been centred; and which had so long been to him the source of so much innocent and laudable enjoyment, that it may be matter of speculation, whether the simple pleasures which he reaped in the construction of this house and place, were not greater than any he derived from the almost unparalleled celebrity of his name as an author. The coffin was plain and unpretending, covered with black cloth, and having an ordinary plate on it, with this inscription, "Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, Bart., aged 62." "Alas!" said we, as we followed the precious casket across the court-yard; "alas! have these been the limits of so valuable a life? How many of his cotem-

\* A celebrated stag-hound, which Sir Walter Scott received from Glengarry.

poraries are here ; men who were his companions at school ; men who have sat with him in boyhood, on the steps of stairs, or on walls, listening to his tales of wonder and of interest, and who yet wear all the appearance of health, and strength, and activity, giving promise of years to come of extended and enjoyable existence ; and that he should have been snatched from us at an age so comparatively early !”

Having followed the coffin until we saw it deposited in the hearse, which stood on the outside of the great gate of the court-yard, we felt ourselves unequal to returning into the apartment where the company were assembled ; and we continued to loiter about, seeking for points of recollection which might strengthen the chain of association we wished to indulge in. Our attention was attracted, by observing the window of the study open, and we were led to look within, impelled by no idle or blamable curiosity, but rather like a pilgrim approaching the shrine where his warmest adoration has ever been paid. Our eyes penetrated the apartment with a chastened look, such as we should have used if the great magician himself had been seated in the chair of this his sacred penetralium. The different articles in the room seemed to remain much in the same places they occupied when we had last seen them. All the little circumstances attendant on our last visit to this sanctuary of the poet came crowding upon us. Thither Sir Walter had conducted us himself ; there he had acted the part of our cicerone with all his native wit and playfulness. His figure was in our eyes ; and his voice, nay, his very words were in our ears. But, alas ! the deep tones of the venerable old Principal Baird, whose voice was heard in earnest and impressive prayer, came upon us through an opposite door, from the library beyond ; and the affecting allusions which he uttered, again brought us back to the afflicting truth, that Sir Walter Scott was gone from us for ever !

The prayer was no sooner ended than the company began to issue from the house. The carriages had been previously assembled on the haugh below, and were so arranged there, that they drove up in a continued line ; and as each passed the great gateway, it took up its owners and then proceeded. There certainly were not less than seventy gentlemen's carriages of all descriptions, two-wheeled as well as four-wheeled ; besides which there were a number of horsemen. The public road runs along the face of the hill, immediately above the house, in a direction from west to east ; and the avenue leading from the gate of the court-yard runs up the hill in a westerly direction, entering the public road so obliquely as to produce a very awkward turn for carriages going eastward towards Melrose. Until we had passed this point some little way we could form no notion of the extent of the procession ; but when we were thus enabled to form some judgment of it, we perceived that it had extended itself over about a mile of road.

Ere yet we had left the immediate vicinity of the house, we discovered a mournful group of women-servants weeping behind the hedge on our left, whither they had hurried to take their last look of that hearse which was carrying to the grave a kind and indulgent master, whose like they had no hope ever to look upon again. There was to us something peculiarly touching in the grief of this group, for there they stood isolated, as it were, in a sorrow, which, arising from so humble a source, bore ample testimony how well he had fulfilled even the minutest kindnesses of life to all with whom circumstances had in any way brought him into contact. The elevation of the road on the hill-side was such as

to give us a full view of the valley, and we could observe that the summit of many of the little knolls at a distance, even those beyond the Tweed, were covered with small clusters of rustic gazers, all intent upon a spectacle equally calculated to move persons of every rank and description; and every now and then we found a little knot of spectators assembled by the wayside, whose motionless countenances, and unbroken silence, sufficiently testified the nature of their feelings.

As we approached the neat little village of Darnick, our attention was forcibly arrested by a very striking token of wo. On the top of an ancient tower, one of those, we believe, which Sir Walter has rendered classical, was placed a flagstaff, from which depended a broad black banner of crape, or some other light material. There was not a breath of air to stir the film of a gossamer, so that light as the material seemed to be, it hung heavy and motionless; a sad and simple emblem, that eloquently spoke the general village sorrow. This we found more particularly expressed in detail, as we passed through the little place, by the many minuter insignia of mourning which the individual inhabitants had put on the fronts of their houses and shops; by the suspension of all business; and by the respectful manner in which the young and the old, and people of both sexes, stood silently and reverently before their respective dwellings, wrapt in that all-absorbing sorrow which told how deeply he that was gone had rooted himself in their affections. When the hearse drew near to his own Melrose, the bell tolled sadly from the steeple of the church, and as we entered the street, we saw that here as well as elsewhere, the inhabitants had vied with each other in unaffected and unpretending demonstrations of their individual affliction. In the little market-place, we found the whole male population assembled, all decently dressed in deep mourning, drawn up in two lines, and standing with their hats off, silent and motionless. Grief was deeply impressed upon every honest countenance; but we thought we could observe some, who, from the greater intensity of their feelings, might have had some private cause to claim a title to a greater poignancy of regret. It is easy to notice this little circumstance which occurred in Melrose, but no one who did not witness it can fully appreciate the overwhelming effect it produced on those who were present. For ourselves, we must freely confess, that our manhood was completely overthrown by it; and we do not envy the iron nerves of those, who, forming part of such a procession, could have passed unmoved between those two lines of decent, and decorous, and heart-stricken mourners. We looked with extreme interest towards the Abbey. It seemed in our eyes, that in common with all animated nature, it had been endowed on this occasion with a soul and with intelligence to hail the melancholy pageant which wound away from it, and to grieve that its holy soil was to be denied the sad honour of receiving the ashes of its poet. A mild light streamed over the Eildon hills, and fell softly on the ruined pile. We might have fancied that his spirit was hovering over this his own dearest spot, and smiling a last farewell to it.

The effect of the procession when crossing the Fly Bridge over the Tweed, and still more when winding around that high and long sweep of the road which is immediately opposite to the promontory of Old Melrose, was extremely striking and picturesque; and the view looking back from the high ground towards the Eildon hills and Melrose, over the varied vale of the Tweed, till the eye was arrested by the distant mountains, then seen under a rich Claude effect; and the devious course

of the river, betrayed by fragments of water that sparkled here and there amid the yellow stubbles and green pastures, was exquisitely beautiful. But nothing gave so much interest to this glorious scene as the far-off woods of Abbotsford, then dimmed by the warm haze, and melting, as it were, from their reality, and so reminding us even yet more forcibly of the fleeting nature of all the things of this perishable world.

Having descended from our elevation, we entered the grounds of Dryburgh. These occupy a comparatively level space, embraced by a bold sweep of the Tweed, where the house of Dryburgh, and the picturesque ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, standing about two hundred yards distant from it, are surrounded by groups of noble trees of all sorts, rare as well as common; and among them the cedar is seen to throw out his gigantic limbs with that freedom and vigour which could only be looked for on his native Lebanon. The hearse drew up close to the house of Dryburgh; and the company, having quitted their carriages, pressed eagerly towards it. Not one word was spoken; but, as if all had been under the influence of some simultaneous instinct, they decently and decorously formed themselves into two lines. The servants of the deceased, resolved that no hireling should lay hands on the coffin of their master, approached the hearse. Amongst these, the figure of the old coachman who had driven Sir Walter for so many years, was peculiarly remarkable, reverentially bending to receive the coffin. No sooner did that black casket appear, which contained all that now remains of the most precious of Scotia's jewels, than with downcast eyes, and with countenances expressive of the deepest veneration, every individual present took off his hat. A moment's delay took place whilst the faithful and attached servants were preparing to bear the body, and whilst the relatives were arranging themselves around it in the following order:

*Head.*

Major Sir WALTER SCOTT, eldest Son of the Deceased.

*Right.*

CHARLES SCOTT, second  
Son.

*Left.*

J. G. LOCKHART, Esq.  
Son-in-Law.

CHARLES SCOTT of Nesbitt,  
Cousin.

JAMES SCOTT, Esq. of  
Nesbitt, Cousin.

WILLIAM SCOTT, Esq. of  
Raeburn, Cousin.

ROBERT RUTHERFORD, Esq.  
W.S., Cousin.

Colonel RUSSEL  
of Ashiesteel, Cousin.

HUGH SCOTT, Esq. of  
Harden.

THE BODY.

*Foot.*

WILLIAM KEITH, Esq. of Edinburgh.

When all were in their places, the bearers moved slowly forward, preceded by two mutes in long cloaks, carrying poles covered with crape; and no sooner had the coffin passed through the double line formed by the company, than the whole broke up, and followed in a thick press. At the head was the Rev. J. Williams, Rector of the Edinburgh Academy, dressed in his canonicals as a clergyman of the Church of England; and on his left hand walked Mr. Cadell, the well-known publisher of the Waverley Works. There was a solemnity as well as a simplicity

in the whole of this spectacle which we never witnessed on any former occasion. The long-robed nuns; the body with its devotedly attached and deeply afflicted supporters and attendants; the clergyman, whose presence indicated the Christian belief and hopes of those assembled; and the throng of uncovered and reverential mourners, stole along beneath the tall and umbrageous trees with a silence equal to that which is believed to accompany those visionary funerals which have their existence only in the superstitions of our country. The ruined Abbey disclosed itself through the trees; and we approached its western extremity, where a considerable portion of vaulted roof still remains to protect the poet's family place of interment, which opens to the sides in lofty Gothic arches, and is defended by a low rail of enclosure. At one extremity of it, a tall thriving young cypress rears its spiral form. Creeping plants of different kinds, "with ivy never sere," have spread themselves very luxuriantly over every part of the Abbey. These, perhaps, were in many instances the children of art. But, however this may have been, Nature had herself undertaken their education. In this spot especially she seems to have been most industriously busy in twining her richest wreaths around those walls which more immediately form her poet's tomb. Amongst her other decorations, we observed, a plum-tree, which was, perhaps, at one period, a prisoner, chained to the solid masonry, but which having long since been emancipated, now threw out its wild pendant branches, laden with purple fruit, ready to drop, as if emblematical of the ripening and decay of human life.

In such a scene as this, then, it was, that the coffin of Sir Walter Scott was set down on trestles placed outside the iron railing; and here that solemn service, beginning with those words so cheering to the souls of Christians, "I am the resurrection and the life," was solemnly read by Mr. Williams. The manly, soldierlike features of the chief mourner, on whom the eyes of sympathy were most naturally turned, betrayed at intervals the powerful efforts which he made to master his emotions, as well as the inefficiency of his exertions to do so. The other relatives who surrounded the bier were deeply moved; and, amid the crowd of weeping friends, no eye, and no heart, could be discovered that was not altogether occupied in that sad and impressive ceremonial which was so soon to shut from them for ever, him who had been so long the common idol of their admiration, and of their best affections. Here and there, indeed, we might have fancied that we detected some early and long-tried friends of him who lay cold before us, who, whilst tears dimmed their eyes, and whilst their lips quivered, were yet partly engaged in mixing up and contrasting the happier scenes of days long gone by, with that which they were now witnessing, until they became lost in dreamy reverie, so that even the movement made when the coffin was carried under the lofty arches of the ruin, and when *dust was committed to dust*, did not entirely snap the thread of their visions. It was not until the harsh sound of the hammers of the workmen who were employed to rivet those iron bars covering the grave to secure it from violation, had begun to echo from the vaulted roof, that some of us were called to the full conviction of the fact, that the earth had for ever closed over that form which we were wont to love and reverence; that eye which we had so often seen beaming with benevolence, sparkling with wit, or lighted up with a poet's frenzy; those lips which we had so often seen monopolizing the attention of all listeners, or heard roll-

ing out, with nervous accentuation, those powerful verses with which his head was continually teeming; and that brow, the perpetual throne of generous expression, and liberal intelligence. Overwhelmed by the conviction of this afflicting truth, men moved away without parting salutation, singly, slowly, and silently. The day began to stoop down into twilight; and we, too, after giving a last parting survey to the spot where now repose the remains of our Scottish Shakspeare, a spot lovely enough to induce his sainted spirit to haunt and sanctify its shades, hastily tore ourselves away.

## DIRGE

### TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TONES, as when seas are stirred,  
Have thrilled the hearts of men :—  
A whisper, and a word  
Of death, and they who heard  
Smile not again !

From land to land it went,  
And o'er the nations rushed  
The piercing call—“ Lament !  
The Voice is hushed !”

Swift as death's angel rode,  
Passed on the cheerless tale :  
’Twas heard—and eyes o’erflowed ;  
’Twas told—and lips that glowed,  
Trembling, grew pale.

Glad faces lost their glee,  
Stern voices quivered ;  
The child beside his father's knee  
Looked up—and shivered !

Was this some warrior's knoll ?  
Some empire's purple lord's ?  
No ! ’twas a mighty soul,  
Whose sceptre was a scroll  
Of deathless words !

The world of thought and song,  
The glorious shades of yore—  
He ruled—a gorgeous throng,  
And rules—no more !

Each age, and kind, and mood,  
His spirit realm embraced ;  
King, peasant, learned, or rude,  
The city's toiling brood,  
The lonely waste,  
O'er all of human birth,  
His veil of magic cast :  
Of that bright glamour, Earth  
Hath seen the last !

With manyon castle-halls  
His hounds are whimpering low :  
By the cloister's walls,  
Dim figures, wreathed in palls,  
Float to and fro.

From the hill's waving bloom  
Flit mourners airy ;  
And midst the woodland gloom,  
Wail elf and fairy.

From lake and battle-plain,  
Grey minster, dell, and wold,  
The spirits of his reign  
Attend his funeral train,  
All mute and cold :  
While viewless things, that rise  
On cloud or tempest-surge,  
Sing for his obsequies  
A faint low dirge.

Late summer's golden eve  
A hope and welcome gave ;  
Now autumn, with red leaves,  
Ere winter comes and grieves,  
Bestrews his grave.  
Fade, waving forests, fade !  
In vain your branches play ;  
For he who loved their shade  
Is borne away !

Mourn we departed might ?  
Mourn we a star gone dim ?  
For those to whom his light  
Gave joy, and power, and sight,  
Mourn : not for him !  
Constant, and warm as love,  
While here, his gold lamp shone ;  
Now, to bright heavens above,  
The star is gone.

All that Earth's pride and praise  
Could yield, the Minstrel knew ;  
Crowned with far-shining rays,  
Honoured, and great of days,  
Homeward he drew ;  
Still from his gifted lips  
Bright flowed the stream,  
Till came the pale eclipse  
Across life's dream.

Forth went a shadowy hand,  
"And touched him on the brow ;"  
Calmly he laid his wand  
Aside, and shook the sand,—  
Death, is it thou ?  
Slow o'er his reverend head  
The darkness crept,  
While nations round his bed  
Stood still, and wept !  
Where shall we lay the dead ?  
What stately tomb shall guard  
With pall and scutcheon spread,  
And solemn vaults o'erhead,  
Our wizard Bard ?  
Green is that valley's breast,  
His native air  
Sighs from the mountain's crest,  
O lay him there !

In the red heather's shade  
Thus shall ye lay him down ;  
Fold him in Albyn's plaid,  
And at his head be laid  
The laurel crown ;  
Nor mock with pile or bust  
That tombstone lowly,  
The presence of his dust  
Makes the earth holy !  
A shrine not made with hands !  
And kingdoms, while his grave  
In silent glory stands,  
Shall fall, as on the sands  
Wave urges wave.  
Midst the soul's sacred things  
His words inspired  
Shall echo, till the wings  
Of Time are tired !

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THE SLAVE-HOLDERS—THE MISSIONARIES—AND  
MR. JEREMIE.

"NEEDS must whom the devil drives." Those who have sold themselves to the anti-social principle, will, like men in the delirium of a fever, grow more frantic as they grow weaker, and exasperate their sufferings, and accelerate their fate, by their own mad struggles. The sugar planters will rush on their fate. The mother country has warned them—has laid upon them the strong but friendly hand of maternal discipline ; but they kick against her, and roar and squall with the vehemence of spiteful brats, more loudly at every attempt made to sooth and pacify them. They are like a drunken crew on board a perishing vessel ; hiccuping, bawling obscene songs, and blaspheming in the teeth of the howling storm ; stopping their fingers in their ears when addressed by the few sober men among them ; hugging the anchors and swearing, " G—d b—t them ! we will sink together in spite of these canting water-drinkers ! " Their doom has been fixed by their own insane acts : it is now too late to save them. They have refused to withdraw their sacrilegious gripe from the throats of their fellow beings, whom God has made after his own image, and endowed with reason as well as themselves. They will not even relax a little that infamous system of bondage, abhorrent alike to the divine spirit of Christianity, and the dictates of humanity. They will not themselves take measures to attain what those who object to the instant emancipation of the slaves characterize as the safe and gradual abolition of slavery, as has been done in the new republics of South America ; nor will they allow others to do it for them. Witness the persecution of the missionaries in Jamaica !—witness the refusal of the petty tyrants of the Mauritius to allow Mr Jeremie to land ! The slaves have now, under God, but one source of aid to look to, and that is their own right hands ; and who can blame them, if, in despair of that relief from bondage which they have long expected from the humanity of the British nation, they shall rise, and tell their masters, " We also are men ; and we shall be slaves no longer." They have been taunted and goaded to insurrection,—they have been denied the attainment of freedom in a peaceable and equitable manner ; and, were their colour white instead of black, where is the Briton who would not say that the slaves owe it to themselves and their children to vindicate their liberty as they best



may. Thwarted by the selfish blindness of their masters,—trammelled by the necessary bonds of conventional law, this country cannot aid them. They must rely upon themselves. The slave colonies will throw themselves loose from our allegiance? Fools! If they dared, it would be the best service they could render us. We are taxed—heavily taxed—to keep them from running to beggary in a losing and hopeless speculation. Britain has foolishly appropriated more sugar ground than she can herself consume. Foreign markets are now supplied by the produce of newer and more fertile soils. And Britain is bound, by the terms of her bargain, to pay not only for the sugar that she uses, but for the surplus which she has held out inducements to make the planters manufacture. This is the plain English of the long-winded evidence submitted to the House of Commons last session. In addition to this outlay, we pay for keeping the slaves in subjection. Were the British troops to be withdrawn from the slave colonies, the planters would not be one instant secure of their lives and property. This, then, ought to be our ultimatum to these little despots of the tropics :—“ Accede honestly and heartily to our plans for ameliorating the condition of the slaves, or we leave you and them to settle the matter between you.” On our lives, we do believe that the latter alternative will be accepted; and then it will be St Domingo over again. America cannot aid them. The Northern States are too deeply pledged to dare to engage in such an unholy crusade. The Southern States have their hands full at home : Their own slaves would be up, were they to despatch a force to the islands. Besides, America has no standing army, the only efficient tool of slave-holders. In a very few years at the farthest, the servile war will begin in the British slave colonies. It is then that the worth and importance of our missionaries will be acknowledged, even more than it has yet been. If among a population reared in a state of society calculated to make their reason only an instrument of deeper degradation than mere instinct could have led to, one spark of a higher principle remain, it will be owing to their teaching. If amid the burnings, devastations, and bloodshed which are impending, instances of self-control appear on the part of the infuriated victors, (for victors the slaves must be ;) or something approaching to a distinct view of the object of the struggle, and a power of organizing the multitude for its attainment, be visible, it will be owing to the generous and self-devoted daring of those among them who have courage to remain on the scene of horror. We adjure them by their high calling, “ as they fear God, and regard man,” to gird themselves for this trial. A task of usefulness and worth in the divine regard, to which no mere human strength can nerve a man, awaits them. We know that they will be found “ with their lamps burning, and their loins girded.”

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### SCOTTISH VOTERS,

#### A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

WE returned a few days ago, from our annual excursion to our cottage in the Grampians, whither we always resort during the grouse-shooting campaign; and were it not that our magazine is devoted to canvassing the destinies of men, rather than of moorfowl, we should willingly follow the bent of our autumnal inclinations, and proceed to expatiate largely on our Mantons and Purdies; on our *magazines* of powder and shot; on the very superior noses, the high breeding, and the finished education of our stanch establishment of setters; to the leading dog of which, in the exuberance of our political feelings, and of our gratitude

for the blessings our Premier has recently conferred upon us, we have given the proud name of Earl Grey. We should give a detailed account of all our varied warfare, both by land and by water; on mountain, on moor, on river, on lake, and on tarn; of all our successes, and of all our disappointments; particularly noticing the days when our own unerring eyes, and undeviating double-barrels, were the means of loading the backs of our *gillies* with full game-bags, which happily chastened their alpine strides to an equality with our more sober paces; and again pointing out, with great care, those extraneous, and altogether uncontrollable causes, which, in defiance of our unvarying accuracy of aim, did, on certain days, most unaccountably conspire to baffle us, and, much to our dissatisfaction, left the broad shoulders of our Highlanders altogether unincumbered. All this we should have told, together with all the other incidental, accidental, transcendental, and minor matters, naturally requiring to be recorded in a well-written sporting tour. But at the present time, men's minds are too much occupied with the fate of their country, and as a most important feature of it, more immediately intent on watching the probable result of the future elections, for any such trifles as these to find room in them. We shall therefore leave all such things to sleep till some second Colonel Thornton shall arise, on some future halcyon occasion, to celebrate our exploits; and we shall now hasten to give an extract from our journal, which, we hope, may be found not entirely unconnected with the all-engrossing subject of the purity of representation and of election.

Whilst on our way homewards, we sojourned one night in a small burgh town lying in our route, and, after an early breakfast next morning, we again mounted the driving seat of our dog-cart, and with as sporting an attitude as we could possibly assume, the resistless effect of which, indeed, was sufficiently proved by the undisguised admiration exhibited by certain juvenile milliners' apprentices, who watched our departure from a large bay window opposite our inn, we started, and dashed down the street at a pace that called forth the clamorous applause, not only of the raggamuffin boys, but also of divers non-descript burgh curs which rushed forth from either side of the way, to follow in the wake of our triumphal car, and to the imminent jeopardy of certain aldermanic ducks, who, accustomed as they had been all their lives to maintain the crown of the causeway in dignified composure, in defiance even of the rapid wheel of his Majesty's mail coach, had, notwithstanding, very considerable difficulty in waddling out of our way. In the midst of this our vain-glorious career, and when we had almost reached the town's-end, we suddenly experienced one of those reverses of fortune, which are frequently sent, like salutary medicines, to reduce the fever of human pride, when it rises above that degree which marks the truly healthy state of the human mind. In driving over a deep kennel that ran across the street, our machine sustained so rude a shock, that we were fairly pitched upwards by the concussion, completely into the air, like the ball from the trapshoe, and our persons descended from this, their sudden elevation, with a weight and force so tremendous, as instantly to produce a great, most unexpected, and most alarming derangement of the equilibrium of our vehicle. "Woo—oo—oo—oo up!"—cried we, pulling up our reins in very considerable dismay; and in truth it was full time for us to do so, for the body of our carriage hung over in so threatening a manner, that, had we not succeeded in suddenly stopping our course, we, and carriage, and dogs, and detonators, would

have been tumbled in chaotic confusion most ingloriously into the mud. As it happened, however, we managed to descend very gingerly and without injury from our exalted position, when, to our no small mortification, we discovered that in consequence of the rude jerk we had received, one of our new patent grasshopper springs had hopped altogether from its place, and been broken in its most delicate part. So there we and our attendant stood, utterly at a loss what to do, our faculties paralyzed by the magnitude of our misfortune, surrounded by a crowd of inquisitive but unaiding idlers; and to add to our confusion, as we were consulting together, amidst the frequent interruptions of numerous officious advisers among those who had assembled about us, two of our gay and handsome milliners' girls came tripping along the pavement, each with a band-box in her hand, and with a wicked simper on her face, that made both of us bite our lips very sillily, and look extremely foolish.

As there is no happiness without alloy in this life, so there are few misfortunes altogether void of alleviating circumstances. By good luck our accident had taken place exactly opposite to a forge, over the door of which was painted in large letters, "*Robert Strongitharm, Smith and Farrier;*" and as the brawny muscles of Robert himself were at that moment actively employed in wielding a ponderous fore-hammer, in the act of ringing a wheel belonging to an old gig, which we observed standing by the side of the way, propped up on one leg as it were, like some ballad-singing mendicant, we resolved to put our case immediately into the horse-doctor's hands.

Like all members of the faculties of law, physic, farriery, and iron-forging, when a new case is presented to them, Dr. Strongitharm pronounced our case, or rather the grasshopper spring, to be a very bad case. But, as he very properly observed, there's seldom is any case so bad but that it may be cured, provided a proper adviser, and skilful operator can be obtained to plan and perfect its cure; and he accordingly began honestly to congratulate us on our having been tossed by our good fortune into hands so very experienced as his.

"It's a kittle kind o' a job gentlemen," said he; "but it's weel for ye that ye ha'e forgathered wi' ane gey an' weel acquaint wi' siccan fasheous maitters. Had ye happened on yon useless scart o' a cratur, Johnnie MacGruther, i' the grand shop yonder, twa three doors farther up the street, though he leens mair than a do about pokers an' tangs, an' nit-crackers, an' moose-fa's, ma certy, ye might ha' been lang eneuch i' the toon afore he could ha' sorted your spring. But, let's gee!—Od, as this is a pressin' affair that winna' thole delay, a'm no sure but a ha'e an auld gershapper that may do a' the turn till ye win hame. Come here, Tammas; bring the pliers i' ye're hand. Haud up the body a wee better, man—noo, that 'ill do." And the smith was in the middle of the business in the twinkling of an eye.

Somewhat tickled by the humour of this son of Vulcan, and being moreover very desirous to see the work forwarded, so that we might be speedily again *en route*, we entered the smithy with our disabled vehicle, whilst our servant put the horse into an adjoining stable. There we stood silently watching the labours of Mr. Strongitharm and his attendant Cyclops. The broad and good-natured visage of the smith, that looked as if it had been modelled in black diamond, first began to shine over the anvil, and then, by degrees, it even appeared to ignite by the glow of the fire it was exposed to, until at last it absolutely glowed like

a piece of burning charcoal, whilst he eagerly toiled to accomplish our wishes. As we lounged about the place, yawning, and execrating our ill-luck, our attention was attracted by the appearance of a fat little round-visaged man, in an apron and sleeves, who entered the smithy, having been driven into it by a sudden and heavy shower of rain; and after a few of those preliminary nothings which usually serve as preface to a Scottish dialogue between strangers,

"I see you are reformers here, sir," said one of us, pointing to an old Reform Jubilee placard, fragments of which still adhered to the smithy door.

"Ou ay, sir," replied our man; "we're a' stench reformers here. Bless your heart, sir! we had mony a petition here for Reform, baith to the Parliament an' the Lords, an' the King an' a'—an' after the bull passed, od we had a percesshin an' a hantel o' flags—an' a denner, an' speeches that wad na' ha'e disgraced Edinbroch itself.\* But here's Maister Messer, the haberdashery merchant, can tell ye far better about it than I can. I'm sayin'—ye can tell the gentleman a' about our Reform Jubile, Maister Messer," continued he, speaking to a thin, spare, and rather well-dressed man who then entered, puffing and blowing, from his anxious haste to escape to a shelter.

"The Juboli?" said Mr. Mercer, wiping his bran new blue coat, and his velvet neck, and his gilt buttons very carefully, with a scarlet Menteith-dyed cotton pocket-handkerchief. "Oh yes, Mr. Dallas, I can tell the gentlemen all about the Juboli, for you know I had the honour of being one of the Juboli Comytees. I assure you, gentlemen, it was got up with the greatest good taste—the flags and devices were all admirable—nothing personally offensive to any one; and as I happened to have the good fortune to have been present at the Juboli in Edinburgh, I was not only enabled to supply a' and sundry with the proper ribbons and badges,—but I also had it in my power to give many useful hints to the Comytees, and although I say it who should not say it, the Juboli here was thereby rendered not unworthy of the great victory which Freedom has achieved in Scotland."

"I hope you had a good turn out of reformers?" said one of us.

"Why, sir, the whole town are reformers here," replied Mr. Mercer; "we set down to dinner about two hundred and fifty persons; and the speeches, toasts, and songs were of the very first description."

"Then Mr. A——, the liberal candidate for these burghs, is sure of his election, so far as this town is concerned," said we, "and Mr. B—— the anti-reform candidate, can have no chance?"

"Not the least chance in the world, sir," replied the haberdasher; "for, as I said before, we are all reformers here."

"Ou ay, that we are!" echoed Mr. Dallas, the grocer; "a' stench reformers."

"Then, sir," said one of us to the last speaker, "I need not ask you whether you are to vote for Mr. A—— or Mr. B——?"

"Troth, sir," replied the grocer, "to tell ye the honest truth, I ha'ena' just made up my mind about that pairt o' the story. It's a lang time yet or the yellection, an' I'm thinkin' that I'll just tak a thoct about it."

"A thought about it, sir!" exclaimed one of us in a tone of undisguised astonishment—"a thought about it! How can you possibly require one single thought, or hesitate one moment in a case where the contest lies between Mr. A——, who has so long advocated the rights

of the people, and who has sacrificed his time, and given his labour in the most patriotic and indefatigable manner ; all to bring about the accomplishment of that grand work of reform, which, to carry home the matter to yourself, has made *you* a voter for the member of Parliament for this burgh. Can you hesitate, I say, between such a man as him, and his opponent Mr. B——, who has so long sat for these burghs in the Commons' House, for no other purpose than to support that very corruption and extravagance in the government of the State, which has brought us to the very eve of political bankruptcy, and who has uniformly opposed every motion, however trifling, which went in any way to enlarge the privileges of the people, or to diminish those burdens under which they at present groan ? Why, sir, with the political feelings you have declared you possess, I cannot understand how you could hesitate one moment in your choice between two such candidates as Mr. A—— and Mr. B—— !"

"Od, sir, I dinna ken," replied the grocer, "there's a great deal, to be sure, in what you say. But I'm thinkin' I maun just tak' a thocht about it."

"He! he! he! Laukerdaisy, such a regular dull one you are, my dear Mr. Dallas!" exclaimed the haberdashery merchant, with the titter of a man-milliner. "What, man! bless my heart, can't ye make up your mind to the right thing at once, without more shilly-shally? Surely you can never go for to think for to vote for such an anti as Mr. B——, you who have signed every reform petition that was sent off from this place? Why, what *are* ye thinking on?"

"Od, I tell ye, I maun just tak' a thought about it, Maister Messer," replied the grocer.

"He! he! he! well, deuce take me if you have not been well nicknamed by the club, *Dull Davy Dallas*," cried the haberdasher; "and if I might be permitted to amend your *nong de garr*, I should propose that instead of *Dull Davy Dallas* it should be *Dull Davy Dowlas*! Ha! Mr. White," continued he, addressing a baker who just then entered, "you're a man of more spirit. I'll be bound you'll act after a more bolder fashion, else I mistake you sadly. You'll give your vote to the right one at once. You'll not hesitate long between Mr. A—— and Mr. B——, I'll warrant me."

"Ou, Mr. A——'s the man for the people's rights, that's true," replied the baker; "and as for the tither chap, it maun be admitted that he has dune a' thing that he could to keep them frae us; but ye ken they're baith very good gentlemen, and sae a'm just no thinkin' o' votin' at a'."

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us! here is a determination tenfold more extraordinary than the hesitation of the other gentleman," exclaimed one of us. "Why, sir, what in the world can have brought you, a reformer, to so strange a resolution as this?"

"A dinna ken," replied the baker, with some little displeasure in his countenance; "a divna see that am just obliged to answer that question. The vote, a tak' it, is ma nane; an' a'm thinkin' a'man may lawfully do wi' his nane what he likes."

"True, sir," replied one of us, "you have the highest authority for holding such doctrine—even that of an august and noble duke, no less—who argued upon the great scale; that is, about whole levies of burghs, exactly what you are now arguing on the small scale, for the mere property of your vote. But, sir, let me tell you, that if election reform is

to be terminated where it now stands, you must begin to view your newly-acquired privilege in a light very different from that under which it now appears to you ; for, I put this question to you, Why was it that the Legislature limited the vote to the minimum of a ten-pound rent in a burgh, or a ten-pound property in a county ? and why did they refuse to give votes to people of nine pounds, of five pounds, or of three pounds,—ay, sir, or to people of one pound ? but simply because they conceived that by so vesting the power in what might be presumed to be the most intelligent portion of the community ; and that *your* right, being not *your* right alone, sir, but the right of all those unprivileged persons by whom you are surrounded, would be honestly and conscientiously exercised for *their* behoof, as well as your own, and therefore for the good of the whole. I hold, sir, that you are bound by the duty you owe to your neighbours, who have no votes, or rather, I should say, whose votes are confided to you to bestow properly—I say, I hold that you are *bound* to give your vote either one way or other. You dare not—in justice to your neighbours, who may be called your copartners in it,—you dare not, I say, keep it tied up in your napkin ; and if you but give it according to your conscience, you cannot be blamed, even if that conscience, after having been fairly consulted, should tell you to give it against the opinion of those very neighbours who have a share in it. But, if you follow your conscience, you cannot go wrong ; and, indeed, in your own particular case, you have already said enough to satisfy me that, in the election about to take place, your wishes and your conscience will go hand in hand together ; and moreover, that they will be found in full harmony with the wishes of that knot of hitherto unfranchised persons, in the midst of whom you live, and whose votes you represent ; who look, let me tell you, with a jealous eye on you, watching how you are to employ that vote, which will be held by them to be, as it certainly is, the common property of them all.”

“ My eye ! there’s a speech for you, Master White ! ” exclaimed the haberdasher, slapping the baker’s back, till the twelvemonth’s dusting-of flour, which had gradually accumulated in his jacket, arose and enveloped us like a mist. “ There’s a speech for ye, my boy ! what say ye to that ? Why, that would have done for our last dinner. What say ye to that, I say ? ”

“ Troth, sir, a’ll just tell ye the truth,” replied the baker : “ a ha’e not muckle to say, that’s certain ; an’ there’s nae doot muckle gude sense in what this gentleman has said. Weel, indeed, might he speak at dinner or at hustin’s aither. But *possitcereley* a wunna vote ! ”

“ Why, what a soft un you are, Mr. White ! ” exclaimed the haberdasher ; “ you’re one hundred per cent a worse article than Dull David Dowlas here. I tell ye, you are as soft as your own dough ! But I am up to the cause of your not voting, Master White. You know that Mr. B—— is son-in-law to the Earl of C—— ; and the Earl of C——, wonderful to behold ! after having, all his life, for his own private purposes, pretended to be the man for the people—so far, indeed, as to have been considered somewhat of a republican in the days of the Reign of Terror in France, at the end of the last century—has now most strangely discovered that his own private purposes require that he should fight like a Turkish Jannissary against freedom wherever it appears. He is the maddest of all the mad antis now going. But, Mr. White, hark in your ear, he takes his household bread from you, and you are afraid to lose his custom. But why don’t you act boldly and independently, as I

mean to do, and defy the old earl, and the old devil, and all his works? Ah! you are soft as your own dough, Master White!"

"Sir," said the baker, sulkily, "a'd wish ye to keep in mind, that gif a'm dough, an' soft yenoo, a may grow mair crusty than may please your chafts, if a'm but made het aneuch; sae, a'd advise you to keep your jokes mair till yeresell. A say again what a said afore, an' that is, that *possiteevly* a wunna vote ava;" and with that Mr. White abruptly left the smithy.

"He's a poor spiritless fellow that," said the haberdasher, after eying his retreating steps for some time, till he saw he was effectually out of all hearing. "If all reformers were like him, indeed, what would become of the great cause? Aweel, how goes the county, Farmer Black?" continued he, now addressing a stout young country-looking man, who at this moment dismounted at the smithy door to have one of his horse's shoes fastened. "How goes the reform cause in the county? Is the reform candidate, Sir D—— E——, sure of his election?"

"A'm thinkin' he's gey an' shure," replied the farmer, shortly.

"I'm sure you wish him well at all events?" said the haberdasher.

"A'm no sayin' but a do," briefly replied Farmer Black.

"Ay, ay," said Mercer, "many's the good bumper of punch that you and I drank together to the glorious cause of reform, on that market day, you remember, when you stopped to take a bit of chack of dinner with me, after buying so many gowns, and shawls, and ribbons for your mother and sisters—ay, and may-be for some other lass, too, for aught I know to the contrary. You know you sold your nowt well that day; and I'm bold to say I never beheld a finer show of beauty than your large hay-cart exhibited on the glorious day of the Juboli, standing at the corner of the street; when the old lady and the girls, all dressed in my new gowns and finery, were placed bolt upright in it, thick set together like so many pots of stock gillyflowers and marygolde, as I passed by you bearing the banner, with the painting of a loom upon it, surmounted by a trifling *jew desprite* of my own, (for I now and then rhyme a little, ye must know, if the murder must out)—surmounted, I say, by the words

When I set up my loom  
My pattern shall be  
Russell, Althorpe, and Brougham,  
Who have made us all free!  
Then for honest Joe Hume,  
I shall surely find room;  
And my colour, I say,  
Shall be that of Earl Grey."

"The banner was a vera bonnie flag, Maister Messer," replied the farmer. "An' troth, when a saw ye carrying it, ye pat me in mind o' ane o' ma ain stots routing awa wi' his tail straight up on end, when the puir beasts are fleggit wi' a flight o' clegs in a het summer day."

"Aweel, aweel," said the haberdasher, rather dashed by this uncouth simile, and anxious to divert the attention of those present from it, "I am sure you wish the worthy baronet, the representative of the cause of reform, every possible success."

"A'm no saying but a do," replied the farmer.

"Well," said the haberdasher, "he's sure of your vote at any rate, at the very first asking."

"We'll stop a wee till we see hoo the laird gangs," answered the farmer.

"What has the laird to do with the matter?" demanded the haberdasher. "If you pay him his rent you may laugh at the laird."

"Wha says that a dinna pay him his rent?" said the farmer, looking suspiciously over his shoulder, as he inserted his left toe into the stirrup, and threw his right leg over his beast. "That may a' be true enough that ye say, yet, for a' that, ane may like to bide a wee gliff till ane sees hoo the laird gangs."

"Silly aver!" exclaimed Mercer, after Farmer Black had ridden away, "that fellow has as little sense or spirit as the cart *Bassie* that bears him yonder. The fellow bawled about reform with the best of us; and, for all that, I do believe, that to keep the laird easy with him about some small arrear of rent, he will vote for Colonel E——, the anti-reform candidate, although it be against his very conscience. 'Pon my honour, such fellows are no more to be depended upon than a piece of cloth which has been rotted in the bleaching! Surely, Mr Dallas, you'll be ashamed not to show more resolution than yon turnip-headed gaby? Come, man, take a swatch from me; and make up your mind to vote, as I mean to do, for Mr. A—— and the cause of reform, which we have both stuck to so long."

"Na, na, Maister Messer, we'll no' be so rash—we'll just tak' a thought about it;" and so, with a civil bow, to the party, the grocer departed.

"He! he! he! there goes Dull Davie Dowlas!" exclaimed the haberdasher; "depend upon it his *thought* has been taken already, and he is fairly tied by the leg. The Duke's commissioner has been with him, and deuce another raisin, or fig, or Stilton cheese from his shop will now be eaten within the doors of his Grace's mansion, if he does not give his vote to please the anti-reforming peer! But, let that pass: all men are not made of stuff strong enough to resist such friction as he has been exposed to. Gentlemen, you are strangers here; but I am proud to say you are no strangers to me; for I had the honour of seeing you both on the hustings in Bruntsfield Links, on the grand day of the *Juboli*, at Edinburgh. You were pointed out to me by a friend as great and well-known reformers, and as able supporters of that valuable, and enlightened, and liberal, and rapidly-rising journal, *Tait's Magazine*; and as such, as I revered you then, so I reverence you tenfold more now, that my own ears have heard you utter sentiments such as you have uttered. I see that some accident has happened to your carriage, which, though I regret it on your account, has been a great blessing to me, in giving me the honour of so much of your company and converse; and if I can be of any use to you?"

"Sir," said one of us, "we are much flattered by your politeness.\* Our carriage has indeed met with a small accident, which you see is in the hands of Mr. Strongitharm, and which seems to be already so far in the way of being remedied, that the vehicle has at least been fully taken to pieces; but our *spring* seems determined to verify the proverb, so very applicable to *Scotch springs* in general—I mean, that '*Hope delayed maketh the heart sick*;' for, although my friend and I have been for these two hours back softly aspirating in the words of our native poet, Thomson,

'Come, gentle spring,'

and probably with no less impatience than the tiresome dreags of a long-protracted winter had driven him to, yet there seems as yet to be but little chance of its speedily 'coming when we do call.' "



"Instead of standing hanging on your pins in this uncomfortable place here," said the haberdasher, "like the unsaleable last year's ginghams in my shop, with all Strongitharm's hammers ringing in your ears, had you not better adjourn, as we used to say at our reform meetings. And now that the rain seems to be over, if you will venture to walk to my house, about eight or ten doors off, I shall be happy to take you in, as I take in *Tait's Magazine*, and to show you my back parlour; where you will do me great honour by accepting a glass of wine, to drink success to the liberal cause here, and everywhere else."

To so kind an invitation as this, it was quite impossible to say nay; so, after giving the smith and our own man our final directions, we followed Mr. Mercer through his front and back shop, into his snug little parlour behind both, where we were introduced to his wife, a smiling well-favoured black-eyed *bourgeoise*, to whom he appeared to have been recently united. Wine and cakes being produced, Mercer himself was soon called by his business to the front shop, and we were left in comfortable chit-chat with the lady; who speedily showed herself, like most of the sensible women we have met with, to be a keen reformer.

Whilst thus agreeably engaged, we heard a sound in which the well-practised ear never *can* be deceived; we mean the sound of patrician wheels. The coach of a peer, it is true, has no more wheels than a common stage-coach has; nor has it any more horses. But there is a deep, decorous, dignified roll about such a carriage, that even when it is hid from our eyes, never fails to conjure up on our retina the fat coachman, or the two splash-looking postilions, and especially the two tall, handsome, lazy, cane-carrying footmen in the rumble behind. It is a sound very different, indeed, from the rapid rattle, and jingle, and crackling of a mail or other such coach; even when that accursed horn is silent, which, unlike the happy horn of Oberon, is less calculated to conjure up pleasing delusions than to dissipate our celestial dreams of bliss. The partition between the parlour where we sat, and what was called the back shop, was thin; and a pretty considerable window, with a cotton blind hanging over it, whilst it was intended to give a borrowed light to the back shop, very much contributed to facilitate the transmission of sound.

"That's the voice of the Countess of C——," whispered Mrs. Mercer to us; "she's a proper anti. I wish my goodman were well quit of her! for, reformer though he be, he has no chance at all with so designing and so persevering a woman as she is; and depend upon it, she is not begging him into the back shop that way without some end of her own. Hist! Listen to what they are saying!" Thus tutored, we remained silent, by which means we were *compelled* to overhear the whole conversation; though we must, at the same time, honestly confess, that, although we are not ladies, our curiosity to know the issue was so great, that we found it no very severe penance to be *compelled* to listen.

"This way, my lady!—this way!" said the haberdasher.

"Mercer!" drawled out a soft but haughty voice; "I have hitherto been rather disposed to patronize you; and one of the best proofs of this very good disposition towards you is, that which I recently exhibited by bringing my niece, the Marchioness of F——, here to give you her patronage too. And now, in the same patronizing disposition, I come to desire you will give your vote, (for I understand that these levelling times have given you a vote)—I say, I come to desire you

will give your vote to my son-in-law Mr. B——, who, notwithstanding all I can say to him, is obstinately determined to contaminate himself among the riff-raff members of that abominable sink, the Reform Parliament."

"Really, my lady," stammered out the haberdasher, after what appeared to us to be a most ominous pause, "I am deeply sensible of your ladyship's patronage, and the patronage of your ladyship's niece. I beg pardon, I mean the patronage of the most noble the Lady Marchioness of F——. I feel all that your ladyship has so eloquently expressed. But, really, my lady, in times like the present, hem!—ahem!—in times like the present, I say—it is—it is very difficult, indeed, to say what to do."

"What, Mr. Mercer!" exclaimed a new voice, pitched in a much higher key, which our *prologa*, Mrs. Mercer, at once informed us was that of the marchioness; "What, Mr. Mercer! can you have any doubt how to act in a case where the Countess of C—— where *my aunt* the Countess of C—— condescends so far as to advise you?"

"No, no, not exactly doubt, my lady marchioness,—not exactly doubt," replied Mr. Mercer, in a subdued tone, betraying considerable trepidation; and, then, after a pause, during which he appeared to have somewhat collected himself, "At all events, I cannot doubt that it must always be my duty to obey the smallest wishes of two ladies of rank, so high and noble, and especially of two such honoured patronesses as the Countess of C—— and the Marchioness of F——. But, really, noble ladies, in these times,—one's country,—something must be sacrificed for the good of one's country!" The last part of Mr. Mercer's speech was enunciated with an assumed firmness of voice as if he had twisted up the fiddle-reins of his nerves considerably above concert pitch. But the voice, that of the marchioness, which replied to him, was tuned a full octave above him.

"A haberdasher talking of his country! There is the march of intellect for you! There is reform with a vengeance! why, I shall next expect to see your man of muslins and of ginghams keeping his French cook! Where *can* such people have learned to talk of their country? But, indeed, when we have such Chancellors and Premiers as Brougham and Grey, who actually talk as if the common herd of the *canaille* were of the same blood, as well as flesh, as we of the Upper House, it is no wonder that we should have a haberdasher giving us a discourse upon his country, as if it were John Kemble himself arisen from the dead to perform the character of Cato of Utica!"

"Let *me* talk to him, my love!" drawled out the countess. "I shall not waste much time with him, I promise you, though I shall even condescend to reason with him. Mercer! you are an extremely foolish man; a haberdasher, as my niece, Lady F——, says, has no business in the world with his country, except to live in it, and to pay its taxes. He should attend to his muslins, and his silks, and his counter, and all that; but that he should interfere with politics, is a thing absolutely quite shocking. On the contrary, he should always be ready to listen to any lady of quality who deigns to patronize him, as I and my niece, the Marchioness of F——, patronize *you*, Mercer; to show his gratitude to whom he should always be ready to vote as his patronesses bid him, through thick and through thin; but, as to politics, a haberdasher in a small borough like this should never have any thing to do with politics, and still less with his country. Then say at once that you will vote for

my son-in-law, Mr. B——, and don't be so rude—do you hear, Mercer?—as to give me any farther trouble."

"I am sure, my lady," stammered out the haberdasher, "I am sure. my lady,—I—I—I do not know what to say. Your ladyship speaks—both your ladyships speak like members of the House of Com——, I mean of the House of Lords—like Peers of Parliament, I should say. Any thing so eloquent I have never heard in my life before; but, really—I—I—I do not know what to say."

"But I know what you *must* say," replied the shrill and impetuous Marchioness. "You *must* pledge yourself to vote for Mr. B——, and there's an end on't! What, sir, are two women of quality, such as my aunt and myself, to condescend thus to signify their pleasure to such a person as Mr. Mercer the haberdasher!" ("Prøud minx that she is!" was here parenthetically interjected by Mrs. Mercer; "if the fellow has the spirit of a flea, he'll give her his mind.") "Are we, I say, to condescend to lay our commands on any such person as you, and are they to be received with doubt and hesitation? Reptile! if you detain us longer with your doubts, you shall be crushed to the earth like a worm in our path!"

"Hear the vixen!" exclaimed Mrs. Mercer. "If I were he, I would give it to her in the deafest side of her head!"

"Do not permit yourself to be excited thus, my love, by the folly of this weak, silly man," said the drawing countess. "He is a stubborn blockhead, to be sure, as all blockheads are. But I shall never allow such a person as he is, to rob me of my temper. I do not even allow my obstinate poodle to do that; though, it must be confessed, he has more than once tried me pretty severely."

"Ladies, ladies!" exclaimed Mercer, in a perturbed tone that spoke his extreme agitation. "Heaven knows I am the last man in the world that would think—nay, that would dream of offending you, but—but—but, really, what *can* a man do?"

"I say, with all the distinctness of utterance of which I am mistress," continued the countess; "and our family have always been remarkable for distinctness of utterance; and, of all our family, no one has been more remarkable for that quality than myself;—I say with all the distinctness of utterance of which I am mistress, *give me your promise that you will vote for my son-in-law, Mr. B——*; or I shall not only withdraw from you my patronage, and that of all the members of my family, but the Marchioness shall withdraw hers, and we shall blast the reputation of your goods, oppose their introduction by the influence of our superior *ton*; abolish the borough balls; and, finally, bring down a person who was a shopman with the so justly celebrated firm of Dyde and Scribe, to set up under our fostering *surveillance* in opposition to you; and you are, doubtless, sufficiently acquainted with the political economy of this paltry place, to know whether or not ~~he~~ has customers enough to make the new man rich, and to keep you from starving at the same time!"

"Horrible old witch!" muttered Mrs. Mercer; "what a demon she is. Have a care of me! heard ye ever the like of her?"

"Ahem! Your ladyship deals rather hardly with me," said Mercer; "or rather, I should say, you are pleased to, perhaps, just a little disposed to, it may be, to have some amusement at my expense. But—but really, 'pon my honour, I am really much at a loss what to say."

### *A Sketch from Real Life.*

But suppose that, just to please you, honourable ladies, I should resolve that I should keep neutral, and not vote at all?"

"What, sir!" exclaimed the marchioness, in her highest key, "not vote at all! do you call that pleasing us? By all, that is good we shall not bate you one atom of our demands; vote for Mr. B——, and have our patronage; vote for Mr. A——, or remain neuter, and take our heaviest vengeance as your reward. Is that plain and intelligible?"

"Come, come, my love," said the countess, "you are too hasty with this *imbecile*. He is a poor silly creature; but you should remember that our Bible teaches us to have mercy upon the weak. I see that our arguments have at length begun to operate upon him, as the continual dropping of a drop of water is said, by degrees, to perforate the hardest rock; and thus we perceive the powerful effect of sound reason, when properly directed and applied, and conveyed in fitting language. So now, Mercer, call my footman; and, as you show us to the carriage, give me the satisfaction of hearing you say that you have at last come to the determination of supporting my son-in-law Mr. B——. Call my footman, I say; Charles, the man's name is Charles." Here Mrs. Mercer half opened the parlour-door, that she might the better hear, and at the same time see the parties, as they moved through the front shop towards the door where the carriage was standing. Mr. Mercer followed the two peeresses, bowing with great humiliation, and pale, and trembling like an aspen leaf. "Call Charles, I say!" continued the countess, seating herself in one of the chairs of the front shop. "Charles, where is my book of pledges?"

"Here, my lady."

"Then write down in it that —— Mercer here——your name is Joseph, I believe?"

"No, my lady," replied the subdued haberdasher, in an humble tone, "my name is Dick."

"Ay! ay! true," continued she; "Richard Mercer. Charles, write down that Richard Mercer, (we cannot be too particular in such matters of business,) I say that Richard Mercer, haberdasher and silk merchant, number —— what is your number?"—"Fifteen, my lady."—"That Richard Mercer, haberdasher and silk merchant, and dealer in shawls and laces, number fifteen, High Street, pledges himself to qualify, and vote for Mr. B——. Ha! let me see it; yes, right enough; that will do. And now, Mr. Mercer, have you any particularly rich lace veils at present? I think you occasionally commission such trifles. Let us see your last parcel; ay, that will do; vastly pretty, indeed! Hum! some of them vulgar enough in pattern, too; but, on the whole, not at all bad for such a shop in a country town. Put the whole parcel into the carriage; I may find use for them all."

"My troth, that is a wholesale bargain, indeed," muttered Mrs. Mercer; "but when shall we see the colour of her ladyship's money?"

Mr. Mercer came sneaking back into the little parlour, and swooped himself down in an easy chair, with a visage sorely humiliated by mortification and chagrin. His lady hardly allowed him to be seated ere she opened upon him.

"Well, Dick, this is a precious business. How can you ever venture—you who was, as a body may say, the very tongue of the trump of reform—to hold up your head, or to show your face among the neighbours, after allowing yourself to be cajoled by that Jesuit, and dragooned by that horse-trooper in petticoats, and to have the common sense driven

out of ye by such a pair of she-devils ; Lord forgive me for such words ? Bless me, man, I thought you had more spunk and spirit in you than to be so browbeaten by such a randy woman as yon marchioness, or humbugged by such a draunting drone as yon shy old witch, her aunty the countess. How could you be so dull and so soft ?”

Now, be it observed, that the thin vapour of which the haberdasher's spirit was composed, had been, by this time, screwed down to its minutest possible volume, by the high pressure engines of the two ladies who had been so lately operating upon it. To prevent danger from its too sudden re-expansion, it should have been permitted gradually to escape harmless through some safety-valve. But, instead of this plan having been resorted to, the inconsiderate partner of his bosom thus began, by unexpectedly applying the poker to stir up the already intensely hot fire that burned within him ; and an additional stimulus was given to it, almost equal to that of a barrel of turpentine, by her having thus, for the first time, made him aware of the fact, that we who had witnessed his triumphant chuckling over the weakness of his neighbours and friends, the grocer, the baker, and the farmer, had now both heard and seen the utter and complete debasement to which he had been reduced. Poo ! off he went, with an explosion more like that produced by the ignition of carbureted hydrogen in a coal-mine, than the mere bursting of a steam-boiler.

“ I'll tell ye what it is, Mrs. Mercer,” said he, striking the table with his fist, “ by the great oath, this is a subject which no woman shall dare to remark upon in my presence ; and, damnation, ma'am, my wife shall never speak of it, if she would have her head on the same pillow, or under the same roof with mine, else my name is not Dick Mercer !”

“ Mr. Mercer,” said we, rising abruptly to take our departure, “ we drink to your good health, and many thanks for your polite hospitality. Do not stir, sir ; pray do not stir.” But the haberdasher did stir, to accompany us to the door, with his habitual professional attention. And oh ! what did he behold and hear when he reached it ? On the narrow pavement in front of his shop stood a little ring of burghers, among whom we noticed Dull David Dallas the grocer, and the well-powdered Mr. White, the baker ; while farmer Black was sitting in his saddle, and leaning over the kennel, listening with eager attention. A shout of laughter was at that moment arising from the group, in the midst of which one of the haberdasher's shopmen was in the act of finishing a waggish detail of the occurrences which we have so recently narrated. For our parts, we hardly dared to look at the poor man who was the subject of this history ; but the slap of despair which he bestowed on his brow ere he again rushed inwards, was so loud, that it absolutely echoed from the opposite buildings.

We returned to Mr. Strongitharm's, just in time to witness another scene, which, after what had passed, was quite refreshing to us, as it will, no doubt, be to our readers. The last touch had been given to our refitted vehicle, and our worthy iron M.D. had received our grateful commendations for his expertness and expedition ; when, as we were about to pay him his very moderate charge, a light barouchette, with four post-horses, and a brace of postilions, drove up to the door of the smithy. On the box in front, was seated Mr. B——, the present and would-be future member for the district of burghs we were then in ; and in the interior appeared the heads of two individuals, the one elderly and the other younger. Mr. B—— sprang from the box with great ala-

crity, and, entering the smithy, addressed Mr. Strongitharm with a familiar yet haughty nod.

"You're a voter, my good fellow, a'n't ye?"

"A believe a wull ha'e a vote, sir, after a ha'e qualifeed," replied the smith, in a plain, simple, yet respectful manner.

"Well, you'll give it to me, wont ye?" said the candidate.

"May a ax wha ye are, sir?" demanded Strongitharm.

"Oh! I'm Mr. B——, you know, who has now represented this district of burghs in Parliament for these eight years back."

"Od, sir, ye mun ha'e been young begun wi' the Parlymentin' business," replied the smith, "but muckle though a ha'e read o' the newspapers, a ha'e never seen o' your doin' ony thing, either for the gude o' the country in general, or for this hamewald pairt o' the warld in parteecler; though they tell me ye hae gotten a gude fifeteen hunder a-year o' the nation's money; an' for what, a'm sure a kenna."

"That, my good friend, was merely the salary of a laborious office, of which the present men have deprived me," replied the candidate, in a somewhat subdued tone.

"A kenna whaure the labour o't lay than," said the smith, drily; "a can only say, that a dinna think muckle o' laborin' frae sax o'clock till sax o'clock wi' this bit fore-hammer i' my hand, an' a dinna get the fifeteenth pairt o' that siller for ma pains. They tell me that your wark-shop's in Lunnon—an' a'm sure a never saw that the wark o't ever stoppit ye frae saumont-fishing i' the spring; nor frae deuk shootin' i' the loch a' the simmer; nor frae murderin' the poor muirfools nor paitricks, i' the autumn; nor frae ridin' after the fox, a' the rest o' the year. Whaure the labor o't can be than, is mair nor a can find oot. Labor eneuuch did you indeed tak' whanever Lord John Russell, or ony o' thae pawtriotic chields, spak aboot reform. Ma certy, whatever sport was in play at the time, ye gaed aff an' left it in an auld hurry. An' to do what think ye? By ma soul, for nae ither purpose but to gi'e your silent vote against a' thing that was reasonable; just that you, an' the pairty that gied you that laborious an' ill-paid office o' your's that ye spak o', might haud doon puir fouk's heads, an' prevent sic like as me frae ha'ein' that sma' voice in the nation, to the whilk, a tak' it, common sense wud say that they are fairly enteeled."

"You are a very sensible man, Mr. Strongitharm," said the candidate; "though some of your views are not altogether correct, or quite in harmony with mine. But, however much I may have opposed reform from conscientious motives, I am free to confess, that, since it has now become the law of the land, no one can be more disposed to see that it is fairly administered than I shall be."

"Weel, sir, that may be very true," replied the smith; "but a'm for pitten a shield to the new reform bellyses, wha had some hand in settin' them up, an' wha best kens hoo to work them. In short, sir, to save ye frae blawin' ony mair o' the wund oot b' yours, a maun just honestly tell ye, that a canna' gi'e ma vote to a gentleman, wha, gif he had had his nane wull, wad never hae letten me hae ony vote to gi'e."

"Then you have been canvassed already by Mr. A——, I suppose," said Mr. B——, in a pettish tone.

"Na, Maister A—— nor nae ane else has been naur me," replied the smith; "ye're the very first that ever spak till me aboot ony siccan a business. But whether Mr. A—— comes till me or no', a mean to gi'e him ma vote, as bein' the best man we can get for our turn; and, gif we

can get him to gang to Parliament to do oor wark, am thiukin' that oor burghs will be muckle obliged till him."

"But, Mr Strongitharm," said the candidate, somewhat moved, "you seem to forget, sir, that although you never saw me before, the whole horses of my stud, hunters, hacks, and all, have been shod in your smithy for nearly two years past."

"That may be, sir," coolly replied the smith, "a'm sure a ha'e been very proud o' your custom; an' mair nor that, a'm proud eneuch to believe that your horses were the best shod horses in a' the country side. But what has horse-shoein' to do wi' the makin' o' members o' Parliament?"

"Why—hoy—whoy, nothing very directly indeed," said the candidate, taken a good deal aback by the suddenness of the honest smith's question; "but—but you know it is in my power to send my horses to be shod someyhere else."

"Ou, nae doot o' that, sir!" replied the smith, "though, wi' reverence be it spoken, a canna' just see hoo siccan a hint as that jumps very weel wi' your declaration, that nane could be mair disposed than you are to see the Reform Bull fairly administered, noo that it's an ack. But gif ye wull be contented to ha'e your hunters shod by glead Wully Robb, poor chield, or even by the bit genty body up the street that maks the nice pokers an' tangs, and nit-crackers, and nitmug graters, a ha'e nae-thing for to say against it; an' gif ony o' them, or ony ither man, can shoe ye're hunters as weel as a can do, what for no' employ him? But if the truth be, as a jalouse, that a can shoe your horses better than ony ither smith i' this pairt o' the country side, then, ma opinion just is, that if ye gang elseywhere to fare waur, ye ha'ena' just a' that wusdom for your ain interest that fouk gi'e ye credit for."

"Why do you talk so long?" called out one of the personages from the interior of the vehicle, in an impatient tone. "Come away! come away!"

Mr. B—— hastened to the side of the carriage, and after a little private parley, a servant was called to open the door, and to let down the steps; and the indefatigable Mr. B—— returned to the charge, reinforced by the presence of his two friends from the interior.

"Mr. Strongitharm, this is my father-in-law, the Earl of C——, and this is my wife's cousin, the Marquis of F——," said the candidate.

"Mr. Strongitharm," said the marquis, with a good-natured, familiar air and manner, "you know that I keep hounds, I believe; that I hunt a pretty wide extent of country; and that not only all my shoeing work is done in your shop, but that I have it in my power to give you, or to take from you, half the shoeing work and harriery business of this county, and those on each side of it. Will you refuse me your vote for my connexion, Mr. B——?"

"Mr. Strongitharm," said the earl, taking up the discourse before the smith had time to reply, "you know that I also have some shoeing in my stables, and much smith work adoin' at the castle; all this I have the power of giving or withholding. But there is yet another thing to which I would earnestly call your attention: you hold a farm of three hundred a-year from me; and now, will you refuse me your vote for my son-in-law, Mr. B——?"

"Ma lords," replied Mr. Strongitharm, apparently now resolved to permit the negotiation to be as little spun out as he possibly could; "as to the horse an' smith pairt o' your twa speeches, a maun just say to you

what a ha'e already said to this gentleman himsell, what has the shoein' o' horses and the makin' o' members o' Parliament to do wi' ane anither? Gin ye dinna like to ha'e yese horses shod by me, ye maun just gang elsewhere to hae the job duine; an' gin ye find as gude a smith as me, a' that a say is, that a wuas ye baith joy o' him. An' as for the maitter o' the farm o' which his lordship the yearl spak yenoo, a canna see, for the soul o' me, what that has to do wi' makin' o' a Parliament man, mair nor the shoein' trade. A ha'e gotten a gey stark bargain o' the bit place, but a ha'e a tack o't, an' a'm aye yebble to pay the rent; an' sae a'm thinkin' there's naething left to mak or mend atween us. But, Lord sake, sirs! a hinna time to be stannin' haverin' here ony langer: a maun till ma wark as fast's a can; for a daurna leave ma study to gang and catch saumonts, and shoot deuks, as this gentleman can do." And suiting the action to the word, he snatched up the fore-hammer, and began to thunder such a peal upon the anvil as quickly drove the nervous senators of both the Houses to their carriages; and he never stopped his noise till that of their wheels was quite lost in distance.

There was a good-natured waggish leer of comical humour on his face, when he ceased his cannonade of blows, to receive the money which we had all this time been holding in our hands. Before again placing ourselves in our vehicle, we could not resist paying him some compliments on his firm, noble, and straightforward conduct.

"Fegs, gentlemen, it's a bad account o' human nature," said he, "that ye sould think it wordy while to commend a man for barely doin' that which he wad be a rascal for no doin'. But, troth, a maun say that some poor deevils are subjeckit to sair temptations by thae anti fouk, or conservatives, as they are cain' themselfs. But, an they dinna let poor fouk alane, to be guided by God and their ain consciences, in the ex- ceese o' a trust, the whilk they hould for sae mony ithers beside themselfs, a'm muckle mistane gif ballot be na the upshot o'd."

## THE GOOD OLD TORY TIME.

OH for the time when minstrels pour'd  
 Their peans for the great and glorious,  
 When truth and freedom were abhorr'd,  
 And Tories all were merrytorious!  
 When every prince was wise and good,  
 By the sheer force of birth and station;  
 And princesses all hearts subdued,  
 Which beat for beauty and the nation;  
 When loved by loyal lords and knights,  
 They shone Lucretias in their carriage;  
 E'en though they claim'd the marriage-rights,  
 Not waiting for the rites of marriage!  
 Such were the days of England's pride,  
 When she was strong, and great, and moral;  
 When every muse in meanness vied,  
 As if they struggled for the laurel!  
 Oh! would some pow'r those days renew,  
 And wake the Muses from their slumber;  
 To tell how generous is Buccleuch,  
 How liberal the Lord of Clumber!  
 To tell with what a fearless speed  
 Our prince upon the footpath dashes,  
 And frights some ladies with his steed,  
 And others with his grim mustaches;



How stout Sir George to rob the Guelph,  
Of such a vast amount of glory,  
Took the whole honour to himself,  
And told a very *barefaced* story!

Alas! some muse, from trammels free,  
Has hinted with malicious slyness,  
How very false a knight may be,  
How very *low* a Royal *Highness*.  
But let her hint; on truth we'll lean,  
Though, with like story was a poser;  
If far from Perfect he has been,  
'Twas right to draw a little closer.  
If this wont do, we'll blame the steed,  
The rein, the spur, and drop a hint in—  
Their eyes were fathers of the deed;  
For one is blind, and t'other's quintin!

## THE HARE-HOUND AND THE WITCH.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

Your genuine witches, who

—“seemed not creatures of the earth,  
And still were on it;”

withered old women, who united in their persons the decrepitude of age with the most marvellous powers of locomotion; half spirits, half mortals; who seemed to live solely for the purpose of paying back to the whole human race the hatred lavished by men, women, and children, on themselves; who could blight the farmer's hope of plenty; cheat his cows of their milk, and his wife of her butter; cause the clouds to gather, and the tempest to scourge the earth; and yet, creatures of contraries! who, possessed of all this awful power, could not, or would not, redeem themselves from rags, hunger, and misery;—they, your genuine witches, as we have already called them, exist not, alas! at present, in our green island: extinct, though not forgotten, is their race, like that of our noble moose-deer, our formidable wolf, and our as formidable wolf-dog. Degenerate emulators of them, indeed, we still boast; individuals who dip into futurity by the aid of card-cutting or cup-tossing, or who find out stolen property, or vend charms against the peevish malice of the little sprites of the moonbeam; but, compared with their renowned predecessors, these timid assertors of supernatural endowment may be said to disgrace their calling; and, moreover, even they are fast sinking in repute, as well as diminishing in numbers.

But we would attempt to preserve, in the following pages, some fit idea of the importance of a true Irish witch of the good olden time. We are aware, that the chief event which must wind up our story—the sudden appearance, namely, of a lost heir—(we have the courage to speak it out, so soon) is a threadbare one; it can't be helped, however; and it, at least, is fact, to our own knowledge; although we are not quite as fully accountable for the respectable traditions that surround it with such pleasing wonders as we are about to relate, and which form the real interest of our narration.

On the western coast of Ireland is a certain dangerous bay ; into it the broad Atlantic rolls his vast waters. Two leagues inland from its mouth high black cliffs frown over it, at both sides, of which the bases are hollowed into caverns ; and when the winds blow angrily—and any wind can effectually visit the open and exposed estuary—tremendous and terrific is the roar, the dash, and the foam, which deafen the ears, and distract the eyes of a spectator. That hapless vessel which, in a storm, cannot avoid an entrance into this merciless turmoil of mad waters, has sealed its doom.

Formerly, a great number of ships, from different countries, used to be dashed to splinters against the iron-bound coast ; and a few people conjecture, that the diminution of such terrible accidents, in the present day, is partially owing to some improvement in seamanship, or else to the timely warning now given to distant mariners, by lights erected at the mouth of the bay. But other persons, and by far the greater number in the neighbourhood, think that the comparative paucity of wrecks may more naturally and satisfactorily be accounted for in another way. In fact, there does not now reside, as formerly there did, in an almost unapproachable cavern, high up on the face of one of the black cliffs, “ a real witch, of the right sort.”

Not that her witchship always dwelt in her cave ; no, her visits to it were but occasional. Nor did it ever become necessary for her to proclaim her presence on the coast, by exhibiting her person ; the results of her close neighbourhood sufficiently “ prated of her whereabouts.” Farmers’ wives toiled in vain at their churns ; and when no butter would come, self-evident it was that the witch was at that moment in her cavern, seated on her heels before a vessel of plain water, from which, by drawing a dead man’s hand through it, she appropriated the produce of other people’s honest labour. Cows suddenly went back in their milk ; and then it was known, that, by passing a wheaten straw between her finger and thumb, the witch amply filled her can, while the owner of the beautiful animal uselessly tugged at its udder. Cattle swelled, and died, too ; and, once again, every one knew who was in the cave under the cliff ; and if none of those events, or similar ones, proved her disagreeable proximity, the direful storms and the frightful wrecks in the bay abundantly warranted it. Often, amid the bellowing of the tempest she had raised, swelled her shrieking voice ; and while the despairing creatures in the doomed vessel topped each short, high, foam-maned billow, which nearer and nearer dashed them on to their dread fate, the terrified watchers on the cliff’s brow have heard her devilish laugh, until at last it broke into frenzied loudness, as the ship burst, like a glass bubble, against the sharp rocks under her dwelling-hole.

No one could tell whence she came or whither she went, when, for a time, no longer visible on the coast. Occasionally she was observed in conference with certain notorious smugglers ; and the men appeared, it was well known, to petition and bribe her for a fair wind with which to enter the bay, and for a foul one to keep their pursuers out of it. And this was fully proved by the fact, that invariably their light lugger got in, and was safely moored in some little creek, against danger of coming storm ; while, the moment the revenue-cutter appeared in the offing, out burst the wildest winds, from the witch’s cavern, and up swelled the sea and the bay, in mountain billows ; and his Majesty’s vessel was sure to be wrecked during the night.

Like all of her sisterhood of that famous period, she could change herself, at pleasure, into various shapes. We give a serious proof of her talent in this respect.

A few miles from the coast which she so despotically ruled, resided a considerable landed proprietor. A great hunter of hares and foxes was he. His wife had just blessed him with an heir to his estate, and the boy was their only child. Of this event, the good squire was not a little proud; for, in case of his not leaving male issue, his property was to pass away to a distant, obscure, and neglected relation, a bone in whose skin its immediate possessor neither loved nor liked; for the heir-presumptive was mean in his habits and associations, uneducated and graceless; and it would be a sad thing to know that the fine old family acres were to go into such hands.

Shortly after his wife's confinement, and while she and her baby were "doing well," the squire, to dissipate the recent anxiety he had suffered, sallied forth for a hunting. His pack of harriers were his attendants, on this occasion, for the hare was the object of the day's sport.

And, surely, never had such a hare been followed by dogs, or "sohoed" by mortal lips, as the hare he and his friends and pack started, and hunted, upon that memorable day. From breakfast to dinner time, a sweeping and erratic chase did she lead them all; the dogs at full stretch, and the horses at top speed. Various accidents happened to the sportsmen; one maimed his steed; another fractured his collar-bone; some swampt in bogs; and none, except our good squire and his huntsman, escaped without injury or disaster. But, from starting to pulling up, they gallantly kept at the dogs' tails.

After "an unprecedented run," the hare suddenly scudded towards the cliffs of the bay, immediately over the witch's cavern. The good harriers pursued; and the eager squire did not stay behind them; his huntsman closely following. The hare gained the verge of the cliff. Sheela, the prime bitch of the pack, just had time to close her, make a chop at her, and take a mouthful of flesh from her haunch, before she leaped down the face of almost a precipice. Dogs and horsemen were at a pause; none dared follow her.

In some time, nearly all the other discomfited members of the hunt came up, soiled, wounded, or jaded. They heard of the termination of the chase; and all wondered at the extraordinary freaks of the little animal, which had so distressed and baffled the best harriers and the best hunters in the country, taking men and horses together.

"By —!" suddenly exclaimed the huntsman, a young fellow of known hardihood of character, swearing a great oath, "I'll tell yez how it is; ye are afther huntin' the witch o' the cave sthraight undher us! It is'n't the first time that cratures like her have made a laugh, in this way, of nearly as good men as we all are, standin' here together."

Most of his auditors ridiculed the speaker; one or two, however, looked grave: perhaps in patronage of his assertions; perhaps because the pains and aches resulting from their many falls, during the day, lengthened their faces, darkened their brows, and puckered their lips. The huntsman offered, if any one would accompany him on the dangerous enterprize, to scale down the cliff, penetrate the witch's cavern, and prove his saying. One did volunteer to be his companion: an humble friend, of his own, forming an individual of the crowd of gaping peasants assembled round the gentlemen hunters.

The adventurers succeeded in reaching and entering the awful cave.

Upon their return, over the line of the cliff, they reported that they had found the witch at home, stretched, panting and exhausted, upon some straw, in a dark corner of the cave; that they had dragged her, much against her will (and indeed her screams certainly had reached the squire and his friends above) to the light, at its opening; had, with main force, examined her person; and, sure enough, had found a deficiency of flesh in her haunch, with plainly the marks of Sheela's teeth in and about the wound, from which the blood freshly streamed. To be sure the better-informed of the hearers of this story, or at least a majority of them, still laughed at it; but whatever they might think, those to whom the talents and capabilities of witches were better known, firmly believed that the Squire and his companions had hunted all that day, a hare, which was no hare after all; and that the courageous little Sheela had tasted flesh of a forbidden kind.

And happy had it been for the squire and his pet bitch had they proved less eager after their sport. Poor Sheela died in great agonies upon the very night of that day, and her master was doomed to a speedy punishment for his own audacity.

Nothing daunted at the idea of whom he had been hunting, he took the field again a few days after; and now no question could be raised as to the nature of the game he a second time started and pursued. Puss did not, indeed, immediately make for the sea; but this was only a ruse to effect her own malignant purposes. She wanted to get her enemy alone at the edge of the cliff. And for this purpose, her speed and her manners quite outdid those of a former day: so much so, that, in a few hours, even the dare-neck and dare-devil huntsman was thrown out, and returned with a lamed horse and a sprained ankle to the gentleman who had suffered before him, leaving the squire alone close upon the dogs.

For a considerable time he and his master's friends awaited the re-appearance of the persevering Nimrod. Finally, they repaired to the cliff, which the huntsman had left him speedily approaching. There they found his horse without a rider; but himself they never again beheld. The unbelievers in witchcraft immediately surmised that his high-blooded hunter had borne him against his will to the edge of the cliff; had there suddenly started back; and that by the quick and violent action, the unhappy gentleman had been thrown forward out of his saddle, and precipitated from rock to rock hundreds of feet downward. A few who were able for the effort, cautiously descended towards the sea. On their way they discovered their friend's hunting-cap on the sharp pinnacle of a rock; its iron headpiece was stove in; and it became evident that, after having been loosed from its wearer, by the force of the concussion which had fractured it, the squire's body had tumbled still farther downward. They reached the sea's level. His remains were not visible; they must have fallen into the sea, and been floated away by its tide. The witch of the cavern disappeared with her victim,—her victims, we should say: for her vengeance on the squire was not limited to his own destruction. At the story of his shocking death, hastily and injudiciously communicated, his wife, yet enfeebled by her recent confinement, sickened, and in a few days died; nay, nearly within the hour of her departure from this world, her only child, the heir to her husband's estate, disappeared; no one could tell whither or by what means. Strange enough to say, however, part of the baby's dress was found on the identical pinnacle of rock where his father's hunting-cap had been met with; and, in the minds of the educated and wealthy of the neighbourhood, this

circumstance started doubts of fair-dealing towards father and child. Suspicion, however, could fasten itself upon no object ; and inquiry and investigation did not lead to any solution of the mystery. It need not be added, that by far the greater number of the population of the district smiled at the useless efforts to establish a case of human, that is, ordinarily human agency : or that they went on tranquilly believing that the squire and his family, not forgetting his bitch, had been punished for the mouthful snatched by young Sheela from the haunch of a certain person.

Twenty years after the time of the tragedy we have detailed, our story is resumed. The once indigent and despised relation, of whom mention has before been made, sits at his breakfast-table in the old family house. He is in his forty-fifth year. Like other gentlemen of his day, he carries in his hair the contents of a large pomatum-pot ; four tiers of curls rise over his ears ; on the top of his head is a huge *toupée*, and a great *queue* lolls, like an ox's tongue, between his broad shoulders. On his loose, wide-sleeved, long-skirted, frock-like coat, is a profusion of gold embroidery : a lace cravat coils round his throat ; ruffles flaunt over his knuckles ; his gaudy waistcoat reaches only to his knees ; and satin is his breeches, and silk his hose, and ponderous square silver buckles are in his shoes. So much for the outside of the jocular Squire Hogan. As to his interior pretensions, and, indeed, some of his external ones, too, the least said is the soonest mended. He had never been able to raise himself above much of the homely acquisitions of his youth ; but though we cannot present to the reader, in his person, a model of the true Irish gentleman of his day, we do introduce him in the character of—(to repeat what every one said of him)—“ as worthy a soul as ever broke the world's bread.”

Squire Hogan, upon the morning when we meet him, paid earnest attention to his breakfast. Powdered beef often filled his plate, and as often rapidly disappeared. And yet something seemed to gratify his mental palate as well as his corporeal one. A gluish, self-contented smile played over his round, ruddy face ; his small blue eyes glittered ; and, to the accompaniment of a short, liquorish laugh, occasionally were drawn up at the corners, as he glanced at his daughter, a good-natured, good-tempered, sensible, and (of course) beautiful girl of nineteen, who sat opposite to him, sipping her coffee and picking her muffins. And, whenever their eyes met, well did Catherine know that the chuckling of her papa had reference to some little triumph which, as he believed, he had cleverly and cunningly achieved over herself. At length the good Squire relaxed in his meal ; emptied the silver tankard of October which lay at his hand ; leaned back in his chair, and laughingly said—

“ By Jove, Kate, my girl, I kicked you there !”

“ Indeed, papa, you played me a roguish turn,” assented Kate, convinced, from experience, that it was very pleasant to her parent to have the talent of his practical jokes fully admitted.

“ Where did I tell you we were driving to, out of Dublin town, eh ?”

“ You told me, sir, with as serious a face as you could make, that we were only going to visit a friend a few miles out of Dublin.”

“ Ho, ho ! Good, by Cork ! Choice ! a capital hoax, as I'm a living sinner ! and I told you this confounded lie, with such a serious face, you say ?”

"With such a mock-serious face, I meant to say, papa."

"Right, Kate; you are right, beyond yea and nay: a mock-serious face; yes, and there lay the best of it, if I had not been able to keep myself from laughing you might have suspected something; but I was able, as you yourself saw, and as you now don't deny; though, by Jove, Kate, it was enough to make a dead man shout out, seeing you sitting opposite to me, and believing every word I told you!"

"You kept up the farce cleverly, I must, and do admit it, sir."

"Didn't I, Kate, didn't I? And here we are, this morning, eighty miles from Dublin, in our own house, and taxing no man's hospitality. But, devil's in it! there's no fun in playing a good trick on you, Kate."

"Why so, dear papa? am I not as easily blinded as your heart could wish?"

"To be sure you are! What else could you be? I never met man, woman, nor child, that I could not puzzle. That's not the thing at all. No; but succeed as I may with you, 'tis impossible to make you a little cross. Why, if I had a lass of spirit to deal with, there would be no end to her tears and her pouts, and her petitions, the moment she found that I was whisking her away from her balls, and her drums, and her beaux, and all the other dear delights of Dublin."

"And I hope that my merry papa does not really wish to have me peevish and short-tempered, even for a greater provocation?"

"Kiss me, Kate, I believe not; and yet I don't know either, by Cork! There would be fun in tormenting you a bit, in a harmless way. But, Kate, can you give a guess why I ran away with you in such a devil of a hurry?"

"Let me see, papa. I remember you telling me of some original matches you had on hands before we set out for Dublin. Perhaps you have engaged the two cripples to run a race on their crutches?"

"No; that's put off—ho, ho!"

"Or the two old women to hop against time, carrying weight for age?"

"Ho, ho! wrong again!"

"Probably you have succeeded in making the two schoolmasters promise to fight out their battle of the squares and angles with their respective birches; their scholars standing by to show fair play?"

"Ho, ho, ho! Though that's a matter not to be let slip out of reach, neither."

"Then all my guesses are out, papa."

"I'll help you, then. Tell me, you little baggage, what is it on earth you most wish for?"

"Indeed, my dear papa, I have no particular wish to gratify, at the present moment."

"Get out! get out, for a young hypocrite! Kate, wouldn't something like a husband be agreeable to you?"

The girl blushed the colour of a certain young gentleman's coat, and drooped her head. Of that certain young gentleman, however, her worthy father knew nothing; at least, in connexion with the present topic.

"Oh, ho! I thought I saw how the land lay."

"Indeed, my dear papa——"

"Say nothing more about it. Leave it all to me, lass. I'll get him for you. None of your half-dead-and-alive fellows, that you could knock down with a tap of your fan; no, he shall be an able, rattling, rollock-

ing chap, able to take your part by land or sea. Did your mother never tell you how I came by her, my girl?"

Kate, dispirited by her father's coarse humour, as well as by other things, answered in the negative.

"I'll tell you, then, as truly as if she were alive to hear me. Though as poor as a church mouse at that time, I was a hearty young shaver;\* ay, as hearty, though not so matured as I am this day; now that I am squire of the town-land, and a justice of the peace, to boot. By the way, I wish they'd make the parish clerk a justice of the peace in my stead; for I hate to be trying to look as grave as a mustard-pot, and as solemn as a wig-block. Well, I was at a Christmas raffle, Kate, and your mother's father was there too; as comical an old boy as you'd wish to know! I had a great regard for him, by Cork! and so, away he and I raffled, and he lost to me every throw, until at last I didn't leave him a stiver. 'All I've won from you, and my watch to boot, against your daughter Nelly!' cries I of a sudden. 'Done!' cries he; and we threw again; and he lost, and I won again: and that's the way I got your mother, Kate! And now, do you guess any thing else I'm going to say about yourself, Kate?"

"Oh, papa, I hope"——

"I know you do hope. Yes, Kate, I am going to provide for you in something like the same way"——

"Now, good heavens, papa!"——

"Don't speak a word more till you hear me out. At the last club dinner in Dublin, Ned O'Brien calls me aside with a face as long as my own when I'm on the bench; and after a long-winded beginning, he prays my interest with you, Kate. 'To be sure man,' says I, 'you must have it.' Then, up sneaks George Dempsey, and his business was the same. 'By Cork, I'll court her, in style, for you, my boy,' was my word to George. And then, Mick Driscoll takes a turn at me, and begs of me, for the Lord's sake, to listen to him; and I was obliged to listen to him, all about his title-deeds and his pedigree; and he, too, craved my countenance with the prettiest girl, and (what he *didn't* call you) the richest heiress in the province; and, 'By Jove! I'll do my best for you, Mick,' says I; and Mick nearly pulled the arm out o' my body, shaking my hand; but I'm not done yet. Harry Walshe made his way to me; and the boy to my fancy is Harry Walshe, Kate. 'I'm up to the saddle-skirts in love with your beautiful Kate,' says Harry. 'Pull away, my hearty fellow,' answers I; 'never fear, but I'll poll for your election.'"

"My dear, papa"——

"Let me make an end, as I told you, Kate. Well, after dinner, and the bottle going merrily round, and every one of us right jovial, I rehearsed, for the benefit of the whole company, all the promises I had made, and a high joke it was; and then, 'Here's what I'll do amongst you all, my good boys,' says I; 'Let every one of Kate's wooers be on the turf the first morning of the next hunting-season, each mounted in his best style; let there be no pull-in from the cover to the death; no baulking or shying, but smooth smack over every thing that offers; and the lad that mounts the brush may come a-courting to my daughter, Kate.' Well, my girl, you'd think they had all lost their wits at this proposal; such joy amongst them, such shouting; many a bottle the

\* i. e. One who begins to use a razor.

rivals emptied, each to his own success ; and in ten days from this blessed morning, the match comes off, my girl ; and whoever wins, Kate will have a wooer worth throwing a cap at."

Kate remained silent ; tears of mortification and disgust, unseen by her father, streaming from her eyes.

" But the cream of the jest I have not told you, Kate. Rattler is in training, privately, the last two months—no one the wiser ; and, harkee, Kate ! by Cork's own town, I intend to start for you, myself ! and the brush I'll wear in my own cap ; and then, if I hav'n't my laugh, right out, why, in that case, 'tis the devil that made little apples !"

And before the sensitive, and high-minded, and spirited girl could reply, away went her father to superintend Rattler, greatly chuckling over his scheme ; and poor Catherine sat alone to blush and weep at the thought of being made, by her own father, the object of a vulgar and foolish contention.

Other sad thoughts mingled with her reveries. The unestimated military hero, to whom, while in Dublin, she had all but plighted her troth, had promised, in answer to a letter she dispatched to him from the first post where she had halted with her father, on their flight from town, to make his appearance in the country, and try his fortune with the squire ; but days had now rolled over, and he came not ; neither did he send a line to account for his absence. This was sad mortification to the pure ardency of a first love, in the breast of such a girl as Catherine ; particularly when she recollected the most disagreeable predicament in which her father's unthinking folly and indelicacy had placed her.

The morning of the hunt drew near, and still her lover was absent and silent. The match had become the talk of the whole country. With great difficulty and perseverance, Catherine succeeded in bringing her father's mind to contemplate her position, in something of a vein of seriousness. He could not, indeed, " for the life of him," surmise why she seemed so earnest and afflicted. But he did see and comprehend that she was really unhappy ; and the best that he could think of, to cheer her, he said and swore. He would break his neck with pleasure, and to a dead certainty, rather than not bring home the brush, and fling it into her lap. And when Kate's fears, at this solemn declaration, took, naturally, another turn, the honest Squire was again at a loss to account for her tears, her clinging, though gentle embraces, and " her tantrums." He bawled right out, in utter mystification, at her entreaties that, come what might, he would not join the hunt ; and, in fact, upon the appointed morning, away he rode towards the fox-cover, mounted on his crack hunter, Morgan Rattler, as full of buoyancy, and vigour, and solicitude, as the youngest of the competitors he expected to meet.

Great shouts rent the skies, as, one by one, the candidates for the gentle Catherine arrived at the appointed ground. Their horses, as well as themselves, were examined by curious and critical eyes, and heavy bets were laid upon the issue of the day's chase. The Squire, without communicating to any of his rivals his intention to hunt for his daughter himself, had contrived that his own fox-hounds should be in requisition ; because he well knew that Morgan Rattler would do surpassing wonders on their tails.

The ruler of the hounds was the same who had held that situation under the former owner of Squire Hogan's estate. In his youth, twenty years previously, we have noticed him as a daring fellow ; we should



have added that he used to be as remarkable for his boisterous good spirits as for his reckless intrepidity. Now, however, at five-and-forty, mirth, and even outward dash of every kind, had disappeared from his character. His face was forbidding; his words were few; he never laughed, he never smiled; and, altogether, people regarded him as a dogged and disagreeable man. But enough of our huntsman for the present.

The day promised to be most favourable for the remarkable chase it was to witness.

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky  
Proclaimed a hunting morning."

The ground was in prime order; the horses were full of vigour and spirit, after their long training; and, except the huntsman's, (and he comes in again sooner than we foresaw,) every face beamed with joyous animation. In fact, upon this day, he was making himself particularly offensive; quarrelling unnecessarily with his hounds; sulkily refusing to take any advice or opinions (commands were out of the question) concerning his treatment of them; and giving short answers, and looking "as black as thunder."

"What is the matter with you, Daniel?" questioned the Squire.

"I have no fancy for the work to-day," answered the huntsman.

"Why so, man? what is all this about?"

"It was this day twenty years that my ould masther followed the witch down the rocks into the sey; and I was dreaming last night that he and I were hunting here, again, together, and that he drew me down the same lip afore him."

"Hutt, tut, you fool! there's no witch to hunt now, you know."

"I know no such thing. You hav'n't heard that she is in her cave again?"

"Pho, no; and 'tis impossible."

"It is not impossible: 'tis thrue. Let little Tony take my place to-day; for I tell you twice once, I don't like the work."

"Bother, Daniel. This day, of all days, I can't and I wont spare you. Draw on the dogs; come, stir! see to your business."

With mutterings and growlings, Daniel proceeded to obey. He cast the dogs into the cover. For some time they drew through it in silence. Presently some yelpings were heard; then the leader of the pack sent forth his most melodious note; dogs and men took it up; the fox broke cover; away after him stretched the eager hounds, and, close upon them, the no less eager huntsmen.

The Squire stood still a moment, willing to let the foremost and most headlong candidates for his daughter's favour blow their horses a little before he would himself push forward. While thus manœuvring, "Whom have we here?" he asked of the person nearest to him. His inquiry was directed to a strange huntsman who had just then appeared on the ground, no one could tell whence.

"By the good day!" exclaimed the person addressed, "that's Jack Hogan who fell over the cliff, this day twenty years!"

"Nonsense; nonsense," said the Squire. The stranger turned round his head, as if he could have heard these words, though he was at a good distance.

"'Tis he, man! just as he looked the last day he hunted! his very dress! see how different from ours; and his black horse. I'd know horse and rider among a million! By all that's good, it is himself!"

The horses of the Squire and of his neighbour, a man of fifty, who thus spoke, would brook no further delay ; and their riders were compelled to loosen their reins, and allow them to spring onward.

Daniel, the black-browed huntsman, was at this moment immediately next the hounds. Two or three of the rivals for fair Catharine's love rode within a little distance of him. The new-comer loitered behind the last of the candidates : of course, the Squire and his friend now pressed him hard. Suddenly his coal-black horse, seemingly without an effort, and certainly independently of one from his master, cleared the ground between him and Daniel. The huntsman turned in his saddle, fixed an appalled look on his follower, uttered a wild cry, and desperately dashed his spurs into the sides of his steed. The stranger, still seemingly unexcited, as also appeared his horse, stuck so close to Daniel's crupper, that he could have put his hand upon it.

All swore that the fox outstripped the wind in swiftness. The hounds did their very best, and more than they had ever done before, to keep near to him. Each huntsman, including even our honest Squire, spared not whip and spur to rival them ; but the huntsman first, and the stranger at his horse's tail, were the only persons who succeeded in the achievement.

Vain was the endeavour to come up with those two. And every now and then, black Daniel would glare behind him into the face of his pursuer, and with a new shout of horror, re-urge his hunter to greater speed ; and still, and still, although the stranger sat tranquilly in his saddle, Daniel could not gain a stirrup's length a-head of him. Over hill and valley, over ditch and hedge, over bog and stream, they swept, or plunged, or leaped, or scrambled, or swam, close upon the dogs, as if life were of no value ; or as if they were carried, eddied forward, with supernatural speed, and in superhuman daring. Onward, onward they swept, scarce seeming to touch the earth, until at length only three other horsemen were able to keep them even in distant view. And, soon after, those three became two ; and, again, but one followed remotely in their track ; and this one was our excellent friend Squire Hogan.

The sea-cliffs came in view ! and straight towards them did the mad chase now turn. In amazement, if not in terror, the Squire pulled up his horse on a rising ground, and stood still to note its further progress. He saw the panting fox make for the dangerous place over the cliff's brow. For an instant he saw him on its very line. The next, he disappeared towards the sea. At his brush came the hounds, and down they plunged also. The rival horseman followed, and they, too, were, in a second, lost to view. A woman suddenly started up over the perilous pass, gazed below, and then sprang, as if into the air.

The mysterious fate of his predecessor fully occurred to our Squire ; and he sensibly vowed to himself that, " By Cork ! the faggot of a witch should never tempt him to leave the world by the same road." He also brought to mind his huntsman's words that morning ; and a struggle arose between his reason and his superstitious propensities, as to whether or no the man's dream had been verified.

While thus mentally engaged, one of the baffled aspirants for Catharine's hand came up, himself and his horse soiled and jaded. Another and another followed, until almost all the members of the day's hunt surrounded Squire Hogan. He recited to them what he had witnessed. Greatly excited, some of them dismounted, and, under the care of an experienced guide, descended the cliff.

They found that the bewitched hounds, and their bewitched followers, need not, as the Squire had supposed, have jumped direct from the land into the sea; inasmuch as they might have turned, obliquely, into a narrow, rocky ravine. Down this pass, however, it seemed impossible that horses of mortal mould could have found a footing. The explorers themselves were obliged to follow their guide very cautiously; as well to avoid tumbling downward, as to save their heads from the loose stones and fragments of rocks, which almost every step displaced and set in motion.

After having proceeded a little way, they caught, far below them, a glimpse of the dogs, whose cry came up to them, mingled with the roar and chafe of the waters of the sea. Shortly after, they saw the huntsman, still closely pressed by the stranger. The next moment, dogs, horses, and riders were lost to view, behind a curve of the tortuous and stony course of the ravine, all hurrying onward and downward, with whirlwind speed, as if to bury themselves in the waves of the ocean.

Our adventurers, persevering in their descent, suddenly turned a projecting rock, and came in view of a strip of strand, running, promontory-like, into the sea: this they soon gained. Daniel, the huntsman, lay on his back upon it; his horse not be seen. His dogs were squatted around him, each holding a fragment of bone between his teeth. The stranger sat still in his saddle, as if intensely observing the prostrate man. The woman who had appeared to Squire Hogan on the cliff's brow stood on a rock amid the shallow breakers which rippled over the edges of the neck of strand.

As the explorers approached this group, the unknown horseman glanced towards them, took off his cap, waved it, and said, "Let no man claim Catherine Hogan's hand till I come to woo it. I have hunted for her; won her; and she is mine."

Those of Catherine's lovers who heard this speech were not chicken-hearted fellows. They resolved to ascertain who was the dictatorial speaker. Their friend, Squire Hogan, appeared in view, having nearly completed, at his cautious leisure, the descent to the sea's level, after them; and they first approached him, momentarily turning their backs on the object of their interest, for the purpose of consulting him, and enlisting him in a common plan of operations. After some discourse with the good Squire, and when he and they would have confronted the unknown horseman, no human form but that of sulky Daniel was visible on the patch of strand; and there he lay, stretched at his length, and still apparently insensible.

To him their attention became directed. They found him covered with blood, and seemingly a corpse. His dogs continued to couch around him, holding bones between their grinning teeth; and they snarled fiercely when the new comers approached them.

"By the blessed light!" exclaimed the Squire, "this is part of a man's skull that Ranger has his teeth through!"

"It is," answered Harry Walshe; "and not one of the dogs but holds a human bone between his jaws!"

The prostrate huntsman opened his eyes, and glared fearfully around him.

"What has happened to you, Daniel?" questioned the Squire.

Daniel's head turned in the direction of the voice, and he seemed to recognise the speaker.

"Is he gone?" he asked faintly.

"Is who gone? for whom do you inquire?"

"The mather's sperit—the sperit of the murthered man—the man that I myrthered and buried in this sand, twenty years ago!"

Amid exclamations of surprise and horror from all who heard him, the huntsman gained, for a moment, more perfect power of observation. He looked from one to another of the group around him; then most ghastlily at the dogs; and then, closing his eyes, and shuddering, continued to speak in snatches.

"Ay, and it was a cruel murther. I have never slept a night's sleep since I did it. And every dog of the pack brought me one of his bones to-day. I will hide it no longer. I will own it to the world, and suffer for it. His sperit drove me before him to the spot where I had buried his broken body, afther I tumbled him over the cliff—yes, buried it, as deep as I could dig. Twenty years passed away, and he came to chase me to his unblest grave; and at the sight of it, my horse tossed me out of my saddle, and my own accursed bones are broken this day, and so I have half my punishment. Did I see the witch near me, here, a while ago? I did; an' the wathers o' the sey gave her up, alive, to be a witness against me. For, when I was burying him, this day twenty years, I spied her watching me; and I ran afther her, and saized her, and pitched her far into the waves; but now she is come to hang me. Let her. I will tell all—all—of my own accord; I will; and swing high for the deed."

He was conveyed to the Squire's house; and in his presence, and that of other magistrates, made a more ample confession. He had been tempted to commit the murder under the following circumstances:

The mother of his old master received under her protection a friendless and penniless orphan girl of low birth. The young huntsman loved her to distraction; and his labours were seemingly returned, until the Squire, then a minor, became his successful rival, seducing, under a promise of marriage at his mother's death, his fickle mistress. Rage, hatred, loathing, took possession of Daniel's heart; he could have beaten out the brains of his young master with the loaded end of his hunting whip; and his amiable feelings were not added to, when, upon a day that he was expostulating, alone, with the estranged object of his affections, the Squire suddenly rushed upon him, snatched that identical whip from his hands, and energetically laid it across his own shoulders.

The Squire's mother died. The Squire cast off his mistress, and married a wealthy wife. It was now the turn of the depraved, bad-hearted, and forsaken girl, to look for her revenge. Upon certain conditions, she offered herself, "soul and body," and without the trouble of a marriage, to her old lover. Daniel's eager passion for her, and his deep detestation of her undoer, had scarce abated. He felt sorely tempted, but hesitated. The girl threw herself in his way, from time to time; re-fired him; and in almost a year subsequent to the first attempt to make him a murderer, he *was* one, nay, a double one; for, a few days after he had dragged his master off his horse, and hurled him down the cliff, he placed in his tempter's arms, on the understanding that she was to destroy it, the only child of his victim. But, even in the disappointment of his feverish dream of passion, he had a foretaste of the punishment due to his crime. From the moment he committed to her the helpless infant she so much detested, he had never seen the authoress of his ruin; and his belief was, that, after having murdered "the child of days," she had put an end to her own existence.

A few hours following his confession, the huntsman died.

Whether or no the gentle Catherine shared the popular belief that she had been hunted for, and won by, and was doomed to become a spectre's bride, is not clearly ascertainable. True it is, that her cheek faded, that her eye grew dull, and that the smile of contented pleasure forsook her moistly-red lip, now no longer red nor moist. But these changes may as well be accounted for on less supernatural grounds. Her military adorer still continued absent and silent; he who had so often vowed himself away into wordless sighs, nay, tears, under the big effort to define how much he loved her, and whose only hesitation to declare himself to her father, had always assumed the shape of a fear of being regarded as a speculating fortune-hunter; when, at a glance, it could be ascertained that he was almost an unfriended adventurer, courting the hand of a wealthy heiress.

As to good Squire Hogan, he contrived, or, perhaps, rather tried to laugh at the whole thing; vaguely calling it a very good hoax; "a choice one, by Jove!" just to save himself the trouble of trying to unravel it; or else to hide his half-felt ignorance on the subject. Meantime he got some cause to laugh a little less than usual. Ejectments were served upon his estate, in the name of the lost son of the man whom he had succeeded in it. And Squire Hogan only strove to laugh the more; and to affect that he considered the claim as an uncommonly good attempt at "a capital hoax!" practised upon him by some unknown persons whom, on some past occasion, he must have outwitted "gloriously;" but it was a poor attempt at mirth, and he saw that Catherine, as well as himself, felt that it was.

In fact, he spent many hours alone, mourning for his beloved child, and taxing his brains to shield her from probable and verging misfortune. And a brilliant thought came into his head.

Would it not be a happy, as well as an exceedingly clever thing, to dispose of Catherine, before the trial at law, grounded upon the ejectments, should commence, and while the matter was little suspected, to one or other of her ardent admirers at the club-dinner in Dublin; to, in fact, Ned O'Brien, or George Dempsey, or Mick Driscoll; or, above all, to Harry Walshe? And the wise father made the attempt, duly, four times in succession; and learned, thereby, that the serving of the ejectments was more generally known than he had imagined.

Still he tried to laugh, however; until one morning, when his boisterousness ended in sudden tears, as he cast his head on Catherine's shoulder, and said:—"Oh, Kate, Kate! what is to become of you?—I think I can bear poverty,—but you!"

"My dear father do not be cast down," answered Catherine; "I can earn money, in many ways, for us both, if good people will give me employment."

"And you are going a-working to support your father, Kate?" He left the room sobbing. His tears affected Catherine to the quick. Other sad and bitter recollections swelled her sorrow into a flood. She could now account for the persevering neglect of her lover, and her tenderly beloved, upon no other grounds than those of her approaching poverty. Oh, that was a heart-cutting thought!

The day upon which the poor Squire must necessarily start from the country to attend the trial in Dublin, arrived; and he commenced his journey with another magnificent conception in his head; to eke out which, he carried in his pocket, without her knowledge, a miniature of

his daughter Catherine. And with this miniature, and a note, expressive of his willingness to compromise the matter by a marriage, he called on the new claimant for his squireship, the evening of his arrival in the metropolis. But, having retired to his own town-house long before he could have thought it possible that his note had received a leisurely reading, he received back the miniature with a technical epistle from his rival's attorney, stating that no compromise could be entered into; that the heir-at-law was determined to accept nothing which the law should not decide to be his right; and, adding, that any attempts to see the young gentleman must prove unavailing; while they would be felt to be intrusive; inasmuch as, in cautious provision against a failure in his attempt to establish his claim, he had invariably concealed his person, even from his legal advisers.

This was the first really serious blow our Squire had received. Hitherto he had courageously depended on his own innate cleverness to outwit the coming storm; now, within a few hours of the trial which was to determine his fate, he acknowledged himself without a resource or an expedient, beyond patience to attend to the grave proceeding, sit it out, and endeavour to comprehend it.

To beguile the remainder of his sad evening, after receiving the attorney's communication, he repaired to his club-room. He found himself cut there. Issuing, in no pleasant mood, into the streets, he encountered, by lamp-light, an individual in a red coat whom he had hitherto considered rather as a deferential hanger-on than as an acquaintance to boast of. Now, at least, by unbending himself, he need not fear a repulse; so, he warmly stretched out both his hands, received a very distant bow of recognition, and was left alone under a lamp-post.

"By Cork!" said the Squire, with a bitter laugh, "the puppy officer thinks I am turned upside-down in the world already!"

The cause came on. Our good friend's eyes were rivetted on every person who uttered a word, upon one side or the other. The usual jollity of his countenance changed into the most painful expression of anxiety; and when any thing witty was said by one of his Majesty's counsel, learned in the law, at which others laughed, his effort to second them was miserable to behold. And although it was a bitter cold day, the Squire constantly wiped the perspiration from his forehead and face; chewing, between whiles, a scrap of a quill which he had almost unconsciously picked off his seat.

The depositions, on his death-bed, of Daniel the huntsman, were tendered against him. They established the fact of the wretched self-accuser having kidnapped the heir of his then master, and handed the infant to his partner in crime. And the first living witness who appeared on the table, was that witch, supposed to have been long dead, even by Daniel himself. She swore that she had intended to destroy the babe; that, however, having got it into her arms, she relented of her purpose, and gave it, with a bribe, to a strange woman, in a distant district, to expose for her on the high road. Next came the woman alluded to, and she proved that she had followed the directions of her employer, and afterwards watched, unseen, until an elderly lady of her neighbourhood, passing by with a servant, picked up the little unfortunate. And, lastly, the aforesaid elderly lady, who, by the way, had endured some little scandal, at the time, for her want of Christian charity, corroborated this person's testimony; and further deposed that she had carefully brought up, on limited means, until the day she procured him a com-

mission in his Majesty's service, the plaintiff in the case at issue. Not a tittle of evidence, in contradiction to that stated, was offered by the defendant; and the only link of the chain of proof submitted by the heir-at-law, which the Squire's counsel energetically sought to cut through, was that created by the first witness. On her cross-examination, it was ingeniously attempted to be impressed on the minds of the jury, that no reliance could be placed upon the oath of a depraved creature like her; that she had really made away with the infant, according to her original intention; and that the one she had offered for exposure, must have been her own, the result of her acquaintance with the son of her benevolent and ill-requited protectress. But, without pausing upon details, we shall only say, that during the trial, sound confirmatory evidence of the truth of the miserable woman's assertion was supplied; and that, in fact, without hesitation, the jury found for the plaintiff.

Squire Hogan's look of consternation, when he heard the verdict, was pitiable. For a moment he bent down his head and wiped his forehead with his moist handkerchief. Then, with a wretched leer distorting his haggard countenance, he started up, and, muttering indistinctly, bowed low to the judge, the jury, the bar, the public, all; as if he would humbly acknowledge the superiority of every human being. After this, forgetting his hat, he was hurrying away; some one placed it in his hand; he bowed lowly, and smiled again; and, finally, forgetting the necessity to remain uncovered, he pressed it hard over his eyes and left the court; carrying with him the sincere, and, in some instances, the tearful sympathy of the spectators.

As fast as horses could gallop with him, he left Dublin, a few moments following.

"By Cork, Kate"—he began, laughing, as his daughter, upon his arrival at the house which used to be his home, hurried to meet him: but he could not carry on the farce; his throat was full and choking; and suddenly throwing himself upon his child's neck, he sobbed aloud.

She understood him, but said nothing; she only kissed his cheeks and pressed his hands, keeping down all show of her own grief and alarm.—Woman! in such a situation, *you* can do this: man cannot: it is above the paltry selfishness of his nature.

He rallied, and tried to take up his absurd jeering tone, but soon tripped in it a second time.

"Ay, Kate—by the good old Jove, I'm a poorer man than the day I raffled for your mother: and you *must* work, sure enough, to try and keep a little bread with us. If there's any thing you think I can turn my hand to, only say the word, and you'll see I'll not be idle, my poor girl."

He entered into the details of his misfortunes and mortifications. Among other things, he mentioned the slight of "the puppy officer;" and neither his wonder nor his curiosity was excited, when, now for the first time, Catherine burst into tears.

It shows much good sense to take my Lady Law at her word. Fortune is fickle, but law is fickleness: the principle itself. And so seemed to argue the successful young aspirant to the Squire's estate. While yet only expatiating on his past misfortunes, our worthy friend received a note which informed him that, in a quarter of an hour, an authorised agent would arrive to take possession of the house and lands; and father and daughter had not recovered from the shock this gave them, when

the agent was announced and entered the room where they sat. Catherine turned away her face: she could not look at him.

"Possession of everything in the house, too?" asked the trembling Squire—"Every thing, you say?"—"Every thing," answered the agent; who was no man's agent, but his own, after all. Catherine started at his voice—"Yes, every thing; even of the angel that makes this house a heaven."—He advanced to her side. She turned to him—shrieked—laughed—and lay insensible in his arms. It was the Squire's "puppy officer" in the first place; Catherine's faithful adorer, in the second place; the plaintiff in the late action, in the third place; and the triumphant hunter for his mistress's hand, in the fourth place. Surely, dear fair readers, he had a claim on her. "Yes—if he account for his neglect, since she left Dublin." Very good. That's easily done. He had vainly applied for leave of absence; and his letter advising her of the fact, as also of his intention to take the field for her, dressed in the costume of a picture of his then unknown father, (which, in the Squire's town-house, Catherine had often pronounced very like him,) that letter had miscarried.

"So your daughter is mine, good sir, on your own terms," added the four-fold hero.

"Capital, by Jove!—Capital! a glorious hoax, by Cork! capital!" laughed the ex-Squire.

"I am delighted, you think so; and I assure you, my dear sir, that I dressed myself up like the picture, merely at the time to endeavour to recommend myself to your good opinion, by the oddity of the conceit; for I knew you liked a hoax in your very heart."

"Give me your hand, my dear boy!—Like a hoax!—Ah, don't I?—and it is such a prime one! choice! capital! capital, by the beard of the good old Jove!"—and, wringing his own hands, and transported by his feelings, the worthy man left the room, to describe and praise to his very servants, what so much gladdened his soul.

"You were ignorant of your parentage upon the day of the hunt?" asked Catherine, after they had conversed some time together.

"I was. Upon the spot where the huntsman fell, I encountered the woman, returned from half a life of wandering, who exposed me in my infancy: she had been seeking me, in Dublin, to unburden her conscience, and do me a tardy justice. I was on the road for the hunt; thither she followed me rapidly, and outstripped me some days; assuming the garb of the former witch of the cave, to conceal her identity. I need scarce say, that from her I then received the information which enabled me to prosecute my claim. My beloved Catherine's sense of delicacy will readily suggest to her, why I kept out of her view, from that day, until I could prove the truth or falsehood of her story. And now, here I sit, able, thank heaven! to show to the woman of my heart, that she did not quite misplace her generous love, when she gave it to a poor and friendless ensign, and with it the prospect of wealth, and of rank in the world."

It is recorded that, from this hour, Squire Hogan never wore, except perhaps when asleep, a serious face. Having resigned "with a hearty good will," his commission of justice of the peace, there remained nothing on earth to compel him to "seem wise," as Bacon says; and he had full leisure to pursue, uninterruptedly, his practical hoaxes; which he, himself, if nobody else did it for him, called "capital! choice, by Cork's own town!"



## TAIT'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.

## COBBETT IN EDINBURGH.

PASTA and Paganini, Miss Fanny Kemble, and Mademoiselle D'Jeck, created not half the sensation which the arrival of Cobbett did among us of the Athens. The advent of these luminaries affected only the "thrones and dominions," with their few tributaries and dependencies; but Cobbett's visit was even more powerfully felt in the depths of the Cowgate, and chasms and labyrinths of the *closes*, than in the club-houses and booksellers' shops. Edinburgh was in universal commotion; and Whig, Tory, and Radical elbowed and jostled each other at the doors of the theatre, which, for the first time, looked like the grave, where all sorts of people must meet at last. The ill-judged attempts of one or two of the ministerial newspapers to stir up the popular feeling against Mr Cobbett, if it had any effect, awakened a generous feeling in behalf of the stranger, and piqued the national honour into a more scrupulous observance of politeness, and a warmer welcome than might otherwise have been given. He presented himself before an impatient house, filled from floor to ceiling, which rose to greet him in a tumultuous rapture. His appearance is highly favourable; his ease, tact, and self-possession, are unrivalled. He was neither overpowered nor taken by surprise with these demonstrations of the Modern Athenians, but received them all as matter of course, which came a little in the way of proceeding to business. Mr. Cobbett is still of stately stature, and must, in youth, have been tall. He must then in physiognomy, person, and bearing, have been a fine specimen of the true Saxon breed,—

The eyes of azure, and the locks of brown,  
And the blunt speech, that bursts without a pause,  
And free-born thoughts, which league the soldier with the laws.

As, with the "Ciceronian suavity" he had promised to assume, he presented himself before the "critical audience of Edinburgh," he looked like an old English gentleman

Of the good olden time—

a hearty Essex or Hampshire squire, of the fourth magnitude, whose woods are flourishing, and his paternal acres unmortgaged, dressed for a dinner of some ceremony, in a coat of the best Saxon blue broad-cloth, with its full complement of gilt buttons, and an ample white waistcoat, with flowing skirts. His thin, white hairs, and high forehead—the humour lurking in the eye, and playing about the lips, betokened something more than the squire in his gala suit; still the altogether was of this respectable and responsible kind. His voice is low-toned, clear, and flexible; and so skilfully modulated, that not an aspiration was lost of his nervous, fluent, unhesitating, and perfectly correct discourse. There was no embarrassment, no flutter, no picking of words; nor was the speaker once at fault, or in the smallest degree disturbed by those petty accidents and annoyances which must have moved almost any other man so oddly situated.—Put down Cobbett! It will be as impossible for the "Collective Wisdom" to overbear him, as for that more overwhelming power, the Collective Taste, to put him down. He would, in ten minutes, either laugh or shame the House out of its insolence of ill-breeding,—sometimes its only defence against dulness and twaddle, but as frequently the weapon with which impudent knavery assails honest, plain, and modest men, when such have stumbled into Parliament, and endeavoured to serve the people. The corporation had best keep him out, for assuredly it will never keep him down, once he gets in. To those acquainted with the writings of Cobbett there was little in the matter of his lectures absolutely new: the facts were familiar or thread-bare; the arguments, such as we have heard from him a hundred times before, in the Register. But then the old family jewels, the Cobbett heir-looms, were all newly and most exquisitely set. He is indeed a first-rate comic actor, possessed of that flexible, penetrative power of imitation which extends to

mind and character, as well as to their outward signs. His genius is, besides, essentially dramatic. We have often read his lively characteristic dialogues with pleasure and amusement; but to see him act them, and personate Lord Althorp pommelled and pozed by the future member for Oldham, was a degree beyond this. He was in nothing vehement or obstreperous, though every body had anticipated something of this kind; and his subdued tone, and excellent discretion, gave double point to his best hits. Instead of the sledge-hammer, like that which poor Cook employed to knock down Bingham Baring, Cobbett used a poignard as polished as keen. The humour of his solemn irony, his blistering sarcasm, but especially his sly hits and unexpected or random strokes and pokes on the sore or weak sides of the Whigs, told with full effect on two parts of the audience. The high Tories, at such passages, screamed and crowed with delight; and the hearty applause of the Radicals testified their extreme satisfaction at hearing bold, honest truths spoken in Edinburgh by William Cobbett. To oratory, in the highest sense of the term, Mr Cobbett never once rises; but he is ever a wily, clear, and most effective speaker. What a mystifier of an ordinary Jury he might have been, with his readiness, dramatic power, and skill in presenting homely objects under the most lively and picturesque forms. There, indeed, his strength lies. His protestant miracle of the two thousand half-pay officers, his lady pensioners, and the Right Reverends the Fathers, &c. can never be forgotten by his Scottish auditors. — Mr Cobbett expressed himself highly gratified with his reception in Edinburgh. In Glasgow and other parts of the country, he has been, if that were possible, still more popular. And at this we rejoice, as evidence of affection for the cause to which, whatever fastidious persons may think, Cobbett has been a useful, rough pioneer, and most powerful auxiliary.

Such of our Readers as wish to become acquainted with Mr Cobbett's remarkable career, and to attain a just notion of his character as a writer, are referred to "THE SCHOOLMASTER," Nos. 7 and 11. Having met with Mr Cobbett in private society during his sojourn in Edinburgh, our impression of him was, that, besides being a very clever man, (which all the world knows,) he is a very pleasant man; more disposed to be good-humoured and droll than satirical or severe; not impatient of contradiction, except when he thinks the speaker insincere; and a zealous friend of the poor.

#### PUBLIC MEETING FOR ORIGINATING A MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE principal, the only striking feature of this assembly, was the numerous attendance, and the deep feeling evinced by all the spectators. It was too formally got up; the struggle to preserve the balance between Whig and Tory, lay too bare to the day; the speakers, with the exception of Professor Wilson, the fourth speaker, were evidently thinking more of the figure they were themselves cutting than of him they were met to honour. The meeting was a good idea indifferently executed. It was like the Catholic service for the dead; grand and imposing, but impressing us with a feeling of hollowness and want of heart. It was a premeditated burst of uncontrollable emotion, — the white dots that are supposed to indicate tears on a burial vault. But the worst mistake of all, was placing the Duke of Buccleuch in the front of the battle. If the good citizens of Edinburgh had met to commemorate a nobleman, good cause there might have been for his Grace officiating as fugleman. Had they met to cry salt tears over the illustrious Rothschild, there might have been some sense in conceding the *pas* to one who is understood to be as rich as a Jew. But when homage was to be paid to genius, genius ought to have been employed to give it voice. The mean appearance and silly stammering of the first performer damned the piece. When Lord Rosebery (whose manly, sensible appearance deserves that we except him from the general censure) complimented the Duke upon his "powerful speech," a subdued titter ran through the room. It was cruel in Lord Rosebery. Strange that the Duke could not repeat his lesson with less hesitation, seeing that he had delivered the same speech, *verbatim*, at

Kelso, a day or two before. The old idolaters of Greece lent an idealized expression even to the brute portion of their theocracy; but we worship the golden calf, even when the silliness and feebleness of the animal are caricatured.

The noble Duke, to whose rank that precedence was given on this occasion which was due to the genius of Professor Wilson, appeared in a short hunting coat and plaiden trowsers, and subscribed, out of his income of £200,000, the sum of £100, for the monument which he moved that the public should erect to "his departed friend." At the funeral it does not appear that the noble Duke, although of the same clan, deigned to attend. His name is not mentioned by the newspapers among those of the men of worth or rank who followed the remains of Sir Walter Scott to the grave.

In the course of his speech at this meeting, the Lord Advocate took occasion to allude to the two great political parties, whose generous rivalry, according to his Lordship, tends to keep the Vessel of the State in equilibrium, and to prevent the rise of those extreme opinions which, he trusted, would never take root in Scotland. We differ with his Lordship as to the utility of the two political parties; and think the Vessel of the State no more benefited by their generous rivalry than would be a ship by two breezes from opposite quarters. The effect in both cases would, we fear, be the impeding of the vessel's progress; and an *equilibrium*, not inconvenient to either of the parties, (factions, we call them,) or the breezes; but far from being beneficial to the progress of either description of vessel, or productive of comfort to the crews.

THE COURT OF ARCHES.—Who would have dreamed of a settlement of vagrants, rivalling in wretchedness and wildness the Ellangowan hamlet in Dornelough, established under the dry arches of that splendid monument of a prosperous city,—the new London Bridge, where, scarcely a year ago, kings, queens, and princesses, cabinet ministers and *their* cabinet ministers, beauties, wits, and dandies,—in gorgeous array, met together to eat venison; where, as they quaffed their champagne,

They bade the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the Heavens—the Heavens to Earth—  
Now the King drinks to Don Key!

where healths were dedicated to every official present, while every official present, after the established precedent of health-drinking, mingled his thanks for the honour with assurances of the universal prosperity of the kingdom,—the civil dignitaries, in particular, setting forth that the city conduits ran brown stout, and the mansion was tiled with pancakes. "A saucepan was boiling under one of the arches," says the street keeper of the London Bridge district, in his examination before the Magistrates concerning the new colony "containing a ram's liver, the parings of two sheep's heads, and a considerable quantity of *bow-wow* (?), which an old bone-grubber was stirring up with a piece of iron hoop!" The London Bridge colony consists of 50 persons, who find nightly shelter under the arches, and luxuriate upon *bow-wow* soup.

LADY BLESSINGTON'S REMINISCENCES.—The conversations reported by Lady B. as those of the author of "Childe Harold," bear strong marks of originality. But it was not with him as with the upright and manly Scott,—the words of his mouth were not always those of his mind; and such persons as are curious in forming a just estimate of his character, must take into consideration the character of the party addressed. Byron was a man to confide his real sentiments to a woman whom he loved, or a woman whom he respected. It appears from his letters addressed to a person of rank, (extracts from which will probably illustrate the next edition of his works,) that his curiosity was strongly excited by the fame of Lady Blessington's beauty and singular elevation in life; and that, foreseeing the improbability that she should ever have any communication with the Ladies Byron, Jersey, Holland, (so severely stigmatised in the reminiscences of the Countess,) he permitted himself to gratify the female appetite for detraction, by the expression of opinions almost as severe as those

with which the Countess herself was noticed in his private correspondence. It is to be hoped that Lady Blessington's friend, Madame Guiccioli, will also favour the world with the stock of her recollections; and it will be hard if, among the multitude of friends and acquaintances who have stepped forward to defame him, the public is not enabled to form as black an ideal of his Lordship's character as even himself, in the wildest chimeras of his love of mystification, was induced to shadow forth. It is not one of the least advantages possessed by Sir Walter over his gifted contemporary, that *his* life will be portrayed by the hand of affection, and *his* actions interpreted by a cultivated and honourable mind. Moore might have done as much for Lord Byron; but he was shackled in the attempt by restrictions such as no biographer can overcome.

**DRAMATIC POLITICS.**—It seems that one night, early in the month of October, John Reeve, the idol of the Gods of the Adelphi, and one of the best comic actors on the boards, chose to vary the humours of an American election introduced into the piece founded on Washington Irving's tale of "Rip Van Winkle," by a speech from the hustings in the character of the popular candidate. "If you return me to Congress," quoth he, "I promise to vote for the reduction of rent and the abolition of TITHES!" This extemporaneous sally was received by the house with around of cheering of several minutes' duration; and the thing would have been speedily forgotten, but that, at the close of the scene, the manager, Mr. Yates, rushed breathless upon the stage with the following address:—"Ladies and Gentlemen! I beg to assure you that what has fallen from Mr. Reeve *was by complete accident*, and shall never be repeated." This very elegant apostrophe was received by the house with a dead silence. It is, however, but just to Mr. Yates to consider that his license was probably at stake.

**MENAGERIES.**—A daily journal has the following paragraph:—"The Prince Regent is gone Eastward to collect beasts for the Zoological Gardens."—The Prince Regent! "To what base uses may we come at last!" We remember another prince who was fond of collecting beasts, the late King of Wurtemberg, whose zoonomania all but caused a revolution in his half-starved kingdom. At best, menageries are cruel things; cruel, that they deprive the *feri naturæ* of their liberty, and still more cruel that they "take the children's bread and throw it to the dogs." A much larger proportion of wholesome food is daily devoured by the animals in the Zoological Gardens of the Regent's Park, than by the paupers in Marylebone workhouse. A new Society, moreover, has been recently established in London for "Promoting Rational Humanity to Animals." Among the items to which the subscriptions are applied, is one for humane carts for conveying calves to market; and the chief abuses proposed for reformation lie in the knacker's yard!—All this is very well.—Let the humane subscribe as liberally as they please for the comfort of the calves about to supply them with fillets of veal, or the sheep they intend to eat in mutton chops; but the kingdom of Great Britain is not within fifty years of that degree of national prosperity which justifies the application of its impulses of humanity to the beasts that perish. We have starving men and women;—we have infant children who require humanity-carts to convey them to the loom and the factory; we have a knacker's yard of infirm and miserable paupers, where the aged poor are suffered to die by inches, as described in the Synopsis of the Society. Let Mr. Gompertz, who is an enlightened and humane man, reflect upon this, and not lavish all his good Samaritanism on the inferior animals of the creation.

**ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.**—It is asserted by those who resided at Rome during Sir Walter's visit to the Eternal City, that he was with difficulty persuaded to visit the monuments of its ancient glory. His mind was totally untouched by classical associations; and, perhaps, to this very peculiarity are we indebted for that freshness of perception, that vivid and glowing sunshine of the imagination, which was not distracted by the shadowy imagery of antiquity from the objects on which it was his pleasure it should fall. The days of chivalry were to *him* what the classic era was to the writers of the time of Anne; and Charlemagne was probably the Agamemnon, whose reign formed the primitive limitation of his inquiry and interest.

**CROSBY HALL.**—It is curious enough that, while the nation, or its representatives are always prompt in resisting proposals for a benevolence towards erecting a royal residence for the sovereigns that be, they are no less ready with their purses to

prevent any relic of royal antiquity from falling into decay. A year or two ago, an old barn, forming part of King John's Palace at EHAM, (concerning which, so long as it was permitted to stand, few people expressed or exhibited the least curiosity,) was sentenced to demolition. Upon this arose an outcry from the antiquaries. Destroy a monument of seven hundred years' duration! Monstrous! A subscription was instantly set on foot; and Wyatt employed to repair the royal barn. In the same task, the *Militants* of London have recently come forward in defence of Crosby Hall, once the residence of Crookback Richard, and now a packer's warehouse. It seems that the palaces of kings, like the shell of the nautilus, do not become objects of interest in the eyes of the multitude, till they afford shelter to some new inhabitant. Perhaps even the old Dutch guard house at St. James's (a flagrant disgrace to the taste of the first capital in Europe) will, at some future epoch, find favour in the sight of His Majesty's subjects, and be saved from conversion into useful warehouses by a voluntary subscription.

**FREQUENTERS OF COURTS NO COURTIERS.**—The witty old Countess of Aldborough, having applied to Lord Lyndhurst, as a friend, for legal advice, was somewhat ungraciously repulsed. "Ah!" said Lady A., "I see how it is; I have applied to the wrong court. It is plain your lordship has nothing to do with CIVIL LAW."

**INFANT LABOUR.**—A certain eccentric Tory member, who, till he obtained a seat in the present Parliament, had never made his appearance in society, dined last year, in company with Sadler, and several other political personages, at the mansion of Sir Robert Peel. After dinner, as the gentlemen were drinking coffee in the fine picture gallery of the ex-minister, a conversation took place between Sadler and Sir Robert on the subject of the Bill for the Regulation of Infant Labour. Mr. ———, who was standing near, occasionally joining in the discussion, while he contemplated Lawrence's exquisite picture of the infant daughter of his host, (considering, perhaps, that the baronet was lukewarm towards the interests of the manufacturing classes,) suddenly slapped him on the back, and exclaimed, while he pointed to the portrait of little Miss Peel, "Ah! Sir Robert! that little darling *might* have been slaving in the factory you know; 'twas a narrow escape." The amusement of his disconcerted auditors may be easily conjectured.

**LINE OF SUCCESSION.**—It was observed by a noble earl, an eminent upholder of the Tory interest in one of the northern counties of England, that whenever he came out of his gateway, he was greeted by the earnest salutation of a withered crone, who had taken her station on the steps—"Long life to your lordship!—May your lordship live for ever." Astonished to find that, month after month, his gratuities produced no change in the wording of her apostrophe, Lord L. one day accosted her—"My good woman, you appear very earnest for the continuance of my days: have you any particular interest in my preservation?"—"To be sure I have," cried the old woman;—"I recollect your uncle Sir James, when he owned the estate and ruled over us; and a bitterer enemy to the poor never broke bread. Then came your father, who was a still blacker curse to us; and every body said we could never be worse off. When you came to the estate, my lord, we found out our mistake; and what may come after you is a dreadful thing to think of!—Long life to your lordship!—May your lordship live for ever!"

**WHIG UNDERLINGS.**—Under the old system the effective force of *jobbers* on the establishment of this country increased to a prodigious amount. It was utterly impossible to give employment to the whole of them. Idlers belonging to this class were to be met in every corner, lounging about like "*unattached officers*," or the ancient Edinburgh functionary, "Wha wants me?" Even in the worst of days some of these superfluous rascals, just for the sake of keeping their hands in, joined the liberal party. The number of them who have taken service under it, since the accession of Earl Grey to office, is *prodigious*! and if honest people be not on their guard they will soon succeed in making the Whigs as bad as the Tories. Their caterwauling is heard in every corner. Do the electors of any burgh dare to be dissatisfied with the candidate palmed upon them by Ministers? Does an independent candidate come forward at their call? He is instantly bespattered with abuse. In compliance with the urgent and reiterated request of a large body of the Bath electors, Mr. Hume recommended Mr. Roebuck to their notice; they being distrustful of a recent and dubious convert to liberal principles, notwithstanding he was delivered to them, free of expense, under a Treasury frank. *The Times* began to growl

immediately; accusing, in no measured terms, Mr. Hume of seeking to divide the reform interest, in the face of a strong Tory force, for the purpose of getting a party in the House of Commons ready to support his "crotchets." Mr. Roebuck's committee addressed a letter to the *Briareau* journal, stating the real facts of the case, which was refused insertion, except as an advertisement. A communication from Mr. Hobhouse's friends, similar in every respect, except that of veracity, was ostentatiously stuffed into a "leading article." *The Times* has since eaten in its praise of Mr. Hobhouse; but has left unrepented, at least unconfessed, its rude and vulgar attack upon Messrs. Hume and Roebuck.\* Again, two government protégés have started for Harwich, opposed by Mr. Herries. With one of the *soi-disant* liberal candidates, the inhabitants of that burgh were much and justly dissatisfied: and, at their request, Mr. Leader, son of the Irish patriot, offered his services. *The Times* was instantly at its dirty work again, and broadly accused Mr. Leader of having made a coalition with Mr. Herries. Upon a remonstrance being made, however, it softened down the charge to that of "a virtual coalition." Thus far *The Times*; next comes *The Globe*, "to the self-same tune and words." "While we are disposed to express little in the way either of surprise or objection to a few individuals of ultra-radical pretensions being produced as candidates for some of the new manufacturing constituencies, it is with considerable regret that we ever witness that sort of intrusion into the struggle which tends so to vulgarize it, that any person, with a due share of self-respect, feels himself indisposed to the encounter. \* \* \* \* \* On the whole, so far as present indications exist, we apprehend that much fewer Radicals, of the class which may be regarded as entirely without the pale, will get into Parliament than people imagine. There may possibly be four or five Dromios of the Preston class instead of one or two, but that will be all; of the Hume school, possibly fifteen or twenty more; but our present conviction is, that the next Parliament will practically, and for the most part, assume the tone of liberal Whiggism, meaning thereby," &c. &c. &c. The which dismal ditty, when rightly interpreted, we take to be, among other things, an obscure and somewhat mystical prophecy of the ousting of Colonel Torrens from Bolton, by the exertions of Mr. Cobbett and his friends. Its main object is to follow up the personal onslaughts of *The Times* by a general charge; a plan of attack which does honour to the military talents of the editor of *The Globe*. To these "vituperative personalities" are added *quant. suff.* of "laudatory personalities."† These "most sweet voices," whether they be the "forward voice, to speak well of his friend," or the "backward voice, to utter foul speeches, and to detract," have but one aim; to establish the present Ministry upon the basis of a well-organized body of agents, who, diffused through the country, may, by their restless activity, give to the operations of a few the appearance of the will and deed of the many. They hope to flatter the people by the persuasion, that what is merely passing before its eyes is its achievement, until the present excitement has subsided, and all things are quietly left to their management. They hope and trust, that our new constitution will soon become like everything the world has yet witnessed—a machine worked by the few, and mainly for the interest of the few. If there be wisdom among the electors they will laugh into nothingness these shallow pretences. They will choose a man of sense and principle, in preference to a brawling fool, of course, whatever be the professions of the latter: this point settled, they will choose even a party Whig in preference to a Tory; but a Liberal, free from all party connexions, in preference to either. In short, they will choose a man to represent themselves. A House of Commons thus elected will be a sufficient guard to Ministers against the machinations of an expiring faction, while by the check it lays on them by their knowledge of its character, it will form a guarantee for their honesty. Be it observed, that we attribute this plan, now concocting for our future subjugation, to the *jobbers* alone. Instinct has taught them, that success will place both governors and governed at their mercy. We have not the shadow of a ground for attributing to Lord Grey a knowledge of what is going forward. Indeed our fear is, that the people will not return a Parliament sufficiently decided to support the bolder and better spirits of the Ministry in that line of policy which is necessary for our national salvation. There is a noble generous spirit abroad, but a great want of precise and definite political knowledge.

\* *The Times* has been accused by *The Examiner* of denying all knowledge of Mr. Roebuck, while, at least, one person identified with that paper knew him well. *The Times* persists in its denial. This is one of the advantages of having three gentlemen in a firm, each of whom is entitled to use the pronoun "we," when, in reality, he only means "I."

† Vide "The Book of Fallacies," p. 123 to p. 142, *inclusive*.

# MONTHLY REGISTER.

## POLITICAL HISTORY.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

**THE CHURCH IS IN DANGER.** The dignitaries of the overgrown establishment of England, like the boy who cried wolves, in the fable, have raised this clamour so often, that nobody will believe them, now that their words are sooth. We beg to add our unsuspected testimony to theirs. "The Church is in danger;" and a brief recapitulation of the signs of the times will shew it. *Imprimis*, At the Hornby Reform Festival, celebrated on Tuesday, the 9th of October, the Hon. C. A. Pelham, M.P., thus expressed himself:—"I have had the satisfaction of informing you, upon excellent authority, what are the measures which it is the intention of his Majesty's ministers to introduce in the next session of Parliament. *The Bill for Reform of the Church, I know is already prepared.* (Tremendous cheers.) It is, therefore, not for me, if I am again returned as your representative, to say, before I go into the House, whether I shall support that bill or not: all that I can state at present, is, that I will give it my best attention; and I will anxiously and deliberately form my judgment upon it. (Loud cheers.) At the same time, I believe, —at least, I have great hopes,—I shall be able to support it; because I do not conceive that the same ministers who would give you so full, and efficient, and beneficial a measure of reform for the representation of the people, will so change their principles in so short a time, as to give you a mean and scanty measure of reform in the church. (Loud cheers.) I trust that this measure, like the one recently given, will be temperate and moderate, but amply efficient. (Continued cheering.) One great point, therefore, is established,—that ministers have a plan of church reform *in petto*. The next point is, to inquire "for what extent of church reform is the country ripe?" In so far as Ireland is concerned, this question has already been pretty loudly and intelligibly answered. Let us next look to England. First in the field, as in duty bound, is the native county of Hampden. On Saturday, the 7th of October, a stirring appeal to the Dissenters appeared in the Bucks' Gazette, which has since run the circle of almost every newspaper in the kingdom. It throws down the gauntlet. "Let us awake to a sense of that duty which devolves upon us as men and Christians. Let us wipe away that reproach which rests upon

us in a compromising support of the established hierarchy. Let us vindicate the cause of true religion and justice, which are injured and violated by its existence. We believe the church establishment to be founded in error, to be unjustly supported, and inefficient for the great purpose for which it exists. Let us act as men labouring under such impressions. Let us conduct ourselves as the correctors of error, as the opposers of injustice, and the determined foes of every inefficient monopoly, whether temporal or spiritual. Our separation from the established church, is a standing memorial of our dissent, an ever-abiding witness of our oppression; but we neutralize our dissent by a quiet and compromising payment of all ecclesiastical demands. We cast an imputation upon our sincerity, by continuing to support that practically, which we are ever theoretically condemning. . . . We call upon you not to violate any law, not to embarrass the operations of our ministry, (our strength is in the prompt obedience of the law,) but we do call upon you to obey it; in such a manner, as shall shew your sense of its injustice, and your determination to cast off its yoke, while, so long as it continues, you are willing to comply in one sense with its demand. *The example of the Quakers is that which we call upon you to imitate.* They have been for the last fifty years at least, bearing a silent, but increasing testimony to the injustice of the claims of the clergy. If the whole body of the Dissenters had imitated their example from the first, we do not hesitate to say, that long ere this, the question would have been settled for ever." We call the county of Bucks first in the field; because from it has proceeded the first proposal for a general strike on the part of the Dissenters. Isolated individuals and communities had already, before the appearance of the appeal from which we have quoted, begun to act upon the principle in different parts of England. In the spring of the present year, a gentleman in the north of England allowed his furniture to be distrained and sold by auction, for his tithes, and embraced the occasion of the sale, to address to a numerous assembly, an exposition of the principles upon which he acted, and his resolution to adhere to them. An adjourned meeting of rate payers, held at Birmingham, on Tuesday, the 2d of October, has flatly

refused to pay any rate. Mr Churchwarden Salt moved, that a rate of threepence be granted for the present year. Mr Allan, seconded by Mr Bourne, moved, as an

favour of church reform exacted from the candidates through the whole of England. Equally pregnant is the fact, that all the provincial newspapers, with a very few exceptions,

stances of the case, the churchwardens having at present funds in hand, the vestry will not at present grant any rate; but that, if requested, a subscription be entered into, for the purpose of defraying all legal and proper expenses connected with the church." Mr Joseph Parkes proposed another amendment,—"That the rate be postponed; and that the churchwardens of the parish of Birmingham be requested to raise a public subscription, to defray their current expenses; and in the meantime, the rate payers be recommended to petition the legislature in the first reformed Parliament, for a repeal of the laws which tax Dissenters for the maintenance of the established church." The rector, who was in the chair, refused to put this second amendment, and any more of the first than went simply to negative the original motion. The first amendment, thus curtailed, was put and carried: a rate is, therefore, ultimately refused. On Saturday, the 6th of October, the Bow Street magistrates, on the application of the officers of St Martins-in-the-Fields, decided,—That the 10th of Geo. III. declaring that all rates must be made by "the churchwardens, overseers, vestrymen, constables, and other ancient inhabitants of the parish," did not mean that every inhabitant of the parish should have a vote; that the power of making rates was confined to those persons only who were the *ancient inhabitants of the parish*; that the term "ancient," meant those persons who had either served some of the parochial offices named in the statute, or had suffered fine for not having so served. The parishioners have, in consequence of this decision, declared their resolution not to pay the rate. In a manly address, presented to Earl Grey by the Northern Political Union, this striking passage occurs:—"In this country, (which, availing itself of the great privilege of Protestantism, is proud of the right of private judgment, and regrets the dogmas of creeds and churches, and is crowded with Dissenters and Catholics,) the whole body of the people are doomed to the support of a church, whose adherents, compared with the whole mass of the population, are but few in number, if we count as adherents those only who believe in its doctrine, and approve of its discipline. No tax can be more monstrous, more unjust, more impolitic, than that which obliges any portion of the people to support in splendour and luxury the priests of a religion which they conscientiously reject. The whole country expects from the wisdom of a reformed Parliament *the utter abolition of the tithe tax*, which is not only a tax upon agricultural improvement, but an infringement of liberty of conscience." Turning from the advice of the Bucks' Gazette, the example of Northumberland, Birmingham, St Martins-in-the-Fields, and the representation for Newcastle, we find declarations in

man, and the Times, which was never yet known to support any person or principle which it had not previously ascertained to be popular with an immense majority of the nation, are clamorous in the cause of church reform. But more important, as an index of the strength of popular feeling on this subject, than all besides, is the bustle and stirring among the clergy to spruce up their nests against the day of examination. The call for church reform has been raised within the walls of the church itself. Sorely to the annoyance of the Bishop of Durham, some of his clergy have been addressing him upon this topic. Nor is this determination to amend clerical abuses confined to England. Even in Scotland, where church oppression is much less heavy, the same spirit is beginning to awake. For upwards of a year have the inhabitants of Edinburgh been striving to reduce the established clergy to the incomes of their churches. At Mr Cobbett's late lectures, no passage was more rapturously applauded, than his *sortie* against the church of England. In Glasgow, a "Voluntary Church Association" has just been formed, including almost all the talent and respectability of the Dissenting interest in the West. A paper devoted to the church asserts, that in Scotland there are 350 petitions against a church establishment prepared, and ready to be shewn upon the reformed Parliament, as soon as it meets. The truth is, that if the Dissenters of Great Britain do not strike in at this crisis, they deserve to be trampled upon for ever. The nucleus of their body,—the three great classes of Independents, Baptists, and Congregationalists, have long been accustomed to act together. Let the Quakers, the Dissenting Methodists, the various Scottish Secession churches, and all the others, rally around them. Let them demand their rights as men and as Christians, to be put in every respect on a footing of equality with the members of the Churches of England and Scotland. Let them make a stand for Christian liberty. The spirit of Hampden, Vane, and Milton, is again abroad in the land. The consummation which they yearned after, is now attainable. THE CHURCH IS IN DANGER. Not that spiritual church, "the salt of the earth," without which it had lost its savour, that mystic union of all true believers, which is founded on a rock. "and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," but that flimsy structure of man's device, which those who shew their disbelief in the divine origin of Christianity, in their attempts to prop it up by human inventions, seek to substitute in its place. Up, men, brethren! for our cause is holy. Up! follow the banner on which is inscribed,—"The lion of the tribe of Judah hath overcome."

THE ELECTIONS.—There is every probability that the elections to the new Parlia-



ment will prove bungled jobs, in not a few instances. People are not accustomed to elect a legislative body, for the sole purpose of representing the opinions, wishes, and intelligence of the nation. They are still haunted with the old folly of ranging themselves into parties, and inquiring, not who is the best man? but, will he strengthen our side? The Tories, of course, are banding themselves, for the purpose of expending their last venom. The Whigs have an ugly trick of suspecting, or pretending to suspect, the intentions of every man, who does not believe in the infallibility of their leaders. The Radicals—under which convenient and comprehensive term, the ministerialists include all who do not belong to one or other of the old parties, thus classifying together men of the most widely diverging principles and character—sometimes seem inclined to yield too tamely to dictation, and at others shew a tendency to bristle up into opposition without good cause. The great object with all true patriots ought to be, the selection of men of sound and thoroughgoing principles, business habits, and cool, but daring character. The times imperatively demand such men; but we fear, even the reformed Parliament will not be overstocked with them. In ENGLAND, the Whigs will, in all probability, carry the day. The men most in request, seem members of aristocratic families, who profess liberal opinions. A frank manner, a fluent tongue, and fair general promises, seem to go far with John Bull. He rarely inquires regarding the stock of knowledge, or the fitness for transacting business, possessed by those who ask his vote. The jobbers are, taking advantage of this, and working manfully, for the purpose of packing a Whig Parliament. Wherever a man of independent principles offers himself, he is sure to be assailed by the abuse of these creatures. By dint of good organization, unscrupulous chicane, and reckless concussion, the Tories have every prospect of mustering a tolerable minority. Mr Hume and Mr Roebuck are, we trust, secure of Middlesex and Bath, notwithstanding the unprincipled opposition making to them. Lancashire will return a strong body of Radicals—Cobbett among the rest. Birmingham is the portion of the Union. Leeds and Manchester have thrown themselves into the arms of the liberal portion of the ministry. The Whigs are yielding to the universal demand for the ballot, "with coy, reluctant, amorous delay;" and attachment to the cause of church reform, is professed by candidates of every colour. The Globe, in one of its wheedling articles, praises the Dissenters for selecting their representatives from among the adherents of the established church. If the Dissenters deserve this praise, they are greater block-heads than we take them to be. In SCOTLAND, the Whig interest will preponderate more decidedly than even in England. The concentration of all legal business in Edinburgh, and the prominent part which the lawyers of that city have all along taken in

politics, have enabled the party to organize itself, and to spread its ramifications over the whole country. The Tory party is, if possible, still better drilled; and had they not sinned themselves out of all respect, might have given their old adversaries a shrewd shake. With a few exceptions, the population of the country are inclined blindly to follow the leading of those who have fought their battles. There is a fine spirit among them, but a sad lack of precise political knowledge. There seems also to be a sad lack of men fit to serve in Parliament, if we may judge by the characters of most of the popular candidates. They will be returned partly because of the zeal and activity of their partisans, partly because there are no better men to be had. Some exceptions there are. Edinburgh returns the Lord Advocate, out of gratitude for past services,—Mr Abercromby, because it likes him. In the Linlithgow district of burghs, Mr Gillon has met with such unprincipled and mean opposition, as was to be looked for, by a man of his independent principles, at the hands of an aristocratic family; and in the Wigton district, particularly in Stranraer, the efforts of the Galloway family to keep up a close-burgh system, are of the most unblushing complexion. Lord Ormelie, we rejoice to say, will be carried in for Perthshire on the shoulders of tennors and dissenters, in spite of the most oppressive and dishonest tricks resorted to in the hopes of foiling him. His adversaries' machinations have recoiled upon themselves, serving only to irritate the insulted electors. Dumfriesshire was threatened with Lord Stormont; but the younger found a storm was brewing, and wisely withdrew. The Dumfries burghs will fall to the most radical bidder. Mr Hannay speaks scholarly and wisely; but General Sharpe more precisely, and to the point. Poor Sir John Malcolm has invoked the spirits of his ancestors; but they cannot aid him. Glasgow has no paramount leaders, and will return the man whom the real majority wish. The result of the election is quite uncertain; but if Mr Crawford be not returned, our good friends of the West will have sadly stultified themselves. In Paisley, the contest lies between Sir John Maxwell and Mr Mackellar; but both are regarded as a *pis-aller*. The eminent editor of the Examiner was sounded as to whether he would stand for this burgh; but declined, on account of his weak state of health. The electors of Paisley might do worse than lie by, till they learn with some certainty what Mr Hume's prospects in Middlesex are. It would be a feather in their cap to have him for a member. Mr Oswald is secure of Ayrshire, and deserves to be so, on account of the manly way in which he went to work. A strange crotchet has seized some of the Kilmarnock electors. Their choice lies between a steady and consistent Whig and a young Lieutenant in the Guards, whose only public appearances, previous to the commencement of his canvass, were at the last Ayrshire election, where he voted for the Tory candidate, and at a meeting

of the freeholders of Kirkcudbright, where he supported a petition, introduced for the purpose of indirectly defeating the Reform Bill. And yet the Political Union has thrown itself into the arms of this youngster. We really expected more sense from the townsmen of Baird and M'Laren. Dundee promises to carry the Radical candidate through with a wet sheet. In the far Caithness, a Tory Sheriff, devoting himself, like a second Curtius, for his party, contests the county, in opposition to its present reforming representative, with the prospect of having to denude himself of his snug semi-sinecure, in the event of success. He has been rewarded with the promise of ten votes. The different *ruses* employed by the old faction, in order to bolster up a sinking cause, are instructive enough. In one burgh, a neighbouring farmer, whose garden was included within the boundary, run up a brick tenement upon it, a few weeks before the time fixed for the lodging of claims, and demanded to be registered. Nay, when the claim was discussed in court, an equivocating witness was produced, in the hope that his oath to there having been an erection on the lands for upwards of a twelvemonth, might be left unsifted, and understood to mean the new house. In one county, an *Edinburgh practitioner* of the law claimed to vote upon a property which he sold nearly twenty years ago, having received part of the price at the time, and drawn regular interest for what remained owing. In a western burgh, the agents of the two contending parties agreed to remit the estimation of some houses, the value of which was disputed, to the decision of joint valuers. When these claims came to be disposed of, the agents of the conforming candidate gravely stated, that although they were determined to abide by the decision of the valuers, the claimants insisted upon being heard for themselves. *And these very agents proceeded to lead proof, in the name of the claimants.* We could add many instances of a similar sort. We could, and without fear would, name place and person concerned in these we have adduced; but we think a better fate awarded them, when we let them,—

Not even damn'd to everlasting fame,  
Live without sex, and die without a name.

Of the fifty-three Scottish members, ten will be Tories. In IRELAND, a veil of mystery hangs over the electioneering proceedings, which we do not presume to penetrate. Irish tactics are a pitch beyond us.

IRELAND.—MR STANLEY.—MR O'CONNELL.—THE WORKING OF THE COMMUTATION BILL.—On the 24th of September, a letter was addressed to the Secretary for Ireland, from which what follows is an extract:—"What taxes are meant by 'municipal taxes,' which the Irish Reform Bill states must have been paid by each person, seeking the power of voting for a representative in Parliament? As the period for registering is so near at hand, it is of the utmost consequence that those persons who have given notice of their intention to regis-

ter, should receive the earliest information possible, as otherwise the intended extension of the elective franchise may in a great measure be defeated." This letter was signed "Edward Dwyer, Secretary to the Political Union of Ireland." Mr Stanley's answer is in these words:—"Sir,—In answer to a letter which I have received this morning, signed 'Edward Dwyer, Secretary to the Political Union of Ireland,' I must beg to decline entering into communication with that body, or any of a similar description. I have," &c. Mr Dwyer immediately replied:—"Sir,—I had the honour to receive your letter of reply to mine of yesterday, in which you decline entering into any communication or correspondence with me, as secretary of the Political Union of Ireland. On this letter I shall not presume to comment; but, in my private capacity as a freeholder of the city of Dublin, I again, with all due respect, reiterate the query contained in my letter,—what taxes are meant by 'municipal taxes,' which the Irish Reform Bill states must have been paid by each person seeking the power of voting for a representative in Parliament? I entreat the favour of an immediate answer, and have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant, Edward Dwyer." To this letter no answer was returned. Bravo! Mister Secretary. *Tu me lo pagherai.*

The clergy of the established church are endeavouring to delude ministers into the belief that the payment of tithe may still be enforced. They write the police bulletins, and uniformly represent the military as triumphant or the peasantry as submissive. Meanwhile Mr O'Connell has solemnly pronounced his opinion, that the valuation of tithe before the crop is secured, is illegal, and any intrusion into a field for that purpose is a trespass. Those who may incline to call in question the law as laid down by the liberator, will do well to consult the evidence delivered by Gerald Fitzgerald, Esq. resident magistrate of police for the county of Tipperary, before the Tithe Committee. That gentleman shews that this is likewise the opinion of the Crown Counsel. The work goes on notwithstanding, and blood is daily shed in consequence, and the peasantry are driven to desperation. On the 29th of September an unsuccessful attempt was made to rescue the Walslow prisoners. On Wednesday the 3d of October, a public meeting of the parishes of Connallymore, Old Connell, Great Connell, and the vicinity, was held on the Curragh of Kildare, to petition for the abolition of tithes. Strong bodies of military and police were hovering in the neighbourhood, but did not interfere; and the assembly dispersed without any disturbance. Blood has been shed, in the county of Waterford, in an attempt to enforce the provisions of the new Tithe Bill. An attorney in the county of Kildare has been forced to resign the office of tithe collector by the threatened secession of all his clients, and is now acting for the parishioners of Kill in opposition to their incumbent. Another Dublin editor has been bound over in heavy recognisances to stand his trial for

alleged offences committed so far back as March last. The parties prosecuted for the anti-tithe meetings have been allowed to traverse until next session. This will never do.

**SLAVE COLONIES.**—The slave-holders are still determined to drive matters to the utmost. In the beginning of August, the Baptist preachers resident in Jamaica addressed the Earl of Musgrave. His Lordship observed, in his answer,—“With regard to any regulation touching the exercise of your sacred calling which the constitution may have reserved, I cannot too strongly recommend, on your parts, submissive deference, in the first place, to the decisions of those authorities to whom the administration of the law is intrusted, and who are themselves responsible for the due exercise of the functions committed to their charge.”\* A per-spicious commentary on this obscure text was published on the 8th of August. Subsequent to the cessation of martial law, Mr Kingdon, a Baptist missionary, took up his residence at Savannah-la-mar. The North-side union had previously declared that no Baptist preacher should in future be allowed to preach in the island. Representations to this effect were made to Mr Kingdon, and offers made to pay his passage money. A sense of duty forbade him to desert his sable flock. His house was attacked on the evening of the 8th, firearms were discharged on both sides, and finally the missionary was forced to abandon his house, which was “gutted from top to bottom.” The same evening the house of the Messrs Deleon, friends of Mr Kingdon, was pulled down about the owners’ ears; and on the following evening, two other persons of the Baptist persuasion were destroyed. On the 9th, Mr Kingdon was lodged in the common gaol; the Deleons, and some dozen more, were likewise committed. These transactions admirably illustrate the dark sayings of the Earl of Musgrave. While this frolic was acting in the West, the men of the East have not been idle. Mr Jeremie, author of a very temperate pamphlet on the subject of colonial slavery, was some time ago appointed Advocate-General and Protector of Slaves for the Mauritius. The white population were in arms to oppose his landing. On the 3d of June, he disembarked under the cover of several barges, each armed with an eighteen pounder. Sir Charles Colville, the governor, lost heart, however, and Mr Jeremie was under the necessity of reembarking for England. Surely such open defiance of law and justice must drive ministers to take some decided step.

**NEWFOUNDLAND.**—The Newfoundland Royal Gazette of the 11th of September contains a copy of the proclamation for summoning a General Assembly, by which also the colony is subdivided into districts, and the qualification both of the electors and the members is determined. Every man who

has attained the age of twenty-one years, and has occupied a house within the island, either as owner or tenant, for two years preceding the election, is eligible as a member of assembly. The qualification of an elector is exactly the same; but in this latter case, occupancy for one year is held to be sufficient.

#### CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

In FRANCE the Duchess of Berri has been decreed to be tried in absence, *par contumace*, before the Court of Assizes, by the Chamber of Accusation. The lady is said to be in the meantime snug at Frankfort on the Maine. An army of 25,000 was some time ago reported as assembled on the north-eastern frontier, for the purpose of interfering in the affairs of Belgium. A fleet has been fitted out for the purpose of co-operating with the English in the investment of Antwerp. Soult is at last prime minister, and has issued (an order, of the day, we had almost called it) a notification of the event to all counsellors of state and local magistrates. He declares, “the system of policy adopted by my illustrious predecessor will be mine. It is the true national system—the two Chambers have declared it to be such.” He afterwards assures his attentive auditors that “anarchy was conquered at Paris on the 5th and 6th of June by the noble devotedness of the national guards and the troops of the line.” His views regarding foreign policy are thus oracularly expressed: “A government which makes itself regarded at home may, without danger, employ abroad a firm and independent policy. In concert with the powers, our allies, we shall urge the solution of all the great European questions. Our armies, ardent but docile, lend to our moderation the support of strength.” This antithetical document is wound up by a pretty epigrammatic turn:—“It is in me an ancient habit to refer every thing to the honour of France.” This ape of Napoleon will endeavour to keep a tight bridle-hand on the French people. They may enjoy quiet under him—but liberty! “Lord love ye, that is quite a different sort of thing.”

Miguel’s troops have at last mustered courage to attack Oporto. The town was furiously assaulted on Michaelmas day, and defended with difficulty. Pedro’s affairs seem hopeless. Either the Portuguese nation is utterly spiritless, or it thinks the one brother as good as the other.

No decided step has yet been taken in GERMANY. HOLLAND and BELGIUM were threatening a few weeks ago to go together by the ears, conclusively, but nothing has been done on either side. Charles X. has by this time taken up his abode in his Austrian city of refuge. Francis of Austria, and Frederic William of Prussia, are to have an interview at Toplitz. Lord Durham has returned from Russia, *via* Berlin. Every thing is in uncertainty. †

\* Is this English?

## STATE OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

OCTOBER, 1832.

WE are able to confirm the pleasing accounts given in our last, of a decided improvement in trade, and in the prospects of the country. A large increase in the public revenue, shared pretty equally by the customs and excise departments, affords unquestionable proof of increased comfort and prosperity in the body of the people. It will, moreover, tend to the restoration of that confidence in our financial condition, which the unfavourable state of the revenue, for many months previous, had necessarily impaired. The cholera, our formidable enemy, still hangs upon our quarters, and restricts our operations; but the good harvest will be a countervailing agent, and will materially assist in bringing back such a degree of prosperity\* as the nation can be expected to enjoy under its present burdens. The tranquillizing and healing effects of the Reform Bill are proved by the restoration of commercial confidence, and the total cessation of the agitation and uncertainty which last year pervaded the mercantile world. Trade is now in a healthy state: there is almost an entire absence of speculation; the increased demand for manufactured goods springs from the actual wants, and the enlarged means, of the consumers. Stocks are generally low; at least in the hands of the retail dealers, and are in course of being replenished. The farmer has obtained a remunerating price for his wool, and his crops of corn are abundant; and the nation generally will enjoy the benefit of comparatively cheap provisions. Were it not for the cholera, we should doubtless have to say, that trade was not merely healthy, but in a state of high vigour.

Our representation (last month) of the result of the harvest, is borne out by subsequent events: the crops were exceedingly abundant; but in the north a large proportion of the corn received some injury from the rains. The damaged corn has of course lowered the average prices: wheat, which was 67s. 8d. per quarter in the middle of July, is now, by the official return, 54s. 1d., and the duty on foreign wheat has arisen to 29s. 8d. But, as it is fully proved that a considerable quantity of corn was damaged, sound wheat is rising again in price both in the London and the provincial markets. On the whole, however, the harvest may be regarded as above an average; and, in the south of England and Ireland, it has been very plentiful.

Trade continues dull in London. The prices of colonial produce tend downwards. Some kinds of sugar, especially Mauritius and Brazilian, are quoted lower than last month; there is a considerable reduction in the price of British refined sugar. Javaica, Brazilian, and Havannah coffees, have also suffered a decline of from 2s. to 4s. per cwt. Cocos, owing to the reduction of the duty, has fallen 10s. per cwt., which will probably

bring that nutritious article of food into more general use in this country. Indigo, at the East India Company's sale this month, fetched higher prices by about 3d. per lb. than at the July sale; the purchases were chiefly for exportation. The last advices from Calcutta state, that the prospects of the new crop are favourable.

THE COTTON MANUFACTURE continues to improve, and the manufacturers of Lancashire and Glasgow are well employed. The demand for cotton goods for the home market is great, and this is clearing off the heavy stocks which the manufacturers had accumulated; payments are also made with tolerable punctuality, so as to shew that the retail dealers throughout the country are doing a safe and advantageous business. Prices of goods, however, have not risen in proportion to the recent advance in the price of the raw material. We announced last month a rise of  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per lib.\* in most kinds of cotton wool, and we have now to notice a farther advance of  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per lib. on American, West Indian, Egyptian, and most other kinds; which is to be ascribed, in a great measure, to speculation, as the stocks of cotton in the ports are less than they were at this time last year by 61,000 bags; the quantity in October, 1831, having been 350,050 bags, and in October, 1832, being 288,680 bags. It is also anticipated that the difference will be still greater before the end of the year; and as the consumption is not lessened, the diminished stock will naturally cause an advance of price.

The foreign demand for cotton goods is gradually, though slowly, improving. To those markets which have suffered from glut shipments are cautiously resumed. The Brazilian market, as noticed in our last, is in a greatly improved state. Trade is reviving at the ports on the western coast of South America; but the utmost caution is still requisite in sending goods thither. In the Mediterranean, from one end of it to the other, there are appearances of a sound and healthy, though by no means a spirited, or particularly profitable, trade. The prospects in the United States are somewhat more favourable. At New York, and other places, the cholera had so completely suspended business, that mercantile engagements in very many cases could not be met, and bills and credits had been largely renewed, producing, of course, very great inconvenience. From these effects the markets were obviously recovering at the date of the last advices, and there was every prospect of business proceeding again in its usual manner. The crops in the United States—always of

\* This was, by a typographical error, printed 1s. 4d. instead of  $\frac{1}{4}$ d., in our last number; which, however, could mislead no one.

importance to trade—were great; that of wheat particularly so, and of very superior quality. The accounts from the East Indies are better: trade was improving at Calcutta, where it had for some time been stagnant, and it continued to be in a favourable state at Bombay. Freights from the East Indies generally have been at very satisfactory rates for the ship owners, who have done, and are still doing, well. To the Continent of Europe, the business through the season has been considerable. On the whole, the foreign trade wears an encouraging aspect. Of course, every thing depends on the preservation of peace; the effect of war upon our trading interests would be desolating.

The WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE is in the same state of improvement as the cotton, though by no means enjoying high prosperity. The demand for the home market is good and regular. In some qualities of goods an advance of price has been obtained, equal to the advance in the raw material; but in others the manufacturer has not been reim-

bursed for the rise in the price of wool. For the lower kinds of woollens there is a large demand, and at present superfine cloths sell better than they have done for many months past. The WORSTED STUFFS, FLANNEL, and BLANKET trades, continue active. An advance of wages has been given at Bradford and Rochdale. English long wool commands about the same price as it did last year; South Down wool is lower in price; and German wool, from the very short supply received this year, has advanced; yet it is actually dearer in some parts of Germany than in England, owing to the great demand of the German woollen manufacturers. At the Frankfurt fair just ended, wool was 10 to 15 per cent dearer than at the spring fair.

THE REVENUE.—We have referred to the great improvement in the quarter's revenue. Its extent and the departments in which it has taken place, will be seen from the following table:—

*Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the Years and Quarters ended 10th October, 1831, and 10th October, 1832; shewing the Increase or Decrease on each Head thereof.*

	Years ended Oct. 10, 1831.	1832.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£	£	£	£
Customs . . . . .	15,577,687	15,201,299	—	376,388
Excise . . . . .	11,806,521	11,956,307	50,786	—
Stamps . . . . .	6,481,580	6,528,513	44,233	—
Post Office . . . . .	1,383,011	1,313,000	—	90,011
Taxes . . . . .	4,915,110	5,022,324	77,214	—
Miscellaneous . . . . .	439,479	387,039	—	52,440
	43,608,388	43,408,612	181,263	508,839
Deduct Increase . . . . .				181,263
Decrease on the Year . . . . .				327,576
	Quarters ended Oct. 10, 1831.	1832.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£	£	£	£
Customs . . . . .	4,339,751	4,096,129	356,388	—
Excise . . . . .	4,370,308	4,668,188	297,591	—
Stamps . . . . .	1,681,715	1,657,750	—	23,966
Post Office . . . . .	366,000	333,000	—	33,000
Taxes . . . . .	540,576	656,950	116,383	—
Miscellaneous . . . . .	98,090	81,551	—	16,539
	11,396,739	12,083,566	770,362	73,515
Deduct Decrease . . . . .			73,515	—
Increase on the Quarter . . . . .			696,847	—

Thus the actual increase on the quarter is close upon £700,000; but, when it is taken into account that the candle tax, of which the annual produce was £480,000, came into the corresponding quarter of 1831, and is now repealed, there will appear to have been an improvement in the other branches of the revenue equal to £800,000. The increase of £356,388 in the customs, shews a material improvement in the foreign trade, at least in the quantity of our imports.

THE CORN LAWS.—Whilst some of our Tory contemporaries are endeavouring to deter the agricultural interest from supporting liberal candidates at the approaching

election, by stating the possibility that such candidates will advocate a change in the Corn Laws, and that the present Ministry are meditating such a change; one of the wealthiest and most truly noble of the landed aristocracy is addressing his fellow "landowners of England," to convince them of the injustice and folly of the present laws against cheap bread. Lord Milton has, on this subject, displayed that rare disinterestedness, that superiority to prejudice, that independence and true patriotism, which led him, though educated an anti-reformer, and though heir to one of the largest borough properties in the kingdom,

to become a hearty Reformer; though long politically connected with the manufacturers of Yorkshire, and depending upon them for his return to Parliament, to combat their opposition to the exportation of English wool; and though he had retired from the representation of Yorkshire, under the anticipation of being soon called to the Upper House, to throw himself into the contest for one of the most Tory counties of England, Northamptonshire, at the late memorable election, against the wishes of his colleagues and his friends, and to inflict on the enemies of Reform one of the most signal defeats they then sustained. This enlightened and virtuous nobleman has for some time made it his principal object to obtain the removal of

the present Corn Laws; and he was only prevented from pressing a motion on the subject in the last session of Parliament, by the fear of prejudicing the still more important question of Reform. He has now published an *Address to the Landowners of England on the Corn Laws*. Let the landowners weigh, mark, and learn from the striking, clear, and candid appeal made to them by one of the most judicious of their own number; and let them virtuously reject the system which, for the sake of securing to them an unjust, temporary, and even dubious, advantage, lays an almost insupportable burden on every other class of the community.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SARRANS' LAFAYETTE, LOUIS PHILIPPE, AND THE REVOLUTION OF THE THREE DAYS. 2 vols. *Effingham Wilson, London.*—This work of Sarrans' is the best narrative we have yet seen of the late events in France, and a most important contribution to French history. If published earlier, which it might have been, it would have been less candid, and not so full. It comes just in time to afford a key to the events rapidly developing, and to the course of action and prospective policy of the subtle founder of the new dynasty. The memoirs of Lafayette are identified with the history of the two French Revolutions, and the first part of Sarrans' book is devoted to the events of 1789, and their consequences; but its interest commences only with the THREE DAYS of July, 1830. Those memorable days found the author the editor of a newspaper in Paris, the *Courrier des Electeurs*; and who can ever forget the exalted patriotism and noble courage of the persons connected with the public press in Paris at that crisis? They and their heroic auxiliaries of the Barricades were the real authors of this bloodless revolution—the triumph of opinion over despotism. Their only error lay in reposing too blind a trust in trading politicians and intriguing statesmen. Sarrans, who had been known from his youth to Lafayette, enrolled himself in the National Guard, and when the General was appointed commander of it, he became one of his aide-de-camp, and held that confidential situation, which brought him into close contact with the great leaders of the different parties. As a warm friend of liberty and France, and a grateful admirer of Lafayette, he is disposed to place every thing in which the General is concerned in the fairest light. His opinion of Louis Philippe, Europe has anticipated. If at this moment it were asked, which is the most detested sovereign in Europe, the answer might be Nicolas or Miguel: which the most contemptible? no satisfactory reply: but that Louis Philippe is the most suspected and odious, would be shouted with one

acclaim. Sarrans may hate this wily and hypocritical enemy of freedom the more that his patron Lafayette has been the dupe of the fudge and cajolery which has made cat's-paws of much shrewder men than an open-minded old soldier, more exalted by the moral qualities of his mind than distinguished by the strength of his intellect. The interest of the work, as we have said, commences with the promulgation of the memorable ordonnances, which Sarrans clearly shews the court of Charles X. were fully prepared to support by armed force. We have seldom had so good an opportunity of close and distinct inspection of the manner in which great political events are managed, or manage themselves, as in this rapid narrative of hasty, confused meetings, and abrupt adjournments, and all the cross and by play of passions and interests among the different great actors, each, the moment the victory was gained, studying how to make his own advantage of the battle gained by the people. Those chapters which give so steady a view of what passes behind the scenes, are for the diligent study of the people of every country. From these we make our extracts, which can, however, give but a very inadequate idea of the work, nor can we at all approach that portion of it which shews what the cause of freedom has yet to dread from this new "hollow ally" Louis Philippe, between whom and his venerable predecessor on the throne of France there seems nothing to choose but deeper design and viler hypocrisy. Lafayette was at his seat of La Grange when the ordonnances appeared. Several of those confused conferences were held; and in the course of the 27th Lafayette arrived in Paris, and attended a meeting of deputies at the house of M. de Puylaureu, of which Sarrans gives this lively account:—

"I shall now retrace my recollections, and relate that which, with my head leaning on the edge of a window-frame, my ear attentively listening, and my eye fixed on that large ground-floor apartment, where are being debated the destinies of a people, or rather the destinies of all Europe, I saw and heard at that awful moment; I am at the bar

of my country; I shall speak without hatred and without fear; I shall relate the whole truth.

"M. Mauguin spoke first. He is the man to confront danger; he is the orator of revolution; nature has made him a tribune of the people. He traces in broad outlines a frightful picture of the situation of Paris; he speaks of the wicked attempts of the court, the resentment of the people, their combats, their successes, their reverses, their fears, and their hopes. 'Listen,' said he, with enthusiasm, 'listen to the roar of the cannon and the groans of the dying; they reach you even here; it is a great people effecting a revolution which you ought to direct; it is no longer permitted us to hesitate: our place, gentlemen, is between the popular battalions and the phalanxes of despotism; beware of losing time; the royal guard loses none, be assured; once more, I say, this is a revolution which calls upon us to act.'

"At this word *revolution*, several deputies rose and threatened to retire immediately. It was an explosion of all the fears that had found their way to this assembly. Messieurs Charles Dupin, Sebastiani, and Guizot distinguished themselves among the most zealous advocates of legal order. 'I protest against every act that goes beyond the bounds of legality,' exclaimed M. Dupin. 'What speak you of resistance?' said M. Sebastiani, with heat and precipitation; 'we have only to consider how legal order may be preserved.' 'The slightest imprudence,' added M. Guizot, 'would compromise the justice of our cause. Our duty is not, as is asserted, to take part either with or against the people, but to become mediators, to check the popular movement, and convince the king that his ministers have deceived him.'

"A voice well known to the friends of liberty now makes itself heard; it is that of Lafayette, always equally courageous and skilful in bringing back questions to their true principles. 'I confess,' said he smiling, 'that I find it difficult to reconcile *legality* with the *Moniteur* of the day before yesterday, and with the firing for the last two days.' Then assuming the calm and solemn tone suited to the solemnity of the occasion, he declared that a revolution certainly was in the case; and proposed the immediate creation of a provisional government; an idea which was adopted subsequently, but which as yet was too decided and patriotic not to be regarded by a good many of his colleagues as at least premature.

"At this moment, it was announced that the people had carried the Hotel-de-Ville after a terrible carnage; but the conflict continued; the royal troops received reinforcements, and it was feared that they might again be victorious. This incident, however, seemed to revive the drooping courage of some of the champions of legality. M. Guizot, condemning the *respectful* letter proposed to be written to his majesty Charles X., was willing to incur the risk of a protest of which he read the outline, and in which fidelity to the king was still professed.

"This protest was adopted, notwithstanding the courageous observation of M. Laffitte, who declared it to be insufficient and below the rightful claims of a people who had already poured out so much of his blood.

"M. Ferrier proposed to send a deputation to the Duke of Ragusa, to obtain from him a truce, during which the deputies might carry their *complaints* to the foot of the throne; but Lafayette demanded that the deputation should confine itself to ordering Marmont, in the name of the law, and upon his personal responsibility, to put an end to the firing. However, this deputation was appointed; it was composed of MM. Ferrier, Laffitte, Mauguin, Lobau, and Gerard. Lafayette, visibly indignant at all these delays, whilst the blood of so many citizens was streaming around him, declared to his colleagues that his name was already placed, by the confidence of the people and with his consent, at the head of the insurrection; that he ardently wished his determination should obtain their approbation; but that, happen what might, he considered himself as pledged in honour to establish on the following day his headquarters at Paris.

"Thus ended this first sitting, its whole result, a proclamation without energy, without meaning,

and which was to be published—ON THE MORROW. It was two o'clock; they adjourned to four at M. Berard's.

"At four o'clock the deputies re-assembled at M. Berard's. Here, my historical task becomes more painful. I have to retrace scenes which it would probably be better to obliterate from our parliamentary annals, but that they must be preserved for the instruction of posterity. My pen shall do its duty. In the short interval of time between the first and second assembling of the deputies on the day of the 28th, affairs had taken another turn. The patriots had been beaten at several points; the Hotel-de-Ville, already twice taken and retaken, had remained, at last, in the power of the royal troops, with whom some brave citizens were again contesting it, but the combatants began to feel discouraged; their energy, for want of proper direction, was becoming exhausted; anxiety was at its highest point, and the defeat of the people generally considered as inevitable. Shall I declare it! Scarcely one half of the deputies who had been present at the meeting in the morning attended at that in the afternoon. The deputation sent to the Duke of Ragusa now reported to the assembly the insolent reply of that cut-throat, who required the submission of the people as a preliminary to any negotiation. This answer excited the indignation of those deputies who were faithful to their country; but it froze with fear the greater number of those gentlemen who, in the midst of the misfortunes of France, thought only how to escape individually the consequences of the ordinance which declared Paris in a state of siege. At this moment was brought in the proclamation agreed upon in the morning, and which several of the journalists had printed, after divesting it of the servile expressions in which fear had clothed it. And here, I have fresh weaknesses to record: this protest, so feeble, so unmeaning, was rejected, through the consternation which had seized upon MM. Villemain, Sebastiani, and Bertin-de-Vaux: not one of these gentlemen now dared to entertain it; they withdrew, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of several of their colleagues, who implored them not to abandon their country on the brink of a precipice. At that moment Lafayette declared, as he had already done in the morning, his firm resolution to throw his life and fortune into the movement, and to establish his headquarters, at daybreak, at the Hotel-de-Ville, or at some other point in possession of the people.

"The number of the deputies assembled was reduced to ten, when this happy intelligence was brought them. It revived some nearly-extinguished patriotism; and even M. Guizot proposed to affix to the proclamation the names of all the deputies, whether absent or present, whose opinions were known to be liberal. This gave rise to fresh protestations on the part of M. Sebastiani, who had again made his appearance; and this dilatory measure might again have been rejected or postponed, but for M. Laffitte, who, with that truly civic disinterestedness and courage for which he is distinguished, cut the question short, by saying, 'Let us adopt this proposal, gentlemen; if we are vanquished, they will charge us with falsehood, and prove that we were only eight in number; if we conquer, be assured they will be envious to acknowledge the signatures.'

"The declaration was adopted, and subscribed, on presumption of patriotism, with sixty-three parliamentary names, out of the four hundred and thirty which compose the Chamber of Deputies. The name of M. Dupin was inserted at first; but it was erased, on M. Mauguin's observing, that it would only be exposing themselves to certain and disagreeable remonstrances.

"Another meeting was appointed for eight o'clock in the evening, at the house of M. Audry de Puyraveau. This meeting reproduced all the proofs of courage, and all the symptoms of weakness that had marked those which preceded it. A contest, which will never be effaced from my recollection, was waged between MM. Lafayette, De La Borde, Laffitte, Mauguin, and Audry de Puyraveau, on one side; and Messieurs Sebastiani and Meehan on the other. The former demanded that, cutting short so many shameful tergiversations, the de-

puties now at Paris, clothed in their Parliamentary costume, and mounting the tricoloured cockade, should place themselves boldly at the head of the people; the latter ventured again to speak of legal order, of mediation, and of concessions to be obtained from Charles X. This was more than the citizen soul of Lafayette could bear; he rose and demanded of his colleagues what post they assigned him in the name of the country; for that he was ready to occupy it on the instant. The seceders had departed; and the patriot deputies, now reduced to five only, but resolved to raise again gloriously the tricoloured flag, separated, after appointing to meet again at five the next morning, at M. Laffitte's: it was then midnight."

The courage of the Deputies ebbed or flowed exactly in accordance with the reports of the success or defeat of the patriots. By the evening of the 29th they had succeeded in regaining the Hotel de Ville.

Thus events progressed. We must make room for one short extract of a very different character from the above.

"The struggle continued during the day of the 29th. There, around the barricades, in the streets, in the houses, under the porticoes of the churches, everywhere, were profusely repeated that multitude of acts of heroism, magnanimity, and contempt of death, which had already made of the preceding days the finest period that has ever ennobled the human species, the most glorious of which liberty and philosophy have to boast. Where shall we find a pencil to portray with truth, or even to render credible that multitude of sublime traits, any one of which would suffice to immortalise an age, but which now pass undistinguished amid the mass of lofty deeds which absorb them and exhibit in prominence only a population radiant, as one man, with courage and virtue! There we find barricades rising as it by enchantment, behind the soldiers, occupied in attacking the barricade which intercepts their progress; there we see women hurling from the windows paving-stones, furniture, burning brands, in contempt of the balls which strike them beside their infants' cradles; children waving the tricoloured flag amid the volleys of grape-shot, and rushing amongst the enemy's squadrons to pounce the horse of the cuirassier whom they cannot reach: I have seen them go gliding under the horses, and find out the lower extremity of the cuirass of one the enemy, and thus kill one of those soldiers cased in steel, the weight of whom alone was sufficient to crush them: I have seen others hook themselves on the stirrup of a gendarme, and get themselves hacked in that position, while endeavouring to discharge a pocket-pistol at his breast.

"And how many instances of generosity and humanity were seen among those miracles of heroism! The wounded enemy, or the prisoner, ceases to be an enemy; he becomes a citizen, a brother, whom the people do not distinguish from those who defend him, and towards whom they entertain the same anxious feeling. Who can ever forget the conduct of those excellent females belonging to the lower classes, who either in their houses, or at the corners of the streets, and exposed to the grape shot, hasten to bind up the wounds of the workman struck by a royal bullet, and the soldier who has mutilated this brother or that friend! And then when fortune had declared in favour of the people, what an affecting sight to behold the number of dwelling-houses, churches, and theatres, which the piety of the citizens had transformed into hospitals! Here you would see the mustached, wounded Swiss lying between two beds in which were young patriots who treated him as a friend, and to whom the surgeons afforded the same assistance.

"However, on the opening of this memorable sitting, opinions appeared more divided than ever; every system, with the exception of the republic, found partisans; they spoke, by turns, of the Duke of Orleans, the Duke de Bourdeaux, the Duke of Angoulême, and even Charles X., who, incredible as it may seem, still had an evident ma-

jority in his favour. It was at this decisive moment that M. Sebastiani was heard to exclaim, speaking of the tri-coloured flag that had been hoisted at the Hotel-de-Ville: *The only national flag at this time was the white flag!* It was also upon this occasion that M. de Sussy, unsuccessful at the Hotel-de-Ville, came to present to the Chamber the revocation of the ordinances and the formation of a new ministry, insisting, but to no purpose, as it may be supposed, upon M. Laffitte's delivering these appointments to those for whom they were intended. The principal object of this meeting was to pass the declaration which was to call the Duke of Orleans to the lieutenantancy-general of the kingdom. A committee had been appointed to present a report to the Chamber upon this important measure, and they had added to their number several members of the Chamber of Peers, among whom was the Duke de Broglie. A warm discussion arose in this committee, composed of deputies and peers, as to the principle upon which the throne was to be declared vacant; the peers and some deputies insisted upon the absolute necessity of taking as an exclusive basis the abdication of Charles X., and the renunciation of the Duke d'Angoulême.

"Violent agitation prevailed without as well as within the Chamber. New machinations, darkly preparing, were rumoured about in order to make the Chamber postpone its decision; it was asserted that an important personage, recently raised by Charles X. to the presidency of the council of ministers, had been met upon the road to Saint-Cloud; and, indeed, this report had been confirmed at the Hotel-de-Ville by different patriots, upon whose depositions a warrant was issued against M. Casimir Perier. Whatever may be the truth of this circumstance, general uneasiness prevailed."

To the efforts and intrigues of Lafayette to place the Duke of Orleans on the vacant throne we can only advert. They first became apparent to the Deputies on the 29th, though the attachment of Lafayette to the Duke, and his desire to see his patron wear the crown of the Bourbons, had long been suspected. From and during the THREE DAYS he was in constant communication with Neully. We give two more extracts. The last is sufficiently curious.

"About ten o'clock, almost all the deputies present in Paris assembled at M. Laffitte's; some peers also repaired thither; among them was the Duke de Broglie, who spoke at great length upon the excited feelings of the people, and the dangers of a republic. These dangers, intentionally exaggerated by M. Dupin, produced general anxiety, of which M. Laffitte skillfully took advantage, in order to propose the election of the Duke of Orleans, as the only means of settling uncertainties, and arresting the torrent. This opinion, expressed for the first time in an *official* manner, produced some astonishment, and met with opposition; but M. Dupin supported it with so much eloquence and energy, that from this moment it became evident that the measure which had the appearance of being merely deliberated upon, was nothing less than a plan already settled between the prince and a party, at the head of which M. Laffitte had placed himself. Nevertheless, much indecision prevailed, and the discussion was becoming more animated, when the dexterous champion of the house of Orleans observed, in a solemn manner, that the proper place for the deputies of France, reconstituting the government of a great empire, was the Palais-Bourbon, and not the cabinet of a private individual. This advice prevailed; it was settled that in two hours they should meet in their ordinary place of sitting, and the Orleanists took advantage of this interval to redouble their efforts and their bribes."

At last it was but the turn of a feather between the elder and younger branch of the Bourbons. The gratitude of kings is pro-



verbal, though there are few instances of this royal virtue more striking than the following:—

“One of the first cares of Lafayette was likewise to ascertain the intentions of the new authorities with respect to the patriots condemned for political offences during the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. He saw in the decision which he was endeavouring to draw from the government on the subject of these noble victims, not only an atonement to be made to justice, but a fresh consecration of the principle of resistance to oppression, and to violation of the laws. Therefore, it gave great scandal to the *doctrinaire* faction which had already engrafted itself upon the newborn court of Louis Philippe, that, on a certain day, when the saloons of the Palais Royal were crowded with deputations from all parts of France, an *aide-de-camp* on duty was heard to call out with a loud voice, *The gentlemen condemned for political offences*, and Lafayette, advancing at their head, said to the king: ‘Here are the political convicts; they are presented to you by an accomplice.’ The king received them with a most touching affability, and, reminding several of those generous citizens of the persecutions which, to his great regret, they had experienced, he promised them all the most solicitous attention to their interests, and a prompt indemnification for their long sufferings. What have those promises produced? The complaints of those brave men have told it to the country; their misery repeats it every day: repulsed by every administration, exposed to the scorn of the sycophants of every hue that beset the royalty of the barricades, the *condamnes politiques* are dying of hunger, under the eyes of that monarch to whose throne they had served as the stepping-stone. History will have to relate that men who, during fifteen years, had sacrificed their all for their country, found in it for themselves only water and earth, after the glorious Revolution of July. What a monument of the gratitude of kings!”

We commend this work to every one interested in public affairs, but especially to those who “put their faith in princes,” or are captivated by the original and splendid idea of “a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions.” It is proper to add, since there are different translations in the field, that this published by Wilson is executed with fidelity and spirit. Our extracts shew as much.

**ADDRESS TO THE LANDOWNERS OF ENGLAND ON THE CORN LAWS.** By VISCOUNT MILTON. *London, Ridgway, 1832.*—An important alteration in the Corn Laws cannot be far distant, when one of the great landholders in the kingdom takes up the pen, to advocate the removal of the restrictions on the importation of grain. Lord Milton was a supporter of the Corn Law of 1815; but he is not now ashamed to acknowledge the error he then committed. He has for some years advocated in Parliament a change in the present system; and he has published in the newspapers his views on the Corn Laws; and the present address, though short, evinces a careful study of the subject, and a laborious investigation into all the circumstances which are necessary to arrive at a sound conclusion. His Lordship shews most clearly, that the restrictive system has been most injurious to the farmers, and that the benefit derived from it by the landholders is very inconsiderable. By means of tables, in which the rate of wages and the price of grain, at different periods are compared, it

is shewn, that the statement so often and so confidently made, that the working classes are in a more favourable situation when grain is dear, than when it is cheap, is utterly unfounded; and he proves that the prosperity of our manufactures is of the last importance to the landowners themselves. Coming from the quarter which it does, this address cannot fail to be attended with beneficial consequences. Many of our legislators are more influenced by the name and rank of a writer, than by his arguments; but to high rank and deep interest in the matter under discussion, we have here added important facts, and clear and unanswerable reasoning. In every point of view, the address is most honourable to Viscount Milton; and did the peerage contain a few such members as his Lordship, it would go far to redeem it from the bad odour into which it has lately fallen.

**SUNSHINE; OR, LAYS FOR LADIES.** *Willoughby, London.*—This is a pretty little tome, of which the principal part is dedicated to fashionable themes, the nature of which may be judged of, from such titles as, “I’m not a Marrying Man,” “Lay of the Younger Son,” “Lay of a Spinster,” “Offer of Marriage,” and so forth. The verses are airy and sprightly, and will, we dare say, be greatly admired by the class for which they are meant. Some of them have humour and point. “The Excursion,” an epistle from a managing sister to a brother for his guidance in securing a friend with a fortune of fifteen hundred a-year, is one of the best. Better than this sort of badinage,—for it scarcely reaches satire,—do we like the serious “Occasional Verses,” at the close of the volume. Some of them are really beautiful.

**LETTER TO LORD BROUGHAM ON THE SUBJECT OF THE MAGISTRACY OF ENGLAND.** *Cawthorne, London.*—THE GREAT UNPAID are once more shewn up in good style, and an array of facts placed under the eye of the Lord Chancellor, which, if they cannot inform his judgment on this subject, for it must be made up already, may help to stimulate his activity. For this, and for great pains-taking on a point most important to the country, the author of this letter deserves its gratitude.

**ADDRESS TO THE MECHANICS OF MANCHESTER.** By JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY. *Manchester.*—A sensible, well-meant tract, which deserves praise for its purpose.

**MEMOIR OF THE LATE CAPTAIN PETER HEYWOOD.** By EDWARD TAGART. *Esfingham Wilson, London.*—This memoir of a worthy and deserving naval officer will be read with great interest by all his personal friends and acquaintances, and with advantage by every one that chances to peruse it. It is indeed the record of a good man’s life, and than this what can be more instructive? Captain Heywood, when a lad, was a midshipman on board the *Bounty*, at the time of the memorable mutiny against *Bligh*. Time,

which sets every thing right at last, has cleared the mutineers of the Bounty of much of the moral obloquy attached to their conduct. But Heywood was in no degree implicated, save by his incidental presence in the ship. Professional etiquette made it, however, necessary that he should be both tried and condemned, though he was immediately pardoned. His adventures in Otaheite, and the anxiety and enthusiastic attachment of his mother and sister during three years of suffering and vicissitude, give a sort of romantic interest to the work. There never was a stronger picture of family affection. Young Heywood again entered the navy, and became eminent in the scientific part of his profession. The close of his life was tranquil and happy. The most remarkable circumstance attending his latter years was adoption of the Unitarian belief, from the irresistible convictions of his own mind, before he had become acquainted with the Unitarians as a sect. From his earliest years Captain Heywood had been of a religious and reflective disposition, and had long entertained Unitarian tenets without properly understanding what they meant, or by what name they were designated among Christian sects. In his latter years he attended a Unitarian chapel, without, however, connecting himself with that body, his religion being more practical than speculative.

MEMOIRS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, WITH CRITICAL NOTICES OF HIS WRITINGS, COMPILED FROM VARIOUS AUTHENTIC SOURCES. BY MR VEDDER, AUTHOR OF ORCAIDIAN SKETCHES. *Allardice, Dundee.*—A poet should write the life of a poet, is a common saying; and Mr Vedder's poetical bias has certainly helped his qualification for the labour of love he has undertaken. His Memoir is a cheap compilation in a neat form, detailing the leading events of Sir Walter Scott's life, but attending chiefly to "his life of life," his works. Of these we have an interesting detail, and criticisms, in the right spirit, warm and reverential. Mr Vedder has given immense value to his publication by embodying in it some of the ablest critiques that have appeared on the *Waverley Novels*. This of itself, we conceive, entitles his work to attention; for where else can we find the eulogiums of Byron, and of Jeffrey, and Hazlitt under the same wrapper? Mr Vedder is indebted to an American biographer for some curious details relative to Sir Walter's commercial involvements, which will be new in this country.

THE EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY: *Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.* Vol. IX.—PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY ON THE NORTHERN COASTS OF AMERICA.—This is the only LIBRARY of the dozen now publishing, which appears in Scotland; and, as a matter of national pride, it is gratifying to us to see EDINBURGH holding the same high or exclusive place in a series

of this useful and solid kind, that "our town" has done for so many years in *Encyclopaedias*, *Quarterlies*, and *Monthlies*. The subject of this new volume is only inferior in interest to the first of this series; and in real importance is much higher. The one refers to desolate and barbarous regions, which nature has doomed to sterility and solitude; the other to the laying of the foundations of what is hastening to become the mightiest empire, or cluster of empires, on the face of the globe. The author, Mr TYTLER, the HISTORIAN OF SCOTLAND, having first carefully collected an immense store of rich materials, has selected, condensed, and arranged them with great pains, judgment, and discrimination. He sets out with *Cabot* the elder's discovery of the northern parts of the vast continent of America; traces the progress of discovery through successive ages, under the Portuguese, French, English, and Spanish early navigators; and thence issues on the wide field of modern and contemporary enterprise—the perilous adventures of the individuals who established the fur trade—the journeys of Hearne—the expeditions of Mackenzie and of Franklin, and the recent voyage of Captain Beechey. We have here, in short, the substance of many ancient tomes and modern volumes of great interest, condensed into one volume of clear succinct narration; comprehending all that general readers need know, and a hundred times more than they could ever learn, unless indebted to the skill and high-pressure power of such writers as Mr Tytler. The *Natural History* is written by Mr James Wilson. We hope it may at once be appreciated. It is like every thing Mr Wilson has written for this Library, (all of his writings with which we are acquainted), so living and pleasing, that we can only wish the author had larger space, to give the world the most vital and picturesque popular NATURAL HISTORY it has yet received. What he has given to this Library are important contributions to a great whole. In an appendix to the work, Mr Tytler has defended the reputation of RICHARD HAKLUYT in a generous and (concerning the commonwealth of letters) patriotic spirit. The world at large cannot understand a tithe of the merit of this labour of love; but if, some five centuries hence, the Historian of Scotland shall be attacked with the same injustice, let us hope that some enthusiast may arise, with like disinterested zeal, to do battle for him.

LIVES OF EMINENT MISSIONARIES. By JOHN CARNE, Esq. Forming Vol. VI. of The Select Library. *Fisher, Son, and Jackson, London.*—A pleasant, instructive, and companionable volume have we found this of Mr Carne's by the quiet fire-side on these long October evenings. Nor can we bestow higher praise on any book, than to call it companionable. When a work is so found, it attains its best end, for there is no fear but it will then be instructive. The *Lives of Eminent Missionaries* must of necessity be a compilation; but compilations may differ

vastly in merit. This, if not laboured with much care, is written with liveliness and spirit; and though neither the most brilliant nor powerful of books, is of the number which impart more pleasure of a safe and gentle kind than more ambitious performances. And is it nothing to be presented with views of life, exact portraits of MAN, in his indoor easy undress, and in his costumes of ceremony, from "Indus to the Pole." In the *Life of Eliot* we have the American Indian, "the Stoic of the Woods;" in that of the apostle Swartz, the mild and polished Hindoo; and in the interesting history of the northern Moravian mission, the rude Greenlander. And these are not the passing sketches of the traveller, hasty and often ill-informed, but of the patient, indefatigable, pious missionary, narrating the observations of half a lifetime spent in constant intercourse with the natives and in anxious inspection of their manners. More volumes of lives of missionaries are to follow the present; and if as interesting as this, which is, we think, likely to become very popular, there cannot be too many.

*BIBLIOPHOBIA, or Remarks on the present languid and depressed state of Literature and the Book Trade. In a Letter, addressed to the author of Bibliomania.* Bohn: London.—This same *bibliophobia* is the very distemper we are groaning under. Heaven forbid that it prove chronic, though the recent symptoms are alarming. "Fear," says our author, "is the order of the day. To those very natural and long established fears of bailiffs and tax-gatherers, must now be added the fear of reform, of cholera, and of BOOKS." One evil is conquered—the second is about to disappear—and for the third, surely time, if nothing else, will find a remedy. This pamphlet is written with great humour and liveliness, and felicity of allusion, by one who, if not a genuine brother of the craft, or the great Dibdin himself, is deep in the mysteries of the Row. He makes a tour of the booksellers and print shops—most graphic and picturesque in its progress, but frightful and melancholy in the results. Our inquirer has coursed through the Row and *Chancery Lane*; and then we have him just out of Mr Bohn's, who is in as awful a plight as his neighbours, and next popping in to Mr Sharpe's, every place worse than the last.

His account of *Magazine* and *Atmanack* days is curious as a matter of commercial economy.

*Mercurius Rusticus*, the author of *Bibliophobia*, tries to encourage the traders in book merchandise, before he takes leave of them, with the assurance that better days are at hand. So be it.

**THE DESTINIES OF MAN.** By ROBERT MILLHOUSE. Simpkin and Marshall, London.—Another self-educated poet of the kind that may put universities to the blush. Mr Millhouse is, we understand, an artisan in Nottingham. This is not his first public appearance; but we hope it may prove his

most successful one, though the subject of his poem is not calculated for extensive popularity. It is a piece of religious and philosophic musing and retrospection, extending from the creation of the world to the Christian era, and touching upon all the momentous events of this success on of ages,—the Flood, and the rise and decay of the mighty empires of the old world. On these lofty themes, the self-educated poet descants in a lofty tone. We take leave of Mr Millhouse, with great respect for his talents, and affectionate wishes for his success.

**BECKET: AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY, THE MEN OF ENGLAND, and other Poems.** Moxon, London.—This is after the manner of those respectable productions which well-educated English gentlemen, professional or of fortune, publish at, or about, the conclusion of their learned studies, as a sort of inaugural dissertation, which shall make them free of the corporation of men of letters, or of that of gentlemanly authors; though they may never again exercise the honourable privilege thus gained. Such dissertations come abroad in all forms of essay, novel, poem; or, if the youth enjoy hopes of being "pushed in the diplomatic line," a thin tome of political economy, or a pamphlet on the "CRISIS," or "THE CURRENCY." Sometimes these specimens of mental accomplishment take, as in the present instance, the more ambitious shape of a tragedy. As a drama, we cannot say more for Becket than for ninety-nine of the hundred tragedies that appear. The action is often languid, the characters, in general, feeble; and though history has made the attendant circumstances highly picturesque, and susceptible of high poetic embellishment, the author has but scantily availed himself of these resources. The opening is languid—the closing scenes attenuated to a mere thread of interest; and, with singular unskillfulness, the writer has expended his strength before it is required to concentrate all his power for the final thrust. The third act is full of bustle and interest. The character of Becket, the haughty, domineering priest, is better conceived than executed. The king's is more successful, and perhaps the best drawn character in the play. Of Queen Eleanor, a character of that passionate and mixed kind which nature has laid, ready made, before the dramatist, nothing is made. Prince Henry, and Idonea, the sister of Becket, with her lover Reginald, are personages more within the range of the writer's spells. With this much of blame, there is a good deal to praise in Becket. The choice of the subject is high merit; the moral tone is unexceptionable; and, if the language never rises to poetry, it is often pleasing, nervous, and always correct.

The spirit of the *MEN OF ENGLAND* is excellent.

**FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. XIX.**—This work was started under the auspices of as many screech-owl prophecies of failure, as could well be imagined. It had to contend,

during its early career, with the competition of a *Sosia*, brought forward for public acceptance, by deserters from its own corps. Yet still it keeps the onward tenor of its way; and if its success at all equal its merit, with high acceptance. The *Foreign Quarterly* gives, in its periodical appearances, full and able descriptions of all the most interesting and important literary *phenomena* of the Continent. It has, at the same time, done more to extend the field of statistical knowledge, and of the application of economical science, than any of its contemporaries. The work, instead of being characterized by any meretricious glare or splendour, has been always marked by the subdued tone of true taste. Its leaning is liberal, notwithstanding a strange blunder in the present number respecting the liberal press of Germany. We are inclined to look upon the *Foreign Quarterly* as one of the most useful of our periodicals; and we know it to be one of the most interesting.

**THE YOUNG STUDENT'S PRECEPTOR; OR, INTRODUCTORY COLLECTION.** By A. Weir, Master of the English Department, Kilmarnock Academy. Edinburgh; Stirling and Kenney.—The *Young Student's Preceptor* is one of the best selected and best arranged introductions to English reading we have met with.

**ON CIRCULATING CREDIT, WITH HINTS FOR IMPROVING THE BANKING SYSTEM OF BRITAIN, &c.** By a SCOT- TISH BANKER.\*—An admirable book, written by a man whose head is well furnished, and "all compact." Here is the true science of Banking—a key to all the mysteries of the questions of Currency and Credit, and withal an important introduction to the whole subject of Political Economy. What is most singular, too, in these days, when men are doing little but hammering and toiling at the work of Macadamizing the *beaten track*, our banker has taken a path of his own, explored it thoroughly, rooted out every gnarled stump, and made it a king's highway! The name at the bottom of his title-page should make us sparing of the language of eulogy. This Magazine is no book-seller's hack, and shall never be suspected of being so; but we cannot sacrifice truth, even to delicacy.

**THE PARENT'S CABINET OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.** London: *Smith and Elder*.—This is number one of a neat little periodical for children, intended to assist in domestic education. It is full of anecdotes, poems, prints, and cuts, illustrating Natural History, and promises to be very amusing as well as instructive. *Brave Bobby* is what children will call a very nice tale.

\* Edinburgh, W. Tait, 1833 :

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 Hansard's Debates, Third Series, Vol. XI. 1l. 10s.

## THE FINE ARTS.

FIXEDEN'S LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF BYRON. — The Seventh Part has appeared, and puts in an equal claim to admiration with the former numbers, if, taken as a whole, it does not exceed them. *The Plain of Troy* during a storm, a poetically conceived vignette by TURNER, scarcely equals some of his former sketches. *The Gate of Theseus*, another vignette, is also harder than the favourite productions of his ethereal pencil; but to atone for this, he sticks closer than usual to his text. *The Temple of Jupiter Olympus*, STANFIELD, is one of this artist's best contributions to this series. Every part of the view is treated with the same care as if each were the first in importance; while all are subordinate to those majestic pillars which fill, and, without overawing, subdue

the mind to homage of the grandeur of ANCIENT ART. — *Cape Colonna* is commonplace, but very pleasing; and, any where save in this series, would be admired. — *Cagliari Sardinia*, a matter-of-fact view of the kind that ought to be for use, since such views cannot be rendered beautiful. — *Patras* by COTTEMOLE, is our favourite view of those in this number. It is charmingly grouped, and full of life and spirit. The portrait, of which each number has one, is that of *Margarita Cogni*, one of the Venetian favourites of Byron. He has described her by the attractive name of the "*Tigress*," which, by his own shewing, was very appropriate to the catlike character of the lady. HARLOWE has made the most possible of the feline beauty.

## MAJOR'S CABINET GALLERY. NO. II.

This Number is a decided improvement on Number I. The subjects are, we think, infinitely better selected. A *Landscape and Marriage Festival*, by CLAUDE, to which a scriptural name is given for want of a truer, deserved more careful engraving; but the grouping—the character—is there; and there also is Allan Cunningham's vivid description, which makes out what is obscure or wanting otherwise. The other two pictures are masterpieces of REYNOLDS—A *HOLY FAMILY*, full of *English affection and imagination*. *Holy Family* is, however, a misnomer. It is a charming English group, and, though not a holy family, a delightful picture of a grandsire with his daughter and her infants. The back-ground is rich and beautiful. PUCK is the flower of this number. He is the antipodes of all pre-conceived notions of the tricky, elvish, merry sprite of Shakespeare; yet we receive him at once as the true Puck—the realization of a hundred vagrant fancies. There he sits, in guise of a chubby boy, on a mushroom top; his fragile mimic throne, which his light buoyant humours prevent him from either crushing or bending. The whole character is expressed in the attitude, and concentrated in the merry roguish twinkle of the eyes. This picture also is enriched with one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's favourite back-grounds—an entanglement of wood and luxuriant trailing plants. The tasteful and critical remarks of Cunningham give great additional value to this work.

## THE BYRON GALLERY. NO. III.

This historical accompaniment to the new edition of Byron's works differs in design from FINDEN's. The BYRON GALLERY is the more ambitious attempt of illustrating

the writings of the poet by imaginative pictures. Here we have the Invocation of Manfred to the Witch of the Alps, and her appearance,—*Son of Earth, what wouldst thou with me!* A pair of *pretty juveniles* from the Hours of Idleness, and a scene from the Dream, "*a Maiden and a Youth*," are sweet pictures. The sketch from Parisina is deficient in the grand point, the expression of the passion of the scene. In this important requisite, the picture from Beppo is happier. This is a *cheap* pleasing publication of its kind; and if so great a proportion of the public prefer having five pretty pictures for less than five shillings, instead of one of real lasting worth and beauty, neither we nor the print publishers of the nineteenth century can help this prevailing taste. We may wish it mended.

## LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS of the Prose and Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, with Portraits of the Principal Female Characters.

BYRON and SCOTT have half the artists in England at present enlisted in their service. Parts V. and VI. are before us. The landscapes, if not first rate specimens of art, are pleasing pictures, and have besides the merit of being exact portraits of scenes which Scott has described and animated, and which most of us have opportunity of comparing with the original. Each number contains four landscapes and a portrait, for one half-crown! Among the landscapes, we would distinguish the *Solway Frith*, *Loch Ard*, *North Queen's Ferry*, and *Inch Cailteach*. The portraits are the *Flora Macivor* of Finden's series, which gives us at least a female face of great beauty, and *Isabelle de Croze*, whom we cannot admire.

## THE DRAMA.

No true jockey ever thinks of putting his bit of blood to the top of her speed on starting, and no manager adventures his maximum strength in the commencement of the season. The first month is usually characterised by fugitive representations, the lowly bow of two or three second-rate debutants, the occasional appearance of one of the mighty great, (just to keep the drowsy head of the town from nodding quite,) and, better still, certain goodly announcements of fine things to come, the very hint at which were sufficient to spur a grateful public into anticipatory patronage. Bottling up our choicest powers, therefore, like shrewd and thrifty worldlings, for fittest use on fittest occasion, our remarks on the events of the past three weeks will necessarily be of a general character, reserving detailed criticism for those brilliances which are in store for us by-and-by. Our notice, too, of those first appearances which have occurred, shall

purposely be of a cursory nature; for the two-fold reason that the capabilities of an actor are not to be truly ascertained from initiatory exhibitions; and that we are not over-solicitous to indulge in any prophetic antics, which might mislead some, injure others, and make ourselves look immensely silly, if Time, the only safe interpreter of prophecy, were not in a concurrent mood.

DRURY LANE.—At this house the season commenced most busily; and, auguring from the activity and promptitude displayed by the management, in furnishing, at so early a period, something wherewithal to whet the appetite, great doings may be looked for. Macready, Braham, Farren, Power, Harley, Miss Phillips, and Mrs. Glover—sounding names—have already appeared; and if the employment cut out for them hereafter be worthy of their efforts, matters may once more look cheerily in the

eyes of the lessee. The first night introduced Mrs. Nesbit, in her maidenly *alias* of Mordaunt, as the widow Cheerly, in the comedy of "The Soldier's Daughters" (about the most yawny thing in the language,) selected, we suppose, because being the character she originally supported, it was her fond show-task, and because, also, of divers expressions occurring in the play which appeared allusive to the peculiarity of her situation as a young and bereaved woman. This lady is prepossessing, and of good figure, and her light and agreeable acting appears not to have been impaired by her temporary secession from the stage. Our friend Power (what a name for an actor and a pun!) was rather hardly tasked on the first few nights, but his quiet humour and irresistible drollery gained for him a requital sufficient to subdue any little outbreking murmurs in which he might have else felt disposed to indulge. In the second week, Mr. Serle's "House of Colberg" was brought out; but it met with equivocal greeting. With every disposition to urge the author to a cultivation of the talent he possesses as a writer, of whom we are inclined to predicate favourably, we confess this to be a production, which, lacking interest, and unmercifully monotonous, never could adapt itself to an audience, whatever its merits might do for it in the closet. Nothing but the spirited acting of Macready and Miss Phillips could have secured for it the few repetitions that were allowed. Mr. Macready, by the way, is now all that is left us of sound tragic talent; but high as he therefore stands, he must not pronounce himself faultless. He possesses many objectionable mannerisms, which if he study nature with a steady eye, and a humble mind, he will soon perceive how detractive they must be to his reputation. His violent and sudden transitions of voice, and his occasional rapid and inarticulate enunciation, though doubtless pleasing to those who are tickled at mountebank gambols, vocal or otherwise, are, to the man of true taste, a capital defect, and mars most woefully the excellence he does possess. Very different, indeed, is it with Miss Phillips, in this respect; her deep and *deprecating* tones almost pall upon the ear from very monotony, a misfortune which excites not censure but regret. The present position of Mr. Macready on the stage will, it is hoped, induce him to scrutinize his powers and peculiarities with the just discernment of one who is wisely jealous of honorably acquired fame. Of Miss Phillips, we think so highly that we have scarcely a word of advice to offer her; she has had some uphill work in her career, but she is all the better for it, she may be assured.

A new piece called the "Factory Girl," by a Mr. Jerrold, was also produced; would that it had been conceived by Mr. Senator Sadler, for the author's sake. It failed. Three very beautiful scenes were wasted on the occasion. As works of art, they ought not to be allowed to perish. Mr. Serell (who has been engaged here) made his first appearance as the hero: it would be ungenerous to offer an opinion of his abilities under such circumstances.

"Der Freischutz" has been again revived, and with a success that amply attests the deep impression its wild and witching music still continues to make on every ear. Braham, the ever-green, was the Rodolph; and sung with exquisite taste, and undiminished skill, the plaintive and beautiful melodies allotted to the character. We had a new Caspar in Mr. Bedford, who supported it with great credit; the drinking song well merited the encore it received. Mr. Seguin "did" the music of Bernhard, but his acting was villainously bad; as a concert singer, this gentleman is a valuable acquisition, but as an actor—whenever it is his humour to be humorous, he becomes ridiculous. Miss Betts is scarcely equal to the part of Linda; she essayed her utmost, and pleased.

But the great lion of Drury, for this month, has been the grand Pageant, "in commemoration of Scotland's immortal bard," which, in conception, is truly very happy, and in execution admirable. There are those, it is known, who condemn such an exhibition as a mock solemnity, puerile in design, and dishonouring to the memory of the departed great one; as being nothing more, in fact, than an unholy trick, to put money in the treasury, by catering, to a corrupt taste, in an excited hour. We have nothing to do with *motives*, but we differ upon the inference; for, whatever tends to call into action those feelings of respect and veneration, which the god-like attribute of genius claims at the hands of all men, is praiseworthy in itself; a wholesome incentive to those in whom it presently exists, and encouraging to the less gifted, by forcing upon their attention its immeasurable value, and the importance of cultivating what they do possess. Such feelings, however keen at first, or just, or general, are too apt to melt into speedy oblivion, unless animated and promoted by some public token of acknowledgment, some stirring occasion, by which they may be kept rife and active; and whether the public mind is impressed by what the cynic would call pantomimic mummeries, unworthy of a "thinking people," or by the solitary monument, admonishing, in its marble silence, the object and the act are alike

useful and justifiable. Mankind are not all philosophers; and in so far the end consecrates the means.

The scenery and the grouping were excellent, and the "Pageant," judging from its great attraction, will, no doubt, repay with interest the labour and expense which must have been bestowed upon its production.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE has undergone divers alterations since last season. A sparkling thousand-guinea chandelier depends from the ceiling; the interior of the house is made resplendent in pearl-white and burnished gold; re-covered seats, and dress circle stalls, convenient for ingress, egress, and regress; refreshment lobby, and other accommodations have been all sedulously contrived for the accommodation of a comfort-loving public.

A young gentleman with a curious name, having no foes to save him from his friends, opened the business of the season by undertaking the inarduous task of failing in *Shylock*; which, having fulfilled, he sagaciously retired into his pristine privacy gloryless. This achieved, the absence of Miss Kemble gave an opportunity to Miss E. Tree to exhibit her powers in the character of Julia in Knowles' comedy of "*The Hunchback*;" which seems to lose none of its influence by frequent repetition. A part so identified with the former lady, and latterly not less ably sustained by Miss Phillips, offered difficulties in the way of fame which few actresses would have been delighted to contend with. Miss Tree, however, may rejoice in her triumph. Her performance was admirable, and must have exceeded the expectations of her warmest friends; the feeling and spirit with which she portrayed the indignation of a slighted woman, and the striking energy of her entreaty to Master Walter, in the last act; to spare her from the marriage her passion had caused her to assent to, were most excellent, and called forth long and loud applause from all parts of the house. Mr. Knowles sustained his original character of Master Walter, and is evidently improved in his new walk of life.

The comedy of "*All's Well that Ends Well*" has been hashed up into an opera of three acts; but the sacrilege was not, we are glad to say, well countenanced. Mr. Jones, after a lapse of six years, reappeared in the part of Parroles, and was most flatteringly received. This old favourite, and a masque very effectively, arranged from the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," were the two most pleasing novelties of this very insipid opera, by—Shakspeare!

Mr. Butler, an actor from the provinces, has made two or three successful appearances in the higher walk of tragedy. He came out in *Hamlet*; and his subsequent repetitions of the character appear fully to have justified the very high commendations that have been generally bestowed upon his abilities. He possesses a commanding figure, a good face, and a full sonorous voice; these physical advantages united with judgment, feeling, and apparently well-disciplined powers, make him a very valuable acquisition to Covent Garden Theatre; and his engagement reflects credit upon the discernment of M. Laporte.

The new military spectacle of "*His first Campaign*," is really a splendid affair; the costumes are picturesque, and the scenery most masterly, and very beautiful. The ball-room scene at the close of the first act is brilliant to magnificence. Little Miss Poole "transfixes" everybody by her clever performance; we hope the talents of this delightful child will be more enduring than precocity usually gives promise of: she is a treasure.

The "Pageant" in this house, and Mr. Knowles' version of "*Waverley*" appeared too late in the month to allow of notice in the present number.

THE MINORS.—These theatres, from their number, and supported by the talent consequent upon competition, have assumed a position formidable to the patent houses by rivalry in excellence, and important to the public in opening up new channels for the efflux of amusements, "various, yet the same," and of far more attainable price. Within the last three or four years they have challenged an attention they seldom previously received, and rarely deserved; and by unceasing and well-directed efforts, have, at length, fairly effected a more than equal division in the public patronage. The coincidence that exists between the metropolitan stage and the current literature of the present day, is somewhat remarkable, and might be wrought into a pleasant conceit of argument. A few years ago the great levathans of our press, the *QUARTERLY* and the *EDINBURGH*, exercised a domination against which nothing could withstand; they were "alone in their glory," and ruled with the sceptre of a true despot; but despotism, be it aim physical or moral, seems ever to contain the seeds of its own destruction. Other lights arose; minor periodicals began to peep forth one by one, and backed by enterprise and irrepressible genius, acquired by degrees a sturdy maturity that became formidable soon and subsequently irresistible. A new era opened upon the world of letters:



and what now is the condition of the levithans? Just so was it with the patent theatres. Neither the editors nor the managers, unluckily for themselves, appeared, in those days, to be blessed with the lights of political economy. They saw not that the population of readers, or of hearers, waxed redundant; that the demand was becoming greater than the supply; and that competition would soon assuredly spring up and produce the effects which have since been made so conspicuously visible by Mr. Macculloch and our own beloved Harriet Martineau. From this pernicious monopoly, it was (we leave untouched the question of vested rights) that the minors were originally called into existence; and by reason of gradually accumulated accessions of assistance and strength, their united power has, at last, enabled them to wage a successful fight for a participation in public favour.

There is, at this moment, scarcely a minor theatre in London that does not possess one or more *stars*, persons of established celebrity either, or of rapidly rising reputation. The pieces brought forward, generally, are compositions of the most creditable kind, clever and attractive from intrinsic merit, and valuable as incentives to literary labour in a department long and grievously neglected; while the performances are so skilful and well conducted, the scenic and decorative displays so creditable, and the management so well appointed, that no reasonable mind need regard with surprise the unequivocal encouragement these little theatres have thus received. At some of them, indeed, the proprietors have had the temerity to represent those plays which constitute what is understood by the term "legitimate drama;" and though, in consequence of legal interference, they have burned their own fingers, it has been the means of shewing the fitness of such places for such a purpose, and the evident leaning of the public taste—any thing in the Parliamentary investigation "to the contrary, notwithstanding." Without wishing to make an invidious selection, who, we would ask, that has witnessed the performance of "William Tell," "Virginus," and other "stock tragedies," at the Surrey Theatre, and the very excellent acting of Osbaldiston, Elton, Mrs. West, and the rest of the corps generally, will deny that the claim is powerfully made out, that *here* have been legitimate representatives of the legitimate drama, within walls that ought to be legitimized. The minors, by their merits, have challenged a fair share of that critical attention which is almost exclusively bestowed on their more protected rivals, the patented majors, and no apo-

logy is therefore needed for giving to them a notice more commensurate with their deserts than it has been heretofore the practice to concede.

THE OLYMPIC.—Few women can smile like Madame Vestris, and the smile that answered the hearty greeting of a closely packed audience, on the opening of this charming little theatre, was the smile of the graceful woman, as well as of the flattered actress.

It must be a pleasant thing, in truth, to see well-thronged seats and laughing faces, and a thriving treasury; to hear of theatrical distress, and feel it not. It must be a useful thing to others, moreover, for it induces thought, and makes managers reflect upon the wherefore and the why: adversity, like prosperity, rarely occurs without a cause, and when it approaches, the wit to avert it becomes wonderfully sharpened, and gives a double force to example. The only addition of moment to the last year's troop at this house is Mrs. Orger. This lady, Liston, and Madame, are a triple surety for the continuance of the success of this theatre, which, according to Charles Kemble's assertion, has hitherto exceeded that of any other in town. Vestris re-appeared as Fanny Bolton, in the old favourite of the "Grenadier," "ever verdant, ever fresh," which, like our other popular friends, the "Revels" and the "Devils," seems never tiring. A new piece called the "Water Party," launched from the pen of Mr. Dance, has proved a *hit*, and bids fair to become another of the undying ones, begotten of the Olympic. "My daughter, sir," a light one act burletta, introduced a Miss Murray, who, from not having acquired that most necessary qualification, self-possession, without which the latent abilities of a performer can never be displayed, is hardly amenable to critic law.

The house is constantly well and fully attended, it would seem.

THE SURREY.—At this house has been performed a piece called "The Tower of Nesle," a translation or an adaptation of a French original; and it has proved highly attractive. The interest never for a moment flags, for the thing is full of incident; and well it may be, when the crimes of incest, parricide, murder, and other revolting infamies, are freely made subservient to the plot. There are some good situations for the actors, of course; and Mr. Osbaldiston, Mr. Emphasis Bennet, and Mrs. West, displayed their abilities to the greatest advantage. However suitable for the exhibition of histrionic talent such plays may be, they are certainly very great abominations; for they

tend much to deprave our better taste by familiarising the mind with the most atrocious conceivable acts of guilt. It needs not the recourse to the worst passions of our nature to produce interest and mental excitement in stage performances, when our sympathies may be sufficiently called into vivid and delighted action by homely and domestic incidents of far more profitable tendency. From the number of clever people, however, who are now beginning to give themselves to dramatic composition, we hope for better things to come.

A "domestic drama," called the "Factory Lad," which is intended to depict the misery of that unhappy class of beings in its worst state, has gained great favour among those whose feelings were most likely to be interested by it. Mr. Stuart (a provincial) performs in it with much spirit. This gentleman aspires to the higher walks of the drama. He may do well in melo-drama, but we question his fitness as a substitute for Mr. Elton or Mr. Bennet, whom he has succeeded.

A series of "Tableaux," very pleasingly devised and arranged, has been got up in honour of the "great minstrel of the north." They are very effective, and exhibit great taste.

Astleys and the Coburg (the neighbouring rivals of the Surrey) are now closed, so that its rule there is none to dispute, and the house is nightly filled.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—From the abdication of *Grimaldi the Great*, of joyous memory, and the extinction of the "real water"—craval disasters—this theatre, up to the last season, had been sinking from a state of glorious renown into degradation the most pitiable. Countenanced by a community *sui generis*, artificers in bricks, excavators of the earth, and folk of that clique, Sadler's Wells was beginning to be looked upon as but a convenient arena for the congregational exercise of those abilities, in whistling, screaming, yelling, and other laryngial energies, which so pre-eminently characterised its delighted audiences. If that the performances comprehended a fair sufficiency of bandit-ruffians, rant, fighting, fire, brimstone, and devils of all degree, the pleased spectators complained not of the infecundity of dramatic authorship; they came with the two-fold purpose of being amused, and of themselves amusing; and when the curtain fell, they went their ways rejoicing. But even this could not last for ever; Tartarean horrors were wrought dry at length, and Pluto would have been puzzled to devise novelties for a sulphur-

sated public. The "management" then desperately tried its hand at the shilling-order scheme, by which the gods, if so it squared with their pleasure, might quit their altitudes, and quaff gin cordial in the boxes; and here abomination pretty nearly reached its climax. How long time it would have taken to effect its impending self-destruction, was a subject for amicable disputation. Its career, however, was checked in a happy hour.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam, aided by a male adjuvant, and fired with the chivalry which animates her Amazonian sisters, Vestris and Waylett, came valiantly forth in the commencement of the summer season, to peril her fame and fortunes in the undertaking; since which time wonders have been indeed wrought. Some pretty Vaudevilles, good scenery, costumes clean, wholesome, and sparkling, clever men and women actors, and well-selected functionaries, have secured to her theatre that best of benefits—a good name, to herself a respectable auditory, and to it a fair and rational amusement; so that it is now no longer debasing to avow a visit to "The Wells."

The "Pet of the Petticoats," (a most infelicitous name by the by, bordering on vulgarity for the sake of a sorry alliteration,) translated by Buckstone, and garnished with some very pretty music by Barnett, has had a long and deserved run; other novelties, though of less attraction, yet all amusing, have rapidly succeeded. We counsel Mr. Buckstone, however, (who is a clever writer as well as a droll actor,) and all other authors and adapters whom it may concern, to mark well that nonsense is a sorry substitute for humour. Another "Little Red Man" will do more harm to his reputation than the doing into English of half a dozen "Victorines" will be able to repair: trash, however decorated, will provoke something more than a yawn. The fountain scene of "real water" was one of the most delightful things of the kind we ever saw.

Here, also, has been produced another commemoration of the "great bard," consisting of several *tableaux vivans*, illustrative of several popular scenes in his novels and poems, very ably designed and as ably executed. The representation is preceded by the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," Mrs. Fitzwilliam sustaining the character of Madge Wildfire, to which she owed all her original notoriety. Of the other performers, among whom are Mr. Manager Williams, Hunt, unquestionably the finest man on the English stage, Miss Forde and Miss Somerville, we shall speak on another occasion.

**STRAND THEATRE.**—This is about one of the prettiest places of amusement in London, at once homely and unexceptionable. That calamity in all others—a gallery—exists not here, and the consequent absence of all the noise and vulgarity, which invariably proceed from such a region, renders the performances doubly attractive, and gives a tone to them which the cultivated taste of a respectable assembly must of necessity impart. The theatre is compact almost, yet not to a fault, and its aspect is truly English; neat, clean, and—fie! for the inelegancy—snug to a luxury; the quiet audience can see and hear with pleasure to themselves, and advantage to the actors. No rant or facial contortions are necessary for “effect,” so that the performances have the most conversational character imaginable; while the sterling merit of most of the pieces produced prevents any sense of tedium stealing over the house. The Strand Theatre (house, actors, audience, and all in lump) ought to have been summoned one night before the Parliamentary Committee, as a practical refutation of the arguments of the monopolists, and a crying rebuke to illiberal licensors. It is opened in defiance of the law; it has been threatened extermination by the law, yet it constantly exhibits that which the law is unable to enforce among those which it protects; an audience in the enjoyment of theatrical pleasure, without any violation of the decencies of society, unannoyed by noisy uproar, and unpolluted by the presence of those “chaste stars” who outrage and infest every other house in London. Two mythological burlettas, called the “Loves of

the Angels and of the Devils,” have been severally produced with great success, both emanating from the immortal mind of Mr. L. Rede, who, like Knowles and Serle, Shakspeare and Selby, (Gods! what names to mix in one short line,) unites the qualifications of an actor with the attributes of an author. The former is a kind of paraphrastic version of Moore’s prototype without the feathers, and gives to Mrs. Waylett a happy opportunity for the display of a very handsome pair of legs, and of her powers as a vocalist, in a situation so well calculated to give value to the plaintive and gentle music of her voice. Her duets with Mr. Chapman (who is daily becoming a greater favourite) are charming; the singing of these two ladies is harmony itself.

The “Loves of the Devil” is more creditable to the author as a composition; for it may be classed as one of the cleverest and most stinging satires that have appeared on the stage. It abounds in puns and pungent allusions to the existing naughtiness of the day, whether in law, politics, or morals, and lashes human “infirmities” with merciless rigour. The acting of Mr. Rede as “—” was very good, and gave greater piquancy to this two-act sarcasm. We wish him success in his bi-farious efforts.

A light amusing trifle, called “Captain Stevens,” composed by Mr. Selby, who also shines in the double glory of actor and author, has been well received, whom, if we cannot compliment in the former capacity, we are ready to yield him much praise in the more distinguished character of a writer of interludes.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

### BIRTHS.

At Poonah, on 12th February last, the Lady of Captain Stirling, commanding the 17th Regiment Bombay Native Infantry, of a son.

At Gzæpore, on 20th May, the Lady of Captain Thomson, Bengal Engineers, of a daughter.

At Overton House, in the county of Cork, on 3d September, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel St. John Clerke, R.H. of a son.

At Cupar-Fife, on 3d September, the Lady of Captain Ashe, of the Bengal Army, of a son.

At Duke Street, Edinburgh, on 5th September, Mrs Waterston, of a daughter.

At Fenwick, on 11th September, Mrs Dr Currie, of a son.

At Foras, on 12th September, the Lady of James Sinclair, Esq. of a son.

At 6, Elm Row, on 14th September, Mrs Williams, of a son.

At Conisbro’ Priory, on 15th September, the Lady of George Ramaden, Esq. of a daughter, still born.

At 13, George’s Square, Edinburgh, on 16th September, Mrs John Paul, of a son.

At the Forbury, Reading, on 17th September, the Lady of the Rev. F. Valpy, of a son.

On the 18th September, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Smith, of Baitboys, county Wicklow, of a daughter.

At Uddens House, Dorset, on 20th September, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir James Frazer, Bart. of a son.

On 21st September, the Lady of Sir Thomas Fellowes, of a daughter.

At Montrose, on 21st September, the wife of Captain Bertram, of a son.

At Darnhill, on 21st September, the Lady of Captain F. E. Loch, R.N., of a son.

At Hartham Park, Wilts, on 21st September, the Lady of H. Joy, Esq. of a son and heir.

At the Palace, Hereford, on 22d September, the Hon. Mrs. Gray, of a daughter.

At 130, George Street, on 22d September, Mrs Alexander Clapperton of a daughter.

At Windsor Street, Edinburgh, on the 22d September, Mrs Maule, of a daughter.

At Craigton, on 22d September, Mrs Henry Dunlop, of a daughter.

At Goodwood, on 24th September, the Countess of Mountcharles, of a son.

At Kells Manse, on 26th September, Mrs Maitland, of a daughter.

- At Letham House, near Haddington, on 28th September, the Lady of Thomas Hog, Esq. of a son.
- At Tunbridge Wells, on 28th September, the Lady Catherine Bouleau, of a daughter.
- At Newbyth, East Lothian, on 27th September, the Lady Anne Baird, of a son.
- At Camberwell, on 27th September, Mrs Arnot, of a daughter.
- At Edinburgh, on 26th September, Mrs Campbell, of Strachur, of a son and heir.
- At Melborne Port, Somersetshire, on 26th September, the Lady of W. C. Medlicott, Esq. of a son.
- At Garnkirk, on the 26th September, Mrs Spott, of a daughter.
- At Aldbury, Herts, on 30th September, the Lady of the Rev. James Galloway, of a daughter.
- At Duddington House, on 30th September, Mrs Hay, of a son.
- At Teignmouth, Devon, on 1st October, the Lady of Richard Corbet, of Adgerly Hall, Shropshire, of a son and heir.
- At the Bishop's Palace, Rochester, on 1st October, the Lady of the Rev. Robert W. Shaw, Rector of Cuxton, of a son.
- At Friar Bank, Jedburgh, on 2d October, the Lady of James Grant, M.D. of a son.
- At 1, Hillside Crescent, Edinburgh, on 2d October, Mrs. Stuart, of a son.
- At 22, Howe Street, Edinburgh, on 3d October, the Lady of James Veitch, Esq. younger of Elick, of a daughter.
- At Dunbar, on 3d October, Mrs. C. L. Sawers, of a son.
- At Maxwelltown, Dumfries, on 3d October, Mrs. D. B. Douie, of a son.
- At Moray House, Canongate, on 3d October, Mrs. Cowan, of a son.
- At Clapham Common, on 4th October, the Lady of Charles Thorold, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Military Establishment, of a daughter.
- At Williamfield, on 4th October, Mrs Robert Macredie, of a daughter.
- At 20, York Place, Edinburgh, on 4th October, Mrs Lee, of a daughter.
- At Millfield, near Moffat, on 4th October, Mrs. Jardine, of a son.
- At Moffat, on 5th October, Mrs Wm. Younger, of a son.
- At Arlary, Kinross-shire, on 5th October, the Lady of G. A. Walker Arnot, Esq. of Arlary, of a son and heir.
- At the Manse of Kilmancraig, on 5th October, Mrs McIntyre, of a son.
- At Edinburgh, on 5th October, Mrs Spence, 13, Montgomery Street, of a daughter.
- At 20, Nicolson Street, on 5th October, Mrs Dr. Fairbairn, of a daughter.
- At Valleyfield, on 6th October, Mrs C. Cowan of a daughter.
- On 6th October, the Lady of the Rev. W. S. H. Braham, of the Precincts, Canterbury, of a son.
- At 28, Home Street, Edinburgh, on 7th October, Mrs Renton, of a son.
- At 105, Constitution Street, Leith, on 7th October, Mrs Dean, of a son.
- On 7th October, the Lady of the Rev. J. Blinney, of London, of a son.
- At Holland House, Papa Westray, on 8th October, the Lady of George Tralli, Esq. of Holland, of a son.
- At Albany Street, North Leith, on 8th October, Mrs William Shiels, of a son.
- On 8th October, Mrs Mathers Fleming, Moore Place, Glasgow, of a daughter.
- On 8th October, Mrs Williamson, Newton Granite, of a son.
- At Bemptstone, on 8th October, the Lady Caroline Calcraft, of a daughter.
- On 9th October, the Lady Lucy Eleanor Lowther, of a daughter.
- On 9th October, the Lady of William Dugmore, Esq. barrister at law, of a daughter.
- At Annfield, near Glasgow, on 9th October, Mrs G. M. Auld, of a son.
- At Rockbank, Milngavie, on 9th October, Mrs Smart, of a son.
- At 21, Dublin Street, Edinburgh, on 9th October, Mrs James Tod, of a daughter.
- At Hethe House, Oxon, on 10th October, the Lady Louisa Slater, of a son.
- At Shelfhill, on 10th October, Mrs Grieve, of a daughter.
- On 11th October, Mrs Macalister of Glenbarr, of a daughter.
- At 5, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, on 11th October, the Hon. Mrs Ramsay, of a son.
- At Stratford Green, Essex, on 11th Oct., Mrs Alexander McNeill of Colonsay, of a daughter.
- At Trinity Terrace, Southwark, on 12th October, Mrs Time, of a son.
- At 2, Drummond Place, Edinburgh, on 12th October, Mrs Skoddart, of a son.
- At the Rectory, East Clandon, on 12th October, the Lady of the Rev. Edward J. Ward, of a daughter.
- At 16, Fettes Row, Edinburgh, on 14th October, Mrs William Anderson, of a daughter.
- At 8, Great Stuart Street, Edinburgh, on 14th October, the Lady of William Robertson, Esq., of a son.
- At 3, Great Stuart Street, Edinburgh, on 14th October, Mrs Christian, of a son.
- At Coupland Castle, Northumberland, on 14th October, the Lady of Matthew Culley, Esq. of a son and heir.
- At Tealington, 15th October, Mrs Fotheringham, Ocrumsaure, of a daughter, still born.
- At 15, South Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, on 16th October, Mrs Badenoch, of a son.
- At Warwick, on 15th October, Mrs Geo. Buknell, of Cadogan Place, of a daughter.
- At St. Patrick Square, Edinburgh, on 17th October, Mrs Peter Tait, of a daughter.
- On 19th October, the Hon. Mrs. Seymour Bathurst, of a son,
- At St. Andrews Square, Edinburgh, on 20th October, the Lady of Colonel Stewart, East India Company's service, of twins.
- At Edinburgh, on 20th October, the Lady of William Penny, Esq. advocate, of a son.
- In Dublin, the Lady of the O'Connor Don, M.P. of a daughter.
- In Great Stanhope Street, London, the Countess of Clanwilliam, of a son and heir.
- The Lady of Louis Mirville, Esq. of York Gate, Regent's Park, London, of a daughter.
- At Mersham Patch, the Lady of Sir E. Knatchbull, Bart. of a son.
- At 35, North Hanover Street, Glasgow, Mrs James Muirhead, of a son, who survived only a few hours.
- At Montague Square, London, the Lady of St. G. Caulfield, Esq. of a daughter.
- At the Rectory Livermere, Suffolk, the lady of the Rev. Asgill Colville, of a son.
- At Sutton Court, the Lady of Admiral Sir R. King, Bart. of a daughter.
- At Tagmon, County Wexford, the wife of Mr N. White, Innkeeper, of two sons and a daughter.
- The Lady of Henry Tredcroft, of a son.
- The wife of Mr Edwards of Tregare, Monmouthshire, of three daughters.
- At York, the Lady of J. Wood, Esq. M. P. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES. • • •

- At Meeret, East Indies, on 8th March last, William Henry Graham, Esq., engineer service, to Margaret Reid, eldest daughter of George Steadman, Esq. S.S.C., writer in Kinross.
- At Delhi, on 5th May last, Brigade-Major William Ramsay, Hon. East India Company's service, Bengal establishment, to Miss Susan Hay Chrichton, eldest daughter of the late William Ballantyne Chrichton, Esq., Dalkeith.
- At the Cape of Good Hope, on 10th July last, Captain Robert Dampier Hallifax, of the 75th Regiment of foot, to Harriet, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomson, commanding engineer at the Cape.
- At the Island of Trinidad, on 31st July last, his Excellency Major-General Sir Jervis Grant, K.C.H., Governor of Trinidad, to Isabella Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Alexander Grant, Esq. of Tullochgrigian, North Britain.

- At Brockville, Canada, on 15th August, Francis Robert Foote, Esq. assistant commissary general, son of Vice-Admiral Sir Edward James Foote, K.C.B., to Charlotte, daughter of Dr. Habbell, M.D.
- At Halifax, Nova Scotia, on 22d August, Mr. Alexander Henry of Greenock, to Jean, eldest daughter of Mr James Reid, of Edinburgh.
- At Bahia, on 23d August last, Frederick Robillard, Esq. to Juliana, second daughter of John Parkinson, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Consul in that province.
- At Copenhagen, on 25th August, Benjamin Wolff, Esq., formerly of Calcutta, to Julia, third daughter of the late Admiral Sneednor, Chamberlain to his Majesty, Knight Commander of the Dannebrog, &c.
- At Goosnargh, on 27th August, Mr Thomas Smith of Inglewhite, to Mrs Parkinson of the Field Foot of Goosnargh. The bride is in her 64th year, and has given birth to 27 children; the bridegroom is the same age, and is the father of 23. This is the seventh time of his appearance at the hymeneal altar—four times at the English church, and three at the Roman Catholic.
- At Musselburgh, on 13th September, the Rev. James Forsyth, Morham, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Robert Brown, Esq., of Gilsdon.
- At South Ronaldshay, Orkney, on 13th September, Mr. John Brochie of Thurso, to Ann, eldest daughter of the Rev. Theodor Rainy.
- At St. George the Martyr, Queen Square, London, on 16th September, John Middleton Meggison, to Emma, eldest daughter of Sharon Turner, Esq.
- On 18th September, Francis Hall Tepping, second son of the late Francis Tepping of Bellurgaw Park, Esq. to Louisa, second daughter of Henry McClellan, Esq. collector of the post of Dundalk.
- At St. James's, London, on 18th September, Frederick Seymour, Esq. to the Lady Augusta Hervey, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Bristol.
- At Trinity Church, St. Marylebone, on 18th September, Lieutenant-General White of Upper Berkeley Street, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Davidson, Esq. of Swarland Park, Northumberland; and also Captain E. E. Cook, R.N., only son of the Rev. Jos. Cook, of Newton Hall, in the same county, to Dorothy Davidson, youngest daughter of the above.
- At 25, Portland Street, Larkington, on 19th September, Alexander Mitchell, Esq. of Peterhead, to Catherine, third daughter of the late Mr. George Cadenhead, supervisor of Excise.
- At Thrumster, on 19th September, James Gregg, Esq., advocate, Sheriff-substitute of Caithness-shire, to Williamina, youngest daughter of James Innes, Esq., of Thrumster.
- At the residence of the British Ambassador, Berne, on 19th September, Charlotte, eldest daughter of Major-General Sir John Foster, Fitzgerald, K.C.B., to Otto Leopold Baron Ende, Chamberlain to his Majesty King of Saxony.
- At Bolney, Sussex, on 20th September, H. C. Hignity, Esq. R.N., third son of the late Rev. R. Hignity, of Boxwell Court, Gloucestershire, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Skinner of Chesterfield Street, Mayfair.
- At Dumfries, on 20th September, James Dykes, Esq., writer, Port-Glasgow, to Mary, eldest daughter of John Pagan, Esq., St. Catherine's House, Dumfries.
- At South Stonehaven Church, on 20th September, Captain Lewis Sheddin, late of the 15th Hussars, eldest son of Colonel Sheddin of the Elms, Symington, to Agnes, only child of the late James Eastmont, Esq. of India Street, Edinburgh.
- At Dollar Bank, on 24th September, Mr D. Scott, Edinburgh, to Alison, second daughter of the late Adam Allan, Esq. of Bushel Hill, Berwickshire.
- At Edinburgh, on 24th September, Mr. George Goldie, accountant, to Marion, eldest daughter of the late Mr. James Anderson, 40, Hanover Street.
- At Belgrave, near Leicester, on 25th September, Mr William Charles of Huntingdon, to Anne Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Barnard of Hert.
- At Clapham, on 25th September, Major Casson of the Bombay Army, to Emma, third daughter of Dr. Mann, Borrowers of Larkhall Rise, Clapham.
- At Nicholas's Church, Great Yarmouth, on 25th September, Richard Gwyn, Esq. of Long-Stratton in Norfolk, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Isaac Preston, Esq. of Great Yarmouth.
- At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, on 25th September, the Honourable Russell Barrington, to Maria, only daughter of the late John Lyon, Esq. of Hetton House, in the county of Durham.
- At Teignmouth, on 25th September, James Staunton Lambert, Esq. M.P., to the Honourable Camden Elizabeth, only child of the late Camden Gray, ninth Lord Kidcudbright.
- At Footing Church, on 25th September, the Rev. Benjamin Chapman, Rector of Westley, Cambridgeshire, to Laura Maria, eldest daughter of the late Jonathan Wilson, Esq. of Footing Common.
- At Heath Cotage, near Inverness, on 26th September, Lieutenant-Colonel R. Robertson, of the Bombay Army, to Harriet, second daughter of Robert Peirson, Esq. of Riga.
- At London, on 26th September, Robert Paton, Esq. W.S., to Isabella, only daughter of Thomas Phipps, Esq. London.
- At Tynningham, on 26th September, Mr. James Forest, Baker, Belhaven, to Jane, the daughter of Mr Adam Dickson, Tynningham.
- At Aberdeen, on 27th September, John Smith, junr. Esq. advocate, to Margaret, daughter of William McKinnan, Esq.
- At Arden, Lanarkshire, on 27th September, James Winstanley, Esq. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to Christian Speld, youngest daughter of Robert Jamieson, Esq. W.S.
- At Kensington Church, on 27th September, William Trighi Hamilton, Esq. barrister-at-law, to Ann Louisa, eldest daughter of the late Major-General the Hon. William Ponsonby, K.C.B.
- At the New Church, St. Marylebone, on 27th September, Horatio Clagget, Esq. to Letitia, only daughter of Charles Day, Esq. of Hartley House, New Road.
- At 27, Albany Street, Edinburgh, on 28th September, N. Gordon Cobbett, Esq. R.N. second son of the late James Cobbett Porterfield, Esq. of Porterfield, to Margaret, daughter of Patrick Berthwick, Esq.
- At Kirkbride, on 1st October, Montgomery Cunningham, Esq. second son of Sir James Montgomery Cunningham, Bart. of Corsahill and Kirktonholm, to Miss Charlotte Niven D. Hutcheson, of Southfield.
- At Charley, Sussex, on 2d October, the Rev. Charles Goring, to Maria Arabella, eldest daughter of General the Hon. Frederick St. John.
- At Collegiate Church, Southwell, on 2d October, Hugh Bruce Campbell, Esq. of Nottingham, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of E. Werge, Esq. of Hargreave Park, in that county.
- At Linlithgow, on 2d October, Robert Speeden, Esq. tanner there, to Elsie, eldest daughter of the Rev. Alexander Knowles, Minister.
- At Smith's Place, on 2d October, Mr. R. C. Smart, engraver, Edinburgh, to Emily Margaret, daughter of Mr. Samuel Morton.
- At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, on 2d October, Captain R. Wetherell, of the Royal Sussex Militia, eldest son of the Rev. Richard Wetherell of Pashley House, Sussex, to Editha Lee Tebbitt, of Park Farm, Hawkhurst, Kent.
- At Glasgow, on 4th October, William Todd, Esq. merchant, Cork, to Miss Helen King, daughter of the late John King, Esq. of Fowwood.
- At Knockdrin Castle, near Mullingar, on 4th October, Viscount Forbes, to Frances Mary, daughter of William Ferritt, Esq. of Chilton Hall, Suffolk.
- At St. Margaret's, Westminster, on 4th October, Lewis Robert, youngest son of John Bellamy, Esq., of the House of Commons, to Harriette Jane, second daughter of the late William Gunnell, Esq. of Margate.
- By special license, at Tralee, on 6th October, Maurice O'Connell, Esq. M.P. for the county of Clare, to Mary Frances, only daughter of Blinden Scott, Esq. of Cahercon.
- At Moffat, on 8th October, the Rev. Coll Tur-

ner, minister of the Scottish Church, Workington, to Jessy, second daughter of Alexander Craig, Esq. Burnbraes.

At Ludhope, Roxburghshire, on 9th October, John Murray, Esq. M.D., to Colin, youngest daughter of Archibald Gibson, Esq. W.S.

At Paisley, on 9th October, James Orr, Esq. Crofthead, to Catherine, daughter of the late William Orr, Esq.

At Wishaw, on 9th October, Mr. James Hamilton, of New Orleans, to Miss Jane, daughter of the late William Duncan, Esq. writer in Hamilton.

At Astbury Church, on 10th October, Sir Archibald Edmonstone, Bart. of Duntreath, Stirlingshire, to Emma, daughter of Randle Wilbraham, Esq. of Rode Hall, in the county of Chester.

At Christ Church, London, on 10th October, Joseph Delpratt, Esq. only son of the late Samuel Delpratt, Esq. of Jamaica, to Sarah Elenor, only daughter of the late Henry B. Barnard, Esq. of Cave Castle, Yorkshire.

At Moy, on 10th October, Thomas Brook, Esq. of Lough Esk, county Donegal, to Miss Donilly, of Blackwater Town.

At the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Suffield, on 11th October, James Russell, Esq. of Aden, to Miss Caroline Lambton, of Gunton Park, Norfolk.

At Addington, Surrey, on 12th October, the Rev. J. Adolphus Wright, youngest son of Ichabod Wright, Esq. of Mapperley Nolls, to Harriet Elizabeth, youngest daughter of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

At St. Mary's Church, Cheltenham, on 13th October, Henry Hargreaves, Esq. of Manchester, and of Thistle Mount, near Rochdale, Lancashire, to Catharine, sole daughter of Charles James, Esq. of Ham Common, near Richmond, Surrey.

At St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on 13th October, Mr. George Mitchell Tweedie, to Janet Harlette, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Jean Antoine Chaband of Louisanne, Switzerland.

At Kilbirnie, on the 15th October, Mr. Alexander Spler, surgeon, Bath, to Margaret, only daughter of Mr. James Allan of Bridgend, Kilbirnie.

At Perth, on 16th October, Captain R. Matthews, 39th regiment, to Catherine, daughter of the late Andrew Mackenzie, Esq. of Greensburn.

At Glasgow, on 16th October, the Rev. William Carswell of Eaglesham, to Mary, second daughter of the late Thomas Cuthbertson, Esq. of Lyon Cross.

On 17th October, George Reid, Esq. to Sarah Isabella, youngest daughter of the Rev. William Holmes.

At Whitefield, Suffolk, on 16th October, Sidney Smith Dipnall, Esq. of the Grove, Camperdown, Surrey, to Anne, youngest daughter of the late John Taylor Hecks, Esq. of Chatsam Place, in the same county.

At Edinburgh, on the 18th October, William Alexander, Esq. W.S. to Jessy Mercer, daughter of Alexander Gordon, Esq. 7, Windsor Street.

At Ross Priory, Dumbartonshire, on 19th October, Alexander Wellesley Leith, Esq. advocate, eldest son of Major-General Sir George Leith, Bart., to Jimena Jean, second daughter of the late Hector Macdonald Buchanan, Esq. of Ross and Drumakel.

At All Souls, Marylebone, London, the Rev. J. W. Lockwood, rector of Chelsea, to Alicia, daughter of the late S. Davis, Esq. of Portland Place.

At Bath, W. Leaf, Esq. of Manchester, to Miss Rose, sister of Sir G. Rose.

At Bidworth, Notts, E. L. Crewe, Esq. of Rep-ton Park, Derby, brother of Sir G. Crewe, Bart., to Caroline, daughter of Lieutenant-General Need, of Fountain Dale, Notts.

At Broomley, Kent, Lieut.-Colonel Tweedy, Bombay army, to Miss Veitch of Bromley.

At the Chapel of the British Ambassador, Paris, J. Brogden, Esq. to Ernestine Matilda Sophia, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel W. Ferks.

At Herriard, Hants, T. Fitzgerald, Esq. of Dover Street, to Sarah, only child of the late Major R. P. Jervoise, of the Royal Dragoons.

At Middleton, Cork, M. C. Forster, R.N., son of Colonel Forster, Gatcombe, Hants, to Mary,

daughter of Sir J. Wallis and Lady Harriet Hoare, and niece of the Marquis of Thomond.

At Richmond, the Rev. P. Jacob, to Anna, eldest, and the Rev. J. Money, to Charlotte, third daughter, of the Hon. and Rev. G. Noel.

At Rostrever, Ireland, G. Bagot, son of M. Gossett, Esq. Viscount of Jersey, and Nephew to Sir W. Gossett, Under Secretary for Ireland, to Charlotte, daughter of J. Douglas, Esq. Belfast.

At St. Albans, J. A. Gordon, Esq. M.P. to Emma, daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Wolley of Clifton.

At St. Mary's Church, Bryanston Square, the Rev. R. A. Scott, to C. F. White, daughter of Lieutenant-General White.

At Twickenham, W. K. Ashford, Esq. son of W. Ashford, Esq., nephew to the Duchess Dowager of Roxburgh, to Maria Cordelia, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel, and the Hon. Mrs. Esquemas of Twickenham.

At St. Pancras, London, G. J. P. White, Esq. M.A., professor of mathematics of the New London University, to Dorothy, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Watford, Esq. of Cambridge.

## DEATHS

At Calcutta, on 8th April, Lieutenant Robert M'Farlane Campbell, 33d Native Infantry.

At Tobago, on 11th April last, Captain Black, of the 10th Regiment, formerly belonging to the 74th.

At sea, on 12th May last, on board his Majesty's steam-vessel Pluto, off Princes' Island, Bight of Biafra, Africa, James Rae, assistant-surgeon, eldest son of John Rae, of Myre Isle, Orkney.

At Ahmednagar, on 18th June last, Hogue, eldest son of James Brydon, Esq. M.D. surgeon, Bombay.

At Turks' Islands, West Indies, on 12th July last, Mr. James Brydon, assistant-staff-surgeon, son of the late James Brydon, Esq. surgeon, Peebles.

At St. David's, Jamaica, on 5th August, Alexander Hamilton, second surviving son of the Rev. J. M. Robertson Livingston.

At Savannah, Georgia, on 6th August last, Thomas Young, Esq. eldest son of the late Rev. Thomas Kettle, minister of Leuchars.

At Quebec, on 11th August, Andrew Moir, Esq. merchant there.

At New York, 12th August last, Alexander, second son of the late Mr. James Cooper, upholsterer, Edinburgh.

At Halifax, Nova Scotia, on 22d August last, Mr. James Wilkie, a native of Fifeshire.

At Staten Island, New York, on 26th August last, John Stoddart, second son of Mr. Lockhard Stoddart, farmer, Fentland, Dumfriesshire.

At Quebec, on 28th August, Mr. Edward Atkinson.

At Campbeltown, Argyllshire, on 1st September, Mrs. Mary M'Carthy, of that place.

At Lausanne, Switzerland, on 6th September, Louise, the wife of Sir Thomas Dalrymple Beckett, of Ruffordhall, Lancashire, Bart.

At Denbie House, on 7th September, Mrs. Mary Irving, relict of Colonel Carruthers, of Denbie.

At Jersey, on 8th September, Hignall, second son of Captain Thomas Power, of Guernsey.

At Dublin, on 11th September, the Rev. William Woolsey of Priorland, county of Louth, Ireland; rector of Kilsarron.

At Otteringham Hall, on 11th September, Charlotte, the wife of Captain Boss, R.N.

On 11th September, R. Hicks, Esq. of Aston House, Isle of Wight.

At Belgrave Street, Belgrave Square, London, on 12th September, the Lady of the late B. West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy.

At Brighton, on 12th September, Edward Michael Ward, Esq. Minister Plenipotentiary at Dresden.

At Evington, Kent, on 15th September, Sir John Courtenay Honynwood, Bart.

At 11, Heriot Row, on 12th September, Frances, youngest daughter of John Cay, Esq. advocate.

On 12th September, George Bettesworth, Esq. Lieutenant, R.N. third son of J. B. Trevanion, Esq. of Carhay's Castle, Cornwall.

At Southfield, county of Stirling, on 12th September, Mrs Henry John Taylor.

At Paisley, on 13th September, William Gil-mour, Esq. provost, and eldest baillie of Paisley.

At Contentibus, near Mid-Calder, on 14th September, Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Nicol, Hewats Mill.

At Dundas Castle, on 14th September, Mrs Dundas, senior, of Dundas.

At Wrinted Court, in Kent, on 14th September, William Cook, Esq. one of His Majesty's Council, and a Bencher of the Honourable Society of Lin-coln's Inn.

Drowned, in the Lake of Como, on 15th Sep-tember, Captain Lock.

In Fern's Court, Kevin Street, Dublin, on 15th September, Aaron Botta, a Chelsea extra-pensioner, aged 106.

At 6, Huntly Street, Edinburgh, on 15th Sep-tember, Helen Scott, wife of Mr David Burn, merchant in Leith.

At Prestwick, on 15th September, Mr John White.

On 15th September, Thomas Farrance, Esq. of Ludgate Street and Nofwood, Surrey.

At Ayr, on 16th September, Mr James Sprent, student of medicine.

At Brighton, on 16th September, Mr R. Patch-ing, of the Society of Friends; also his widow, Jane, on the 17th.

At Dunbar, on 16th September, Charles, son of Mr Kelly.

At Edinburgh, on 16th September, Mr David Steele.

At the Manor House, Stokesley, on 16th Sep-tember, the Rev. Henry Hildyard.

On the 16th September, the Rev. Joseph Shing-wood, of Chignal, St. James, Essex.

At the Vicarage, Llangollen, on 16th Septem-ber, Field-Marshal Sir Alured Clark, G.C.B.

At Woodhall, on 16th September, the Right Hon. Lady Elinor Campbell, wife of Walter Fre-derick Campbell of Islay, M.P. and eldest daugh-ter of the Earl of Wemyss and March.

At Glasgow, on 17th September, Mrs Margaret Davidson, widow of the Rev. Dr Smith.

At Leamington, Warwickshire, on 17th Septem-ber, Lady Georgiana Buckley, in the 66th year of her age.

At West Piton, near Edinburgh, on 17th Sep-tember, Robert Curror, M.D. late of Demerara.

On 17th September, George James, Esq. of Hampton Wick, Middlesex.

At Ballingtemple, near Newry, on 18th Septem-ber, the Rev. H. Boyd.

At 11, West Nile Street, Glasgow, on 18th Se-tember, Robert Shirra, Esq. Calenderer.

At Westbrook Park, Herts, on 18th September, the Right Hon. Richard Hyder.

At Cromarty House, on 19th September, Sir Michael B. Clark, Knight, Physician General, and Member of his Majesty's Privy Council, Jamaica.

At Gellymill, on 19th September, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late George Robinson, Esq. Banff.

At Ballyvaston, parish of Rathmullan, on 20th September, Mr Hervey Murphy, aged 103 years.

At Fort-William, on 20th September, the Right Rev. Dr Ronald McDonald, Roman Catholic Bishop.

At King Street, Perth, on 7th September, Miss Amelia Hunter.

At Edinburgh, on 21st September, Mrs Chris-tina McKay, relict of the late Mr Joseph Finney, optician.

At Gowan Street, Hutchesontown, on 21st Sep-tember, Mr William McQueen.

At 24, Hill Street, Edinburgh, on 21st Septem-ber, Helen, fourth daughter of the late William Dwyer.

At Inverness, on 21st September, Dr. George Forbes, physician.

At Sansaw, near Stoberbury, on 21st Septem-ber, Martha, wife of the Rev. Dr. Gardner, Rec-tor of the Priory, Birmingham, and Canon Resi-dentary of Lichfield.

At Carniel, on 21st September, Mr Andrew Ait-ken, and in the course of an hour after, Mrs Is-abel Aitken, his mother.

On 22d September, Thomas Clark, Esq. one of the surgeons of the Lincoln County Hospital.

At Edinburgh, on 23d September, Mr Lachlan Shaw, printer.

At Huntingdon Lodge, Dumfries, on 26th Sep-tember, Dr John Laing.

At 1, Salisbury Road, Nowington, on 23d Sep-tember, Alexander Ross, merchant.

At Woolwich, on 23d September, the Right Hon. Lady Emily Macleod.

At Hastings, on 25th September, Lieut.-Col. Edward Earsley Welmot, of the royal horse artil-tery.

At 7, London Street, Edinburgh, on 25th Sep-tember, Mr. Walter Turnbull, accountant of Ex-cise, youngest son of Mr Wm. Turnbull, archi-tect, Peebles.

At 8, South Frederick Street, Edinburgh, on 26th September, Captain William Fogo, of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal service.

At Anstruther Easter, on 26th September, Mr James Kyle, messenger-at-arms.

At the Hill Artley, near Stowport, on 26th September, Mr Richard Watson, of Kiddermin-ster.

At 86, Lombard Street, London, on 26th Sep-tember, Mr W. B. Smith, cutter.

At the Manse of Dunbog, on 26th September, the Rev. James Keyden.

At Perth, on 26th September, Jane Margaret Rose, wife of the Rev. John Johnston.

At Portsmouth, on 26th September, Henrietta Elizabeth, second daughter of Captain Rainier, C. B. of his Majesty's ship Britannia.

At Swainstone, Isle of Wight, on 26th Septem-ber, Sir Fitzwilliam Barrington, Bart.

At Warriston, Edinburgh, on 26th Septem-ber, Miss Agnes Greig, daughter of the late Alexander Greig, Esq.

At Woodside, near Kelso, on 26th September, Mrs Ann Park, relict of the late Edward Park, Esq. Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

At Dickson's Park, Piershill, on 27th Septem-ber, Robert Murray, youngest son of Robert McKerlie, Esq.

At Dunbar, on 27th September, Mr George Turnbull, surgeon.

At Eldon Square, Newcastle, on 27th Septem-ber, Walter Skerret, Morson, Esq. M.D.

At Summer Hill, Dublin, on 27th September, Lord Viscount Harborton.

At St Ann's Hill, Wandsworth, on 27th Sep-tember, Robert Smith, Esq. F.R.S. and F.A.S.

At 31, Clerk Street, Edinburgh, on 28th Sep-tember, Mr D. Davidson, smith.

At Dundee, on 28th September, John Ruther-ford, builder.

At the house of his sister, Mrs Livina, near Bod-ford, on 28th September, Joseph Foster Barham, Esq. of Trecurr, in the county of Pembroke.

At Broke, Haistad, Kent, on 29th September, Peter Pernell, Esq.

At Nicolson Square, Edinburgh, on 29th Sep-tember, William, infant son of J. Henderson, merchant.

At 13, James's Street, Edinburgh, on 29th Sep-tember, Mr John Walker, japanner.

On 29th September, George Schroder, Esq. of Stratford Green.

At Broad Street Buildings, London, on 30th September, Mrs Helen Stevenson, relict of the late Hugh Usher, Esq.

At Brighton, on 30th September, Lord De Clif-ford.

At Dumfries, on 30th September, John Bryden, Esq. wine merchant.

At Edinburgh, on 30th September, Mr George Mirry, tobacconist.

At King Street, Glasgow, on 30th September, Mary Muirhead, wife of Mr Thomas Marshall, merchant.

At Maryborough, 30th September, Mary, the wife of Major C. Leslie, King's Royal Rifle, and sister of the late Sir Charles Halle-ngineers.

In the Isle of Wight, on 30th Sep-tember, the eldest daughter of Sir W. Mil-lis.

At Ayr, on 1st October, Mrs Tulloch, relict of Alexander Tulloch, Esq. of Burgie.

At 28, West Nile Street, Glasgow, on 1st October, William Leach Esq.

On 1st October, Mr Malcolm Morrison, merchant, 84 Andrew Street, Edinburgh.

At Lorient, on 2d October, General Dalmple, late of the 3d regiment of guards.

At Madford, Christ Church, Hants, on 2d October, Jane, the wife of Sir George Shea, Bart.

At Blackheath, on 2d October, Beatrice Austin, relict of James Stewart, Esq.

At Buchhaven, on 3d October, Bessie Philip, wife of Mr Thomas Morgan, innkeeper there.

At 40, Claremont Street, Edinburgh, on 3d October, Mrs Janet Atken, wife of John Robt. builder.

At Edinburgh, on 3d October, Grace Napier, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Henry Laurie, minister of the parish of Lothian, Dumfriesshire.

At 4, Heriot Row, on 3d October, Mrs Christine Jameson, wife of James Robert Hart, Esq. of Drumcross-hall.

At 15, India Street, Edinburgh, on 3d October, Sir George Atkinson, late of Hillsborough, county of Down.

At Manchester, on 3d October, Henry Murray Scott, Esq., 83d regiment, eldest son of the late William Scott, Esq., Receiver General of the Isle of Man.

At 25, Regent Terrace, Edinburgh, on 3d October, Mr William Marshall, jeweller.

On 3d October, Maria, the wife of R. Hillard, Esq. of Stockwell Place School, Surrey.

At Cupar Fife, on 4th October, Mr David Gray, merchant.

At Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, on 4th October, Major-General Sir Alexander Bryce, K.C.B. of the Royal Engineers.

At Leith, on 4th October, Helen Turnbull, spouse of Mr Robert Neilson, cooper there.

At Whitefield House, Leith Walk, on 4th October, Captain Richard Ferguson of his Majesty's 2d regiment of Dragoon Guards.

At his house, 41, York Place, Edinburgh, on 4th October, Alexander Burns, Esq. W.S.

At 28, Minto Street, Newington, Edinburgh, on 4th October, John Chambers, clothier.

At Dunfermline, on 5th October, Mrs. Janet Alexander Harrowar, wife of James M'Farlane, writer.

At Edinburgh, on 5th October, John Hamilton, Esq. Receiver, General of His Majesty's Customs for Scotland.

On 5th October, James, only son of Mr John Cuthbertson, builder, Rose Street, Edinburgh.

At his father's house, 14, Carlton Street, Edinburgh, on 6th October, John, second son of E. P. Wilgrem, Esq. late Lieutenant-Colonel, Royal Artillery.

At Walham Cross, on 6th October, George L. F. Windfield, Esq. S. C. L. Pembroke College, University of Oxford.

At Langlands House, Kilmarnock, on 6th October, William Ranken, Esq. of Kilmarnock.

At Leith, on 7th October, John Thorburn, Esq. merchant.

At Lixmount, on 7th October, Mrs William Ramsay of Maxton.

At her house, 10, Hart Street, Edinburgh, on 7th October, Mrs Brodie, relict of the late Mr. William Brodie, writer.

At Gallowgate, on 8th October, Mary Dickie, wife of Mr. Robert Shallow, merchant, Glasgow.

At Garraikirk, on 8th October, the infant daughter of Mark Sprot, Esq.

On 8th October, the Rev. Robert Hamilton of Kensington Square, D.D., vicar of St. Olave's Jewry, and St. Martin's, Ironmonger Lane.

At Edinburgh, on the 9th October, aged 14, the Hon. Alexander Kennedy, second son of the late Earl of Caillie.

At 23, North Street, Edinburgh, on 9th October, Jane Henderson, infant daughter of James Greig, junior, W. S.

At Edinburgh, on the 9th October, Margaret, daughter of the deceased James Fogo, Esq. of Kiljorn.

At Dumfries, on 9th October, Mr. John Mac. Minn, merchant.

At 3, William Bertram, Esq. late

At Newbigging, on the Swinton, spouse of George

On 9th October, Mr. Charles

On 9th October, Mr. J. Clarke, surveyor.

At Dalkeith, on 10th October, Mr. Robert Aitken, merchant.

At Dumfries, on 10th October, John M'Gie, Esq. surgeon.

At Dunfermline, on 10th October, Mrs. Birrell, relict of Mr. William Birrell, manufacturing there.

At Edinburgh, on 10th October, Mr. George Watson, bookseller, College Street.

At 131, West Regent Street, Glasgow, on 10th October, Mr. Alexander Buchanan, Old Monkland.

At Bath, on 10th October, James Stephen, Esq.

At Union Street, Glasgow, on 10th October, Mr. Robert Aitken, wine merchant.

At Dumfries, on 11th October, Mr. James Thomson, architect.

At Clapham, on 11th October, the Rev. John Ovington.

At Fimlico, on 11th October, Mr. Thomas Hardy.

At 110, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, on the 13th October, Professor Archibald Baird of St. Andrews.

At Sprouston Manse, on 12th October, the Rev. Nislan Trotter.

On 12th October, Thomas Scott, Esq. eldest son of Carteret Scott, Esq. of Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

At Wheatfield, on 12th October, Margaret, daughter of Thomas Feat, Esq. W. S.

At Queen's Square, Westminster, on 13th October, George Gregory, Esq.

At 8, Atholl Place, Edinburgh, on 13th October, Mrs. Isabella Adam, relict of the late Robert Brown, W. S.

At Symington House, Gala Water, on 15th October, Mr. William Berwick, brewer, Edinburgh.

On 16th October, William, fourth son of the late Mr. Norie.

At Dalkeith, on 16th October, Peter L. Torrance, son of George Torrance, baker, Edinburgh.

At Bath, C. Roberts, Esq. late of his Majesty's Receipt of Exchequer.

At Beakesbourne, Mrs Hopper, aged 80, also, Mrs. Foster, aged 82.

At Aldburgh, Suffolk, on the 14th October, the Rev. David Reid.

On 16th October, the Rev. Henry Godfrey D.D. President, Queen's College, Cambridge.

On 16th October, Moore House, Kensington Gore, the Hon. Thomas Windor.

At St. John's Wood, on 18th October, Sophia, second daughter of George Swayne, Esq.

At Breage, Cornwall, Mrs. Thomasine Symonds.

At Brighton, Lady Ball, relict of Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Ball, Bart.

At Charnmouth, Dorset, Captain G. Sidney Smith, R.N.

At Falkestone, Mr. Thomas Filcher.

At Halifax, the Rev. Robert Elliot of Preston.

At Hothfield, the seat of Earl Thanet, Henry Sutton, Esq.

At Kennington, Susannah, wife of J. Emerson, Esq. of his Majesty's Customs.

At Little Hampton, Hannah, mother of Sir S. R. Meyrick, of Goodrich Court.

At Ipswich, Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield.

At Ketteringham, Norfolk, Frances, daughter of N. W. Peach, Esq. M.P.

At Furnival's Inn, London, Mr. Alexandre Barry, Lecturer on Chemistry at Guy's Hospital.

At his residence, Tremor, John Cumming, Esq.

In Clonmel, W. Carson, Esq. proprietor and editor of the Clonmel Advertiser.

In Taunton, Mary Trewnen, widow of the late T. Trewnen, Esq. Cornwall, and sister of Sir T. Hare, Bart. Norfolk.

Lately, Donald MacDonald, a Gentleman.

On 24th October,

Watkins, of Up-

Square, and on

Margaret Watkins, his



In the Poor House of St. Mary, Lichfield, Ann Jenney, in her 104th year.

In Paris, G. Cendrosset O'Connor, son of Lieutenant-General Arthur O'Connor.

Lieutenant-Colonel Tucker, late of his Majesty's 20th Regiment.

Lately, at Montrose, Sarah Susannah, eldest daughter of the late Sir David Ogilvy, Bart. of Barras.

Mr. W. H. Remington, forty years ago the "Charles Surface" and "Puff" of the Liverpool Company, and prompter at York and Hull.

On his passage from the Mauritius, Lieutenant H. Lang, R.N. son of the late R. Lang, Esq. of Moor Park.

Richard Hotham of Handsworth, of the Society of Friends.

At Relugas, Moray, Lucy Anne Drew; daughter

of the late J. Drew, Esq. and the late Lady Susan Douglas, and niece to Earl Dunmore.

At Richmond, Lady William Wynn, relict of the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart.

The Rev. George Crane, Clerk of the parish of Ardglass.

At Tunbridge Wells, the Hon. and Rev. H. Duncombe, rector of Ruby Misperton, near Pickering, son of Lord Feversham.

The Rev. J. Griffiths, vicar of St. Margaret's, Rochester, and rector of Hinxhill, near Ashford.

The Duchess de Coigny, mother-in-law of General Sebastiani.

At 10, Duhdas Street, Edinburgh, Catherine Horne, relict of Mr. Alexander Hay, leather-merchant, Kirkcaldy.

At 2, Madistra Street, North Leith, Captain John Thomson, late of the 3d Royal Veteran Battalion.

# TAIT'S

## EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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### THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE DISSENTERS.

Bacon says, "If St. John were to write an epistle to the Church of England, as he did to that of Asia, it would surely contain the clause:—'*I have a few things against thee.*'" I am not quite of his opinion. "I am afraid the clause would be—I have *not* a few things against thee.

JORTIN.—Tracts, 8vo. 2, 530.

OUR "venerable" Church complains that she is no longer venerated; that her oracles are unheeded, and her piety unrewarded; that the people are insensible to her merits, and ungrateful for her services. Let her look to her conduct, and she will find the cause of this estrangement; let her separate from the State, and she will find the remedy. Time was, when she had abundant credit; but she has overdrawn, and is now suffering in common with other traders from the distress of the times. She must, therefore, give up a monopoly, which is no longer suited to the present state of intellectual commerce; and retire altogether from business, or admit others to a share of its profits. The period is fast approaching, when every political institution, whether civil or ecclesiastical, will be tried in the balance of justice and utility. Neither professions of innocence, nor abuse of the Judge, will benefit the accused. Prescription and precedent cannot be pleaded in bar of those claims which it is their object to establish. *Salus populi suprema lex*—there is no appeal from this tribunal. The legislature cannot give a perpetuity to any corporation.\* The fee-simple of the estate is in the

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\* No one now maintains the inviolability of corporate rights, when a clear case of public necessity or expediency demands their sacrifice; and when the first of all duties, the most urgent of all necessities, call for an alteration in the application of public property, it would be preposterous to contend that the embroiled rights of any number of unappointed or unborn functionaries can legitimately interpose to prevent a just or necessary measure for reform.—*Lord Henley's Plan of Church Reform*, p. 8.

nation. It is obvious to every reflecting man, that a great change has already taken place in the public mind on the subject of Church government. The liberality from which it sprung will increase with its extension; and abstract truths will become practical realities. Exclusive privileges are now as odious as penalties and disabilities. Have they not the same origin and the same object? To punish a man for preaching what he believes to be true, may force him to be silent; but to bribe him to preach what he thinks error, makes him at once a hypocrite and a dissembler. His timidity injures himself alone; but his venality injures the very cause it was employed to serve. Both methods imply a consciousness of weakness and a hatred of inquiry; the latter, however, undermines the foundation of virtue, and corrupts society by separating success from merit. The result is the same in both cases, though the process is slower and more degrading to those whose privileges are purchased at the expense of honesty and independence. There must necessarily be some test to distinguish an ecclesiastical establishment from other sects, and professions of faith will be required from its ministers. To "sign himself slave," as Locke says, will thus be the condition of appointment to teach that religion which makes us free; and the promulgation of divine truth will be contingent on an adhesion to the dogmas of fallible men. To presume that we have satisfactorily solved those mysteries and difficulties which have baffled the best and the wisest of mankind, is a degree of arrogance which nothing can equal but the tyranny that exacts such compliance, and the wickedness of closing the mind against further light.

What absurdity can be greater than that of attempting to bind posterity on a subject which cannot concern us, and upon which they have the clearest right of judging freely, and the greatest possible interest in judging correctly? To claim the respect of those who are to come after us, by shewing our distrust of them, and to expect that they will reverence the wisdom of their ancestors, while we shew our contempt for it; such is the conduct of that legislature which first imposes articles of belief upon the conscience of its subjects. How contemptible and insignificant is that mortal who mounts towards Heaven on the Babel of his own invention, and looks on the past with disdain, and on the future with suspicion! The Reformed Church was a more unkind parent to her children than her predecessor, for she took away from them both the merit of their good works, and the right of forming their own faith. She asserted and denied the liberty of thinking, and punished in others the example of disobedience she had set. Exclusion has now succeeded to persecution; and toleration is boasted of while equality is demanded. Another Reformation is at hand; and the same fate awaits another church which was dealt to the "old Priest." To make uniformity of speculative opinions a principle of legislation, a criterion of merit, and a qualification for office, will soon be acknowledged to be unjust, unreasonable, and unnecessary. When disgrace no longer attaches to dissent, and conformity is considered a mark of servility; when the one is indicative of that free judgment of which the other is necessarily destructive; when the honest conviction of the understanding is preferred to the sophistry of self-interest; when public opinion has learnt to distinguish between the respect which the influence of wealth demands, and the influence which the respect attached to character obtains; when the resentment exclusion has excited is stronger than the avarice it appeals to, and a change

of the system is more profitable to the many than its continuance to the few; when a coalition of sects has weakened that power which their division had strengthened,—then may it safely be predicted that the reign of ecclesiastical establishments is at an end. The seeds of their destruction will be found to have been planted in the means employed for their preservation; and the passions in which they originated will prove the instruments of their abolition. The aristocracy will lose more by opposing the common sense of the community, than it gained by flattering its prejudices. The same authority which placed one sect above its predecessors, will put it on a level with its rivals, and the latitudes of religious opinion will no longer be referred to the meridian of a creed established by act of Parliament. Toleration is permission, and permission involves the power of refusal. To build religious freedom upon sufferance, is to endanger the superstructure by narrowing the foundation. The temple is profaned by the presence of the civil magistrate; the staff of authority is thrust between the worshipper and his God; and the Bible is placed below the statute-book.

The dissenters, we are gravely told, have no reasonable ground for complaint, as they are now allowed to worship God in their own way. Is it no hardship to be excluded from the advantage of an academical education; to be shut out from the honours and emoluments which the nation bestows on her religious teachers; to be stigmatised as schismatics, and abused as malcontents; to be denied admittance to our University libraries, to which, if literary men, they are compelled to send their publications? Is it no hardship that a Quaker is disqualified from sitting, though duly elected, in the Commons' House of Parliament, because he can neither profess allegiance to the secular power by an oath, nor abjure hostility to the ecclesiastical power by a declaration in its favour? Is it no hardship that an approval of the union between Church and State is made a condition of a seat in the legislature; that those who are honestly desirous of its dissolution, should be required to bind themselves to its continuance, and that ecclesiastical legitimacy should seek to perpetuate its privileges, by exacting from non-conformity a pledge, which is inconsistent both with its principles and its duties?—that no dissenter can be elected a fellow of the College of Physicians, because, by refusing his assent to the 39 articles, he cannot graduate at our orthodox universities? Is it no hardship to a seceder from the kirk, that he cannot be an elder of his parish, however intelligent and useful he may be, unless he sign the Westminster confession? And what has this famous confession done for the Scottish clergy? Cram Socinus down any man's throat, and he comes out Calvin. Why give a bounty upon home production, if foreign goods are neither better nor cheaper? To connect distinction or riches with any set of opinions, is to give to its opposite the benefit of the difference. If you cannot win the game without honours, you must have a bad hand, or be a bad player. "Every impediment to the utmost liberty of inquiry or discussion, whether it consists in the fear of punishment, in bodily restraint, in dread of the mischievous effects of new truth, or in the submission of reason to beings of the like frailties with ourselves, always, in proportion to its magnitude, robs a man of some share of his rational and moral nature."—*Sir J. Mackintosh's Hist. of Eng.*, I. 131.

There is no longer any pretence for a barrier against Papal ascendancy. The Pope has no more influence in this country than the Grand Lama; and a tribute to Mecca would be as easily collected in

London as Peter's pence. The predominance, therefore, of no sect should be allowed beyond what the purity of its principles, and the performance of its practical duties, would be sure to obtain from those to whom all sects must appeal, and who have no interest in a wrong decision. Secular advantages and immunities may give currency to error, but can add nothing to the sterling value of truth.

That the separation of Church and State would essentially promote the cause of morality, must be apparent to every one who considers how much our sentiments of right and wrong are affected by artificial distinctions; and how easily both our habits and our judgments are warped by fashion and prejudice. The Churchmen and the dissenters are not tried by the same standard:

*Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato.*

Party feeling is gratified, and corporate power promoted, both by the acquittal of the one and the condemnation of the other. The good effects of a more equitable jurisdiction may be seen in the United States of North America; where religious equality has diverted theological jealousies into the channel of public usefulness, and made sectarian rivalry the guardian of national purity. The mother country would do well to take a lesson from her Transatlantic children, and receive back that religious liberty which she formerly drove from her shores to seek an asylum in the Western world. It is not there that we see clerical delinquency and clerical incapacity escape punishment and censure, under the shelter of aristocratical influence; the cure of souls converted into a younger brother's portion; spiritual duties performed by deputy; and the magisterial bench placed side by side with the pulpit. Holmes, in his travels in that country, says, speaking of the Episcopal clergy:—"Most of the ministers hold the Arminian tenets; and, were any of them to live in an immoral manner, they would be discarded. At New York, in 1819, one of the most eloquent preachers there, an Episcopalian, was obliged to resign in consequence of an improper female connexion." Would this have occurred had the Church been under the protection of the State? Is it likely that a similar offence would be visited with such severity in this country, where ecclesiastical patronage has become private property, and advowsons are openly bought and sold? A man's duty and interest will necessarily coincide, and the public welfare be promoted, where personal respect is the result of personal merit alone, and the predominance of any party is not created and secured by the wealth and honours it distributes.

How far the political functions of this "Holy Alliance" are in accordance with the national will, and conducive to the national welfare, may be seen in the line of conduct which its great organs, the Universities, thought fit to follow on a recent occasion. Their opposition to a reform in the legislature, which spared their peculiar privileges, has for ever loosened the little hold they had upon the affections of this great empire. Had the establishments of Oxford and Cambridge not been sectarian, a wish to promote the public good would have as honourably distinguished them as their hostility to it has disgraced them; they would have discovered neither an enemy in political liberty, nor a friend in political corruption.

It was no spirit of independence that actuated the Church on this occasion. She struck work, because she was afraid that her wages would be reduced. She was consistent in her inconsistency, and loyal in her

rebellion. She was a friend to bad government, in opposing the promise of a better. She hoped that the former might still be restored, and supported the minister *de jure* by fighting against the minister *de facto*. Her allegiance was in abeyance, and she proved her obedience when she refused homage to the usurper. When the Tories required it, she has even been liberal towards the Catholics; and treated those as Christians whose doctrines she calls damnable. "The persons," says Bishop Horsley, in a letter to his clergy, "for whom, in the name of God, we implore their aid, however they may differ from us in certain points of doctrine, discipline, and external rites, are, nevertheless, our brethren, members of Christ, and children of God, heirs of the same promise; adhering, indeed, to the communion of the church of Rome, in which they have been educated; but more endeared to us by the example they exhibit of patient suffering, for conscience-sake, than estranged by what we deem their corruptions; more near and dear to us, in truth, by far, than those, who, affecting to be called our Protestant brethren, have no other title to Protestant than a Jew or a Pagan; who, not being a Christian, is, for that reason only, not a Papist." This was written in favour of the exiled French priests. The bitterness of the polemic might have been spared in the cause of kindness, and the opponent of Priestly forgotten in the advocate of charity. The *odium theologicum* has now resumed its natural form. The sister churches are again rivals, and the relationship is dissolved.\* It is to be remembered, that when the letter from which the above extract is taken, was written, the Catholic clergy were suffering in defence of arbitrary principles. Hence their affinity to the Anglican church. They are now (in Ireland) suffering from them. They are, therefore, according to Magee, a church without a religion, while the poor Irish Protestant establishment is a religion without a church. It is thus that Papacy varies, though said by her adversaries to be always the same; and our venerable Church, as by law established, is always the same, however her sentiments and conduct may vary according to the varying circumstances of that law, or the changing policy of those who administer it.

Attacks upon the Church of England are no longer confined to dissenters from its doctrine and discipline. Many of those who retain their attachment to its ritual are loud in demanding the removal or correction of abuses, the existence of which is either denied by some of its advocates, or attributed to very inadequate causes. There is in the *British Critic* for October, 1831, (a high-church publication,) an attempt to show that the duties of the established clergy have increased with the increasing population of their parishes, and that this circumstance will account for the imperfect manner in which they are fulfilled. How far the statement thus made is borne out by the real facts of the case, may be inferred from the very singular assumption, that practice is not conducive to improvement. "It must be allowed," says the Reviewer, "that the great increase of parish duty, incident both on the augmented numbers, and altered comforts and morals of our population, necessarily keep down a large body of our ministry to the very lowest level of theology which their station can admit of; and the much more frequent occasions of preaching have produced the effect, so prevalent now in every department of knowledge and manufactures, of lowering the value and durability of the material." This is rather an unfortunate illustration. There is not the slightest analogy between silk goods and

sermons; cheapness, which deteriorates the former, not being the recommendation of the latter. Competition in trade and competition in divinity ought to have very different results. Those who are paid beforehand for their goods can afford their customers better stuff. If the duties of the clergy have increased so much, how is it that they find leisure for secular employments? Nearly one fourth of the whole magistracy of the kingdom is in holy orders, though in some of the counties there are few or no clerical magistrates. If these ecclesiastics are above the lowest level of theology required by their station, the surplus is lost to their flocks; if below it, are these men fit to enforce obedience upon others, who have set so bad an example of it in themselves? The union of functions, so discordant and incompatible, is unknown in the Kirk of Scotland, or in any other church but that of England: the sword of justice is not seen in the hands of the priest; nor does the same voice whisper consolation to the dying penitent, and thunder out the terrors of the treadmill on the devoted head of the poacher and the vagrant. Such anomalies would not have been tolerated in England, if the bishops had paid more attention to those below them, and less to those above them; if lay patronage had not been permitted to convert a public trust into a beneficial interest to its holders; and the church become an asylum for the foris-familiated cadets of good families. We have at last got rid of rotten boroughs; and are rotten advowsons to remain? We have purified and extended the elective franchise; are church livings still to be matter of sale and barter? A seat in St. Stephen's is no longer to be purchased; why should the pulpit be put up to auction? Borough property has been abolished, yet school-patronage is still a family provision. Is the spiritual welfare of the country less important than its political independence? Are our representatives to be chosen by ourselves, and our pastors by others? Is it tyranny to be taxed by another's nominee, and justice to be tithed by him? Is Old Sarum no longer to be a by-word and a reproach, and the *congé d'élire* to remain a farce and an insult? It is high time that the bishops should be truly overseers, and open their own eyes before they attempt to stop the mouth of the gainsayer. Let them imitate the conduct of the Saxon church, a decree of which (as we are informed by the *Christian Remembrancer*, an orthodox periodical) cautions parents and guardians, on account of the increased exigency of the times, against allowing their children or wards to enter upon clerical studies, unless they evince a decided aptitude for them; warns all parties that an increasing severity of examination is become requisite, and sets forth, that where there exist such abundant opportunities for selection among the candidates, nothing but merit can secure admission into the Saxon church. We may infer from this, that there is little nepotism, that there are few fat livings, and no golden prebends, in the Saxon church.

It is singular that the poverty of the church exposed it formerly to the same contempt which its wealth has now brought upon it. "Ministers with the papists," (i. e. the Priests,) says Selden, "have much respect; but with the Protestants, they have very little. The reason whereof is, in the beginning of the Reformation, they were glad to get such to take livings as they could procure by any invitation—things of pitiful condition. The nobility and gentry would not suffer their sons or kindred to meddle with the church; and, therefore, at this day, when they see a parson, they think him to be such a thing still, and there they will keep him and use him accordingly: if he be a gentleman, that is

singled out, and he is used the more respectfully." To be despised of men, however, is the lot of those whose calling is not of this world ; and it is to be remembered, that the respect of the rich neither implies nor secures the performance of spiritual duties. That there were no clerical magistrates in those days is evident, both from the little influence and wealth in the possession of churchmen, and from what Selden himself says in another passage :—" There never," says he, " was a merry world since the fairies left dancing and the parsons left conjuring. The opinion of the latter kept them in awe, and did as much good in the country as a justice of the peace." Hence, we may conclude, that a parson-conjurer was then no magistrate, as the parson-magistrate is now no conjurer. It is plain, too, that the clergy were not despised by the people. They were, indeed, their best friends ; an additional reason why they were not in favour with " the nobility and gentry." Matters are strangely altered since these days. Tithes have risen, and the Church has fallen with the improvement of agriculture. A corresponding change has taken place in the impressions made by this *shield of the monarchy*, on those who view it from the opposite stations. The spectators have changed sides and are ready to come to blows ; because, what is affirmed to be gold by the one, is declared by the other to be brass, or some baser metal. The clerical magistracy has given fresh strength to these feelings. Both the attachment and the hostility have been increased by the same incident,—the subserviency which has elicited the one, having naturally exasperated the other ; for power is generally employed in the interest of those with whom its appointment and control rest. This assumption of incompatible characters imposes upon the performer a task, to fail, or to succeed in which, is equally distasteful to the audience : while he attempts to be " at home" in both, he can " please" in neither.

Lord Henley's pamphlet on Church reform has excited no little sensation, both among the friends and the enemies of religion as by law established ; and, though far from meeting the exigencies of the case, may be fairly considered as the sign of that more effectual remedy which the suggestion of a *moderate measure* implies or excites. What will the lords say to the noble author's candour or imprudence ? The distinction between the rights of private and corporate property is here fairly acknowledged. Had such an admission come from such a quarter ten years back, the Conservatives (so called, *ut parca quia non parcit*) would have sent Dr. Haslam or Sir G. Tuthill to reason with his Lordship. The noble author is a very amiable person, as the servile imitators of patrician affectation would say ; but he is lamentably ignorant of human nature. " Set a thief to catch a thief," may be a good police maxim ; yet we may reasonably doubt whether prelates and church patrons are the best guardians of those interests which prelacy and patronage have sacrificed to the spirit of nepotism and corruption. Their disqualification is to be found in the very abuses which they are required to correct. Their ignorance is as culpable as their connivance, and they are accessaries to the crime, whether they have permitted its commission or partaken of its profits. What Selden says of synods is equally applicable to all mixed assemblies, whether councils, convocations, or commissions. " There must," he says, in his Table-talk, " be some laymen in the synod, to overlook the clergy, lest they spoil the civil work ; just as when the good woman puts a cat into the milk-house to kill a mouse, she sends her maid to look after the cat, lest the cat should eat up the cream." What is the good woman, to do if the maid is as



fond of cream as the cat? Lord Henley would abolish episcopal translations, and yet leave the archbishoprics as great prizes in the ecclesiastical lottery, the tickets in which are still to be insured by subseriency; and, as if this suggestion were not sufficiently preposterous, the commission he recommends to be thus composed of bishops and the highest state functionaries, is to be under the control of the legislature; *i. e.* those who have an interest in the communion between Church and State are to be responsible to those who have an interest in their separation; for, if the united empire is really to be represented in the House of Commons, the majority of its members will be returned by the dissenters. The monopoly which an exclusive sect now enjoys will thus be destroyed; and the "God of his idolatry" will fall by the very means which are to be employed to purify his worship and confirm his power. If the commission performs its duties honestly and effectually, the representative body will strike at the politico-spiritual principle; if it neglects them, at the practice. Whether Alma Mater recovers her health, or continues to suffer under the maladies which afflict her; whether she fall into the hands of quacks, or "good and true" physicians, the divorce is inevitable. Her beauty and her deformity will be equally fatal to her.

It is somewhat singular that no notice is taken in this pamphlet "on Church reform," of the clerical magistracy; a practice which has done so much harm to religion and justice, by combining in the same individual the administration of the one with the duties of the other. Is the omission to be attributed to a fear of offending the aristocracy, or to a notion that the system has produced neither injury nor complaint? If it be the latter, the author has paid little attention to parochial grievances, or has turned a deaf ear to the voice that has so long and so loudly proclaimed them. Amid the great diversity of opinions which prevail on the subject of the poor laws, the conviction is almost unanimous, that the greater part of those evils which their mal-administration has brought upon the country, is to be traced to the interference of the magistrates. "I have always thought, from observation, [says Walker on Pauperism, second edition, p. 64,] that the right of appeal to the magistrates was the sole cause of whatever alienation existed between the payers of rates and the labouring classes." Is it right that the spiritual pastor should thus be placed in collision with his flock? If the magistrate attend the vestry as a clergyman, he will appeal to himself against himself; if the clergyman declines attending as a magistrate, one of the checks to parochial misgovernment is removed, and the natural protector of the poor withdraws his support when its aid is most wanted, and its absence is most resented. The rate-payers are offended if the judgment is reversed; and the rate-receivers, if it is confirmed. The respect of the one, or the affection of the other, is necessarily shaken by this dilemma; the "stern command of authority" is substituted for the "milder voice of influence;" and the "strong enforcement," which the "gentleness" of persuasion would have secured, is lost in reluctant obedience to the terrors of the law. This is but one among the many inconsistencies and anomalies which spring from the union of the secular and spiritual functions. Apply to society what is here seen in the individual, and the ill effects of an erroneous principle upon the action of the body politic may be anticipated, from a consideration of the complexity of its structure and the magnitude of its extension.

We are continually reminded of the sin of schism by those whose

conduct justifies the separation of which their predecessors set the example. "They who talk so much of sects and divisions," says Locke, in his third letter on Toleration, "would do well to consider, too, whether those are not most authors and promoters of sects and divisions, who impose creeds, and ceremonies, and articles of men's making; and make things not necessary to salvation the necessary terms of communion; excluding and driving from them such as, out of conscience and persuasion, cannot assent and submit to them, and treating them as if they were utter aliens from the Church of God."\* If spiritual truth may be the proper subject of legislative enactment, why is physical truth excluded from its benefits? Why have we not a Newtonian hierarchy, or a Hutterian creed? Why should not the body be cured, as well as the soul saved, by act of Parliament? We might then, in case of accidents or sickness, consult an authorized surgeon, or an orthodox physician, and show our respect for the constitution of the State while we are taking care of our own.

The sentiments of Robert Hall, upon this subject, are so remarkable for their truth, and the force with which they are expressed, that no apology need be offered for the length of the quotation. "Happy had it been, had civil establishments of religion been useless only, instead of being productive of the greatest evils. But, when Christianity is established by law, it is requisite to give the preference to some particular system; and, as the magistrate is no better judge of religion than others, the chances are as great of his lending his sanction to the false as to the true. Splendour and emoluments must likewise, in some degree, be attached to the National Church; which is a strong inducement to its ministers to defend it, be it ever so remote from the truth. Thus error becomes permanent; and that set of opinions which happens to prevail when the establishment is formed, continues, in spite of superior light and improvement, to be handed down, without alteration, from age to age. Hence the disagreement between the public creed of the church and the private sentiments of its ministers; an evil growing out of the very nature of an hierarchy, and not likely to be remedied, before it brings the clerical character into the utmost contempt. Hence the rapid spread of infidelity in various parts of Europe; a natural and never-failing consequence of the corrupt alliance between Church and State. Wherever we turn our eyes, we shall perceive the depression of religion in proportion to the elevation of the hierarchy. In France, where the establishment had obtained the utmost splendour, piety had utterly decayed; in England, where the hierarchy is less splendid, more remains of the latter; and in Scotland, whose national church is one of the poorest in the world, a greater sense of religion appears among the inhabitants than in either of the former. It must likewise be plain to every observer, that piety flourishes much more among the Dissenters than among the members of any establishment whatever. This progress

\* "Such men," says Jeremy Taylor, "would do well to consider whether or not such proceedings do not derive the guilt of schism upon them who least think of it; and whether of the two is the schismatic—he that makes unnecessary, and (supposing the state of things) inconvenient impositions, or he that disobeys them because he cannot, without doing violence to his conscience, believe them—he that parts communion, because he could not, without, entertain it—or they that have made it necessary for him to separate by requiring such conditions, which to no man are simply necessary, and, to his particular, are either sinful or impossible."

of things is so natural, that nothing seems wanting in any country, to render the thinking part of the people infidels, but a splendid establishment. It will always ultimately debase the clerical character, and perpetuate, both in discipline and doctrine, every abuse."

This passage is placed at the head of an article upon "Church Reform," in a recent number of the *British Critic*. The writer, after giving another extract from Hall's works, to the same effect, observes,— "Whatever impression in favour of the Church may have been made upon the dissenting laity, it seems too certain that no abatement has taken place in the *rancorous hostility*, the *perverse misrepresentation*, the *gross and scandalous misstatements* even of the most respected dissenting ministers." *Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?* These are hard words, indeed! Are they well applied? Is there not too much in them of what is emphatically *propria humana generis*—something more than the mere *odium theologicum*? Let us see what this reviewer says himself of his "apostolical establishment." The following are his own words:—"Without having recourse to exaggeration, we may safely say, that not one Bishop in five was appointed from *proper motives*, during the long period which elapsed between the administrations of Walpole and Liverpool. Under the administration of the Earl of Liverpool, the country and the Church were astonished, not less than delighted, to find Government employed, *for the first time*, in a conscientious disposal of its patronage. \* \* \* \* Since the demise of that respected man *things have gone on pretty much as they used to do*, before his accession to power." Again:—"The private patronage which exists to so large an extent in the Church of England [the Bishop of Peterborough, in his charge, July 1831, says,— "Three-fourths, at least, of the livings throughout the kingdom are in the hands of laymen"] is not an unmixed good. It leads, inevitably, to the preferment of many from private motives only; job after job has been left unexposed and uncondemned, out of tenderness for the individuals implicated; and who have been the gainers? Not the Church; for its greatest danger arises from the existence of such jobs; and its only safety is to be found in their correction." We may be permitted to ask, whether these abuses are not inseparable from the system? While the Church is allied to the State, she must either be mistress or slave—in either case *plectuntur Achivi*; whether Pope or Emperor be middle-man, the rack-rent is the sweat or the blood of the people. Whatever be the nature of the marriage articles, the pinmoney is paid by the people. The dower does not fall upon either of the contracting parties. After such an acknowledgment of the Church's corruptions, from one of the advocates of her excellence, a smile may fairly be indulged at his angry invectives against those, who, though non-conformists, may be presumed to have as great a regard for the spiritual welfare of their fellow-subjects as himself, and who, *because* non-conformists, are more consistent adherents to the Protestant Reformation, in opposing, than he in supporting, an establishment, the privileges of which are considered by all who belong to no party but that of truth and justice, as an infringement of its leading principles. "It is certain," says the same critic, "that, originally, the people had a share in the election of their clergy; and that bishops were elected by the clergy and people conjointly; and when we advert to all that has subsequently occurred respecting these matters, the reflection is mortifying and bitter. So incapable did men prove of using these noble privileges—so unfit was the Christian world for this scheme of self-government,

that every solid and substantial portion of it was speedily levelled with the ground, and scarce a vestige of the original structure remains." Dr. Mosheim, who is probably as good an authority in matters of ecclesiastical history as the *British Critic*, though he may not have the same interest in the enforcement of his opinion, attributes the disuse of popular elections to vacant offices in the Church, to very different causes. "When we look back," he says, "to the commencement of the Christian Church, we find its government administered jointly by the pastors and the people. But, in process of time, the scene changes, and we see these pastors affecting an air of preeminence and authority, trampling on the rights of the community, and assuming to themselves a supreme authority, both in civil and religious matters. This invasion of the rights of the people was at length carried to such a height, that a single man administered, or claimed at least a right to administer, the affairs of the whole Church with unlimited sway."—*Intr. to Eccl. Hist.*

And is it not, pretty much the same here, except that the head of our Church is not a spiritual power? There is little real difference between the attribute of infallibility and a privileged inability to do wrong. A general council is a shelter in the one case, and the minister in the other. The legislature has no more right to interfere with the rights of conscience than the Catholic Church. Whether imputed errors be punished or proscribed, fined or excluded, scourged or stigmatised—whether toleration be thought a crime or a virtue, there can be no security for religious freedom; since the right to conform implies the right to dissent, and the correspondent duties are so strictly matters of conscience, that any interference with its dictates is an assumption of power, incompatible with its free exercise.

"New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large."

"A bad appointment of bishops," says the same reviewer, "gives a sanction to every species of ecclesiastical irregularity, checks and stunts the education of youth, and fills the Church and the country with inefficient ministers of the church of God." What remedy, then, does he suggest for this grievance? He admits, that "patronage of every description is used more as an instrument of power, or of gratification, than under any overruling sense of duty." Yet he thinks that public opinion will operate as a corrective of this tendency. "Unless," he says, "the public voice be heard, great ecclesiastical appointments will fall once more into the channel from which, for a short season, they were providentially diverted." Now, if the will of the community, for which alone both Church and State exist, will, while acting indirectly, check or restrain misgovernment, would it not be more effectual to its end, if it were applied, directly and permanently, through an organized system of appointment and control; not called into dangerous action by the stimulus of national discontent, but existing as a preventive of its causes; not used, on the spur of the moment, as a palliative of the symptoms of the disorder, but protecting the constitution against those habits which predispose to its reception; employing the motive of self-interest as a security against corruption—not leaving it, as at present, as an encouragement to its introduction; making, in one word, those who *profit* by abuses responsible to those who suffer by them? In the one case, public opinion would be the *cause of health*, in the other it would be the *effect of disease*.

There is a passage in Blunt's History of the Reformation, which

throws considerable light upon the nature of ecclesiastical establishments, and confirms, in a very striking manner, the view taken by Robert Hall of their evil tendencies. Speaking of the Pope's bull to legalize Cranmer's appointment to the see of Canterbury, the author says,—“This was the last bull he sent into England, during the reign of Henry ; and had that capricious prince listened to the advice and entreaty of Cranmer, application would not have been made even for this ; and then Henry would have sooner been spared the dishonour of subjecting his bishops to a dilemma, by which perjury to the Pope or to the King could hardly be escaped ; and Cranmer would have been spared the equivocation, by which he laboured to reconcile oaths which were irreconcilable. Here, after all, was the grievance ; and on those who exacted these oaths, was, in a great measure, the guilt. Nothing less was required of a bishop than to swear allegiance to two masters who had no two interests in common ; to the Pope, that he would, from that hour forward, be faithful and obedient to St. Peter, and to the Holy Church of Rome ; to my Lord, the Pope, and his successors, that they should suffer no wrong, &c.:—to the King, that he would thenceforward utterly forsake all clauses, words, sentences, grants, which he had, or should have hereafter, from the Pope's Holiness, in virtue of his bishopric, that in anywise were, or might be, prejudicial to his Highness, his heirs, successors, &c. ; that to him and his he would be faithful and true, and live with him against all people ; that he acknowledged himself to hold his bishopric of him only, and, accordingly besought of him the temporalities of the same. Now, to be impaled on one or other of the horns of such an alternative as this, was a cruel situation, into which no man ought to have been forced ; and, though it is an easy thing for an indifferent spectator, at a distance, to philosophize upon the unseemly writhings of the victim, yet some allowance will be made for him by every pitiful-hearted observer, if, in his struggles to get off the hook, he should chance to uncover his nakedness. The question, indeed, resolved into this, Were there, or were there not, to be bishops in England ? for if none would take the oaths who could not acquiesce in both of them to the letter, and if none were to be admitted to consecration, who refused either of the oaths, the order of prelates was at an end.”—*Hist. of Reformation*, p. 126. If a poor pagan had found himself in such a dilemma, he might perhaps have remembered Juvenal's advice :—a Christian casuist would despise a poor poet who would presume to keep a conscience :—

“ *Ambigua si forte citabere causa,  
Incertaque rei, Phalaris licet inperet, ut sis  
Falsus, et admoto dictet perjuriam tauro :  
Summum crede nefas animam preferre pudori,  
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*”

Every attempt to remove this stain from the Church has had the effect of fixing the colour more deeply. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* (No. XCIV., p. 371) says,—“Who can read the two oaths—the one taken by the bishop elect to the Pope, the other to the King—and doubt that scruples must have been entertained by any man who was required to swear allegiance so devoted to two masters, whose interests were so entirely at variance ? The wonder is, that so tyrannous a demand on the consciences of men was tolerated so long. Cranmer might be the first who expressed his misgivings ; but he could not be the first, by many, who had felt them ; and though, at last, he did take the oath to the Pope, it was not till he had previously made a public protestation of the

sense in which he understood it, *thereby reconciling it with the other to the King.*" Again,—“ But, if Cranmer was blameless in this part of the affair, which was, after all, the most material part, it is difficult to acquit him of all duplicity in previously allowing a proxy to take the oath at Rome, subject, as it should seem, to no such limitations as were afterwards annexed to it in England.” Is this ecclesiastical morality? Shall an evasion which would render every oath nugatory, and take from truth all security for its observance, be suffered to perpetuate tyranny and quiet the conscience? But even the slight palliation to be derived from this miserable subterfuge is unavailing. The plea of this unprincipled advocate is neutralized by his subsequent admission. The candour or the imprudence of the reviewer takes away the thin covering of his sophistry, and renders it at once disgusting and harmless. To return to our “honest chronicler” of the Reformation.

The proper question, in such an emergency, was, whether the Church ought to be connected with the State, when the result of the Union was its dissolution, or perjury to one of the parties? To assert, that the consequence of the bishops refusing to violate the oath they had taken, would have been the destruction of Episcopacy, is false, both in fact and in reason; if it be true that it existed before the time of Constantine, and is still to be found in Scotland, and in the United States of North America, unconnected with the State—a non-conformist in the one case, and on a level with all other sects in the other. It is said to be a principle of the Jesuits, that the end will justify the means. Here the doctrine is openly and unblushingly maintained; though the conclusion is no more warranted by the premises than the premises by the facts. The vehement declamation that has, on recent occasions, been uttered against the non-observance of the coronation-oath upon grounds of State policy, came with a very bad grace from the higher members of a corporation, which thus makes its own continuance a plea for perjury; violates the precepts of its Master, in order that it may teach them to others; and swears allegiance to the Prince of Darkness, whose kingdom it is commissioned to destroy. Should religion be again placed in an *unseemly alternative*, a contingency by no means improbable, Expediency will find a good precedent here to assist her conscience and her consistency.

The reverend author, from whose work we have quoted, has also his receipt for restoring his sick parent to health. “If lay patrons of small livings, when they happen also to be impropiators, could be induced to cooperate with the clergy; if they would re-annex to these *their own livings* (we ask no more) some portion, however small, of the tithes which they enjoy, and which were all wrung from the Church, [True! the Catholic Church—*Quis tulerit Græcos de seditione loquentes?*] a sacrifice, which, from its amount, would scarcely be felt by many patrons, and which would not, in fact, be an alienation of so much property, but rather a *regulation of the course in which it should run*; a reduction, perhaps, of L.50 or L.100 a-year, from an *elder brother's rent-roll*, to the augmentation, to the like amount, of a *younger brother's benefice*,—the necessity for nonresidence and pluralities would be still more rapidly diminished; and the National Church would soon be placed in a more impregnable position than she has ever assumed in this particular, either since the Reformation, or before it.” “This sacrifice,” he says, “may be worth the while of any man who has a stake to lose.” Was it “for this, among the rest,” that the historian of the Reformation “was ordained” to recommend what he thinks will support the most abominable system of fraud, injustice, and selfishness, against

what he calls "the contempt of the laws of the land, in our rural parishes?" And has he the effrontery to appeal to the self-interest of our feudal lords in behalf of his tottering establishment; and, while he strives to extort from their fears what their sense of justice has so long denied, make an increased provision for their younger brothers serve as a prop to the edifice which has sheltered them from poverty? Does he really, in the simplicity of his heart, believe that family aggrandizement can much longer be promoted by the debasement of religion; or that the law of primogeniture, to which the Church is indebted for the greatest part of its corruption, is now to be its protection; or that family livings will survive proprietary boroughs and parchment votes; while our political institutions are adapting themselves to the wants and wishes of the empire, and scarcely one-third of its inhabitants are to be found within the pale of its ecclesiastical establishment?

That it may not be thought fanciful to trace a connexion between the law of primogeniture and the Church Establishment, we may adduce the authority of one whose sagacity and sincerity will be disputed by no one. They have found an ardent admirer and a warm advocate in Dr. Chalmers; and it is very remarkable that he rests their defence upon the very grounds of the objection which has so often been raised against them, and is pleased with an arrangement which others look upon with regret or disgust. "We rejoice to think," he says, in his recent work on Political Economy, p. 376, "that a church may be upheld, in all its endowments, without being, in any right sense of the word, an incubus upon the nation; while it seems to mitigate the hardship, which has been imputed to the law of primogeniture. We are aware that this is not the precise and proper argument for a religious establishment; yet convinced, upon other grounds, of the vast utility of such an institution, we cannot but regard it as one beneficial consequence of the law in question, that it enlists, on the side of a church, the warmest affections of nature, the sympathies and feelings of domestic tenderness. We are aware of the reckless and unprincipled patronage to which this has given rise; and that a provision for younger sons has been viewed as the great, if not the only, good of a church, by many who hold the dispensation of its offices. It is this which has alienated from the establishment so large a portion of the community; and, if the abuse of an institute were a sufficient argument for its destruction, perhaps the Church of England will be found to have sealed its own doom, and to have brought upon itself the sentence of its own overthrow," &c.

Dr. Lushington, when cross-examined upon this subject, by the electors of the Tower Hamlets, declared, that he had paid but little attention to the question, and was not aware that it had excited any interest in the public mind. Perhaps, as the law exists, he may defend it, as he not long ago defended the practice of suttees, or, at least, condescended to be counsel for those who are endeavouring to prevent their abolition. The sacrifice of younger children, and the burning of widows, are, doubtless, equally matters of indifference to the lawyer, till the retaining fee find its way from the palm to the sensorium, and the electric fluid conveys the shock from the venal tongue of the advocate to the astonished ears of his former admirers. The annals of the court, in which he has pleaded so long and so ably, might have supplied the learned civilian with a pretty long commentary on this trifling text. He might have seen the operation of this law, and found, perhaps, a reason for its continuance, in the long lucrative lists of actions for *crim. con.*, and in the profitable suits for alimony, separation, and divorce. The learned and

accomplished civilian has often, in his place in Parliament, professed attachment to our "happy establishment" of Church and State. He probably sees nothing objectionable in the law of descent: affection for the one almost implies predilection for the other. *Qui Baviæ non adit, amet tua carmina, Mævi.\** That the agitation of this question was not received with such indifference here, at the end of the last century, is matter of history. In Gregory's Essays, the second edition of which was published in 1788, is the following passage: "The injustice and folly of primogeniture, affecting the inheritance in civilized states, is evident, from the common practice of evading the custom, by permitting the absolute disposal of our possessions by testament, even where the legislature has not courage to contend with an old, though ridiculous prejudice. There are, indeed, reasons why the eldest son should possess the *least*, instead of the *greatest*, part. He proves generally more expensive to his parents, during their lifetime, than the rest of the children; he is also the first provided for: I mean, by being introduced into a profession; and, on the whole, it is assigning to chance, and not to reason, the distribution of effects. The expectation of superior fortune often serves only to nurture the first-born in pride, insolence, vanity, and ignorance; who, therefore, proves frequently a very unworthy person; while the rest, and probably the most deserving part of the family, are legally consigned to want and misery, vice, and prostitution."

Dr. Chalmers may see, in the Church establishment of his own country, advantages and beauties, which those who have ceased to communicate with her are unable or unwilling to find; but, is he prepared to pass the same eulogy upon the sister institution of England? or to be equally delighted with its offset in Ireland, where an exotic religion has been planted by the hand of violence, has been watered with the blood and tears of the people, and is now producing fruits which are neither "sweet to the taste," nor "pleasing to the eye." What would have been the condition of Scotland, had she been cursed with the same boon? That she narrowly escaped the tender mercies of our deliverer, William, is well known. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April 1774, is a letter from Dr. Rose, Bishop of Edinburgh, to a friend in London. It is dated 1713, and gives an account of the proceedings of the Episcopal party with regard to the Revolution of 1688. The writer proceeds to say, "Then the Bishop [of London, Compton,] directing his discourse to me, said,—My Lord, you see that the King, having thrown himself upon the waters, must keep himself a-swimming with one hand. The Presbyterians have joined him closely, and offer to support him; and, therefore, he cannot cast them off, unless he could see how otherwise he could be served. And the King bids me tell you, that he knows the state of Scotland much better than he did, when he was in Holland; for, while there,

\* Let not these strictures, on an amiable and useful man, be considered unjust or too severe. We have the precedent of his own authority for the censure thus passed on him: nor can "the disgust" he felt, when Mr. Burge declared in the House of Commons, that the slave was the *frechold* of his master, be greater than the indignation excited by the hired advocate of men who stood self-convicted of murder under the cloak and sanction of religion. Humanity and commonsense are equally outraged by a system which thus merges the man in the lawyer, and employs in the support of barbarism and brutality that eloquence and ingenuity which freedom and philanthropy had fondly thought exclusively devoted to their service. The jealousy we feel is proportioned to the value of the subject and the merits of the object.



he was made believe that Scotland, generally all over, was Presbyteriana; but now he sees that the great body of the nobility and gentry are for Episcopacy; and it is the trading and inferior sort are for Presbytery; wherefore he bids me tell you, that, if you will undertake to serve him to the purpose that he is served here in England, he will take you by the hand, support the Church and order, and throw off the Presbyterians." The Bishop declined acceding to these terms, as he had no instructions from the Bishops in Scotland, by whom he had been deputed to London, and was neither inclined to such terms himself, nor believed that his brethren would agree to them.

The Scottish Church is poor, and offers no compensation to the younger sons of the laird for the small mess of pottage they obtain from the family table; and as entails are perpetual, this is probably one reason why they are more unpopular in Scotland than in England. They will become more so, when the Treasury is as poor as the Kirk. The general impression, with respect to the justice of this law, may be inferred from the metaphor we use to express our sense of an inveterate evil. We say, such a thing has been *entailed* upon us: this is always used in a *bad sense*. When we say that Pitt *entailed* an enormous debt upon the country, no one supposes that he conferred a blessing upon us; and none but a disappointed corruptionist would apply the word to Earl Grey's Reform Bill.

The true principles of non-conformity, seem to be better understood on the north side of the Tweed than in England, where the corruption of the church is attributed to the aristocratical leaven which its wealth has attracted to it; whereas, the chief objections to the establishment, in Scotland, are to be traced to the system of patronage, which is at once a cause of subserviency, and an infringement of the rights of conscience. Nearly one-third of the whole population are seceders from the kirk; not so much on account of doctrine or discipline, but, because the right of appointment is found to operate against the interests of the community. The poverty of the Scottish National Church has, doubtless, secured Scotland from those abuses which are so injurious to the English people, and so disgraceful to their clergy. By driving the scions of the aristocracy into the arms of commerce, it has given a degree of dignity and respectability to trade, as yet unknown in England; and has thus shown how much the asperities of life would be softened down, and its harmony promoted, by the abolition of those monopolies which have elevated one class by depressing every other. Yet, on the other hand, the system of patronage has subjected the ministers of religion to a dependence which must lessen their proper influence over their flocks, or turn it into a political channel; and thus bring odium upon the establishment, by connecting its offices with party-feelings, and making ecclesiastical preferment a reward for electioneering skill, or a retaining fee for a parliamentary canvass. The public sale, by advertisement, of kirk patronage, will not, if the present feeling on the subject continues, be much longer tolerated.

In Evelyn's memoirs, there is a curious picture of church and state, a parallel to which might perhaps be found in the present day, under the date of March 30, 1684. He thus writes:—

"The Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Turner) preached before the king; after which his majesty, accompanied with three of his natural sons, the Dukes of Northumberland, Richmond, and St. Albans, (sons of Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Nelly) went up to the altar; the three boys en-

tering before the king within the rails, at the right hand, and three bishops on the left, viz.: London, who officiated, Durham and Rochester, with the sub-dean, Dr. Holder; the king, kneeling before the altar, making his offering; the bishops first received, and then his majesty; after which he retired to a canopied seat on the right hand."

The union between the government and any religious institution has a strong tendency to bring both into disrepute. The discontent produced by misgovernment is extended to the Church with which it is associated; and the dissent which the privileges of an ecclesiastical establishment are sure to occasion, directs its hostility to the political constitution that protects them. The friendship of the one is not less injurious to its object than the enmity of the other. When Scripture is quoted for the purposes of arbitrary power, and the throne is built upon the altar, the priest who ascribes the same foundation and the same sanction to moral and political obedience, injures the master he professes to serve, and gives strength to those opinions which it his duty to combat. The disgust which is naturally felt at the discovery of absurd and mischievous notions is transferred, by those who are more quick in resenting deception than in separating truth from falsehood, to those principles with which they have been casually conjoined; and the "fear of God" is despised, because it is coupled with the "love of the King." If such sentiments were received with as much eagerness as they are taught, no security for good government could ever be obtained. The doctrine of "passive obedience," however, and of "non-resistance," will never want advocates while the head of the State is the head of the Church. "God and the King," says Blanco White, in his Letters on Spain, "are so coupled together in the language of this country, that the same title of Majesty is applied to both. You hear from the pulpit the duties that men owe to both *Majesties*." There is a similar piece of impiety or folly in the appellation we bestow on our monarch; and more absurdity, because Charles II., who first received this title, disgraced even royalty by his vices; and because we pray that spiritual grace may be granted to the same person, whom, at the same time, and in the same place, we call "*most religious and gracious*." The feeling which thus assimilates a fellow-mortal to the Divine Being is universal; and its effects on the mind, in degrading both those who offer and those who accept this fulsome incense, is not confined to any country or time. It was the same base feeling which led Virgil to prostitute his muse by the meanest sycophancy, and suggested to an English prelate to dishonour his religion by applying to his sovereign the language appropriate to his Creator; nor was Augustus more gratified by the compliment, "*Erit illi mihi semper Deus*," than was James, when assured that he was "the breath of his subjects' nostrils." There is no weakness or wickedness that may not be expected from this mixture of sacred and profane things, this joint worship of God and Mammon. Saint Pierre says, he was much surprised at Berlin, by the view of several portraits which the King of Prussia had ordered to be put up in the churches in honour of those who had died on the field of battle. Their names, and that of the places where they fell, were, with occasional verses, affixed to the frames, in commemoration of their feats of arms, and as an incentive to military glory. We have not yet adopted this piece of Church and State policy. The head of our inestimable establishment would not condescend to follow the example of his royal brother. We have, however, hung up in our cathedrals the flags we have taken from our

enemies ; and religion is instructed to pray to the " God of Peace" for destruction on " our fierce and haughty foes." How can war cease, when it is thus excited by those who should condemn it ? \*

In legislating upon this important subject, any measure to be final must be based upon first principles. Commutation of tithes, equalization of benefices, and abolition of Episcopal translations, are mere palliatives to evils which arise from the exclusive nature of the system, and which are the offspring of an incongruous alliance, the hybrid of an unnatural union. If compensation be awarded, commensurate with the tenure of the usufruct, (and what else is it ?) security might be given that the transition from monopoly to freedom should affect neither vested interests nor reasonable expectations. The argument drawn from considerations that would place Church property on the same footing with every other kind, by proving too much, proves nothing. It was granted originally for certain purposes ; and who is to judge whether those purposes have been fulfilled ? If the Church would enjoy the estate, while it declines compliance with the conditions, or refuses to the party for whose benefit it exists, the right of deciding upon the quantum of benefit received, the creature of the State is independent of its maker, and an eleemosynary corporation is equally irresponsible to its founders and its trustees. This mode of reasoning, if valid against what is called *spoliation*, is valid against those changes which have already taken place ; it is valid against the claim of the Protestant Church itself. The Curates Bill, the Pluralities Bill, the Act for Enforcing the Residence of the Clergy, are all unjust curtailments of a beneficial interest in ecclesiastical property ; the transfer of tithes from the Catholic to the Reformed Church was equally unjust ; and the present establishment is founded in usurpation. What is it like ? not the will of the founder, for that has been set aside ; not the consent of the nation, for that sanction it now denies to be of any force ; not prescription, for that was not allowed in favour of its predecessor ; not the authority of Scripture, for that is either silent upon the subject, or opposed to the inference ; not the promotion of religious instruction, for that would be begging the whole question at issue ; not a grant from the legislature, for that cannot bind its successors. What, then, is the nature of this

\* " *Wiedlife*," says Gilpin, in his life of that reformer, " seems to have thought it wrong, upon the principles of the Gospel, to take away the life of man upon any occasion. The whole trade of war he thought utterly unlawful." It is singular how opposite have been the methods adopted by the different divisions of the Christian world in defending their respective differences of *faith*, and their similarity of *acting*. Each sect maintains its own creed by the authority of particular texts, while its adversaries oppose the general tenor of Scripture to the arguments it adduces ; partial interpretation and prejudice against truth are imputed and retorted on all sides. With respect to the legality or illegality of war, on the contrary, there appears to be, with one or two exceptions, a universal consent to overlook the spirit of mildness and mercy, which pervades the whole gospel, and plead the incidental and isolated observations of its founder, in favour of a practice which is directly at variance with the fundamental principles of his religion, and involves the breach of nearly all its practical precepts.

We are told by the 37th Article of the Church of England, that " it is lawful for Christian men, at the commandment of the magistrate, to wear weapons, and serve in the wars." The legality of war is thus put, not upon the justice of the cause, but upon the command of the government. Such a doctrine is better suited to the worshippers of Moloch or the followers of Mahomet, than to the teachers of a religion, the founder of which was sent to proclaim " peace on earth, and good-will towards men."

mysterious being, which is at once infallible, unaccountable, and eternal? From whom did it derive these extraordinary attributes?—and why were they given? These are questions which it requires no metaphysical subtlety to answer. Let us hope that the conduct of the Church will prove an exception to the general rule laid down by Robertson; in his *History of Scotland*: “To abandon usurped power, to renounce lucrative error, are sacrifices which the virtue of individuals has, on some occasions, offered to truth. But from any society of men no such effort can be expected. The corruptions of a society, recommended by common utility, and justified by universal practice, are viewed by its members without shame or horror; and reformation never proceeds from themselves, but is always forced upon them by some foreign hand.”

## THE PLAINT OF CERTAIN CORAL BEADS.

*Θάλασσα Θάλασσα.*

SPOILER of forbidden wealth

Guarded by the hoary waves!

When we mourn thy cruel stealth,

Sorrowing for our quiet caves,

Doth it calm our wistful pining

That the chains we hate are shining?

Boast we beauty's gauds to be?

Can the state such bondage shares,

Thoughtless liking, loveless cares,

Sudden angers, wilful airs,

Sooth us like the mighty sea?

Though, in hours when suitors press

Near the shrine of star-bright eyes,

Mysteries, some would die to guess,

Our familiar touch deceives;

When a startled throb or tremble,

Woman's craft would fain dissemble,

Through our light embraces swells;—

Fruitless secrets—vainly taught,—

Bliss unheeded—trust unsought—

Can they quench the constant thought

Of our dreamy ocean-cells?

Though the glowing bands we form,

Oft by redder lips be pressed,

And a slumber, soft and warm,

Fold us on a dovelike breast,—

Not to love, but love's bestowing

Gentle care and kiss are owing:—

Is the passion changed or cloyed,

Doth the giver's light grow less?

Banished from the sweet recess,

Sportive pressure, fond caress,

See our mimic worth destroyed!

Then, in close and narrow keep,

Pent, with scorned and faded toys,

Mourn we for the glassy deep,

Sigh we for our early joys!

What has earth like ocean's treasures?

More than craving avarice measures,

More than Fancy's dream enchants,

Deck the booming cays below,

Where green waters ebb and flow

Under groves of pearl, that grow

In the mermaid's shimmering haunts.

*The Plaint of Certain Coral Beads.*

Under spar-enchased bowers,  
 Bending on their twisted stalks  
 Glow the myriad ocean-flowers,  
 \* Fadeless—rich as orient gems.  
 Hung with seaweed's tasselled fringes,  
 Dyed with all the rainbow's tinges,  
 Rise the Triton's palace walls.  
 Pallid silver's wandering veins  
 Stream, like frostwork, o'er the stains ;  
 Pavements thick, with golden grains,  
 Twinkle through their crystal halls.

And a music wild and low  
 Ever, o'er the curved shells,  
 Wanders with a fitful flow  
 As the billow sinks or swells.  
 Now, to faintest whispers hushing,  
 Now, in louder cadence gushing,  
 Wakens from their pleasant sleep  
 All the tuneful Nereid throng,  
 Till their notes of wreathed song  
 Float in magic streams along,  
 Chanting joyaunce through the deep.

Chance or change,—the clouds of time—  
 Sorrow,—winter storm, or blight,  
 Comes not near our peaceful clime ;  
 Nor the strife of day with night.  
 Death, who walks the earth in riot,  
 Stirs not our primeval quiet :  
 Scarce his distant rage we know  
 From the dreary things of clay,  
 Slain, alas ! in ocean's play,  
 Whom the sea-maids shroud and lay  
 In the silent caves below.

Fond ! to deem we count it pride  
 Thus to deck the fair of earth !  
 We, whose beauty-peopled tide  
 Gave the foam-born goddess birth !  
 Her, whose glory's radiant fulness,  
 All too bright for mortal dulness,  
 Sparkles in a lovelier star !  
 Are not Ocean's shady places  
 Rich in kindred forms and faces,  
 Choral bands of sister-Graces  
 Circling Amphitrite's car ?

Toiling o'er the shallow page,  
 Vainly pedants seek the lore  
 Taught us by that Prophet sage,  
 Whom our azure Thetis bore.  
 Wiser Eld his solemn numbers,  
 Listening, stole from Ocean's slumbers,  
 Signs of coming doom to learn.  
 Poor were all your labours reaped,  
 To the gifted seers that keep  
 Mysteries of the ancient deep,  
 Drawn from Nereus' sacred urn.

Let us find our old retreat,  
 Yield us to the kissing wave,  
 From the daylight's parching heat  
 In its cool profound to lave.  
 If ye needs must rob for beauty,  
 Earth's abysses teem with booty,  
 Gems, that love the blaze of day :—  
 We are tired of glittering shows,  
 And the glare of man's display ;  
 Let us sink to quiet repose  
 Where the lulling water flows ;  
 Give us to our native bay !

## SOME LATE PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF JOHN BULL, ESQ.

*(Concluded from Page 83.)*

## CHAPTER VIII, AND LAST.

*Shewing how Jockey of Norfolk waited upon his cousin Bill Boswain; the Interview between Sergeant Arthur O'Bradley and Sly Bob; the Prophecy, or spacing of Silly Billy; the Conspiracy against Mrs. Bull; Peg's Matrimonial Arrangements, and the Grand Jubilee of Madam Reform.*

At the close of last chapter we left Jockey of Norfolk dropping in upon Bill Boswain and Tom Pipes, the former trolling forth the old stave of *Gaffer Grey*. Bill, if the truth must be told, did not now above half like Greysteel; and his reasons were odd enough, as you shall hear.

When the footboy, seeing the back parlour so full of good company, ushered Jockey of Norfolk up to the cock-loft, Bill was rather taken aback, especially when he heard Jockey's errand, who said he only called to give him a friendly caution, as an old friend of his father's family;—he feared Bill did not understand the trim of John's wife, she was a damned crank craft in the present breeze. Bill looked seriously affronted, "Obliged certainly to his cousin Norfolk, but he'd be hanged if for the life of him, he could spell it out. He meant," he said, "to have gone down and shaken hands with John, and have had a gossip with Mrs. Bull too, and taken his wife and the wenches to see how gallantly Atty would squire in Madam, if her French fal-als were once off."

"Can't get through a Christian door, they tell me, in the hoops and fardingales Gaffer and Doctor Russell have tricked her out with—carries too much sail, Jockey—wont do—capsize the ship first breeze; and here you tell me, cousin, that Squire John is madder than ever? I don't fancy this handsome of Master Bull to me—what the deuce signifies to him, since my wife and the wenches wish it, whether Hookey or Gaffer lead in that Madam of his? Split me! if one wouldn't fancy it was Gaffer's greybeard John was more in love with than Madam's comely countenance. Besides, (but this is between ourselves,) my wife mortally hates that pokerly Gaffer; and I can't say, Jockey, I admire him much myself of late, or care to see him much about me; for if truth must out, devil a snap, as Tom there knows, have I been served with, any time he has entered my house these ten months past, but that deuced bubble and squeak—I can't say I like it, Jockey. It a'n't good for an old tar. No, no; avast the Gaff! Good-day, Jockey; you see I am busy with Tom." It was morally impossible ever after this for honest Bill, who had been bred to the salt water, and liked to enjoy his ease, and see laughing faces about him, to separate the image of Greysteel and this devil's own mess. Doctor ——— said it was a very remarkable hallucination; but this piece of learning left Bill's case much as it found it, which is a pity of much good scholar-craft.

Many hours after poor Bill was sound asleep, Noodle, and Doodle, and all the tag-rag-and-bob-tail of Rustyusty, were still in deep consultation; and it was at last agreed that Sly Bob, who, they thought, had the art of Old Nick himself for bamboozling John and throwing dust in his eyes, and knew the length of his foot to a hair's-breadth—though this was humbug,—it was agreed if Bob would take earnest from Hookey,

one more attempt might be made to get the keys from Mrs. Bull, or if not throttle her outright, and force the lock! But no Bob was to be heard of for some time, though Bob was not far off. "He'll be raising mushrooms on his dunghill," said the indignant Prince Rusty; and when poor Silly Billy, after great sweat and toil, scented him out at last, now he was at his prayers, and must not be disturbed; and again flagellating himself for his late grievous sin in the affair of Pat's children, trying to work on the compassion of the old gentlewoman, John's mother, with whom he had long been so prodigious a favourite; and who, as the claret trickled down to his heels, would wipe her eyes, and whimper, "My poor dear simple Bobby, and this is what you called a *healing measure*! Were I like that scarlet w—re, my husband's first wife, I would lock up this cat-o'-nine-tails in my work-box now, with my netting-needles, and other trinkams, and make a sacred keepsake of it."

But Atty minded none of Bob's bam,—“Whatever he may be after, 'tis plain he gives me the go-by,” quoth he. “But ere I close my eyes, I'll be at the bottom of this.” And throwing his manly leg over Donkey, off he canters for Bob's alley. The activity of the old sinner was surprising; but his pride and his heart were in getting Greysteel out, and John's management into his own hands: besides, he would have felt himself for ever disgraced in the eyes of the landlord of the Black Bear, Don Pedro, and all the wenches far and near, unless he could bring this about.

The slattern serving-wench at Bob's stammers out a denial of her master, as usual; but without heeding this, Hookey dismounts, fastens Donkey by the left leg to the right leg of the stall of the green grocer at the head of Bob's Alley, moralizing on the frail nature of all human ties; but Atty was not given to consume time in moralizing: “He was,” as Bage said, “a man of action;—now I am a man of reflection;” and up the garret dark stairs he tramps, tumbling over the ash-bucket, and breaking his shins on one of Tim's scouts, who lay *perdue* under a wash-tub. Tramp, tramp, hurry-scurry, and that awful sound nears Bob's sanctuary; and well did he know the thunder of that ascending cuddy-heel, which made his heart *flichter* at this time like that of a young lass when her sweetheart is approaching. Never had Bob been in such extremity; for well he knew Hookey's business;—and *no evading* of him, not a mouse-hole, not to speak of a rat-hole, for that might have served the turn well enough. So down he drops on his marrow-bones, and begins forthwith to rattle over his Pater Noster as fast as fire, thus hoping to gain a little time; and also that Hookey, though so long among the Pagans and Turks, had still so much of the fear of the Old Gentlewoman before him, as not to interrupt such rare devotion.

For full three minutes Hookey stood it out, his castor before his eyes, marvelling in his own mind if this could be real; for though he still believed John's servants might be fairly divided into fools and knaves, he now began to guess, that there were many more varieties of both these grand classes than he had once suspected. But there was no end to Bob's prayers, so he gives the devotee a gentle poke with his birch riding switch, which Bob knew the taste of before now. “Lord, Bob!” cries Atty, in a jeering way, “is it really true, then, that you are a Jesuit after all? A pretty *premunire*, as Bage would say, I have caught you in.” Bob drew to his legs, and pretended to laugh, glad to find his guest in this merry pin, and seeing that whatever sham he made, prayers would serve

him no longer. "Give ~~the~~ good e'en, Master Hookey—proud to see you in my small place,"—and placing Atty on the tall three-legged stool, he despatches the wench for a quarter of a gin, as he knew that Hookey, though no glass-breaker; liked the vanity of a grand shew of entertainment wherever he came, and the best pewter and delf on the board; and Bob wished to do the genteel thing in his own house. Hookey, meantime, instead of accepting the high stool, makes—all as if half in fun—a great many flourishes, lounges, and passes with his switch, till he fairly pinions poor Bob up to the wall, with his face exactly opposite the bit of looking-glass—a rueful spectacle. "Can't guess what I'm here for, dear Innocent?" Hookey at last said, fixing his mad doctor eyes on poor Bob, till they pierced his marrow, and he began to wonder aloud when the wench would return. But this would not long do with the old dragoon, once he was fairly in the stirrups; so Bob sings forth a most lackadaisical ditty about his conscience—what Chronie, and Tims, and Specky would say of him, after what "those eaves-dropping rascals" had heard him say only last week of Madam, and before he could divine the right-about wheel the brave Hookey had thought proper to make. To give the old drill his due, he was not a bushfighter, though he dearly loved to lay an ambush or spring a mine, and would have given "Soldier's Joy's" best blue eye to have hoisted the precious Bob at this same time.

"Stuff, my dear Bob!" cried he, in brief answer to Bob's doleful ditty, as he had prosed on with "Sergeant—my conscience—and dear Corporal—my consistency, and my honest name."

"Nobody by, Bob," quoth Hookey, switching his spatterdashes, with an air Bob thought mighty provoking, though he durst say nothing.—"Will you join me, *yea* or *no*—join stakes, and go the *vole*, the throttling of Mrs. Bull included; or will you go to the devil in your own sneaking pitiful way?" And with this Hookey jerked out his ticker—"Just three minutes I allow you to make up that ingenuous mind of yours."—"Would you but give five," stammered Bob; and more volubly he sung out the praises of Hookey, larding him with his best buttery touches, about his *brave, disinterested* friendship for Bill Boswain, and his gallantry to Bill's wife; which at other times went down well enough, but would scarce do now. Hookey's eyes were still fixed on his ticker; the time was up to a second; he raised his boot-toe significantly; dropped it, and wheeled round. "The short and the long is, Bob, that I deserve to be sainted for what you, ay, even *you*, would be damned ere you did yourself. A'n't that it, *spalpeen*?"—and off he clattered down stairs at a fearful rate; the green-grocer below swearing his feet must be cloven hoofs. But this was a mistake, and so probably was the story that went, that for three days after this the alley smelt of brimstone, though the green-grocer offered to make her oath of it before Sir Richard. Bob followed hard, thrusting his finger through Atty's buttonhole after he first caught him by the skirts, imploring him for another three minutes; or at least till the wench came back from the gin-splanner's. "Too old a bird to be caught with chaff, my good lad. And think ye John Bull, and Mrs. Bull, the jade! will wait your turnings and windings?—Hands off Donkey, pray."—And Donkey, on whom Hookey mounted with his best dragoon air, kicked and flung, and brayed, till the alley rung again, as if in contempt of Bob's shilly-shallying. Round Bob flies to the other side, and begins to tickle the old drill on his cock-fighting exploits, and what he had done for John, and how surely his merciful nature could not desert the mad Squire in his



present plight. "Tip me no more of your blarney, Squire Bob. If I'm half what you say, why not take service with me? Catch me asking you twice; remember Huskey?" Poor Bob!—his neighbour, the green-grocer,—though they were not on the best of terms, owing to an old quarrel about the handle of the pump in the back-yard,—being a woman of a compassionate disposition, truly pitied him, when Donkey, flinging and rearing, fled out of his desperate clutches, leaving a good handful of the longest hairs of his tail. "Ruined and undone," cried Bob, "by that old, stupid, pig-headed tyrant's obstinate humour; as pretty a piece of work botched as ever I set eyes on. Could he, by my advice, have but managed for a week or two, I should have come in Under-steward with flying colours; but I'll down to the hall an' blarney him there. He'll hear it at second hand; and like all the red-coat coxcombs, he has still a power to say among the women—and in Bill's house—but no matter." And down he came, and flourished away upon the virtues of Hookey, till Mrs. Bull and the whole family were like to split their sides; and when put to it, he said right was right in one sense for an old trooper, but in quite another for a plain, pains-taking lad like himself, who had a conscience to keep, and a wife and children to maintain. John Bull laughed the louder.

It was to Sweet Home Hookey lied on leaving Bob's Alley, where Silly Billy and some others waited his arrival, one airing the slippers, another holding the pipe, and a third with the spitoon of the old Turk; each with a view to some small job of his own, were it but driving John's geese to the common. "Hark ye, Billy, my poor lad, fetch me hither Ally Croaker, neck and crop; he won't bother me with *his* conscience!"—And charged with so important a hest, no grass grew at the long heels of Billy; though some said he looked flustered when he returned with "Ally Croaker's compliments to Hookey, the Indomitable and Magnificent the three-tailed Hookey—now, he understood, Squire Bull's sole servant; his man-servant and his maid-servant, his washer and his wringer, and the assurances of his (Ally's) highest consideration; but upon his conscience as an honest man——" But here poker, tongs, snuff-horn, bootjack, spitoon, and all, saluted the foxy head of poor trembling Billy, who ducking to avoid each well-aimed missile, called out, in a plaintive voice, "but hear me, hear me out!—cannot consistently with his honour, or as ~~an~~ honest man, wear your livery, till he better sees how he is to be paid." Something between a grin and smile ran along the tough cordage of Hookey's face.

"And farther, for the *Talking Potato*," quoth Billy, revived by this sudden gleam of sunshine, "he begs to advise your honour that Squire Bull, a testy, skittish brute at all times, is in a doubly fractious humour now,—a kittle colt to shoe behind, as Sister Peg says in her classic way."

Billy thought it wisdom to conceal that Ally had cried "Zounds! does his pig-head fancy the blood of the Croakers will swallow what the seum of a weaver has strained at!" and had vapoured about "his honour being sullied." Hookey grinned at this last, like a clown at a fair through a horse-collar for a wager, and tossed a fippenny bit to Billy, as earnest of better; who looking at it carefully on both sides, and rubbing it on his sleeve, next whispers mysteriously, that if his honour will give him his fist, he could read him a bit of his fortune. "Lauk, Billy, who ever took thee for a conjurer and reader of the signs of these troubled times?" quoth Atty, grinning again, and holding out his hard

paw, into which Billy poked with due solemnity, making a visage as long as a moderate horse's head. "Pettifogger, or some such knave has put him up to this now," thinks Hookey; "but I'll let him hold forth."

"A fool may give a wise man counsel, my grandmother was wont to say," quoth Billy. "There's more cross, crabbed, crank lines than enow in your honour's bountiful palm," and he poked and nuzzled like a puppy opening the hand on the bone held from him. "I would warn your worship, of all loves, to beware of a dark-browed, stern, elderly fellow, who has his eye upon you; ay, there he is as plain as a pike-staff, with a Mont Blanc of periwig, and a very Schaufhausen of cravat. He has crossed your honour in the wars before now:—not in the House of Mars though, your honour's present danger lies. But dickens and daisies! what be's here? under Venus; a giglet of the sanguine complexion, chestnut-coloured hair,—by which I take it is meant hair the colour of chestnuts; but whether raw chestnuts or roasted chestnuts, which makes a monstrous difference, my art (in which we must allow for the wind) does not shew, which may in my prediction cause a few shades of——" But here Hookey whisks away his fist, and lends Billy a smack on the jaws made the fire start from his eyes. "Keep *that*, Billy, my dear, till you can pay it over to those wise heads who set you on to this same fortune-telling; and *that* for yourself as a small first specimen of *my* skill in palmistry; and now trudge, bustle, follow my heels with that pock-mantle in the corner."

"Lord," quoth Billy, "catch——setting me up to this again, ay, for a whole half-crown, if she should call me Too-late-to-dinner, ever after: But what have we got here?" and Billy peeps into the portmanteau as knowingly curious as ever you saw a magpie peep into a marrow-bone. "As I'm a sinner, a bolster! He does then really mean to smother Mrs. Bull, poor lady, in her bed this night, as the Black-moor does the gentlewoman in the play? Lud a' me! what a Turk! His blood be on his own head! I'm an innocent lad looking after a bit of bread, and, moreover, but a servant. I wonder what Gaffer would give me now, if I 'peached and turned King's evidence." And with such salvoes for his tender conscience, Billy trudged after his master, thinking with himself, "If Brummagem Tom meet me now with my bolster, the *corpus delicti*, as we said at Lincoln's, I were as good be a Squaw found by the other tribe with a diamond necklace of fresh, green scalps——" and he crept closer and closer to Hookey's cuddy-heels.

When Noodle, and Doodle, and Don, and all formerly mentioned in this veritable history of the pure blood and porcelain clay of *That Most Mighty and Potent Prince*, &c. learned that neither Sly Bob nor yet Ally would venture to serve with Hookey, and that even Goldie had "his scruples" forsooth! they were in a pitiable taking. "I have an inordinate reverence for *That Most Mighty and Potent Prince*, &c. &c.," quoth Sir Dismal, "my most noble cousin, in whose entail my own name is enrolled; but though near is my shirt, nearer is my skin;" and some of them pretended to be aghast at the idea of murdering Mrs. Bull in cold blood.

"John, in his present humour, would cut her up like the Levite's concubine, and send a limb of her to every quarter of the parish to raise the neighbours on us," said the Welshman. "And he'd be sure to take another wife, a worse spit-fire than the present," said Pettifogger; though it was clear to Billy there where he stood, his arms aching under his bolster, that there would have been no scruple about smothering Mrs.

Bull, save for enraging John, and for fear of what was to be done with the body. To be sure Tempestoso Bullybrook swore "he would eat it, for the general good, and make no bones of it," but he said many things he did not always do, and swore more. There were still great doubts. The old gentlewoman's friends told that she was shockingly alarmed. "Great doubts," said Heckelpins; and Old Bags next "doubted," which looked so like doubting till doomsday, that Billy saw no hope for himself. And so they snapped and worried away, and every minute the scouts came in with woful tidings; Peg, Pat, Tom, Madam's admirer the Paisley weaver, all were at it! The COVENANT had been as a spell to raise Peg's blood; besides, as she honestly owned, she had set her heart on having a husband. "I have now monstrous doubts," quoth Swaggerer; Braggadocio owned that he feared Greysteel must have his way. "I too have now great doubts," quoth the Raw Duckling. "I have none!" shouted Hookey; and snatching the bolster from his henchman, he lets it fly in the face of the learned clerk of Oxenforde for a few good reasons of his own. "Cowardly curs!" he cried, "send for Gaffer or for Beelzebub, if ye list, and hear ye my parting words,—May John Bull henceforth use *That Most Mighty and Potent Mule*, as *That Most Mighty and Potent Ass* has hitherto used him. There's my departing legacy,—trudge Billy—" The Dons swelled like the Baltic in a north-easter; but little cared Hookey, he was off like a whirlwind; and Bill's wenches, Jenny Driver, Soldier's Joy, and the rest, that night sung the song of Willow, meant for poor innocent Mrs. Bull. "He'll never enter John's hall again," said the wenches; "this is the last the ungrateful wretches will see of the brave Hookey!" But not three nights were over when the old itching came on him, and back he was in the teeth of the Squire. Some thought the devil and the wenches had driven Atty off the hooks before this. Certain it is, he has not been the same man for a long time back as in his day of cock-fighting.

Bill Boswain, I may tell you, had no great relish for the spot of work left for him to finish after this fine kick-up; nor yet for laying all the imps Hookey had madly raised. Yet necessity has no law, and sadly down in the mouth he sends for Greysteel, secretly wishing him far enough. It was clear that Gaffer was John's man, and John's only. New days at the hall now; but back comes Greysteel, as soon and no sooner, than properly and respectfully invited; "as pokerish as ever," Jenny Driver said, who hung over the bannisters, swearing she would heave the slop-pail over his pate, if Bill brought him back to the place. But of what passed in the Steward's room at this time, I can only relate a few particulars; though some got a cold, and a buzzing in their ears that day, with which they ring till now.

"What's that behind?" quoth Gaffer. "My wife's tortoiseshell kitten in the cupboard," answers Bill. "Her sneezing betokens change of weather—don't it—ek, Gaff? Scotch Joe would grudge her keep in John's house,—that's a kitten catches no mice—ha! ha! ha!" cried Bill; and as a joke usually puts the maker of it in good humour with himself at any rate, Greysteel thought this was the time to mention Madam's passport or certificate. Bill looked glum. "This confounded whitloe of mine! My wenches say I write such a crabbed hand, there is no good of it. You must get her back in some way, Gaff. I shall make the tailor write to all my cousins to make way for her, with a pox! For I must own I don't much like her now—my wife never did:—women sharp, Gaff—"

"Whatever is done must be done quickly," said Greysteel, firmly. "Madam must be in or I must be out. For what am I sent? The Squire will be fobbed off no longer."

"My wenches don't think, 'fobbed off,' a handsome word for Master Bull to use to me," said Bill. "It a'n't a genteel phrase."—"Sorry for it," said Gaffer, taking up his hat. "We think it rather a vulgar trick in you Gaff to be going about every where in this hoity-toity fashion, with that long scraggy Broom in your hand, like an old scavenger, though we thought it funny enough at first. They say, too, you consort o' nights with Brummagem Tom, and Tims!—won't do Gaff. My wenches and varlets don't admire it. You must give 'em up, and take counsel of Hookey—rare fellow Hookey—my wenches all in love with him—all dance to his fiddle—a jolly night as often as he comes the way." "If you please I am not here to talk of Master Arthur Bradley, of whom I never spoke, otherwise than with becoming respect,—but of Madam's passport and the Squire's business, to which you must surely now have made up your mind since you have sent for me." "Lord, Gaff, you are so grusty!" And poor Bill glanced hastily round. "To be sure, as my wife says, what must be, must be. That Most Mighty and Potent Prince, I'll be hanged if I remember his long yarn of a name; but hark ye"—And here Bill lowered his voice to a whisper—"He comes in John's mercy." "Enough said," replied Greysteel, slightly raising his eyebrows. "Madam and her friends have sense and generosity, they won't abuse confidence—but what noise is this?" But vain it were to describe the face, to which Greysteel feared to lift his eye. My friend George Cruickshank for that, to all the world, and the Isle of Wight!

"Our ——— frying-pan at its old work. Be off, Gaffer; and excuse me, but I'll be hanged if I care to see your face again, or your Broom either." But before he went, Greysteel said he hoped Bill would come down in his Sunday suit, to visit John, and Madam, and Mrs. Bull. Whatever the bar-maid of the Black Bear might say, ay, or Jenny Driver either, John and Madam were his best friends, and would be happy to see him and his wife abroad in their calash, and freely forgive all that had passed." There was now a great scratching and squeaking, as if of rats behind the plaster. Bill looked flurriedly round,—“Not sure if he could come—wasn't clean shirt dry; his wife had her great wash, one of these days,” Greysteel thought these poor excuses, and though he had heard of poor Bill's sansculoterie, he was too delicate to notice that misfortune. Bill said never a word of it himself. "It a'n't good for my health to be gadding about in these high breezes. Can't go to Templebar's any way—a'n't genteel; nor to the Steel's\* hops neither,—vulgar hops the Steel's, my wenches say, only two tallow candles and one blind fiddler—ha! ha! ha! that true, Gaff?" Greysteel, who was a discreet man, said nothing; but certain it is, that Bill never looked near John's hall, nor shewed the least civility to either Madam or Mrs. Bull, which was a pity, as the Squire was most willing to make it all up, and shake hands the first minute they met. John readily forgave all incivilities offered to himself, but he would suffer no disrespect to be shewn to his wife or to Madam his best friend. \* \* \* \*

And now for the pen of old blind John, one of her truest worshippers, to describe her final triumphant entry. And of all the days in the year

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\* The contempt cast on the Whig parties—not party, need not be insisted upon.

when should this fall out but upon the 4th of June, anno domini, 1832, when the larks were up and abroad in heaven, and the Broom waving its golden blossoms on every slope; and when down upon his marrow-bones, with a rope about his neck, will he nill he, comes, *That Mighty and most Potent Prince, Rufus Gules d'Argent d'Or Gryphon Weveril Rustre Rampant Flory Bendsinister Wellrind Saliant Waterboujet Maximus Gustavus Heptarch Oligarch Tudor Plantagenet Cloresa. Adolphus Rusty Fusty*,—without a single friend to console or sustain him in his most woful plight; and forever 'and a day, forswears all claim to inter-meddle with the Squire's affairs, or enter his door, or have his babies nursed there, save with John's good leave; consents to have all his rotten tenements demolished, all his howlet corners exposed to the light of day, and if need were, to do penance in a white sheet for his former sins. Had you but seen then the pitiful figure he made with his chop-fallen lantern jaws! the teeth chattering in them! Fighting Winchey, Orator Mansie, and Old Hecklepins, fit to kick him, and Pat capering away at the Irish jig; and Scotch Peg clapping her hands, till "Over the hills and far away" rang again, to her heartfelt joy. The School-master was seen abroad that day—all his holyday flock about him; and the village bells were ringing; and there were wakes, and May-poles, and dances, and garlands of oak and roses and laurel, and of Peg's own "bonny broom." A bullock roasted whole, and lots of pudding and Devonshire junket for the boys and girls; and for the old ones a smack of the jolly black jack, till their beards wagged. Such a day, they said, "had not been seen in Squire Bull's manor for one hundred and forty and four years." [1688.]

You may guess that Madam's old friends were not forgotten in the toasts drank in the hall that day, far or near, dead or alive; but her heart ached for a time, and tears filled the Squire's eyes, while Peg wept outright, to think of those who had loved Madam well, and perished for her sake, and who would proudly have enjoyed this day of her triumph, over whom the green turf was laid in far New Holland, or over whom the salt wave rolled. This part of it was very touching, I assure you; still it did not damp their joy. John in particular was perfectly happy, strolling about the lawn, overlooking the long dinner tables, and the sports, with Mrs. Bull, sweet creature! on one arm, and Madam who, though comely, was somewhat sterner-browed, on the other. Honest, open, good soul! not a thought of malice did his kind heart harbour this day. All he wished was to see every neighbour as happy as himself, and to have poor Bill along him; who dined at home on *sourcROUTE*, which his wenches told him was much genteeler past-time than gnawing the Squire's beef and ale. "Every one to his liking," sighed Bill, when his wife went out; and he cast a longing look towards the lawn, it is said, on which Hookey drew down the window blind. \* \* \* \* \* Both Pat and Peg had still some small matters of their own to settle. Pat left his to Dan, but Peg spoke to John herself. She was prepared to start for the moors with the first of the moonlight, and had already stripped off her hose and shoon; so she pulls John's sleeve. "Hark a word in your ear, brother John; we have been over lang strangers, though I hope we'll ne'er be so again; especially in seasons of family trouble, such as that ye have just weathered, though I'm at sea yet. It might not be mensefu' in you to meddle or make in my present matrimonial dispositions, who am come to the years of discretion myself, and maybe my proud spirit might ill brook it:—there's a respect

to be shown even among near kindred. But you have now a wife who is a crown of glory to ye; who being of my own sex, might say a good word for me when it's most wanted; and this is my case. Our two Gabbie Geordies,\* for we have a brace o' such moorcocks, the greater is our blessing!—mislearned rogues baith, or I wrang them, to me and mine, especially in this affair of my matrimonial dispositions;—they would without a word have seen me buckled till the next Mirk Monday to that crawling mass o' corruption Borrowstoun, or to that gilligapus, the cock-laird, a noted dicer, if not a dyvour; and thought me even ower bold to complain of my luck in marriage. But now that I'm likely, as the Book says, to have my reproach taken away among women, and to be courted for the first time in my own house in a ~~like~~ <sup>respectfu'</sup>, mensefu' manner, what think you of them that will hear of nothing in the shape of man for Peg under six feet two!†—the new statute measure o' the Geordies—Feint a hair shorter, it seems, will do, with my great walth in tocher-gude,‡ for a strapping hizzie like myself.”

“And what makes you so angry at that, Peg,” cried John laughing; “is not that a high compliment to you, lass?”

“A compliment, John!—ye are a simple man still. It's allenarly to bubble me out o' a husband a'thegither! that's what it is! De'il come ower their sooplesnouts for't. Never a word, as ye may remember,—though I believe ye are ay taken up mostly with your ain family affairs”—said Peg, dryly—“never a word of the scrimp stature of the ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> gudeman, I got the name o': for what was it but a name? though a Droich, a Pech, a Trow, scanty four feet by five.|| Now has not that a queer look? But ye will tell your nettlesome wife (and I am sure to get poor Pat's good word) to speak up for me when my back is at the wall; and say that if I get a man to my mind, and aboon a' of my ain waling, I'm no sae preceese and pernicketty about his inches. Now mind this; and I may do so as much for you again, brother John. The King's errand has erenow lain i' the cadger's road.”

“You speak like the lass of sense, Peg, all the world knows you for; and my wife *shall* speak for you, were it her dying speech.” But Peg was crossed in what she called her “matrimonial dispositions” again after this, and in a wilder rage than ever; for what does her Loudon Geordie, but insist that she should marry no husband who did not, when in town, keep a riding elephant!§ On hearing this, Peg was neither to hold nor to bind. “An elephant!” she shouted, “will neither colt, nag, mare, gelding, mule, nor cuddie serve the turn?” And off she sends a caddie to Mrs. Bull and Gaffer, who soon took up the cause, and put an end to this new device to mar her marriage; about the framing of which Peg hinted that she had her own suspicions, though it was all fathered on Loudon Geordie.

This was the first time that ever John and his sister Peg drew cor-

\* Sir George Clerk and Sir George Murray. *Query?*

† Those who first disclaimed all change in the representation of Scotland, at last insisted that sixty-two members were the least number that could be accepted!

‡ The increased wealth of Scotland was next insisted upon, as the measure of increase of members.

|| The old forty-five.

§ This probably typifies the clause for raising the qualification of candidates for boroughs to £300 a-year in landed property, which threw Peg into such a fury when the Scotch Bill was on the eve of passing; a mysterious affair, of which the blame was fathered on Sir George Clerk, though there were shrewd suspicions at that time in Scotland, that certain Whigs should have divided it with him.

dially together. It is to be hoped it may not be the last, for blessed, as Brummagem Tom said, is family UNION; a truth illustrated in those LATE REMARKABLE PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF JOHN BULL, ESQUIRE, and which may be farther evidenced before this play is played out, between the *Steels* and *Rustys*. The latter knaves insist that the bringing in of Madam is but the beginning of sorrow; and the fault will not be theirs if they fail to make it so. From which, and from all their wicked and villainous devices! MAY WE BE PRESERVED! AMEN.

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MEET ME TO-NIGHT.

BY CAPTAIN CALDER CAMPBELL.

MEET me to-night! when in the sky is gleaming  
The royal moon, that shineth sadly down  
On sleeping heads, the dreamless and the dreaming . . .  
On silent valley, and on stirring town,  
Sadly she shineth, Queen of heavenly quiet!  
For, oh! Endymion's sleep hath ended now;  
And, wrenched from the earth, its lush and riot  
Hath spread a holy sorrow on her brow.

Meet me to-night! when silence is around us,—  
The silence that partakes of rapture; when  
The chains of custom which, by day, have bound us  
To follow in the track of common men,  
And pace the treadmill of the stagnant spirit,  
Have crumbled into nothingness, and freed  
The panting intellect that would inherit  
Such liberty as soaring spirits need!

Meet me to-night! Our converse shall be taken  
From the rich stores of thought which night flings forth;  
And thy sweet voice shall, in my heart, awaken  
Bright hopes that have no business with earth!  
Glory shall be above us,—clear stars o'er us—  
The winds that whistle to the leaves that dance—  
The wide expanse of ocean stretched before us—  
All shall revive our first youth's sweet romance!

And we shall talk of mysteries that darken  
Around the path of man till light breaks in,  
When to the wisdom of the sage we hearken,  
And from the page of truth bright knowledge win;  
Of human learning, and its various ranges,  
Where sophisms dazzle, or where facts convince;  
Of mind, with all its weaknesses and changes,  
Till strengthen'd by the woes from which we wince.

Meet me to-night! Our meetings shall be given  
To more than the lost pleasures of our youth:  
And how many in the book of Heaven,  
Detecting falsehood, not discovering truth,  
Yield to the flippant dogmas that are quoted  
By dull-eyed sophists, while their sight they blind  
In wilful madness to such facts as noted  
Would scatter sunshine on the darken'd mind!

Meet me to-night! There is around thee breathing  
An atmosphere of purity and grace,  
That, like the healthful honeysuckle, breathing  
Its populous petals o'er a desert place,  
Impart sweet trains of thought and tender feeling;  
While, from my breast, all omens wing their flight,  
Like owls, that long in darkness, wildly wheeling,  
Fly from the smile of day!—*Meet me to-night!*

## THE HISTORY OF A STONE OF TAXED FLOUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

IN a certain city once dwelt a poor honest man, called Work Payall, who had been accustomed to give fifteen pence per stone for that sort of wheaten flour which is named "Bakers' Fine." There was no bread-tax in those days; and it came to pass, that Work Payall having earned half-a-crown, affirmed in his soul, and to his wife, and to his children, and to the uncle of his neighbour, that he would buy in the market a stone of Bakers' Fine, and also a hat for his bareheaded son, Bob. So, on the evening of Saturday, Work Payall and his son went to market, where they were told by Mealface, the huckster, that Lord Starveall had made a law to tax bread, and that "Bakers' Fine" was no longer fifteen pence per stone, but two shillings and sixpence; and Work Payall paid his half crown, even all that he had, for a stone of "Bakers' Fine;" but he grumbled in his gizzard, and thought, very absurdly, that Starveall had picked his pocket of fifteen pence; and then he cursed aloud, and called Starveall a "rogue in grain." So they returned home, and the howlings of bareheaded Bob alarmed the whole market; and, when they were returned, the uncle of that neighbour laughed at them.

But the calamity did not end here; for if Plaits, the hatter, had sold to bareheaded Bob, for fifteen pence, the hat which he had in his shop, he would have gained three pence by it; but not having sold the hat, he was fain to expend three pence in food out of his substance, and was therefore, of course, so much less able to find employment for his man, Botts, who made hats for him. And it came to pass, on the morning of Monday, that Botts came to Plaits, and said unto him, "Let me make you another hat;" but Plaits answered him, and said, "Not having sold the hat, I do not want another." "But," said Botts, "we are clamoring—what are we to do?" "Go to the devil," said Plaits. But Botts went to the workhouse. And on the morning of Tuesday, Statepoke, the overseer, came to Work Payall, and demanded and obtained an additional poor rate of one penny; whereupon Work Payall said, very absurdly, that Starveall's new law had already robbed him of sixteen pence; nevertheless, Statepoke reprehended him, and proved that every farthing of the loss was two pence gain. But Botts sickened in the workhouse, and remained there; and Mary, the wife of Botts, wandered in the streets, even when they were brilliant with gas, and she played the harlot with every man who gave her sixpence; and the poor souls were offended, and they called the beggar, and he flung her into his dungeon; and, before it was morning, the frost had killed her. And William, the son of Botts, became a robber, and a murderer, and he fired his master's house, and the hangman slew him; and his tongue was bitten almost in twain by his teeth, and the end of it hung down over his lip, by a shred of skin. And Statepoke gave unto Sarah, the sickly daughter of Botts, one shilling weekly, for food and raiment, and fire and lodging; his heart yearned to give her more, but he dared not, because of the payers; so she drank gin for meat, and when she was dead, the vermin which had fed on her departed. But Botts, who sickened in the workhouse, loved his daughter; and when he heard that she had died, he smote his hand against his side, and fell down dead; and the idiots of the place, they who knew not good from evil, bore him to his grave; and they laughed, and the buriers laughed with them.

But the calamity did not end here, for it happened that Plaits, the



hatter, owed nine pence to Resurrection Jack, and also, that Resurrection Jack owed nine pence to Work Payall; and further, it came to pass, that Work Payall owed eight pence for rabbit fur to one Skunks Suckegg. Now, if Plaite, the hatter, had sold to bareheaded Bob the hat which he had in his shop, he would have paid Resurrection Jack the ninepence which he owed him; but, not having sold the hat, he could not pay Resurrection Jack; so Resurrection Jack could not pay Work Payall, and Work Payall could not pay Skunks Suckegg. And Skunks Suckegg, in wrath, and swore an oath, and with his fist split the table; and he gnashed with his teeth, and his nose and chin smote each other; and he sued Work Payall in the Ten Penny Court, and cast him into prison. And when Work Payall had become very lean and pale in prison, being evil advised by the devil, he wrote a letter to Starveall, in which he stated, that he, Starveall, having, in a single stone of flour, robbed him, Work Payall, of fifteen pence, and a penny, and nine pence, and 10 per cent on three pence, which Plaite would have laid out with him in rabbit fur, had he sold the hat; and expenses of trial in Ten Penny Court, and horrible jail fees, and precious time, fatally lost in prison, not to mention such trifles as an establishment subverted, a trade ruined, children made paupers, and a wife self-hung in despair over the marriage bed, he thought his lordship could not refuse to lend his victim a shilling. To which infamous epistle, Work Payall, in due time, that is to say, in about six weeks, received the following most gracious answer:—

*Big Beggar Hall, 23d July, 1831.*

LOW SCOUNDREL,

You be d——d. Though I robbed fifteen pence, I only sacked a groat. Eleven pence of the swag was lost in growing corn for you vagabond, on Robb'd Cotter's Rock. It is true I succeeded in growing corn, where Martha once fed her ewe, and where God never intended that corn should be grown: so much the greater my merit; but then I could not sell the crop for a fourth of what it cost me; for when I got it to market, I found that half of the rascally manufacturers had become bankrupt, although I had doubled the price of their bread, and in every market prevented them from selling their goods. Besides, only a day or two ago, when I sentenced an operative for conspiring to stop his master's circular saw, the fellow had the impudence to say, in open court, that the question in dispute between him and his master merely was, whether the master, out of his profits, or the workman out of his wages, should pay my bread-tax, and keep me. So go to—the New Jerusalem. I have the honour to be,—STARVEALL.

And it came to pass, after many weeks, that Statepake, the overseer, becoming weary of feeding the children of Work Payall, paid the debt which was owing to Skunks Suckegg; so Work Payall arose out of prison, and the nails of his toes pierced through the leather of his shoes; and the children of his neighbours fled away from him, and their dogs barked at him, smelling him afar off. And his son, Bob, was lame with cold, and his daughter, whose name was her mother's, was foolish, and knew him not; and he wept, and trembled, and was silent; and the colour of the white of his eyes was changed, and his cheeks were of a pale blue, and his shrunken fingers were blue, and his tongue was an icicle, and his lips were black; and he became the death-spirit of Cholera incarnate, and all who looked on him, and breathed his breath, died. Nevertheless, Starveall waxed madder than ever; for, while he knelt on his knees, and prayed with his lips, he cursed the poor in his heart; and, in his orisons, he stamped on the earth, and swore that he had defied God; but it was only the shadow of his miserable self that he trampled under foot.

## CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GENIUS OF SCOTT.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE advent of genius is the most striking, and will, in time, be perceived to be the most important species of circumstance which can befall society. When, as in the case of Scott, it manifests itself, not only in a highly popular form, but in a peculiarly healthy state, it becomes equally interesting to analyse it as an object of psychological research, and a duty to inquire into the process of education by which it has been brought to sound maturity. Such an inquiry may seem as an instrument wherewith to measure the achievements of genius in this particular instance of its manifestation, and also as an indication how most wisely to cherish any future revelation of the same kind with which the world may be blessed. This is a social service enjoined upon survivors by departing genius; a service which may not be refused, though emotions of grief must be largely mingled with the awe and hope which arise out of the contemplation of the past and future influences of the high presence which has become hidden. We, therefore, proceed, first, to inquire into the discipline of the genius of Scott, and the characteristics of its maturity; and, next, to attempt an estimate of the services that genius has rendered to society.—Walter Scott was happy in his parentage and condition in life. His father had good sense, benevolence, and sincerity; his mother added to these virtues vigorous and well-cultivated talents. The experience of pain which appears to be essential to the deepening and strengthening of genius, was not, in his case, derived from hardships which infuse bitterness with strength, and corrupt while they expand. There was neither the domestic oppression under which Byron grew restive, nor the over-indulgence which prepares its victim for finding the world an oppressor. Scott was, it appears, surrounded with a kindly moral atmosphere from his birth. There was no thwarting of his early tastes; his young sayings were laid up in his mother's heart; his brothers were his friends; and we have his own word for the tenderness with which he was regarded in his second home—his grandfather's farm at Sandyknow:—

“For I was wayward, bold, and wild,  
A self-willed ump, a grandame's child;  
But half a plague, and half a jest,  
Was still endured, beloved, caressed.”

Neither was his experience of pain derived from poverty, from a baffling of desires, from a deprivation of means to an earnestly desired end, from the irksomeness of his occupations, or a sense of the unsuitableness of his outward condition to his inward aspirations. He was spared all that sordid kind of suffering which irritates while it excites, and even while communicating power, abstracts its noblest attribute,—its calmness.

Of this class of evils, from which genius has extensively suffered, Walter Scott knew nothing; and, happily for him, it did not therefore follow that he was raised above that experience of real life, which is the most nourishing aliment of intellectual power. It is a rare thing, and happier than it is rare, to lay hold of reality under a better impulse than that of hardship, and with sufficient power to make it serve its true end. The lordling knows nothing of reality. What he is told he believes, be it what it may. What he is commanded he does, or leaves undone, according to a will which is not the more genuine for being perverse;—a

will which springs out of convention, and is swayed by artificial impulses. His very ailments are scarcely teachers of reality, for they are not only artificially beguiled, but are made the building materials of a spurious experience. The fever of a lordly infant leaves its victim less wise than the fever of a cottage child, which is to the latter an evil felt in its full force, but uncompounded with other evils. On recovery, the cottage child knows best what sickness is; and, yet, bodily affections are the least susceptible of admixture of any: they afford to the lordling the best means of gaining genuine experience. All else is with him passive reception or conventional action, though he may travel in his own country and abroad, and learn to play trap-ball at Eton. As for those who have to do only with what is real, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, they are too generally unprepared to make use of reality. Their power, as far as it goes, is superior to the lordling's; but it is a scanty and unfruitful power. They are for ever laying a foundation on which nothing is seen to arise. This is better than building pagodas of cards on a slippery surface like the lordling; but it is not the final purpose for which the human intellect was made constructive. It is not enough for the little cotton-spinner, or ploughboy, to know what the lordling only believes,—of the qualities of twist, and the offices of machinery, and the economy of the nests of larks and field-mice. They should be led beyond cotton-spinning and field labours by such knowledge; but it as seldom happens that they are so as that the lordling exchanges his belief for knowledge; which is the same thing as saying, that genius is as rare in the one class as in the other; being, in the one, overlaid with convention; in the other, benumbed by want. The most efficacious experience of reality must be looked for in the class above the lowest, and in individuals of higher classes still, fewer and fewer in proportion to the elevation of rank, till the fatal boundary of pure convention be reached, within which genius cannot live except in the breasts of one here and there, who is stout-hearted enough to break bounds, and play truant in the regions of reality. The individuals who may thus come out from the higher ranks (where all efficacy is supposed to reside in teaching, instead of enabling to learn) may generally be observed to bear some mark of providence, which they themselves may endure with humiliation, which their companions regard with ignorant compassion; but in which they far-sighted recognise, not only a passport to the select school of experience, but a patent of future intellectual nobility. What this mark may be, signifies little. The important point is, that there should be pain,—inevitable pain,—not of man's infliction,—natural pain, admitting of natural solace, so that it may produce its effects pure from the irritation of social injury, and be bearable for a continuance in silence. Whether the infliction be orphanhood, leading to self-reliance; whether it be the blindness which has exalted the passion of many bards, or the deafness which deepened the genius of Beethoven, or the lameness which agonized the sensibilities of Byron, or mere delicacy of health (which has often, after invigorating genius, been itself invigorated by genius in its turn;) whether the infliction be any of these or of the many which remain, matters little; its efficacy depends on the degree in which it is felt; that is, on the degree of the knowledge of reality which it confers.

To pain thus inflicted, to a knowledge of reality thus conferred, was Scott, in a great measure, indebted for the prodigious overbalance of happiness which afterwards enriched himself, and the world through him. He suffered in childhood and youth from ill health and privation.

His ill health caused his removal into the country, where, from circumstances of situation, &c. those tastes were formed which predominated in him through life, while the passion with which they were cherished must have been deepened by the one affliction which he had to bear alone,—his lameness. Few have any idea of the all-powerful influence which the sense of personal infirmity exerts over the mind of a child. If it were known, its apparent disproportionateness to other influences would, to the careless observer, appear absurd; to the thoughtful, it would afford new lights respecting the conduct of educational discipline; it would also pierce the hearts of many a parent who now believes that he knows all, and who feels so tender a regret for what he knows, that even the sufferer wonders at its extent. But this is a species of suffering which can never obtain sufficient sympathy, because the sufferer himself is not aware till he has made comparison of this with other pains, how light all others are in comparison. Be the infirmity what it may, as long as it separates, as long as it causes compassion, as long as it exposes to the little selfishness of companions, to the observation of strangers, to inequality of terms at home, it is a deep-seated and perpetual woe; one, which is, in childhood, never spoken of, though perpetually brooded over; one which is much and universally underrated, because it is commonly well borne; and, again, well borne, because under-rated, and, therefore, unsympathized with. That this was the case with Walter Scott, is certain. His lameness in childhood was, no doubt, thought much less of by every one, even his mother, than by himself. Not an hour of any day, while with his young companions, could this pain of infirmity have been unfelt. In all sports, in all domestic plans, in all schoolboy frolics, he either was, or believed himself to be, on unequal terms with his playmates; and though he happily escaped the jealousy which arises too often from a much less cause, he suffered enough to drive him to a solace, whose pure and natural pleasures might best counterbalance his peculiar and natural pain. We have notices of these things from himself; a touching recurrence in one of his lightest pieces, to the days when the little lame boy lagged behind with the nurse-maid, while his brothers were running wild; when he was painfully lifted over the stiles which others were eager to climb. More at large we have tidings of the opposite pleasures, in which he found the best repose from his mortifications. His worship of Smailholm Tower, amidst the green hills; his quest of wallflowers and honeysuckles, and of the blossoms of traditionary verse which adorn the retreats where he sought his pleasures. The immediate enjoyment arising from the study of nature, is probably as much less in childhood than in mature years, as the pain arising from personal infirmity is greater—the pleasure being enhanced and the pain alleviated, by the variety and complexity of associations with which each becomes mingled; and Walter Scott, therefore, gained in pleasure with every year of his youth. But yet there was a sufficient balance of enjoyment, even in these early days, to render his genius of that benignant character which proves its rearing to have been kindly. He not only gained power by vicissitude, (which is the most rapid method of knowing realities,) but pleasure fast following upon pain, the pain was robbed of its irritation, and the pleasure was enhanced by a sense of freedom, the welcome opposite of the constraint which any species of infirmity imposes in society. Scott's childhood was, in short, spent in *feeling*, the best possible preparation for after *thinking*. His limbs were

stretched on the turf, his hands grasped the rough crags, and wallflower scents reached him from crumbling ruins, and streams ran sparkling before his eyes; and these realities mingled with the no less vivid ones which he had just brought with him from society.

Nor were these the only vicissitudes he knew. His tastes thus formed, suited little with his school pursuits; and hence arose wholesome and strengthening exercises of fear and love. It seems strange, contemplating Walter Scott in his after life, as firm as mild, to think that he could either experience or cause fear; but there is no doubt whatever that this formed part of the discipline of his genius. He was a naughty schoolboy, as far as learning lessons went. He tells us of disgraces and punishments for being idle himself and keeping others idle,—and of the applause of his schoolfellows for his tale-telling, being a sort of recompense for what he thus underwent. Since he felt this applause a recompense, the evil of punishment was feared and felt. Since he continued to incur punishment, his love of nature and romance was yet stronger than his fear. This alternation went on for years, for he never gained credit as a learner of languages, and finished in possession of “little Latin and less Greek.” For a long continuance then, there was disgrace in school, and honour in the playground; fear in school, and a passion of love among the green hills; slavery between four walls, and rapturous liberty when rambling with a romancing companion amidst the wildest scenery that lay within reach. A glorious discipline this for a sensibility which could sustain and grow under it!

Half the work was now done. Through the exercise of the sensibility the faculties were strengthened. There was yet little knowledge, but there was power,—power which would soon have preyed upon itself, if objects had not, by a new set of circumstances, been presented for it to employ itself upon. An illness confined him long to his bed, in a state which admitted of no other amusements than chess and reading. He read ravenously, and, as he himself says, idly; that is, he devoured all the poems and novels which a large circulating library afforded, till he was satiated, and then took to memoirs, travels, and history. He continued this practice of desultory reading, when afterwards removed once more into the country on account of the state of his health; and thus was he initiated into the second of the three great departments of knowledge, which it was necessary to traverse in preparation for the work of his later years. He had now made acquaintance with nature in her aspects, though not in her constitution, and with man as he is displayed in books. History showed him man in his social capacity; tales of real and fictitious adventure showed him man in contest with natural difficulties, and passing through the diversified scenery of various climates and nations; memoirs showed him man going through the experience of human existence, but all this was at second-hand. The third great study which remained was, man as he appears in actual life. It remained to verify what man seems in books by what he is before the eyes. And for this also opportunity was afforded by another change of circumstance. Walter Scott recovered his health, or rather became, for the first time, vigorous in body, and able to enter the world on the same terms with others. He studied law in college as well as under his father, and mixed in society far more than ever before; and though looked upon rather as an abstracted young man, very fond of reading, than as a particularly sociable personage, he was actually at this time, and for some years afterwards, making acquaintance with human nature under a great

variety of forms, whether in the courts, or in his own rank of society, or wandering, as was still his wont, among the vales of Tweeddale, gathering legends from the shepherds, or domesticating himself by the farmer's fireside. During this stage of his preparation, it was an important circumstance that he became enrolled in a cavalry regiment, formed under the apprehension of an invasion from France. Here he was far from being considered "an abstracted young man;" being highly popular, from his good humour and his extraordinary powers of entertainment, which probably were exercised in a somewhat different way from the goblin romancing, which made him a favourite among his school-fellows. He now probably communicated the results of his observation of actual life, while he no doubt improved them at the same time.

During the next few years he continued to enlarge his knowledge in all these three departments, by travelling, by the study of German literature, and by the performance of the active duties imposed upon him by his office of Sheriff of Selkirkshire; an office which, no less than his travels, brought him into communication with human nature under a variety of modifications. The study of German literature alone,—(we say nothing of the language, as, by Sir Walter's own confession, he only used it as a means of scrambling into the literature)—this new acquisition alone might serve, to a mind so prepared as his, as a sufficient stimulus to the work he afterwards achieved; and to it we cannot but attribute much of that richness of moral conception, much of the transparent depth of his philosophy of character, which is, to merely English readers, the most astonishing of his excellencies.

Here, then, we have gained some faint insight into the process by which an organization (probably of great original excellence) was made the most of, and rendered the constituent of a genius as kindly as it was powerful; that is to say, as healthy as it was rare. Such an organization may not be rare. We cannot tell; so little do we know of its mysteries, and so complicated is the machinery of education and of society by which it may be ruined or impaired. As probable as that there might be a Milton or a Hampden in Gray's presence, when he pondered his elegy, is it that there may be many Scotts in our regal halls, in our factories, in our grammar or dame schools; one weakened in the hot-bed of aristocracy, another withered by want and toil, a third choked with what is called learning, a fourth turned into a slave under the rod. It seems that some light is thrown upon the matter of education by such a case as the one before us. Here is a discipline diametrically opposite to received notions of what is fitting. Here is a boy,—not so unlike other boys in the outset as to make this case an exception to all rules,—here is a boy lying about in the fields when he should have been at his Latin grammar; romancing when he should have been playing cricket; reading novels when he should have been entering college; hunting ballads when he should have been poring over parchments; spearing salmon instead of embellishing a peroration; and, finally, giving up law for legends, when he should have been rising at the bar. Yet this personage came out of this wild kind of discipline, graced with the rarest combination of qualifications for enjoying existence, achieving fame, and blessing society; with manners which were admitted by a king to ornament a court, although his accomplishments were to be referred solely to intellectual culture, and in no degree impaired the honesty of his speech and action; deeply learned, though neither the languages nor the philosophy of the schools made part of his acquirements.

tions ; robust as a ploughman, able to walk like a pedlar, and to ride like a knight-errant, and to hunt like a squire ; business-like as a bailiff ; industrious as a handicraftsman ; discreet and frank to perfection at the same time ; gentle as a woman ; intrepid as the bravest hero of his own immortal works. Here is an extraordinary phenomenon, to result from an education which would give most people the expectation of a directly contrary issue. Here is enough to put us, on inquiring, not whether learning, and even school discipline, be good things, but whether the knowledge usually thought most essential, the school discipline, which is commonly esteemed indispensable, be in fact either the one or the other ; whether the study of nature, in her apparent forms, may not be found a much more powerful stimulus to thought than it is at present allowed to be, let the study be pursued among the hills of Tweeddale, or in the laboratory, Botanic Garden, or Observatory : whether again, the discipline of pain and pleasure, appointed by Providence, may not effect more by being less interfered with than it is under our present educational methods, which leave scarcely any experience pure from artificial admixture. Many parents will say that they do not wish their children to become poets and romance writers, and will plead that Walter Scott was but little of a lawyer after all. But it should be remembered, that the generation and direction of power are very different things. It was the discipline of natural vicissitude which generated power in Walter Scott ; its direction was owing to local and individual circumstances. The example might be followed exactly in the first particular, and only analogically in the other. This might be done without any apprehension ; for no one will deny the practicability that there was for turning Sir Walter's genius in some other direction, if it had been thought desirable. There was such a practical character about all his undertakings, such good sense pervading his conversation and views of life, that there can be no doubt of his power being of that highest kind, which ~~is~~ *flexible* as it is strong ; which can change its aims as readily as it can pursue them perseveringly. The question is, how to obtain this power, much more than how to direct it. The movements of society must not, it seems, be trusted to originate it ; but the pressure of society may probably be trusted to direct it.

few inquiries can be more interesting than that of how the genius of Scott grew up, few contemplations can be more pleasurable, more animating, than that of the same genius in its matured state. It is difficult to decide where to begin in reviewing the qualities which serve as tests of its healthfulness ; but perhaps the most striking, not from its predominance, (where none can be said to predominate,) but from its importance, is its *purity*.

This purity is not solely to be ascribed to the purity of the aliment on which the genius was nourished. All the aliment presented to genius is pure in itself, whether it be the tranquil beauty of blue skies and verdant hills, or the mournful beauty which sanctifies the relics of things passed away, or the idealized beauty of works of art, or the suggestive beauty of passing circumstances, or that moving pageant in which many see no beauty, that display of society, in which crime, littleness, and woe, are mixed up with whatever is more honourable to humanity. All these things are pure, in as far as their action upon genius is concerned, as stimulants of sensibility, and provocatives to thought ; and there can be little doubt that Scott would, if placed, without Byron's training, in Byron's position, amidst the licentious intrigues of fashionable life, have

painted that life in all its hideous truth, with perfect purity of spirit. There is no more reasonable doubt of this than that Byron would have carried his stormy passions with him into the stillest nooks of Tweeddale, and wakened the echoes of Smailholm Tower with his bitter mockery of certain of his race. It is not the material on which genius employs itself that can ever be impure; since genius has nothing conventional in its constitution, and the purity or impurity which is thought to reside in objects, is wholly conventional. All depends upon how the material is received; whether as the food of appetite, or of the affections, chastened by philosophy. It is not true genius which defrauds its own aliment for its own pleasure; and where depravity exists in combination with genius, it is by a forced connexion, and the depravity goes to feed the appetite, while the genius finds its nourishment elsewhere. Such a combination exhibits the two-headed monster of the moral world, one of whose countenances may be regarding the starry heavens, while the other is gloating over the garbage of impurity beneath it. The employment of the one has nothing whatever to do with the contemplation of the other. The genius of an artist is no more answerable for his gluttony or drunkenness, than his gluttony and drunkenness for his genius. Where genius is somewhat less unfortunate in its connexion, where it is linked with the licentiousness of caste and custom, rather than with that of brutality, it is supposed to be nourished by this licentiousness, and Don Juan is appealed to as a proof; but it is not the licentiousness, but the knowledge of human passions, gained by its means, (a knowledge which might be much better gained by a thousand higher means,) by which the genius is enriched. Genius accepts the knowledge, and rejects the poison amidst which it is conveyed. The more the experience savours of impurity, the less is there for genius to appropriate; the more there is of philosophic investigation, (and this was at the bottom of much of Byron's pursuit of experience,) the more is genius profited, and the less base are the excesses with which it is mixed up. Where, with this philosophical investigation, is united that chastened affection for humanity which makes the observer far-sighted, and connects him with his race by generous sympathies instead of selfish instincts, no impurity can attend any knowledge whatever of the doings of the race, no more than pollution could dim the brightness of an angelic presence passing through a Turkish harem, or kindle unholy fires in the eyes of the Lady while watching the rabble-rout of Comus. The genius of Scott was not only innocent as the imagination of a child—all genius is so in itself—it was also pure; that is, it did not bring into combination with itself any thing which could deteriorate its power, or defile its lustre. His purity of thought and feeling was not of the still and cold, but of the active and genial character. It was not like the mountain snow, which is all whiteness under common circumstances, but which, if by chance melted, may be found to have held many dark specks congealed within it; but rather like the running stream, which catches light, warmth, and colouring, from all substances through which it passes, and sweeps away, or buries, all with which it has no affinity. No one can dispute Walter Scott's knowledge of life, and his insight into the mysteries of society. He could have told, more than most men, of the intrigues of courts, the licentiousness of nobles, the secret revels of divers classes of men, and the excesses which follow close on both the gratification and the disappointment of all the stronger passions. No one had a warmer sympathy with the stirrings in men's bosoms, or could make larger allowance for frailty, or feel more genially



the pleasures of conviviality and other social excitement ; yet no man was ever more remarkable for combining perfect purity of conception with truth and freedom of delineation. He was himself temperate in his habits as genial in his temperament ; and his works are like himself. The Templar, Varney, Mike Lambourne, Christian Dalgarno, find each their place in his pictures of life—they are not made the text of a sermon, but rather allowed to speak for themselves in a not very sermon-like style ; and the issue is, that they leave on the mind of the reader not a single impression which can defile, but instead, a conviction that, as respects the mind of the author, they came and went, leaving no spot in behind.

ely allied with the purity of Scott's genius was its modesty—a modesty astonishing to his distant admirers as it ever was amusing to his near friends. It is scarcely possible to imagine how, with his quick sense of the good and the beautiful, he should have remained so innocent of all suspicion of how much there was of both in his own works. If the ingenuousness of his mind had been less remarkable than it was, there would have been a pretty general suspicion that he was not above the common affectation of pretending to dispute the decision of the public ; but the entire simplicity of his speech and conduct place his ingenuousness beyond question. It is certain that he alone failed to perceive or to bear in mind the power and richness of his own conceptions and delineations, while it is no less certain that, if he had met with the most insignificant of his characters in any other novel, or had (like Dr. Priestley) stumbled upon a forgotten odd volume of his own, without the titlepage, and had not known whither to refer it, he would have fallen into an enthusiasm of admiration upon it, as, to the great amusement of his friends, he was wont to do about productions of much inferior merit. Credulous as he was where merit was to be ascribed, here only he declined taking every body's word. Deferential as he was to the voice of society, here only he evaded its decision. Sometimes he seemed scarcely aware what was comprehended in the words of its laudatory decrees : sometimes he ascribed his success to novelty, sometimes to fashion ; now to one temporary influence, now to another—to any thing rather than his own merit. This modesty so verges upon excess as to cause some passing feelings of regret, that it was impossible to inspire him with a due sense of what he had done, with that virtuous complacency which is the fair reward of such toils as his ; till we remember that he could not but have had his private raptures over the beauties of his own creation ; his thrillings of pleasure in converse with the divine *Die Vernon*, and of lofty emotion when winding up his most solemn scenes ; and his paroxysms of mirth after calling up a *Friar Tuck*, or a *Triptolemus Yellowley* ; till, reminded by the world that all these bore the closest connexion with himself, they, with the pride of pleasure they had afforded, were swallowed up and forgotten in his modesty. That they should be thus forgotten or lightly esteemed, still seems unfair, however the fact may be accounted for ; and it is a positive relief to meet with a notice here and there, in Sir Walter's notes and prefaces, which indicate that he did derive some gratification from his success, that he did consent to taste a little of the delicious brimming cup which his brethren of the craft are usually all too ready to drain before it is half full. " I have seldom," he says, " felt more satisfaction than when, returning from a pleasure voyage, I found *Waverley* in the zenith of popularity, and public curiosity in full cry after the

name of the author. The knowledge that I had the public approbation, was like having the property of a hidden treasure, not less gratifying to the owner than if all the world knew that it was his own." We thank him for having let us know this. It is one of the most precious passages in his writings, though, if occurring in those of almost any other of the *genus irritabile*, it is probably one to which we should have given little attention. The delicacy of his modesty appears in the following passage; which, coming from a man who had stood as severe a trial of his humility as was ever afforded by the sudden acquisition of undimmed fame, bears a very high value, and ought to be taken to heart by many who are more frail, though less tempted than himself. Our readers have all probably seen it before; but a second, or even a twentieth, reading can do them no harm.

"I may perhaps be thought guilty of affectation, should I allege, as one reason of my silence [as to the authorship of the novels,] a secret dislike to enter on personal discussions concerning my own literary labours. It is in every case a dangerous intercourse for an author to be dwelling continually among those who make his writings a frequent and familiar subject of conversation, but who must necessarily be partial judges of works composed in their own society. The habits of self-importance which are thus acquired by authors are highly injurious to a well-regulated mind; for the cup of flattery, if it does not, like that of Circe, reduce men to the level of beasts, is sure, if eagerly drained, to bring the best and the ablest down to that of fools. The risk was in some degree prevented by the mask which I wore; and my own stores of self-conceit were left to their natural course, without being enhanced by the partiality of friends, or adulation of flatterers."

It may, however, be observed, that this degree of discretion is desirable, perhaps practicable, only where the authorship relates to light literature, and that it would be an injustice to works of a grave and scientific character, to deprive them of whatever advantage the author may gain by the discussion of his subject during its progress. In these cases, however, the discussion should be of the topics, not of the authorship; of the work, not of the writer. Simplicity is the true rule, as in all other cases so in this: the simplicity which was exemplified in the Author of *Waverley*, and which is equally far removed from the jealous unsocial secrecy of Newton respecting his scientific researches, and the prattling vanity of those weak-minded literati and philosophers who do all that in them lies to bring contempt on their calling.

In fairness, it should be added, that the genius of Sir Walter owed some of its modesty to his Toryism, which prescribed other objects of ambition than literary fame. To his aristocratic taste it was more agreeable to be ranked among the landed proprietors than among the authors of his country. He was better pleased to be looked up to as the local dispenser of justice than as the enchanter of Europe. He wrote a score of matchless romances for the sake of improving a patch of bad land; and while apparently insensible to flattery on the score of his works, and unable to account for even reasonable praise, he exhibited a gratified complacency in his title of "the Shirra," and in his rank as a country gentleman of Roxburghshire. So much for the vanity in men's estimates of good!

This, his modesty, guarded by his Toryism, partly accounts for the extraordinary union of *frankness* and *discretion* in his character. It could only be by lightly valuing his achievements, by thinking little of

himself and his doings, that a man of his sincerity could have been such a secret-keeper. It was not by measures of precaution as regarded his own conduct; it was not by plot and underplot, that the public was misled as to the authorship of the novels. It was by the coolness of his manner, and the simplicity of his speech and demeanour, that inquirers were baffled; and this coolness could scarcely have been preserved by one so ardent and simple, if he had thought his achievements as marvellous as they appeared to others, or if they had been the objects of his principal interest. In what light he regarded them may be gathered from a passage in which he offers us his views of the duties of those who are entering on a literary life. "Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, [vanity and irascibility,] I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in such mistakes, or what I considered as such. With this view, it was my first resolution to keep as far as was in my power abreast of society; continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language which, from one motive or another, ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were indeed the business rather than the amusement of life."

Whatever may be conjectured as to how much Sir Walter included under the term "literary pursuits," and as to how differently he might have estimated them if he had beheld another in his own position, the above passage vindicates the truth, that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The abundance of his heart did not consist of that of which he did not speak—of himself and his fame. He spoke of politics, of other men's literature, of antiquities, of planting and farming, of law and justice, of fishing and shooting; "of man, of nature, of society;" and of these things his heart was full. He did not speak or encourage others to speak of his labours of the desk, and of their rewards; and of these things his heart was not full.

It seems rather strange that he should have spoken thus lightly of literature, when he himself applied its forces to some of the gravest purposes in which they can be employed,—in the delineation of the working of the darker passions. If the inquiry had been brought home to him he would scarcely have persisted that there was mere amusement to himself in the conception, or to his readers in the contemplation of such characters as his Dirk Hatteraick, Front-de-Bœuf, the Templar, Tony Forster, Varney and Leicester, and Rasleigh Osbaldistone, and many more, whose dark thoughts and deeds it would be as wrong as it is impossible to allow to pass before us as a mere spectacle, and be forgotten. There is too solemn a character belonging to the sufferings of Amy Robsart, and of the Master of Ravenswood, to permit their having no permanent effect on philosophy and morals, and too much depth in the genius which delineated them to justify the speaking lightly of such of its efforts as those in question. If the office of casting new lights into philosophy, and adding new exemplifications and sanctions to morals, be not the "business" of literary genius, we know not what is. It is the "business," the first business of every man, to deduce these very lessons from actual life; and we can conceive of no more important occupation than his who does the same thing for many, while doing it for himself; presenting the necessary materials, and their issues, unravelled from the

complications, and separated from the admixtures which may impair their effect in real life, but no less palpably real than if they had passed under actual observation. This is the task, the real "business" of moral philosophers of all ranks and times; of Socrates, Zeno, and Epicurus, in the temple and the garden; of the Fathers of the Church in their twilight cells of learning; of the philosophers and bards of the middle ages; and, in the present, of Scott in his study, no less than of the divine in his pulpit. How much more conscious Scott really was than he seemed, of the importance of his office as an exhibitor of humanity, can probably never now be known; but that that office did, in fact, constitute the real business of his life, is as certain as it will be evident, when not one stone of Abbotsford shall be left upon another, when the last tree of his planting shall have tottered to its fall, and the last relic of the man shall have been lost, except that which is enshrined in his works.

It may be said, that he had little to do with the darker passions, and proved that there are but few villains among the host of characters; but these dark passions cast their shade far and wide, and one villain modifies the fortunes of many innocent persons. Rashleigh is at the bottom of all that happens in *Rob Roy*, and ambition gives its entire colouring to the romance of *Kenilworth*. These dark passions cause the predominant impression left by moral pictures; as a thunder cloud characterises the summer landscape, though the streams of sun-light may far outnumber the flashes of the lightning. That dark passions are introduced, and have excited an interest, is a sufficient basis for the argument, that their exhibition constituted an important part of the business of his life, who conceived and portrayed their workings.

The world, at least that part of it which knows what it is talking about, has ceased to be astonished at the union of *mirth* and *pathos* in the effusions of genius. That mirth is often found without pathos, and pathos without mirth, is no argument against their co-existence; as there have been some in every age to prove, beginning (at the nearest) from Solomon, when writing the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, and finishing with Sir Walter Scott. Indeed, as an acute discrimination of analogies is the basis equally of poetry and wit, and as the same discrimination, applied to the workings of human emotion, is the chief requisite to pathos, the wonder is rather, that Milton should have been able to keep ludicrous combinations of ideas always out of sight, than that Shakspeare should have been profuse in them; that the Man of Feeling should never have been moved to mirth, than that Uncle Toby should have brushed away his tears with a laugh. The power produced by this union has seldom been more fully shown than in the Abbot Boniface of Scott. While the Abbot of the Monastery, he is little better than contemptible. The man moves no sympathy, and is regarded as a fine satirical sketch; as a representation of an obsolete class, and in nowise interesting as an individual. How miraculously he comes out as the old gardener, grown innocent in his tastes, and crossed in his sole desire,—their harmless indulgence! The comic aspect of his official character is preserved, while we are made to feel a respectful compassion for the individual; and his last words sink deep into the heart, and return for ever upon the memory and the ear.

"The Ex-Abbot resumed his spade. 'I could be sorry for these men,' he said; 'ay, and for that poor Queen; but what avail earthly sorrows to a man of fourscore? and it is a rare dropping morn for the early colewort.'"

The most remarkable circumstance attending Scott's opposite powers of moving is, not their co-existence, but their keeping one another in check, as they ever did, except in the one (repented?) instance in which he allowed his wit to run riot—in his sketches of the Covenanters in *Old Mortality*. None probably deny, that fanaticism is a most tempting subject for wit to divert itself upon, and, that there may be little exaggeration in the reports given of Mause Headrigg's conversation and achievements; but there are also few to defend a needless outrage upon the religious prejudices of a nation, at the risk of disturbing something better than prejudices. Sir Walter did not excuse himself for this single indiscretion, or probably intend to do so, by his subsequent exposition of the absurdity of men of the present day clinging to the letter of the faith and practice of their forefathers. In all other instances his mirth was as discreet and innocent as his pathos was deep and true. Each enhanced, while it controlled the other; and their union afforded an infallible test of the power of the genius whose healthy development it characterised.

In no respect has the character of genius been more importantly vindicated by Sir Walter than in his habitual *cheerfulness*. There may be, and ought to be, an end for ever to the notion, that melancholy is an attribute of genius; for Sir Walter was as little given to melancholy as any whistling ploughboy within the realm of Scotland. If it be true, that genius dives deep into the recesses where pain shrouds itself from the light, it is also true, that genius opens up new and everspring sources of joy; while the common and wearing troubles of life are thrown off by its elasticity, and its own light sheds beauty on all that surrounds it. That many geniuses have been moody men, is not owing to their genius, but to habit of body or mind, which their genius was not powerful enough to overcome. If the mind be its own place the highest mind must hold the happiest place; the wider its ken the more numerous the objects of good within the circle; the more various its powers the more harmonious the creation of which those powers take cognizance. Thus was it with Sir Walter Scott; his internal cheerfulness breathing music through the fiercest storms that gathered at his spell, and forming the basis of all the varied melodies which he drew from the chords of the human heart. It is never lost—not in the darkest scenes where his personages are raging, suffering, sinking under violence and woe: there is even here a principle of vigour in the humanity displayed,—a tacit promise, that there are better things beyond, which, without any obtrusion of the author's individuality, supports the reader's spirits upon the buoyancy of the writer's. We will not flatter even the dead. We will not say that this cheerfulness appears to us to spring so much from a lofty faith in humanity as from other causes, equally pure, but with which it is a pity that the faith we speak of should not co-exist. Walter Scott had a perpetual spring of joy within him from his love of nature, from his secret sense of power, from his wise regulation of his tastes and desires, and from the kindness of disposition which endeared him to every one, and every one to him; but there are no traces of that long clear foresight of the issues of social struggles, no evidences that he caught the distant echoes of that harmony into which all the jarrings of social interests must subside; no aspirations after a better social state than the present; no sympathy beaming through its tears, for the sacrifices of patriotism, and the patient waiting of the oppressed for redress. No one showed more respect for opinion as the basis of prac-

tice, or more sympathy for individual sorrows: no one could put a more benevolent construction on what passed before his eyes, or was more disposed to make the best of whatever is; but his perpetual, fond recurrence to the past, his indisposition to change; in a word, his Toryism prevented his recognising the ultimate purposes of society, and reposing amidst that faith in man which is next to trust in God, (of which indeed it forms a part,) the best resting place of the spirit amidst the tumults and vicissitudes of life. It was from a deficiency of support of this kind that his spirit once quailed: that once, that will never cease to be mourned, when multitudes, far his inferiors in all besides, were enabled to rejoice while he suffered, trembled, supplicated, all the more keenly, all the more urgently, from the might of the heart within him. The fear of change perplexed him, and he warned and petitioned against it ineffectually, and to his own great injury; when, if he could but have seen that change was inevitable, and might be directed to the most magnificent achievements, he might have been one of the adored leaders of a heroic nation, instead of being made a spectacle to the people while offering his affecting farewell—“*Moriturus vos salutat.*” He had vigour to support his own misfortunes, and to set about repairing them with unflinching heroism. But he had not faith in man collectively as he had in individual man, and could not resist the sadness with which political change inspired him, and which, more than any private sorrows, were thought to accelerate his decline. From the hopefulness which springs out of faith in man’s progression, he was cut off. It was a great misfortune. Far be it from us to taunt his memory with it, or to ascribe it to any thing but the outward circumstances of his training. If the world lost something by it, he lost more, and moreover suffered by infiction as well as deprivation: and all this makes the depth and continuity of his cheerfulness the more remarkable. This cheerfulness, this tendency to put a kindly construction on all which has been and is, accounts for his popularity notwithstanding his Toryism, and is, in its turn, partly accounted for by his industry,—another test of the healthiness of his genius. On this industry little can be said. Its achievements are before every one’s eyes, and are, we suppose, nearly as unaccountable to most people as to ourselves. We give up the attempt to settle how he did all, and when he did it. We have his own word for his works (except during an interval of two years) being all written by his own hand; and if we had not had this unquestionable word, we should have dissented from Göethe’s supposition, that he sketched and touched up, and left it to inferior hands to compose the bulk of his works. There is such a character of unity amidst all the diversity; the dullest scenes are so evidently enjoyed by the author, however little they may be so by the reader; there is such gusto, such an absence of all sense of drudgery throughout, that we could (as we said at the time) have staked our character for penetration upon the fact, before the disclosure was made, that every chapter in this library of novels was written by the same hand. How it was done is another matter. How he wrote for years together, sixteen pages of print per diem, on an average, while discharging his official duties in town, or before beginning his daily occupations and pleasures of hospitality in the country,—sixteen pages of historical, as well as fictitious, narrative, including all the research which either required, is to us matter of pure astonishment. We must be content with it as a fact; and taking it thus, we can understand how so perpetual a flow of fresh ideas, so animating a consciousness of power,

so ever-present an evidence of achievement must have fed the springs of his cheerfulness, and have given that character of luxury to his intellectual refreshments which bodily toil gives to the meal and the couch of the labourer. There is a delight appertaining to earned pleasures which is common to all classes in the intellectual and social world ; and herein was Sir Walter least of all aristocratic. His example of this truth is so valuable, his sanction so impressive, that we must be excused the triteness of our morality. If there be any in whose eyes industry has not hitherto been majestic, they may now perhaps be led to appreciate her dignity. All others will dwell thankfully on every new testimony to her congeniality with genius.

It is not easy to see how it can ever be tolerable to genius to be idle. To conceive achievements, and not attempt them ; to discriminate beauty, and not reach after it ; to discern that action is necessary to further contemplation, and not to act ;—these things seem, if not contradictory, unnatural ; and the impulses arising from them are quite sufficient, without any help from the ambition of which Sir Walter\* had a very small share, to account for any degree of exertion that physical and mental energy can sustain. They are enough to render the spirit willing ; and where the spirit is willing, the might is strong ; and this willingness and might together constitute industry ; an indispensable grace of the lofty, (whatever some who are great in their own eyes may think,) as well as the most ennobling virtue of the humble. Genius implies toil, both as its cause and its consequence ; and the example of Walter Scott (unnecessary as a proof, though welcome as a sanction to some) will open the eyes of many as to a new truth. And herein we recognise another of his mighty services as a vindicator of genius.

The *practical character* of his conduct and conversation was another of his valuable characteristics,—implied in his industry, indeed, but remarkable apart from that. Good sense is as remarkable a feature of his most imaginative writings as illustration and humour were of his homeliest conversation. He had a considerable degree of worldly sagacity, not only of that which, being worked out in the study, makes a good show upon paper, but of that shrewdness which is ready for use in all the rapid turns of life, and sudden occasions of daily business. This is evident, not only in his portrait, and in his exposition of the system of Scotch banking, but in his most delicate delineations of his fairest heroines ; in his records of the conversation of the glorious Die Vernon, in the *tête-à-têtes* of Minna and Brenda, and conspicuously in the interview between Rebecca and Rowena. It is the practical character, *i. e.* the reality which pervades his loftiest scenes, that gives to them their permanent charm : in the same manner as the writer himself was respected as a man of superior rationality, and beloved as an endearing companion, instead of being regarded as a wayward dreamer, merely tolerated on account of supposed genius.

Here we must stop for the present. In pursuing this inquiry into the education and characteristics of his genius, we seem to have done little towards expressing the emotions which his name awakens, exalted as it is amidst the coronach of a nation. We shall hereafter attempt some estimate of his achievements, and of his services to his race—services of whose extent he was himself nearly as unconscious as his contemporaries are proud.

## THE BOAR SONG.

BRING me the hunter's goblet deep ;  
 It holds a flask and more :—  
 But a single quaff shall drain it off,  
 To pledge the mighty Boar !  
 For to-morrow's field this cup of the Rhine  
 Thy prowess shall restore :  
 Oh ! never should less than a flask be thine,  
 To pledge the mighty Boar.

(Chorus.)—A flask of wine from the sunny Rhine,  
 To pledge the mighty Boar !

We have not chased the coward fox,  
 Nor slain the feeble hare :—  
 A noble prey was our's to-day,  
 When the wild swine left his lair.  
 He fell not by rifle, he fell not by hound,  
 Nor by six-foot spear he fell :—  
 'Twas the hunter's glaive that dealt his wound ;  
 Be the hunter's song his knell !

(Chorus.)—His pledge be the wine of the sunny Rhine,  
 And the hunter's song his knell !

Peril is on the antlered brow,  
 While lowered for the fray ;  
 And steady the hand, that guides the brand,  
 When it strikes the stag at bay.  
 And the villain wolf has a sharp white fang,  
 When he turn's on the woodman's edge ;  
 But we honour not his dying pang,  
 Nor give him the goblet's pledge.

(Chorus.)—No flask of wine from the sunny Rhine,  
 To wolf or stag we pledge !

Nor stalwart arm, nor steadfast heart,  
 Are ever needed more  
 Than when hunters kneel, with levelled steel,  
 To receive the rushing boar.  
 'Tis thus the serf should trook the knee  
 Across his Tyrant's path ;  
 Bending his brow in mockery,  
 And pointing his sword in wrath.

(Chorus.)—Then fill the wine from the sunny Rhine,  
 To pledge the freeman's wrath !

Speed now ! The hunter's feast array !  
 Bring on the vanquished Boar !  
 With vine leaves spread his grisly head,  
 The king of the chase before !  
 To him—he slew the fierce wild swine—  
 One princely cup we pour ;  
 And a second from the sunny Rhine,  
 We pledge to that mighty Boar.

(Chorus.)—A flask of wine from the sunny Rhine,  
 We pledge to that mighty Boar !



## FALLACIES CONCERNING TITHES.

THE following remarks on the reasoning by which the opponents of the true doctrine of tithes uphold their opinion that tithe is a rent tax, and therefore paid at present from the rent of land, were originally intended as notes to an article on Ireland, which appeared in our sixth number. Their insertion, however, would have extended that article beyond proper limits, and mingled up with it certain abstract reasonings part from its main object; so we preferred postponing them, and presenting them as follows.

Our leading opponents of this day are Dr. Chalmers, Mr. Senior, Colonel Thompson, and perhaps the late Dr. Robert Hamilton of Aberdeen. Their opinions we shall now shortly discuss, taking them in the foregoing order.

I. Of Dr. Chalmers' tithe theory, we deem it necessary merely to state, that it rests on grounds peculiar to the author's *unique* creed, and not accepted by any other economist of the time. In passing it by with this slight notice, we are the farthest possible from intending disrespect. Our work is a practical one—not speculative; and when the Doctor's ideas shall appear to have the least chance either of being reduced to practice, or of in any way influencing practical men, we shall then give them the attention they merit. Our countryman does not himself expect that this will be soon. Like the great Verulam, he commits his thoughts to *posterity*.

### II. Let Mr. Senior state his own opinions.

"It is true that tithes are not a burden on the wages of the labourer or the profits of the farmer, but are a deduction, or rather an exception, from the landlord's rent; and that, except so far as inconvenience arises from the mode in which they are collected, or from their interference with the employment of capital, (the latter of which inconveniences affects consumers in general, the citizen as well as the rustic,) neither the labourer, the farmer, nor even the landlord, can justly complain of them: neither the labourer nor the farmer, because he does not pay them; nor the landlord, because they are an interest in the soil which never was his; which he may wish for, as he may wish for his neighbour's field, but with no more right to appropriate."—*Letter to Lord Howick on Commutation*, &c. p. 56. *Third Edition*.

Next let Mr. Senior illustrate his opinions.

"It is true that its great evil, the dissociating the people from their best instructors, the clergy, is not the subject of vulgar complaint; but effects are attributed to them which, though they are not their real consequences, are yet real grounds for their removal. This may require some explanation. The supposed effects to which I allude are the raising the price of provisions, and occasioning agricultural labourers to be out of employ. Now it is perfectly true that, where tithes have long existed, they produce neither of these effects. But it is equally true that their removal *would* produce an immediate fall in the price of provisions, and increase the demand for agricultural labourers. Their effect, where they have long existed, is the same as if the country in which they prevail were thereby rendered rather less extensive, or rather LESS FERTILE,\* and consequently rather less populous, than it otherwise would have been. If England, from time immemorial, had been rather more extensive, or rather more fertile than it now is, no one will suppose that the price of provisions would have been lower, or the number of labourers out of employ smaller than they now are. We should have had rather more corn, rather more rent, a demand for rather more labour, and a rather greater population to eat that corn and perform that labour than we now have. The increase would have been in all cases

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\* These and the following capitals are ours.

positive, not relative. So, if Devonshire or Lincolnshire had never existed, the rental, the fund for the subsistence, and the population of the country, would all have been positively diminished; but as they would have borne the same proportion to one another as they do now, the price of the existing quantity of corn, and the demand for the existing supply of labour, would have been just what they are now. So if tithes had never existed, we should have had rather more corn, a rather larger amount of rental, and a rather larger population. Every thing else would have been as it is. But if a new Devonshire or a new Lincolnshire, fit for immediate cultivation, were now suddenly added to our shores, the immediate consequences would be, an increased demand for agricultural labour, an increased supply of provisions, and a rise of wages, both as estimated in money and as estimated in commodities. It is true that, if this accession to our territory were followed by no change in our habits and institutions, the increased prosperity, which would be its immediate consequence, would gradually disappear as our population rose with the increased supply of subsistence; and ultimately we should be just where we are now, excepting that we should be rather more numerous. So IF TITHES WERE SUDDENLY COMMUTED, AND THEIR INTERFERENCE, SUCH AS IT IS, WITH AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT, GOT RID OF, THE SAME CONSEQUENCES WOULD FOLLOW AS IF THE EXTENT OF OUR TERRITORY, OR ITS FERTILITY, WERE SUDDENLY AUGMENTED. And supposing no improvement to take place in our institutions and habits, the consequent increase of our population would bring us back, as far as the price of provisions and the demand for labour in proportion to the number of labourers are concerned, to the precise point at which we are now."

This illustration might, by an ill-natured or captious adversary, be easily twisted into a refutation.<sup>4</sup> Wherein Mr. Senior differs from us, we shall attempt to make apparent in a subsequent section:—it is more important to notice wherein he agrees with us. He holds that tithe is a rent-tax; but, at the same time, that it renders the tithed land as if *less fertile*, and that its abolition would, to the consumer, have precisely the effect of a sudden improvement of our agricultural territory, or a creation of new land, i. e. *it would lower the price of agricultural produce*. The consumer then would be relieved by the abolition; and therefore now lies under the burden, whether the landlord be affected or not. Not only does he lie under that burden now, but has likewise done so in all time bypast. Mr. Senior's attempt to show that this is no grievance, is a curious one. He tells us, that if at any previous period this burden had been removed, the people would have just procreated the faster; and that in consequence of new land being thus forced into cultivation, wages, profits, and the price of provisions, would in all probability have been at this day, exactly at their present low point. And he warns us, besides, against being misled by the delusion, that *their* present abrogation would permanently benefit us, seeing that it could only act as a sort of premium on procreation! We call argumentation of this sort, Malthusianism run mad. If it goes any length, it must go the full length of demonstrating all attempts to benefit a people by improving their physical or economical condition, nothing more hopeful or profitable than the labours of Ixion. Dr. Chalmers, indeed, manfully carries it even to this ludicrous extremity, and speaks of paltry economics with lofty disdain; but Mr. Senior will scarcely be so bold. Our Malthusians are often not good philosophers, and show little skill in the complex movements of society. The progress of what their leader terms the MORAL CHECK, is in fact most intimately bound up with that physical improvement which they hold in so mean account. One theorem of the higher science we shall here announce, and be content with merely announcing it. Mr. Senior may think over it, and draw inferences at his leisure. It is this:—*The progress of civilization, i. e. of moral and intellectual culture, is (physical circumstances remaining the same) slow or rapid in society,*

*—nearly in proportion to the thinness or density of population : or, to take an illustration, had Great Britain been at the present moment twice as populous as it is, while at the same time our powers of obtaining physical comfort remained such as they now are, our people would have been both wiser and better, and our empire therefore greater and happier.\**

III. We come now to the leader of the heretical rebellion—the very head and front of this band of recalcitrators against the orthodoxy of Ricardo,—we mean Colohel Thompson, author of “The True Theory of Rent,” and of several other well-known economical essays. The doctrine of rent, as propounded by Colonel Thompson, is unquestionably correct ; but he errs in supposing that any inference regarding tithes can be drawn from it different from what follows directly from Ricardo’s statement. We are hardly disposed to acknowledge even that the rent-theory is different from the development of the same subject by this latter great man ; though it is certainly an admirable and necessary correction of the language of his more incautious disciples. Our readers must become conversant with the whole *ambages* of this question ; so that we make no apology for bringing an outline of it before them. The followers of Ricardo too, often allege that the difference of the fertilities of soils is the *cause* of rent, whereas it only measures its *amount*. Colonel Thompson states truly that the limited quantity of good soil, coupled with a constantly increasing demand for produce, is this *cause* ; and while he thus supports the original view of Adam Smith, he is, in his turn, supported by Mr. Say. The process which brings about the origin of rent appears to be as follows, and may be seen actually in operation in the less cultivated districts of America :—So long as the best soil alone of any country is cultivated, the corn sells at the mere cost of production ; *i. e.* its price pays the wages of labour and the ordinary living profit for capital, but no rent. Were this species of land of indefinite extent, no rent would ever arise, and corn would thus obey the same economical laws with manufactured articles ; but the good soil wears out as population proceeds ; and while the demand for produce, therefore, goes on constantly increasing, the supply is limited. Corn, however, must be had ; its immediate rise in the market is a necessary consequence ; and the holders of the superior lands are thus *bona fide* holders of a monopoly. Whatever sum they obtain for their produce over and above its cost of production, may be termed the monopoly exaction or *rent* ; and they can only raise this rent in amount, until by some means the public obtain a power of reaction, and are enabled to defy them. Now the patent means of public defence are the soils still uncultivated, which, though inferior, may nevertheless yield a return. These next lower soils were not cultivated at first, because with corn at its original price, they could not have been tilled profitably ; but so soon as the price of corn gets sufficiently high to allow of their smaller produce paying for wages and profits, they will unquestionably be cultivated ; the monopoly price will stop ascending, and the

\* Mr. Senior sees very well the humbug of any plan of commutation into a tax on rent.—He says truly in page 58, that in time the landlords would forget that tithes had been surrendered to them as an equivalent, and would call out for corn laws and restrictions as an indemnity. The fact is, they have done so already, even where they paid tithes only in imagination, and we may therefore guess what sort of a relief we shall have from Mr. Stanley’s plan.

amount of the rent of the better soils be determined.\* A proper consideration of this will show that it differs nothing in the main from Ricardo's notions; nor will it permit of a different inference in the question of tithes. Previous to the exhaustion of the best soils, corn plainly obeys the laws of all necessary manufactured articles; and were tithe then imposed, its burden would, without doubt, be thrown upon the consumer. The agriculturist obtained nothing more for it originally than the cost of its production; and as he will not produce it for less, he must, the moment he is laid under the necessity of giving a tenth of it away, raise his price until the remaining nine-tenths yield him this profitable return. If he cannot do this by a mere extra demand upon his consumer, he will do it by lessening his supply, or in other words,

\* We entreat our readers to make themselves acquainted with the doctrine of Rent. If they knew it, it would unveil many a financial iniquity, of which, without such knowledge, they can think only in vague and unsatisfactory terms. Finance is a cunning tyrant, and we require to study well to become acquainted with its subtle oppressions. We are tempted to add here a refutation by the redoubted Christopher North, of some absurdities upon this subject, advanced by one of his more forward than wise correspondents. The refutation is complete and admirable, and incidentally illustrates our subject:—

"Our correspondent puts a case, the substance of which may be very briefly stated thus:—Edinburgh wants ten millions quarts of water, which can be furnished at one penny each. Afterwards Edinburgh wants one thousand quarts more, which cannot be furnished at less than one penny farthing. Now, is *that* any reason, says he, why the ten million men should renounce their advantage, and raise their price by a farthing in order to countenance the thousand men? This is his question. But he forgets one little thing. Before any man would think of producing the last thousand quarts, the ten millions must have been found insufficient for the demand; that insufficiency would express itself by a rise in the market price of the ten millions. This rise would act as a summons to the production of the last thousand quarts, and would take place not *after* (as our correspondent supposes the Ricardian to say), but *before* the production of that last thousand. That this increased price would be sustained after the supply was equalized with the demand, is evident, because the penny men could not return to their old price, and undersell the penny-farthing men, without driving them out of the market; since a penny-farthing, by the supposition, is the least sum that will pay profits and wages on the thousand quarts. But the penny-farthing men cannot be driven out of the market, because the whole product by the very means of the case, is no more than sufficient for the demand; and if for a moment they should be driven out of the market, the increase of price consequent on insufficient supply would immediately recall them. In this state of things, the landlords of that land, or of those wells which produce the ten million quarts, finding that the producers have an advantage over the thousand quart men, step in and demand the whole difference between them, viz. a farthing—and so commences Rent. For those who raise water at a penny-farthing have the ordinary rate of profits; and therefore those who can raise it at a penny, have more than the ordinary rate by a farthing. This rent becomes confirmed by contracts; and after *that* all attempts to undersell become impossible, except by sacrificing some part of the ordinary rate of profit.

"Our excellent correspondent will find it vain to kick against these irresistible doctrines. But he must allow us to add, that the old theory of Rent is not (as he supposes) *opposed* to the new theory, but simply different from it. Adam Smith did not *deny* any thing essential to the new views; he merely *overlooked* something, viz. the fact of the different rates of fertility in the soil. Neither did he uniformly overlook this; some things which, he says, imply that he had a glimpse of it; and with regard to mines, he was pretty sensible of this scale of differences, and of its consequences.—C. N."

Hadst thou always written thus, O, Christopher! thy crutch would have dealt many a good blow for the Good Cause!

by withdrawing his capital from an unprofitable investment. The only question that remains, then, is what may be the effect of this tax, after rent has arisen; or when the inferior soil is in the act of being forced into cultivation. Now, it will be noticed that this inferior soil is a check upon the monopoly exaction, or a means of defence in the hands of the public, exactly in proportion to its fertility. The more barren it is, or the smaller the quantity of corn which it will *effectively* return to the cultivator for his outlay of capital, the farther removed as it were will be the check it institutes; and the price may, and will be raised by the monopolists, exactly in proportion. But the tithing of the produce clearly diminishes the capitalist's effectual return, just by one-tenth, so that the check is by so much farther off; and, in this case too, the burden of the tax is shifted upon the consumer.

The subject is so important that it deserves numerical illustration. Suppose that the best soil we speak of produces twenty quarters per acre, and the next inferior soil only ten. Suppose also, that the cultivator of the first soil (while it alone was cultivated, and paid no rent) conceived himself remunerated for labour and outlay of capital, by 20s. per quarter, or a return of £20 per acre. So long as this good soil remains unexhausted, there is no circumstance which can occasion any disturbance in the price; but when it is exhausted, and no additional supply can be forced from it, the demand of the growing population will evidently raise that price:—a sum will hence accrue over and above wages and profits, or—rent. Now, the limits of that rise of price is plainly this:—It cannot rise higher than will enable the produce of the inferior soil to be sold for £20 per acre, the sum already supposed as the remunerating return; or, in other words, it cannot rise higher than £2 per quarter. So soon as it arrives at this point, the inferior soil will be broken up, and the supply henceforth go on in steady proportion to the demand. Let a tithe imposition be now imagined, and let us look at the result. If imposed before the first soil is exhausted, the farmer will have remaining, as his corn return, eighteen quarters in place of twenty, and from this eighteen he must extract his former money return of £20, or discontinue his trade. Fall back upon rent in the meantime he cannot, as he pays none, so that his only resource is a partial and temporary withdrawal of capital until the price is raised to £1 one-ninth, per quarter, by a temporary diminution of supply. At this price he will go on producing as before, and the markets will suffer no new disturbance until the good soil becomes exhausted. A rise of price will now take place, and proceed until checked by the productive powers of the next lowest soil. But this soil which, when untithed, returned ten quarters, will now only return nine to the capitalist;\* and the limit of monopoly exaction is precisely that sum which will make the price of nine quarters £20, or £2 two-ninths per quarter. It will be seen then that the price is in both these latter cases raised upon the consumer, and the rent will plainly be quite the same whether tithe is imposed or not. If the land is tithe-free, the rent afforded by the higher soil, when the less fertile is just

\* From this may be apparent, the full weight of Mr. Senior's assertion, or admission, that the influence of tithes, as respects the consumer, renders the soil "less fertile." Really we have a strong desire to seize forcible hold of this ingenious economist, and without farther ceremony, give him a corporalship in our ranks.

broke up, will be £20 per acre ; and, if tithed, it will be nine quarters at £2 two-ninths per acre, or £20 also. It may be indeed alleged that the quantity which the bishop gets in this latter case, viz., three quarters, or a value of £6 $\frac{3}{4}$ , being also a part of the *residuum* over and above the cost of production, has as much right to be named *rent* as the £20 which goes to the landlord,—that the total amount of real rent is thus £26 $\frac{3}{4}$ ,—and that this full sum would go into the proprietor's pocket, were the practice of tithing demolished. Now, we will not quarrel about a name, as our dispute is concerning things. What we assert is, that if tithe had not existed, the consumer would have paid only £2, instead of £2 two-ninths per quarter for his corn. If the foregoing statement proves any thing, it proves this ; and it also demonstrates that the *anonymous* part of the *residuum* which the Bishop receives, *would not, in other circumstances, have arisen at all.* The noxious influence of the tithe diminished the power of the inferior soil as a check, just so far ; and enabled the monopoly exaction to exceed its natural and free amount, precisely by this sum. This being granted—and we see not how it can be denied—our case becomes a very plain one. By what process matters would be restored, on the abolition of tithes, to their original state, and the price of provisions lowered from £2 $\frac{2}{3}$  to £2 per quarter, instead of the increment being put into landlords' pockets, we shall explain in a subsequent section.

If the public have any means of defence against the economical results now demonstrated, it must be in what has sometimes been adduced in controversion of the Ricardo doctrine of tithes ; viz. a diminution in their consumption of corn, according as the price rises, and a consequent throwing of land out of cultivation, or a preventing it from being broken up so soon as it would otherwise have been. Now, there is a great deal of reality in the matter of fact of this statement ; but it militates nothing against our proposition. It is certainly one of the best established truths of finance, that a tax cannot be laid upon any manufactured article, to the heightening of its price, without to a greater or less degree narrowing the use of that article. There is an ideal standard in most men's minds, by which the *worth* of articles of consumption is tried, and the moment their price exceeds this, the use of them is given up or abridged. In this event, the manufacture is also narrowed. But, it must be observed, that, though less is manufactured, nothing is manufactured *cheaper*. The high price caused by the tax is still paid by every consumer, though numbers are rendered unable to become consumers. The effect, in regard of corn, will, in similar circumstances, be precisely similar. If a diminution of demand takes place, permitting of a certain withdrawal of capital altogether, without necessitating a rise of price, so much more will just require to be temporarily withdrawn, in order to the permanent elevation of the price to the profitable point. The permanent diminution of demand will cause a permanent diminution of supply, but it will not cause that supply to be brought to market on unprofitable terms. The whole corn grown, *then*, will be still grown under the precise laws we have just unfolded ; and the tithe-raised price will be paid by those who eat, although those who do not eat escape. It is absurd to regard this operation, as a means of relieving the consumer from his burden. The only effect it can have is the reducing of our poorer classes to half food, and thereby making tithe as well as rent less than they would be, if these classes consumed

full food. But there is yet an increment upon every morsel consumed, which goes to the payment of tithe, and our proposition remains unhurt. If any inference can be hence drawn, it is, that the landlord also would benefit by the repeal of this noxious impost; that, as the people were enabled to live more generously, rents would rise, cultivation being extended and advanced.

These are the remarks which we offer for the guidance of the student who would explore the Fallacies of "*The True Theory of Rent*." Colonel Thompson also gives somewhat into that ultra-Malthusianism we reprehended in Mr. Senior. What would the author of a certain admirable Catechism think of the application of such reasoning to the Corn Laws?

We shall not advance farther at present; the foregoing dose of abstractions being quite enough for one month. We shall return to the inquiry, and look into all its practical details. It is these last which make out that popular and plausible case against us, to which we attribute the great prevalence of error. Let our friends, in the meantime, give the foregoing an attentive and thoughtful perusal; and we pledge ourselves to convince the most incredulous, in our next article on the subject, of the all important truth, that TITHES ARE PAID BY THE CONSUMER.

#### SONNETS TO IONE.

##### I.

I CANNOT woo thee, dearest, in such wise  
As daily suitors borrow—'twould offend  
The sense of my deep passion, so to bend  
And smile, and play with velvet words and sighs :—  
And art thou angered by this bolder guise ?  
'Tis but a feint, sweet chider, to extend  
Thy sway still further o'er the wayward friend  
Who doats too dearly on those sovereign eyes !  
Thou know'st thyself—for all that pretty scorn,  
And peremptory state of thy sweet kind—  
Loved to thy worth and wish, and close entwined  
By his most clasped heart-strings, whether borne  
In absence on the tablet of the mind,  
Or present, bringing joy, as sunbeams bring the morn !

##### II.

O chide me not for silence ! Let me lie  
Still at thy feet, upgazing, love ! Do thou  
But lay those silken fingers on my brow,  
And fill my vision with thine answering eye ;  
Then bid me sing ! and lip and lute shall vie,  
Though wont of late such biddings to refuse,  
In mingling strains for thee, mine own fair muse !  
So is my being raised, when thou art nigh !  
Alone, I struggle with dark thoughts,—my tongue  
Hath learned harsh syllables from Time ; and, yet,  
When folded in thy shadow, I forget  
All sense of hate, and weariness, and wrong,  
While thoughts, like thee, all beautiful, beset  
The prison of my heart, and loose its captive, Song !

## SEA-BURKING ;

OR, THE MYSTERIES OF LLOYD'S,

EVERY DAY A SHIP IS LOST.—From an examination of Lloyd's Lists, from the year 1793 to the commencement of 1829, it has appeared that the number of British vessels alone, lost during that period, amounted, on an average, to no less than one and a half daily. We learn, from Moreau's tables, that the number of merchant-vessels employed at one time in the navigation of England and Scotland, amounts to about 20,000, having, one with another, a burden of 120 tons. Out of 551 ships of the royal navy of England, lost to the country during the period above-mentioned, only 160 were taken or destroyed by the enemy; the rest having either stranded or foundered, or having been burnt by accident—a striking proof that the dangers of naval warfare, however great, may be far exceeded by the storm, the hurricane, the shoal, and all the other perils of the deep. During the last great war in Europe, 32 British ships of the line went down to the bottom in the space of 22 years, besides 7 50-gun ships, 86 frigates, and a multitude of smaller vessels. The navies of the other European powers, France, Holland, Spain, and Denmark, were almost annihilated during the same period, so that the aggregate of their losses must have many times exceeded that of the kingdom of Great Britain. These numbers, we believe, very far exceeded what most people would have supposed. To this immense loss of ships of war and of commerce, the imagination must be left to supply the incalculable amount of wealth swallowed up with them, and the thousands of human beings who thus found a watery grave. More strength in the building might save half of this suffering.

The following account of loss and accidents of British vessels is extracted from Lloyd's List of 1829 :— On foreign voyages, 157 wrecked; 284 driven on shore, of which 224 are known to have been got off, and probably more; 21 foundered or sunk; 1 run down; 35 abandoned at sea, 8 of them afterwards carried into port; 12 condemned, as unseaworthy; 6 upset, one of them righted; 27 missing, one of them a packet, no doubt foundered. Coasters and colliers :—109 wrecked; 297 driven on shore, of which 121 known to have been got off, and probably many more; 67 foundered or sunk, 4 of them raised, 6 run down; 13 abandoned, 5 of them afterwards carried in; 3 upset, 2 of them righted; 16 missing, no doubt foundered. During the year, 4 steam vessels were wrecked; 4 driven on shore, but got off; and 2 sunk.

## SEA-BURKING, TO THE ALARMING EXTENT OF TWO THOUSAND LIVES AND UPWARDS A-YEAR.

THE following dialogue, between two clerks, sitting on the benches of the Royal Exchange, London, was lately overheard.

1st Clerk. "What a melancholy loss that is of the Shannon whaler, with most of the crew!"

2d Clerk. "Ay."

"What a dreadful state for the crew to be in, for seven days and six nights, without shelter, amongst wet, cold, frost and snow, with nothing to eat and drink but flour, raw salt beef, and salt water, and obliged to drink their own blood for thirst, until some died raving mad, and others had the very flesh rotted off their bones!"

"Yes."

"What a pity such disasters could not be prevented in future!"

"It would be a pity for some, but not for all."

"Why not for all?"

"It would be no pity for ship-builders, ship-wrights, and ship-trades men."

"Why not?"

"Because another vessel will be required to supply the place of the Shannon, which gives employment to all these parties."

"Then, do you mean to say, that it is to the profit of all these parties that vessels should be lost?"

"It is so clear, as not to admit of dispute."

"But surely it would have been to the advantage of the owners that the vessel had been preserved?"

"I doubt that very much."

"Why so?"

"Because, probably, it was insured to, or even above, its value."

"I do not understand you."



"Suppose, for instance, the ship to have cost, when new, six thousand pounds, and suppose it, during the time it lasted, to have made considerable profit, but to have much decreased in value, no person would probably have given above half value for it to purchase; but the owner, without doing any thing dishonest, or which is not done every day, may keep it insured to the full value it cost him, when new; and if it be totally lost, he gets three thousand pounds more for it than he could have got from a purchaser."

"Ay; but you supposed it to have made a profit; suppose it had not made a profit?"

"Then, he has the more need to get quit of it."

"Then, by that reasoning, a ship-owner may often make a profit by his vessel being lost?"

"It is done every day. It is as common a trade as selling old clothes in Rag Fair."

"Then I am sure it would have been for the advantage of the underwriters that the vessel had been preserved?"

"That it most certainly would not."

"How so, when the property was sacrificed in the sea?"

"It requires but little reflection to discover that, if there were no losses at sea, there would be no sea insurances; and it requires just as little to see that the underwriters must get more money than they pay away, otherwise they would become bankrupt."

"Please to explain yourself a little farther."

"If there be a million of money paid away in Lloyd's every year, for losses at sea, there must be above a million received; for instance, say a million and a half, and the half million, or surplus above what is actually paid away for losses, just goes into the pockets of the underwriters."

"Then, by whom is this million and a half paid?"

"By the public."

"But how is it paid?"

"By a tax on merchandize, and all sea-borne commodities."

"I will again be obliged by your explaining yourself."

"The Shannon whaler was going to the Davis' Straits whale-fishery, and was lost on the passage out; this, of course, made one ship less at the fishery; and, of course, there will be one cargo less at the market; and this increases the price of whale oil and whale-bone: and if, instead of the Shannon only being lost, there be twenty more ships lost at the fishery, the price of these articles will just be increased by the amount, or value, of twenty-one vessels less at market."

"I do not believe the public view the loss of ships in this light."

"No. The great art is to keep them from knowing this: otherwise Lloyd's would be deserted."

"How so?"

"I have already said, if there were no losses at sea there would be no sea insurances."

"Had the whole crew of the Shannon been drowned, and the vessel not heard tell of, what would have been done?"

"The owner, or his broker, would probably have gone into the room up stairs, and offered, perhaps, 30, 40, 50, 60 per cent or upwards, of premium, for any person to take risks upon it, and insure its return."

"What is premium?"

"Money paid to induce parties to take risks."

"And what would be the consequence if the vessel did not return?"

"The party just loses so much over and above the premium he received, paid back for every £100 of risk he took upon it."

"And if it did return?"

"He just pockets so much of premium, as he took of £100 risks upon it."

"Does either party know where the vessel is all this time?"

"No. If they do, it is fraud."

"Then, is this not a hazard upon an uncertain event, of which neither party knows what will be the issue?"

"It is precisely so."

"Could vessels be built stronger and safer, and such melancholy accidents as the loss of the Shannon prevented in future?"

"With the greatest ease."

"Then why is it not done?"

"Because it would be against the interests of all the parties I have already mentioned."

"Is there any proof that vessels might be built stronger and safer?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"In men of war, or ships fitted by Government, as was the case with the *Isabella* and *Dorothea*, where (but we must keep this to ourselves) ships are not insured."

"Then do you consider insurance to be the sole cause of so many merchant vessels being built unsafe, and lost?"

"I consider insurance to be the sole cause of it."

"Would it not be to the advantage of the crews, that vessels should be built stronger and safer?"

"Unquestionably. It would preserve them from being drowned, or losing their property."

"And of passengers?"

"And of passengers the same as the crews."

"And of the public, where merchandize is concerned?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And is this known to all these parties, ship-builders, ship-owners, and underwriters?"

"To many of them, it is as well known as it is to me."

"Why this is very like a combination by all of these parties against the interests of the public?"

"And so it is."

"Is this the practice of trade?"

"The whole principle of trade, is buying cheap and selling dear; and of the carrying trade, in keeping up the value of the stock, and making a profit above the expenses."

"This, then, does not seem to conform to those principles?"

"It has no more similarity to them, than throwing the dice at *Crockford's* has with fair dealing. They are both speculations on a hazard, and the only earthly difference between them is, that insurance is carried on, under the sanction of law, and is considered a legal risk for the benefit of trade; the other is unprotected by law, and is considered illegal, but in principle they are both hazards of precisely the same kind."

"Are there any other instances than men-of-war, of vessels being strongly built?"

"Yes."

"What are they?"

"Merchant vessels which are not insured."

"How does the East India Company do with their ships?"\*

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"To what extent do you suppose that lives are sacrificed every year, which might, if vessels were made stronger and safer, be preserved?"

"To at least TWO THOUSAND LIVES EVERY YEAR."

"Why, this is little better than Burking by wholesale?"

"It is precisely so, and the only difference between them is, that in the one case, Burking was detected, and in the other case, it is not known to the public."

"And to what extent is property sacrificed every year, which might be preserved?"

"To at least a million sterling a-year."

"Do you mean British subjects and British property only, or the lives and property of all nations?"

"I mean British subjects, and British property only. If we include all nations, the amounts will at least require to be doubled."

"Upon what grounds do you make the calculation?"

"Upon statements and calculations which have lately appeared in the newspapers."

"Then why do not the public insist on vessels being made stronger and safer, and this suffering and loss prevented?"

"The public are always slow to move, even where their own safety and interests are concerned, and to the vast majority of them, these things are not known; and when a vessel is lost, they attribute it to a dispensation of Divine Providence, shrug up their shoulders, bless God it was not themselves, consider it was a fair sea risk, and that it could not have been prevented."

"Have no attempts been made to inform the public, that vessels might be built stronger and safer?"

"Yes. Many."

"And what has been the result?"

"The public would not look at any publication, or receive any information on the subject. In fact, the public would as soon think of looking at a book in Hebrew or Chaldee, as they would at a book on strengthening ships."

"But will ship-builders, ship-owners, underwriters, and surveyors of shipping, not look at them?"

"No. They all know well that it would be against their interests if

\* A charge was here made by the clerk against a party in the India House, of so strong a nature that we cannot allow it to be reported to the public without proof of its truth. Our clerk's facts and inferences well deserve attention; but we think him rather severe in his imputation of motives. Yet men, nowadays remarkable for inhumanity as individuals, often do strange things collectively. We have little faith in the justice or humanity of Trustees, Directors, Commissioners, Justices of Peace, or the Members of Close Corporations, when several act together.

ships were made stronger and safer, and therefore they are to a man interestedly prejudiced against them."

"On what pretence do they object to vessels being made stronger and safer?"

"On pretence of the additional expense of building; but which is just a pretence to gull the public, and to make it pay for all vessels that are wrecked and damaged, and to fill their own pockets."

"Then, if the public were made aware that their lives and property were sacrificed in the sea to fill the pockets of ship-builders, ship-owners, underwriters, and surveyors of shipping, would they not take steps for their own safety?"

"I doubt it very much. There is such an apathy amongst the public, and such a general feeling, that what is every body's business is nobody's business; that, unless the whole nation could be aroused, it is most probable that nothing would be done, although the public were made fully aware of all these facts."

"Have not many passengers been drowned in steamers, since the introduction of steam navigation?"

"Yes. Many."

"And could similar drownings be prevented in future?"

"Yes. With ease."

"Then, why does not the Legislature take up the subject?"

"The Legislature is tender of interfering with the property of private parties; and it considers that if one-half of the public are fleeced of their property and drowned, to fill the pockets of the other half, that this is all for the benefit of trade, (like the glazier's boy breaking the windows, and the doctor breaking the glazier's boy's head, both for the benefit of trade,) and that it is not their province to interfere between the parties. Besides, these drownings keep down the population, which Malthus says, should be kept down to the subsistence fund; and they are attended with this peculiar good consequence, that the parties never make any complaints to disturb the repose of the Legislature afterwards, as clamorous and dissatisfied emigrants sometimes do. For all these good reasons, the Legislature declines to interfere."

"But suppose a transport vessel, full of troops, to be lost, and all the troops drowned."

"Then Government just sends another, to run the same risk."

"But is the loss of the troops not a great loss to Government?"

"No. What is the cost of a few hundreds or a few thousands of troops, drowned, (the lives are considered of no value whatever,) to the revenue which Government derives from the loss of vessels?"

"How does Government derive a revenue from the loss of vessels?"

"It increases the sale of timber, hemp, flax, iron, copper, pitch, tar, and all materials of which vessels and their equipments are composed, and on which there are duties. It also increases the sale of all documents connected with shipping, on which there are stamp duties, such as charters of affreightment, bills of lading, policies of insurance, arbitration bonds, protests, seamen's articles of agreement, apprentices' indentures, &c., and even increases the consumpt of paper, on which there are heavy duties, and materially increases the revenue of the Post-office."

"Any thing else?"

"Yes. The duties on exports and imports."

"How does it increase the duties on exports?"

"If a vessel be lost with an export cargo, another cargo will be required to supply the country, or place it was going to."

"But, then, does not Government lose the duty on imports? Suppose, for instance, an East Indiaman coming home from China with a cargo of teas and silks, to be lost on the passage home, does not Government lose the duties on these articles?"

"No. The sovereigns of Leadenhall Street, who supply the public with these articles, exactly as the Dutch supplied spices from Amboyana, order home another vessel, belonging to their High Mightinesses, with a cargo, which pays the duty in lieu of the one which was lost, and they charge the whole expense to the public."

"But suppose a West Indiaman, laden with sugar, rum, and coffee, to be lost, and which was not under the control of sovereign purveyors and sovereign carriers?"

"In that case, the supply of these articles is regulated by the demand for them; and if one vessel and cargo be lost, another will be sent to supply the demand, and Government does not lose the duties."

"But suppose a Portuguese vessel, laden with wine, or an American vessel, laden with tobacco, to be lost, does not Government lose the duties?"

"No."

"How is that?"

"Another vessel is just sent in the place of the one which was lost; and the only effect is, to heighten the prime cost of the article to the public, to pay the expense of the vessel and cargo which were lost, before the duties are laid on by Government."

"Does this hold throughout all commerce?"

"Throughout the whole property in shipping, and exports and imports of the kingdom."

"Then, it appears Government are as much gainers by the loss of vessels as ship-builders are."

"They are more so, since the property of Government is only nominal, and consists only of duties, for which no real value is given; but the property of ship-builders is real material and workmanship."

"Does this account, then, for the repugnance which Government have to encourage the building of vessels stronger and safer, which do not belong to the Royal Navy?"

"In my opinion it does so."

"Was not there a committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the loss of steam-vessels, sometime ago?"

"Yes."

"And what was the result?"

"A report of the House of Commons, recommending that steamers should be built stronger; which in all probability will be carried into effect in the year 1852, and, *Finis*."

"Since you are so well informed on the subject, why do you not let the public know how easy it would be to prevent many shipwrecks and drownings?"

"Do you think I am a fool?"

"No."

"Then, how can you expect that I, having the fear of God, and of losing my situation, before my eyes, would furnish the public with information which might have the effect of taking my bread from me?"

"How could giving the information be the means of taking your bread from you?"

"If vessels were built stronger and safer, there would be fewer losses, and consequently fewer insurance-brokers, agents, and underwriters; and it then might happen that my employer might have no employment for himself, and consequently would have none for me. In fact, with all this immense establishment of Lloyd's, which is supported by the losses of vessels and merchandize, and which are paid for by a tax levied from the public, the business would almost entirely be taken away from it."

"But could you not give the information to the public, without its being known where it came from?"

"Would the loss of my situation not be punishment sufficient, without losing my money, and getting the ill will of all parties in addition?"

"You would not get the ill will of the public."

"No. But did you ever know the public to reward its benefactor yet? Look to James Watt; look to Henry Bell; look even to the great Sir Isaac Newton. No, no. A grateful and discerning public takes special care that its benefactors shall be first duly starved to death, and then it raises monuments to perpetuate their memories. The public gratitude is very much like Falstaff's description of honour; therefore, 'I'm for none on't.'"

"I never thought our business had any connection with Burking by wholesale before."

"It is rather a harsh expression, but it all tends to the same end, that of getting money from others."

"Do you consider that any vessels are lost accidentally on purpose?"

"Yes. Many."

"From what reason do you suppose so?"

"From the cupidity of human nature."

"Please to explain yourself."

"Where you see trials in the newspapers every year, and almost every month, of people insuring their properties, and then setting fire to the premises, to defraud insurance companies, depend upon it the same thing is done, to a much greater extent, with shipping, with a different element, being water instead of fire; and where a vessel is lost, accidentally on purpose, in 99 cases out of 100, detection becomes impracticable, and is never attempted, and the loss is effected therefore without risk. But it all comes off the shoulders of the public, who are well able to bear it."

"But should not means be taken to inform the public of it?"

"I question much whether the public would thank any person to tell them; since, when they are robbed, and a portion of them drowned, without the survivors suspecting that they might both be prevented,—'where ignorance is bliss, 'twould be folly to be wise.'"

"But why do not shipowners and underwriters look to prevent these losses?"

"For the reasons I gave you before—that it is frequently the interest of a shipowner that his vessel should be lost; and in no case where his vessel is fully insured does he need to care about it being lost; and that, if there were no losses at sea, there would be no sea insurances. And hark!—a word in your ear; but we must keep this to ourselves—instead of a vessel and a half being lost every day, some underwriters, shipowners, and ship-builders, do not care a fig if there were a vessel and a half lost every hour, and the crew and passengers drowned, so long as it fills their pockets."

"Then, how is this crying evil to be remedied?"

"Only by the public voice being loudly and clamourously raised against it; or more effectually still, by prohibiting all sea insurances, when, take my word for it, there will not be one wreck for four that take place at present; and this would be more effectual than any interference of the Legislature, which the ingenuity of man might contrive means to evade."

"But if sea insurances were prohibited, would not that check commerce?"

"On the contrary, it would very much increase it. There is no difference of opinion, that if sea insurances were prohibited, vessels would be made very much stronger and safer, and at least a half of the shipwrecks which will otherwise take place would be prevented."

"But would not that be too great a risk for the merchant and ship-owner?"

"No. They would then have their property preserved in fact and in reality, instead of paying a tax upon it in an insurance office, which does not preserve it, and which is borne by the public. Indeed, if we look upon merchant shipping in its true light, as a bridge connecting distant countries together, it is evident the stronger and safer we can make that bridge, the less tax there will be required to be levied from passengers and goods; and on the other hand, the weaker and more insecure the bridge is, and the more repairs it requires, the greater tax must be levied from passengers and goods, to keep it up, and to pay for the repairs; and which expenses must just be paid for again by the consumers of the commodities, so that a stronger bridge would very much facilitate and increase, instead of checking commerce."

"By your reasoning, then, it seems to be a pity that ever sea insurance was invented?"

"It is chargeable with the loss of hundreds of thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property."

"I always thought it was a good thing before."

"And so many who have not considered the subject think yet. But so much are the best institutions of men liable to be abused and perverted, that there is no doubt that the cause of three-fourths of the wrecks and damages to goods which take place in the world is owing to Insurance! Insurance!"

The conversation being here ended, the clerks rose and walked away.

#### THE TORY HEARTS OF ENGLAND.

THE Tory hearts of England—

How woefully they quail!

Each brazen brow is clouded now,

Each cheek is deadly pale—

The eyes that for the people's wo

Would never shed a tear,

Are quenched and dim. Right well they

know

The reckoning hour is near.

The pampered priests of England—

What dismal tales they tell!

Now let them sing their sorrowing

With candle, book, and bell,

For we will lay their idols low,

And give their pride a fall—

We'll turn their scarlet and their show

To sackcloth and to gail.

Monopolists of England—

You soon shall have your due!

We fear you not—for we have got

A vengeful rod for you.

That rod you brandished in the west,

Till blood in torrents ran—

You reared your Mammon's dragon crest

O'er outraged Hindostan.

The Tory Peers of England—

How wrathfully they frown!

Their hateful yoke we burst—we broke

Their rotten boroughs down.

And all who thwart our patriot band,

From England's shores may fly,

And seek some more congenial land

Beneath a foreign sky.

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

*(Continued from No. VII.)*

Our attention is next claimed by Shelley's lyrical poetry. Under this head we include a numerous and rather miscellaneous class of poems. Strictly speaking, lyrical poetry means such as, from its brevity, or from the structure of its versification, is susceptible of being set to music. It may be narrative, descriptive, even didactic; or it may be the involuntary utterance, in one or two melodious lines, of a random thought. The exquisite delicacy of sentiment, and varied melody of versification which characterize Shelley's poetry, rendered him better adapted to excel in this kind of composition than any poet of the day. Poor Keates, in his ode to the nightingale, evinced a kindred power, but he has left us little in this way. Wordsworth wants varied melody, and Byron wrote with too manifest an exertion. Moore has got a high character as a lyrist, simply because his songs have been set to music, without reference to the merits of his versification, and without reference to his eternal conceits. In the examples we are about to subjoin, the reader must not be startled by the introduction of some pieces which would scarcely harmonize with some of his<sup>d</sup> drawing-room and harpsichord associations. We speak not of what is, but of what is susceptible of being enhanced in value by musical intonation. The Germans, more musical, give a wider range to the subject of their songs, and would understand us better. This is our only apology for introducing here

## THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
 From the seas and the streams;  
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
 In their noonday dreams.  
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
 The sweet birds every one,  
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
 As she dances about the sun.  
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
 And whiten the green plains under,  
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.  
 I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
 And their great pines groan aghast;  
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
 Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,  
 Lightning my pilot sits  
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
 It struggles and howls at fits;  
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
 This pilot is guiding me,  
 Lured by the love of the genii that move  
 In the depths of the purple sea;  
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
 Over the lakes and the plains,  
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
 The Spirit he loves remains;  
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,  
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.  
 The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
 And his burning plumes outspread,



Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
     When the morning star shines dead ;  
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
     Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
 An eagle alit one moment may sit  
     In the light of its golden wings.  
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
     Its ardours of rest and of love,  
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
     From the depth of heaven above,  
 With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,  
     As still as a brooding dove.  
  
 That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,  
     Whom mortals call the moon,  
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
     By the midnight breezes strewn ;  
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
     Which only the angels hear,  
 May have broken the wool of my tent's thin roof,  
     The stars peep behind her and peer ;  
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
     Like a swarm of golden bees,  
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
     Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
     Are each paved with the moon and these.  
  
 I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
     And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;  
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
     When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
     Over a torrent sea,  
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
     The mountains its columns be.  
 The triumphal arch through which I march  
     With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chain,  
     Is the million-coloured bow ;  
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,  
     While the moist earth was laughing below.  
  
 I am the daughter of earth and water,  
     And the nursling of the sky ;  
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;  
     I change, but I cannot die.  
 For after the rain when, with never a stain,  
     The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,  
     Build up the blue dome of air,  
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
     And out of the caverns of rain,  
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
     I arise and unbuild it again.

The following exquisite lines will be acknowledged by all to belong to the class under which we have ranked them. There is something drowsy in the versification, like the hum of a distant waterfall, heard between sleeping and waking ; and the images borne in succession across the languid fancy, the low breathing winds and twinkling stars, the odours of flowers and the dying song of the nightingale, the fainting beneath kisses, half-stifle us in an atmosphere over-impregnated with bliss. " The spirit in the feet," which leads the lover to his mistress's window, is in harmony with all the rest—it is the yearning advance of the sleep-walker. But let the song speak for itself.

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I arise from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright:  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Has led me—who knows how?  
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream—  
The champak odours fail  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;

The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart,  
As I must on thine,  
Beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!  
I die, I faint, I fall!  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
My heart beats loud and fast,  
Oh! press it close to thine again,  
Where it will break at last.

Change the measure. Here is tempest and rage conjured up by impassioned words.

THE FUGITIVES.

The waters are dashing,  
The white hail is dashing,  
The lightnings are glancing,  
The hoar-spray is dancing—  
Away!

The whirlwind is rolling,  
The thunder is tolling,  
The forest is swinging,  
The minster bells ringing—  
Come away!

The earth is like ocean,  
Wreck-strewn and in motion:  
Bird, beast, man, and worm,  
Have crept out of the storm—  
Come away!

"Our boat has one sail,  
And the helmsman is pale;  
A bold pilot I throw,  
Who should follow us now,"—  
Shouted he—

And she cried: "Ply the oar!  
Put off gaily from shore!"—  
As she spoke, bolts of death  
Mixed with hail, speckled their path  
O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower and rock,  
The blue beacon cloud broke,  
And though dumb in the blast,  
The red cannon flashed fast  
From the lee.

"And fears't thou, and fear'st thou?  
And see'st thou, and hear'st thou?  
And drive we not free  
O'er the terrible sea,  
I and thou?"

One boat-cloak did cover  
The loved and the lover—  
Their blood beats one measure,  
They murmur proud pleasure  
Soft and low;—

While around the lashed ocean,  
Like mountains in motion,  
Is withdrawn and uplifted,  
Sunk, shattered and shifted  
To and fro.

IV.

In the court of the fortress  
Beside the pale portress,  
Like a blood-hound well beaten,  
The bridegroom stands, eaten  
By shame;

On the topmost watch-turret,  
As a death-boding spirit,  
Stands the grey tyrant father,  
To his voice the mad weather,  
Seems tame;

And with curses as wild  
As ere clung to child,  
He devotes to the blast  
The best, loveliest and last  
Of his name!

Beauty comes most fitly after terror, like sunshine after storm.

THE ISLE.

There was a little lawnly islet,  
By anemone and violet,  
Like mosaic, paven;

And its roof was flowers and leaves  
Which the summer's breath enweaves,  
Where nor sun, nor shower, nor breeze,  
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,

Each a gem engraven  
Girt by many an azure wave  
With which the clouds and mountains pave  
A lake's blue chasm.

Amid the rich variety which the poet has left us, it is difficult to choose, but opening the book at random we select—

## THE HYMN OF PAN.

From the forests and highlands  
 We come, we come;  
 From the river-girt islands,  
 Where loud waves are dumb  
 Listening to my sweet pipings.  
 The wind in the reeds and the rushes,  
 The bees on the bells of thyme,  
 The birds on the myrtle bushes,  
 The cicale above in the lime,  
 And the lizards below in the grass,  
 Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,  
 Listening to my sweet pipings.  
 Liquid Peneus was flowing,  
 And all dark Tempe lay  
 In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing  
 The light of the dying day,  
 Speeded by my sweet pipings.  
 The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,  
 And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,  
 To the edge of the moist river-lawns,  
 And the brink of the dewy caves,  
 And all that did then attend and follow,  
 Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,  
 With envy of my sweet pipings.  
 I sang of the dancing stars,  
 I sang of the dædal Earth,  
 And of Heaven—and the giant wars,  
 And Love, and Death, and Birth,—  
 And then I changed my pipings,—  
 Singing how down the vale of Menalus  
 I pursued a maiden and clasped a maid;  
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!  
 It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:  
 All wept, as I think both ye now would,  
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood,  
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

Leaving those of Shelley's poems, of which the matter rather than the form, constitutes the value, or which are valuable in despite of an unpropitious form, we turn to such as, by their claims upon our admiration, both on account of their form and matter, stamp him with the character of the complete poet. A niche must here be allotted for his translations from the Greek poets, and especially for his translation of the Cyclops, a work almost entitled to rank as an original for the exquisite divination with which he has entered into the feelings of so distant a state of society, and the unaccountable power with which he has given to an accurate translation all the easy flow and beauty of an original. This undertaking calls more imperatively for notice that it is contemporaneous with, and possibly aided in the development of that power which enabled him to collect his wandering fancies into majestic structures, which are organic wholes—all in all, and all in every part. For this new insight into the nature and power of the Greek poets and his own genius, he was not improbably indebted to the writings of Schiller and Göthe, with the spirit of which it is perfectly in accordance. Schiller's translation of "the Phœnicians," and Shelley's of the "Cyclops," are the

only versions of Greek dramas that give any idea of the original. The translations from *Faust*, by Shelley, shew how intimately he had thought himself with the works of that great author.

Shelley's more finished larger poems are *Rosalind and Helen*, *Adonais*, *Hellas*, *Prometheus Unbound*, and the *Cenci*. The first-mentioned although cast in the narrative form, and human in its interest, is still deeply tinged with his original vice, his controversial tendency. The versification is sweet and fluent, but in other respects it is scarcely worthy of Shelley. The *Hellas*, he himself tells us, "written at the suggestion of the events of the moment, is a mere improvise." It contains some magnificent passages. The opening chorus, in particular, is beautiful, but too long for insertion here: The *Adonais* is also a child of occasion—a lament for Keates. It has much of Milton's *Lycidas* in the flow of its verse, although the structure of the stanza be different; nor does its imagery, or the constant under-tone of simple subdued pathos which pervades the poem, render it unworthy to stand in competition with that "melodious tear."

In his "*Cenci*," Shelley first displayed to the world the full extent of his genius. Medwin tells us, that while "*The Revolt of Islam*" and others of his poems were thrown off by him, almost without exertion, the "*Cenci*" was the product of severe and continuous labour. Its solid worth confirms the story. It is worthy to rank among the most successful efforts of dramatic art in the English language; and the fragments which have been given to the world of the unfinished drama, "*Charles the First*," shew that it was no chance burst, no happy accident. Shelley had occupied the field of the drama, and would have maintained it. He had the power of subduing the expressions of agony to the modulations of harmony, without lessening their power or diminishing the sympathy they were likely to excite. He could be alternately homely and magnificent. He knew how to check that overflowing of poetical thought which was natural to him, in order to give character to his dialogue; and this restraint, by compressing his thoughts, gave them a spring and elasticity which are felt unseen. Lastly, he saw clearly the distinction between the narrative and dramatic, and allows his characters to be seen and heard as the necessity of his art dictates. They but appear—the chain of causation which links their appearances is supplied, involuntarily, by the mind of the beholder.

The story of the "*Cenci*" is too well known to need repetition here. The characters are boldly expressed both by their words and actions. Not a syllable is attributed to them which the forwarding of the action does not call for. Not a scene is introduced in which some event does not occur to forward the catastrophe. The characters are discriminated by a delicate metaphysical tact. Old *Cenci* and *Beatrice* are the marked and prominent characters, and are distinguished not merely as male from female—good from evil—but as old from young. They are akin in power: but the power of *Cenci* is that of a full-grown petrified soul which advances not; the power of *Beatrice* is growing, it increases with every struggle, every opportunity of display. Even the feebler characters differ in their feebleness—*Gracoma* too feeble to be virtuous, *Orsino* too feeble to be successfully a villain, the *Pope* too feeble to be just. How truly dramatic is the execution of the piece will be felt in the breathless horror of the murder scenes.

*Olimpio.*—How feel you to this work ?

*Marzio.*—As one who thinks  
A thousand crowns excellent market price  
For an old murderer's life. Your cheeks are pale.

*Olim.*—It is the white reflection of your own,  
Which you call pale.

*Mar.*—Is that their natural hue ?

*Olim.*—Or 'tis my hate, and the deferred desire  
To wreak it, which extinguishes their blood.

*Mar.*—You are inclined then to this business ?

*Olim.*—Ay,

If one should bribe me with a thousand crowns  
To kill a serpent which had stung my child,  
I could not be more willing.

*Enter Beatrice and Lucretia below.*

\* Noble ladies !

*Beatr.*—Are ye resolved ?

*Olim.*—Is he asleep ?

*Mar.*—Is all

Quiet ?

*Lucr.*—I mixed an opiate with his drink :  
He sleeps so soundly—

*Beatr.*—That his death will be  
But as a change of sin-chastising dreams,  
A dark continuance of the Hell within him,  
Which God extinguish ! But ye are resolved ?  
Ye know it is a high and holy deed ?

*Olim.*—We are resolved.

*Mar.*—As to the how this act  
Be warranted, it rests with you.

*Beatr.*—Well, follow !

*Olim.*—Hush ! Hark ! What noise is that ?

*Mar.*—Ha ! some one comes !

*Beatr.*—Ye conscience-stricken cravens, rock to rest  
Your baby hearts. It is the iron gate,  
Which ye left open, swinging to the wind,  
That enters whistling as in scorn. Come, follow !  
And be your steps like mine, light, quick, and bold.

(*Exeunt.*)

• • • • •  
*An Apartment in the Castle. Enter Beatrice and Lucretia.*

*Lucr.*—They are about it now.

*Beatr.*—Nay, it is done.

*Lucr.*—I have not heard him groan.

*Beatr.*—He will not groan.

*Lucr.*—What sound is that ?

*Beatr.*—List ! 'tis the tread of feet  
About his bed.

*Lucr.*—My God !  
If he be now a cold stiff corpse.

*Beatr.*—O, fear not  
What may be done, but what is left undone :  
The act seals all.

*Enter Olimpio and Marzio.*

Is it accomplished ?

*Mar.*—What ?

*Olim.*—Did you not call ?

*Beatr.*—When ?

*Olim.*—Now.

*Beatr.*—I ask if all is over ?

*Olim.*—We dare not kill an old and sleeping man ;  
His thin grey hair, his stern and reverent brow,  
His veined hands crossed on his heaving breast,  
And the calm innocent sleep in which he lay,  
Quelled me. Indeed, indeed, I cannot do it.

*Mar.*—But I was bolder; for I chid Olimpio,  
And bade him bear his wrongs to his own grave  
And leave me the reward. And now my knife  
Touched the loose wrinkled throat, when the old man  
Stirred in his sleep, and said, "God! hear, O, hear,  
A father's curse? What, art thou not my father?  
And then he laughed. I knew it was the ghost  
Of my dead father speaking through his lips,  
And could not kill him.

*Beatr.*—Miserable slaves!  
Where, if you dare not kill a sleeping man,  
Found ye the boldness to return to me  
With such a deed undone? Base palterers!  
Cowards and traitors! Why, the very conscience  
Which ye would sell for gold and for revenge  
Is an equivocation: it sleeps over  
A thousand daily acts disgracing men;  
And when a deed where mercy insults heaven—  
Why do I talk?

(*Snatching a flagger from one of them and raising it.*)

Hadst thou a tongue to say,  
She murdered her own father, I must do it!  
But never dream ye shall outlive him long!

*Olim.*—Stop, for God's sake!

*Mar.*—I will go back and kill him.

*Olim.*—Give me the weapon, we must do thy will.

*Beatr.*—Take it! Depart! Return!

(*Exit Olim. and Mar.*)

How pale thou art!

We do but that which 'twere a deadly crime  
To leave undone.

*Lucr.*—Would it were done!

*Beatr.*—Even whilst—

That doubt is passing through your mind, the world  
Is conscious of a change. Darkness and hell  
Have swallowed up the vapour they sent forth  
To blacken the sweet light of life. My breath  
Comes, methinks, lighter, and the gellied blood  
Runs freely through my veins. Hark!

(*Enter Olimpio and Marzio.*)

He is—

*Olim.*—Dead!

*Mar.*—We strangled him that there might be no blood;  
And then we threw his heavy corpse in the garden  
Under the balcony; 'twill seem it fell.

*Beatr.*—(*Giving them a bag of coin.*)

Here, take this gold, and hasten to your homes.  
And, Marzio, because thou wast only awed  
By that which made me tremble, wear thou this!

(*Clothes him in a rich mantle.*)

It was the mantle which my grandfather  
Wore in his high prosperity, and men  
Envied his state. so may they envy thine.  
Thou wert a weapon in the hand of God  
To a just use. Live long and thrive! And, mark,  
If thou hast crimes, repent: this deed is none.

(*A horn is sounded.*)

*Lucr.*—Hark! 'tis the castle horn; my God, it sounds  
Like the last tramp.

*Beatr.*—Some tedious guest is coming.

*Lucr.*—The drawbridge is let down; there is a tramp  
Of horses in the court; fly, hide yourselves!

(*Exit Olim and Mar.*)

*Beatr.*—Let us retire to counterfeit deep rest ;  
 I scarcely need to counterfeit it now :  
 The spirit which doth reign within these limbs  
 Seems strangely undisturbed. I could even sleep  
 Fearless and calm : all ill is *supely* past,

(*Exeunt.*)

The Prometheus is dramatic in form only ; there is little or no human interest in it. The sphere of action is the universe ; the actors the gigantic creatures of the poet's imagination. Love, hatred, fear, the beauty of the elements and the human form,—these in the abstract are the materials employed by the poet, but he has fused them in the glowing furnace of his own mind, cast them in more gigantic moulds, and given them new purposes and relations. It is indeed a gigantic work, worthy, from the might and magnitude of its conceptions, to rank beside Æschylus. The great and good Titan, the tyrant Jove, the mysterious all-absorbing Demigorgon, are adequate to the infinity they are created to fill. The Oceanides and other lovely spirits cluster in undying beauty around these colossal beings. And on the outward form of the poem the author has lavished all the riches of his sweet majestic and varying versification. The Prometheus is a poem that never can be popular. The habits of thought presupposed in those to whom it addresses itself exist only in minds which have been long devoted to literature. But those who can appreciate must ever regard it as a mine of the richest beauties of poetry. Perfect we cannot call it ; for, independently of one or two wanton defiance of feelings which may (and ought to) find place in the most cultivated minds, the consummation is imperfect. Man being finite, cannot comprehend *infinite* good, and all attempts to clothe such an idea in a bodily form must be unsuccessful.

Words vainly attempt to describe a poem which can be known only from repeated perusals. Those who can find pleasure in rich combinations of melodious measures giving voice to crowding images of beauty, abstracted from every thing that is of the earth earthy, will relish the revels of the Hours and Spirits, after the delivery of Prometheus.

*Scene, a Part of the Forest near the Cave of PROMETHEUS. PANTHEA and TONE are sleeping ; they awaken gradually during the First Song.*

*Voice of Unseen Spirits.*

The pale stars are gone !  
 For the sun, their swift shepherd,  
 To their folds then compelling,  
 In the depths of the dawn,  
 Hastes, in meteor-eclipsing array, and they flee  
 Beyond his blue dwelling,  
 As fawns flee the leopard.  
 But where are ye ?

*A train of dark Forms and Shadows passes by confusedly, Singing.*

Here, oh here :  
 We bear the hie  
 Of the Father of many a cancelled year !  
 Spectres we  
 Of the dead Hours be,  
 We bear Time to his tomb in eternity.

Strew, oh, strew  
 Hair, not yew !  
 Wet the dusty pall with tears, not dew !  
 Be the faded flowers  
 Of Death's bare bowers  
 Spread on the corpse of the King of Hours !

Haste, oh, haste !  
 As shades are chased,  
 Trembling, by day, from heaven's blue waste,  
 We melt away,  
 Like dissolving spray,  
 From the children of a diviner day,  
 With the lullaby  
 Of winds that die  
 On the bosom of their own harmony

*Ione.*—What dark forms were they ?

*Panthea.*—The past Hours weak and grey,  
 With the spoil which their toil  
 Raked together,

From the conquest but One could foil.

*Ione.*—Have they past ?

*Panthea.*—They have past ;  
 They outsped the blast,  
 While 'tis said, they are fled :

*Ione.*—Whither, oh, whither ?

*Panthea.*—To the dark, to the past, to the dead.

*Voice of Unseen Spirits.*

Bright clouds float in heaven,  
 Dew-stars gleam on earth,

Waves assemble on ocean,  
 They are gathered and driven  
 By the storm of delight, by the panic of glee !  
 They shake with emotion,  
 They dance in their mirth.  
 But where are ye ?

The pine boughs are singing  
 Old songs with new gladness,  
 The billows and fountains  
 Fresh music are flinging,  
 Like the notes of a spirit from land and from sea ;  
 The storms mock the mountains  
 With the thunder of gladness.  
 But where are ye ?

*Ione.*—What charioteers are these ?

*Panthea.*—Where are their chariots ?

*Semichorus of Hours.*

The voice of the Spirits of Air and of Earth  
 Have drawn back the figured curtain of sleep  
 Which covered our being and darkened our birth  
 In the deep.

*A Voice.*—In the deep ?

*Semichorus II.*—Oh, below the deep.

*Semichorus I.*—An hundred ages we have been kept  
 Cradled in visions of hate and care,  
 And each one who waked as his brother slept,  
 Found the truth—

*Semichorus II.*—Worse than his visions were !

*Semichorus I.*—We have heard the lute of Hope in sleep ;  
 We have known the voice of Love in dreams,  
 We have felt the wand of Power, and leap—

*Semichorus II.*—As the billows leap in the morning beams !

*Chorus.*—Weave the dance on the floor of the breeze,  
 Pierce with song heaven's silent light,  
 Enchant the day that too swiftly flies,  
 To check its flight ere the cave of night.

Once the hungry Hours were hound,  
 Which chased the day like a bleeding deer,  
 And it limped and stumbled with many wounds  
 Through the nightly dells of the desert year.



But now, oh weave the mystic measure  
Of music, and dance, and shapes of light,  
Let the Hours, and the spirits of might and pleasure,  
Like the clouds and sunbeams, unite.

*A Voice.*—Unite!

*Panthea.*—See, where the Spirits of the human mind  
Wrapt in sweet sounds, as in bright veils, approach.

*Chorus of Spirits.*

We join the throng  
Of the dance and the song.  
By the whirlwind of gladness borne along;  
As the flying-fish leap  
From the Indian deep,  
And mix with the sea-birds, half asleep.

*Chorus of Hours.*

Whence come ye, so wild and so fleet,  
For sandals of lightning are on your feet,  
And your wings are soft and swift as thought,  
And your eyes are as love which is veiled not?

*Chorus of Spirits.*

We come from the mind  
Of human kind  
Which was late so dusk, and obscure, and blind,  
Now 'tis an ocean  
Of clear emotion,  
A heaven of serene and mighty motion.

From that deep abyss  
Of wonder and bliss;  
Whose caverns are crystal palaces;  
From those skiey towers  
Where Thought's crowned powers  
Sit watching your dance, ye happy Hours!

From the dim recesses  
Of woven caresses,  
Where lovers catch ye by your loose tresses;  
From the azure isles,  
Where sweet Wisdom smiles,  
Delaying your ships with her syren wiles.

From the temples high  
Of Man's ear and eye,  
Roofed over Sculpture and Poesy;  
From the murmurings  
Of the unsealed springs—  
Where Science bedews his Dædal wings.

Years after years  
Through blood, and tears,  
And a thick hell of hatreds, and hopes, and fears;  
We waded and flew,  
And the islets were few  
Where the bud-blighted flowers of happiness grew.

Our feet now, every palm,  
Are sandalled with calm,  
And the dew of our wings is a rain of balm;  
And, beyond our eyes,  
The human love lies  
Which makes all it gazes on Paradise.

*Chorus of Spirits and Hours.*

Then weave the web of the mystic measure;  
From the depths of the sky and the ends of the earth,  
Come, swift Spirits of might and of pleasure,  
Fill the dance and the music of mirth,  
As the waves of a thousand streams rush by  
To an ocean of splendour and harmony!

*Chorus of Spirits.*

Our spoil is won,  
Our task is done,  
We are free to dive, or soar, or run;  
Beyond and around,  
Or within the bound  
Which clips the world with darkness round.  
We'll pass the eyes  
Of the starry skies  
Into the hoar deep to colonize:  
Death, Chaos, and Night,  
From the sound of our flight,  
Shall flee, like mist from a tempest's might.  
And Earth, Air, and Light,  
And the Spirit of Might,  
Which drives round the stars in their fiery flight;  
And Love, Thought, and Breath,  
The powers that quell Death,  
Wherever we soar shall assemble beneath.  
And our singing shall build  
In the void's loose field  
A world for the Spirit of Wisdom to wield;  
We will take our plan  
From the new world of man,  
And our work shall be called the Promethean.

*Chorus of Hours.*

Break the dance, and scatter the song;  
Let some depart, and some remain.  
*Semichorus I.*—We, beyond heaven, are driven along:  
*Semichorus II.*—Us the enchantments of earth retain:  
*Semichorus I.*—Ceaseless, and rapid, and fierce, and free,  
With the Spirits which build a new earth and sea,  
And a heaven where yet heaven could never be.  
*Semichorus II.*—Solemn, and slow, and serene, and bright,  
Leading the Day and outspeeding the Night,  
With the powers of a world of perfect light.  
*Semichorus I.*—We whirl, singing loud, round the gathering sphere,  
Till the trees, and the beasts, and the clouds appear  
From its chaos made calm by love, not fear.  
*Semichorus II.*—We encircle the ocean and mountains of earth,  
And the happy forms of its death and birth  
Change to the music of our sweet mirth.

*Chorus of Hours and Spirits.*

Break the dance, and scatter the song,  
Let some depart, and some remain,  
Wherever we fly we lead along  
In leashes, like starbeams, soft yet strong,  
The clouds that are heavy with love's sweet rain.  
*Panthea.*—Ha! they are gone!  
*Ione.*—Yet feel you no delight  
From the past sweetness?  
*Panthea.*—As the bare green hill,  
When some soft cloud vanishes into rain,  
Laughs with a thousand drops of sunny water  
To the unpagilioned sky!

We close our review of Shelley's writings here. Many have been  
and over unnoticed; and of those which have been adverted to, the  
have been canvassed hurriedly and incompletely. Our limits  
forbade a more exhaustive scrutiny. Something we would have said on  
Shelley's beautiful prose style—a rare quality in a poet—but, for the  
same reason, this topic must pass undiscussed. Our object has been to

criticise the poems of a real poet as such ; to banish out of view, when doing this, all reference to his moral conduct, or to his speculative opinions. The intrusion of personal feelings, the attempt to insinuate unpopular opinions, under the disguise of poetry, are a fair object of remark for the critic, when they, in any way, blemish the poem as such ; not otherwise. A poem is an object of contemplation ; it addresses itself to our passive imagination ; it is not intended, nor, in well-regulated minds, is it calculated to influence the opinion or the will. It is a babyish notion, that of acting in emulation of the heroes of a favourite poem, and unworthy of a mind sufficiently developed to taste the beauties of poetry. Human beings, worthy of the name, act from motives of justice or utility, not of vain theatrical parade. If those, who are so ready to cry out about the danger of corrupting youth, and to add, as a corollary, the propriety of misrepresenting all works which they fancy likely to have such a tendency, in order to frighten children from them, would train up the young in the light of truth, and in the habit of self-control, they might expose them fearlessly to all influences. Thus educated, the beauties of poetry would attract them, while any alloy of impurer metal would repel. This is a matter of no slight importance. The cultivation of the faculty which finds a pleasure in the simple contemplation of the beautiful is an object of no mean importance, and is only effectual by exercise. The wider the range of beautiful objects that can be subjected to its examination the better. No one dreams now that a young man may be turned to idolatry by the perusal of Homer. Why must he necessarily adopt Shelley's abstract opinions, because he admires his poetry ? We repeat it, train the mind aright, then let it loose, to range among the world of books, as you must, to range through all the varieties of society. It may stagger, but it will steady at last. It is almost ludicrous to think, that, at this time of day, it should be necessary to insist upon such a truism, in order to procure a fair hearing for Shelley—for the subtlest, sweetest, most ethereal, veriest poet of our age.

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#### THE ROVER'S SONG.

HURRAH ! hurrah ! my ocean bird,

The sun's broad rays are flung  
Across the cliff's majestic brow,  
Where eagles oft have swung :  
Spread thy white pinions to the gale,  
Dash through the foaming spray  
That sparkles with a thousand hues,  
My bark—away—away !

Hurrah ! the monarch of the wild  
May climb the mountain side,  
And gaze upon his fairest home  
With freedom's conscious pride.

But liberty upon the waste

Of waters seems more free ;  
Fling to the sky thy heaving crest,  
Thou bright and glorious sea !

Hurrah ! again with joy I hear  
The whirling of the wave,  
In whose dread furrows are entombed  
The reckless and the brave.

O when my life's last pulse is gone,  
I ask no more than this ;

My requiem be the light sea breeze  
My grave the blue abyss !

## AUSTIN'S LECTURES ON JURISPRUDENCE.\*

IF we could anticipate early a brilliant success for this work, we should think more highly of the wisdom of the book-buying public than we fear there are grounds for. This is a reading age; and precisely because it is so reading an age, any book which is the result of profound meditation, is perhaps less likely to be duly and profitably read than at a former period. The world reads too much, and too quickly, to read well. When books were few, to get through one was a work of time and labour: what was written with thought was read with thought, and with a desire to extract from it as much of the materials of knowledge as possible. But when almost every person who can spell, can and will write, what is to be done? It is difficult to know what to read, except by reading every thing; and so much of the world's business is now transacted through the press, that it is necessary to know what is printed if we desire to know what is going on. Opinion weighs with so vast a weight in the balance of events, that ideas of no value in themselves, are of importance from the mere circumstance that they *are* ideas, and have a *bona fide* existence as such anywhere out of Bedlam. The world, in consequence, gorges itself with intellectual food of all qualities, and in order to swallow the more, *bolts* it. Nothing is now read slowly, or twice over. Books are run through with no less rapidity, and scarcely leave a more durable impression than a newspaper article. It is for this, among other causes, that so few books are produced of any value. The lioness in the fable boasted that though she produced only one at a birth, that one was a lion. But if each lion only counted for one, and each leveret for one, the advantage would all be on the side of the hare. When every unit is individually weak, it is only multitude that tells. Who wonders that the newspapers should carry all before them? A book produces no greater effect than an article, and there can be three hundred and sixty-five of these in one year. He, therefore, who should and would write a book, and write it in the proper manner of writing a book, now dashes down his first hasty thoughts, or what he mistakes for thoughts, in a periodical. And the public is in the predicament of an indolent man, who cannot bring himself to apply his mind vigorously to his own affairs; and over whom, therefore, not he who speaks most wisely, but he who speaks most frequently, obtains the influence.

At such a period, any person who once more gives to mankind a philosophical work, which he has conscientiously endeavoured to make as good as he could, by unsparing labour and meditation, make it, performs an act the more meritorious, as it is the less likely to meet with any reward; and if, like Mr. Austin, he is qualified for the more successful and profitable kinds of literary composition, yet deliberately prefers the more instructive, the greater is his deserving. There are passages in the volume before us, which shew that if the author chose, he could excel as a popular writer; and the mere *clippings* and *parings* of a work like this, would be material enough to be wrought up into more than one popular book. But Mr. Austin knows, that in order to make an impression upon careless, rapid, and impatient readers, it is necessary

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\* The Province of Jurisprudence Determined. By John Austin, Esq., Barrister at Law.

to avoid calling upon them for a vigorous effort of attention, and that without such an effort, no ideas can be imbibed but such as are loose and vague. And knowing that there are many persons who are competent to explain popularly, all that can be popularly explained; for one who can follow out a long train of thought, and conceive and express it at once with clearness and with precision; that the former may teach the people, but it belongs to the latter only to teach the teachers of the people. Our author has chosen for himself the higher, and more difficult, though less conspicuous and less honoured part.

He has accordingly produced a work which requires to be read, in the antique sense of that term, not as we read a novel, but rather as men read for honours at the University. But the work will repay those who shall so read it. As all know who have ever really *learnt* any thing, real knowledge never comes by easy reading. Nobody ever set about learning Latin by *running* through the Latin Grammar. Mr. Austin's work is part of the grammar of a science. As such, it is not a book for any but persons who are really anxious to learn; but to them, it is such a book as they delight in. The author's style is a model of perspicuity: the concatenation of his propositions is free from all obscurity; and the reader will find no difficulty but that which is inseparable from the attempt to communicate precise ideas.

The volume consists of the preliminary lectures of a course delivered by Mr. Austin at the University of London, and which we had the good fortune of hearing. An outline of the entire course is annexed to the present publication.

We shall endeavour to give as sufficient a conception as can be given in a few words, of what our author understands by Jurisprudence, as distinguished from the philosophy of Legislation.

Both these sciences are conversant with laws; namely, laws in the strict sense, laws set to, man by man, in the character of a political superior. But though the subject-matter of both sciences be the same, both do not look at it under the same aspect.

The philosophy of legislation is conversant with laws, as a contrivance for accomplishing certain *ends*. It considers what are the purposes of law; and judges of the means, according as they are well or ill adapted to the accomplishment of those purposes. It teaches the requisites of a good law; and what particular laws would be good or bad, either universally, or under any supposable set of circumstances.

Jurisprudence, on the other hand, does not take any direct cognizance of the goodness or badness of laws, nor undertake to weigh the motives which lead to their establishment: it assumes their existence as a fact, and treats of their nature and properties, as a naturalist treats of any natural phenomenon. It furnishes an analytical exposition, not indeed of any particular system of existing laws, but of what is common to all or most systems of law.

In the first place, the very notion of a *law* is an extremely complex idea: that of a *body* of laws, still more so. These ideas have to be analyzed. The component elements of a law, and of a body of laws, and the suppositions which they involve, must be precisely determined and cleared up. For instance, a law supposes a *political superior* from whom the law emanates: what is a political superior? All laws create *obligations*, and are clothed with *sanctions*; all laws (certain peculiar cases excepted) create *rights*: but what is meant by an obligation, a sanction, a right? Every body of laws recognises a distinction between

civil law and criminal law, between private law and constitutional law : is there any rational foundation for these distinctions, and what is it ?

Further, laws operate only by creating *rights*, and *duties*, or *obligations*. The rights and duties which the law of any country creates, are the law itself. Now these rights and duties fall so naturally into certain classes, form themselves so naturally into certain groups, that in all or almost all bodies of law, which men have tried to reduce into any thing like a systematic order, an effort has been made to grasp these very groups, and bind them together by appropriate technical terms. But the attempt has generally been a most lame and impotent one, partly for want of what may be called the *coup d'œil* of a practised logician, which enables him, like an experienced general, to survey an entire field at once, and either comprehend an actual arrangement, or frame an imaginary one, without being bewildered by the multitude of details ; and still more for want of mastery over the casual associations connected with familiar terms, and of the capacity to wield every word as a mere instrument to convey a thought ; an instrument which may be taken up and laid down at pleasure. The classes which have been formed are not properly classes at all, for they are not separated by plain well-marked boundaries, but cross one another in all directions. It is impossible to define them, because no property can be found common to an entire class ; or none but what may also be found in something that is absurdly left out of the class. Yet, as before observed, the authors of these unskilful classifications have always had indistinctly before their eyes certain natural groups, which they have been ineffectually attempting to hit, and to find some means of circumscribing within the bounds of a general expression. Hence, if we were to strip off from the arrangement and technical language of each system of law, whatever is purely accidental, and (as it may be termed) historical, having a reference solely to the peculiar history of the institutions of the particular people ; if we were to take the remainder, and regularize and correct it according to its own general conception and spirit ; we should bring the nomenclature and arrangement of all systems of law existing in any civilized society, to something very nearly identical.

Now the science of jurisprudence, as an author conceives it, endeavours to disentangle these natural groups (with which all classifications coincide in the gross, and none accurately) from the environment which surrounds them, of terms without any precise meaning, except perhaps a historical one ; and distinctions answering to no difference, except, perhaps, one which has ceased to exist. The natural groups are thus brought into strong relief ; a distinct conception is gained of their boundaries ; and compact and precise names may be obtained to designate them by. When this is done, a commanding view may be taken of the detailed provisions of any existing body of law, the rights and duties which it establishes : they may be rendered *cognoscible*, as Mr. Bentham would say ; a common framework is obtained, into the compartments of which all bodies of law may be distributed ; and a systematic exposition might be given with comparative ease, either of one or of any number of legal systems, in parallel columns.

Thus prepared, the student of any existing system of law would no longer find it a mass of inextricable confusion ; he would be enabled, in a comparatively short time, to obtain a far more perfect mastery of the system than was ever possessed by those who made it. An expository law book would then be so constructed as to be a lesson of clear ideas,

instead of being almost enough to incapacitate the mind from ever forming one. And the legislator who would either reduce any existing body of laws into a code, or draw up an improved system, would reap two benefits. The whole of the rights and duties which past legislators have thought it desirable to create, would be brought compendiously under his view; and he would have an arrangement, and a technical language ready made, which would be an excellent basis for him to start from in framing his own. For though classification is not made by nature, but is wholly an affair of convenience, one most important part of the convenience of any classification is, that it shall coincide, as far as possible, with the mode in which the ideas have a natural tendency to arrange themselves.

Unfortunately, the science of jurisprudence as thus conceived, mostly remains still to be created. No person, however, is qualified to do more towards creating it than the author whose work is now before us. Whatever assistance is to be derived on the one hand from the Roman lawyers and their German successors; on the other, from our own immortal Bentham, he has thoroughly possessed himself of. And the course of lectures, if it were completed as it has been begun, would, we think, leave little for any successor in the same field. The present work, however, is merely an introduction; and even in his oral lectures, the Professor had not space to complete more than a small part of his intended scheme. There are portions, however, of what he has actually delivered (and which we hope may one day be published) still more instructive and interesting than what is here given.

The volume now published is occupied in "determining the province of jurisprudence," by analyzing the notion of a law, in the strict sense of the term; namely, a law set by a political superior;—and discriminating it from whatever else has received the name of law; whereof our author distinguishes three kinds, namely, laws set to man by God; laws (analogically so called) which may be said to be prescribed by opinion; and laws so called only by metaphor, as when we speak of the law of gravitation.

These various notions are defined and discriminated from one another with rare logical power, and superiority over the trammels of language. In addition to this main object of the work, it abounds in valuable discussions on incidental topics. To mention only one of these discussions, (the largest and most important,) that great question which has occupied so many of the most gifted minds, the foundation of moral obligation, and the nature of the standard or test of right and wrong, whether it be utility or an instinctive principle, forms the principal subject of no less than three lectures; being introduced under the head of the Divine Law, in the form of an inquiry, in what way the unrevealed portion of that law is made known to us. This investigation will be the most interesting part of the present volume to the general reader. Mr. Austin is a strong partisan of the doctrine which considers utility as the test or index to moral duty. That he has stated some, he has omitted others of the essential explanations with which we think that this doctrine should be received; but he has treated the question in a most enlarged and comprehensive spirit, and in the loftiest tone of moral feeling; and has discussed certain branches of it in a manner which we have never seen equalled.

Valuable as this work is in the intrinsic merits of its contents, its greatest value, after all, is, we think, as a logical discipline to the mind.

We hardly ever read a book which appears to us, if duly studied, to have so great a tendency to accustom the mind to habits of close and precise thinking; of using every word with a meaning, or meanings accurately settled, rigidly adhered to, and always present to the mind; of never leaving off with a half-solution of a doubt or difficulty, but sticking to it till nothing remains unexplained.

Mr. Austin's style is more remarkable for clearness and precision than ease; but it is perfectly unaffected; and his language is the rich, expressive, homely English, of his favourite writers, Hobbes and Locke.

It would be injustice to our author to conclude this notice without affording him an opportunity of speaking for himself; but it would be still greater injustice to exhibit a mere fragment of a philosophic investigation, the merit of which must of course be mainly dependent upon its connected and systematic character. Our specimens must necessarily be selected from the merely parenthetical passages. The following may perhaps serve, as well as any other, to give a conception of our author's general train of thought.

The first passage that we shall quote is a *visu* view of the future improvement of the moral sciences:—

"If there were a reading public, numerous, discerning, and *impartial*, the science of ethics, and all the various sciences which are nearly related to ethics, would advance with unexampled rapidity.

"By the hope of obtaining the approbation which it would bestow upon genuine merit, writers would be incited to the patient research and reflection, which are not less requisite to the improvement of ethical, than to the advancement of mathematical science.

"Slight and incoherent thinking would be received with general contempt, though it were cased in polished periods, studded with brilliant metaphors. Ethics would be considered by readers, and, therefore, treated by writers, as the matter or subject of a science; as a subject for persevering and accurate investigation, and not as a theme for childish and babbling rhetoric.

"This general demand for truth, (though it were clothed in homely guise,) and this general contempt of falsehood and nonsense, (though they were decked with rhetorical graces,) would improve the method and the style of inquiries into ethics, and into the various sciences which are nearly related to ethics. The writers would attend to the suggestions of Hobbes and of Locke, and would imitate the method so successfully pursued by geometers: though such is the variety of the premises which some of their inquiries involve, and such are the complexity and ambiguity of some of the terms, that they would often fall short of the perfect exactness and coherency which the fewness of his premises, and the simplicity and definiteness of his expressions, enable the geometer to reach. But, though they would often fall short of geometrical exactness and coherency, they might always approach, and would often attain to them. They would acquire the art and the habit of defining their leading terms; of steadily adhering to the meanings announced by the definitions; of carefully examining and distinctly stating their premises; and of deducing the consequences of their premises with logical vigour. Without rejecting embellishments which might happen to fall in their way, the only excellencies of style for which they would seek are precision, clearness, and conciseness: the first being absolutely requisite to the successful prosecution of inquiry, whilst the other enable the reader to seize the meaning with certainty, and spare him unnecessary fatigue.

"And, what is equally important, the protection afforded by this public to diligent and honest writers would inspire into writers upon ethics, and upon the nearly related sciences, the spirit of dispassionate inquiry: the 'indifference' or impartiality in the pursuit of truth, which is just as requisite to the detection of truth as continued and close attention, or sincerity and simplicity of purpose. Relying on the discernment and the justice of a numerous and powerful public, shielded by its countenance from the shafts of the hypocrite and the bigot, indifferent to the idle whistling of that harmless swarm, they would scrutinize established institutions, and current or received opinions, fearlessly but coolly, with the freedom which is imperiously demanded by general utility, but without the antipathy which is begotten by the dread of persecution, and which is scarcely less adverse than 'the love of things ancient' to the rapid advancement of science.



"This patience in investigation, this distinctness and accuracy of method, this freedom and indifference in the pursuit of the useful and the true, would thoroughly dispel the obscurity by which the science is clouded, and would clear it from most of its uncertainties. The wish, the hope, the prediction of Mr. Locke, would, in time, be accomplished; and ethics would rank with the sciences which *are capable of demonstration*." The adepts in ethical, as well as in mathematical science, would commonly agree in their results; and, as the jar of *their* conclusions gradually subsided, a body of doctrine and authority, to which the *multitude* might trust, would emerge from the existing chaos. The direct examination of the multitude would only extend to the elements, and to the easier, though more momentous of the derivative practical truths. But none of their opinions would be adopted blindly, nor would any of their opinions be obnoxious to groundless and capricious charge. Though most or many of their opinions would still be taken from *authority*, the authority to which they would trust might satisfy the most scrupulous reason. *In the unanimous or general consent of numerous and impartial inquirers, they would find that mark of trustworthiness which justifies reliance on authority, wherever we are debarred from the opportunity of examining the evidence for ourselves.*" Dr. Paley.

We had marked several passages for quotation: but space presses, and we must conclude with the following estimate of Dr. Paley:—

The treatise by Dr. Paley on Moral and Political Philosophy exemplifies the natural tendency of narrow and domineering interests to pervert the course of inquiry from its legitimate purpose.

"As men go, this celebrated and influential writer was a wise and a virtuous man. By the qualities of his head and heart, by the cast of his talents and affections, he was fitted, in a high degree, to seek for ethical truth, and to expound it successfully to others. He had a clear and a just understanding; a hearty contempt of paradox, and of ingenious but useless refinements; no fastidious disdain of the working people, but a warm sympathy with their homely enjoyments and sufferings. He knew that they are more numerous than all the rest of the community, and he felt that they are more important than all the rest of the community to the eye of unclouded reason and impartial benevolence.

"But the sinister influence of the position, which he unluckily occupied, cramped his generous affections, and warped the rectitude of his understanding.

"A steady pursuit of the consequences indicated by *general* utility, was not the most obvious way to professional advancement, nor even the short cut to extensive reputation. For there was no impartial public, formed from the community at large, to reward and encourage with its approbation an inflexible adherence to truth.

"If the bulk of the community had been instructed, so far as their position will permit, he might have looked for a host of readers from the middle classes. He might have looked for a host of readers from those classes of the working people, whose wages are commonly high, whose leisure is not inconsiderable, and whose mental powers are called into frequent exercise by the nature of their occupations or callings. To readers of the middle classes, and of all the higher classes of the working people, a well-made and honest Treatise on Moral and Political Philosophy, in his clear, vivid, downright, *English* style, would have been the most easy and attractive, as well as instructive and useful, of abstract or scientific books.

"But those numerous classes of the community were commonly too coarse and ignorant to care for books of the sort. The great majority of the readers who were likely to look into his book, belonged to the classes which are elevated by rank or opulence, and to the peculiar professions or callings which are distinguished by the name of 'liberal.' And the character of the book which he wrote, betrays the position of the writer. In almost every chapter, and in almost every page, his fear of offending the prejudices, commonly entertained by such readers, palpably suppresses the suggestions of his clear and vigorous reason, and masters the better affections which inclined him to the *general good*.

"He was one of the greatest and best of the great and excellent writers, who by the strength of their philosophical genius, or by their large and tolerant spirit, have given imperishable lustre to the Church of England, and extinguished or softened the hostility of many who reject her creed. He may rank with the Berkeleys and Butlers, with the Burnets, Tillotsons, and Hoadleys.

"But in spite of the esteem with which I regard his memory, truth compels me to add, that the book is unworthy of the man. For there is much ignoble truckling to the dominant and influential few. There is a deal of shabby sophistry in defence or extenuation of abuses which the few are interested in upholding."—Pp. 79-81.

## ARISTOCRATICS.

*The Reformer.* By the Author of *Massenburg*. 3 vols. 12mo. London: Effingham Wilson.

To paint the Aristocracy *en beau*, the Reformers *en noir*, is the design of this book. The author seeing no speck or blemish in the objects of his worship, presents their worst habits, without any consciousness that they are other than admirable. He is like the partisan of Wilkes, who held that his idol did not squint more than a gentleman ought to squint. For a right noble personage, this servile describes an unprincipled spendthrift and bigoted persecutor. On the other hand, he makes the reformers crazy enthusiasts, fools, or ruffians. Nothing can be easier than this sort of work to any dauber who holds the pencil; the disfigurement is level to the meanest capacity; the adorning is more difficult. Any one with skill enough for horns, hoof, and tail, can paint a devil; but an angel, which shall seem fit for a sphere higher than a signpost, is not struck off with the same facility. But our artist's model of perfection is not a work of the fancy: it is a copy from an original, and what Sheridan calls "a very formidable likeness" of a very ill-favoured character. The book is trumpery; but it is curious and amusing to mark the *naïveté*, with which a certain degree of ugly truth is admitted. The hero, the noble patrician, is presented in the opening, plunged in debt and dissipation; the essentials, doubtless, according to the author's admiring observation, of the aristocratic character.

"To use dramatic terms, scene opens, and discovers Lord Haverfield at breakfast in his dressing-room.

"Lord Haverfield was seated in his dressing-gown, his feet thrust into a pair of quilted satin slippers, and his hair deranged, as from his pillow; his hose ungartered, bonnet unbuttoned, sleeve unbuttoned, shoes untied, and every thing about him demonstrating a careless desolation." But these were not the symptoms of a man in love, but of one who had been up the better part of the night, instead of cooing "tired nature's soft restorer," and who was suffering the penalty of his nocturnal in the shape of headach and lassitude. And in addition to these laddy mis-understandings, some mental vexations were evidently weighing upon his mind, and destroying his good humour.

"His servant, Matherson, was in waiting; and it was evident he was aware of the state of his lord's morning temperament, for he cast at intervals, glances of anxious observation, and went through the duties of the hour with cautious silence.

"'I wish, Matherson,' said my lord, after slightly tasting his coffee, and setting it down as if with nausea, 'I wish you would teach Mrs. Chambers to make coffee.'

"'Certainly, my lord.'

"'I have tasted none in England at all endurable. No Englishwoman knows how to make coffee, nor Englishman either, except, as in your case, he has learned on the Continent. Do give Mrs. Chambers a lesson, and in the morning let me have hot cream and sugar candy. Remove.'

"It must be remembered, that this was towards the close of the last century, when the world was not quite so much enlightened in the science of coffee-making as at present.

"Matherson removed the almost untasted *brakfas*, and my lord turned to a pile of suspicious-looking papers on his left hand. They were bills, and Lord Haverfield felt he had as little appetite for the study of arithmetic. However, opening the first that presented itself, he read—

"'Lord Haverfield,

"'To Messrs. Slip and Slash,

"'Six superfine dress coats, gold buttons,

"'Ditto, plain buttons,

"'One dozen pair royal pantaloons,

"'One dozen Florentine waistcoats.'

"Lord Haverfield glanced his eye down the columns of *Coat, Waistcoat, Inexpressibles, Item, Item*, succeeded again by *Coat, Waistcoat, and Inexpressi-*

bles, followed up again by *Item, Item, Item*, like the song of the spring cuckoo, till arriving at the total—'Two thousand three hundred and ninety-four pounds and sixteen shillings.' Subjoined to which:

"Messrs. Slip and Slash take the liberty of requesting Lord Haverfield's immediate attention to the settlement of their account."

"It is, however, to be understood, that Messrs. Slip and Slash had not taken the liberty of requesting Lord Haverfield's immediate attention, until many repeated and neglected applications had been previously made."

"The next of these mementos, which accident placed in Lord Haverfield's hand was of rather more moderate amount. It was the claim of his hosier for silk stockings and gloves, and amounted to no more than three hundred and seventy-six pounds thirteen and sixpence."

"The succeeding one was from his jeweller, and presented a more serious aspect. The next from his perfumer; but it were wholly vain to attend Lord Haverfield through the deep pile, which, with a desperate resolution, he continued to investigate, if that could be called investigation, which amounted to no more than the entry of a name on one side of a sheet of paper, and a few momentous figures on the other; for as to items, it was beyond Lord Haverfield's courage to wade through them, the total being to him the alpha and omega of the business."

"In this manner Lord Haverfield had contrived to accumulate a tolerable variety of names; and, by the help of a simple sum in addition, he found himself indebted a good round sum in pounds, shillings, and pence, to their different proprietors."

Mr. Caswell, his man of business, enters; the lord desires him to exercise his ingenuity in resources; the man of expedients says there is but one left, the sale of the family mansion; upon which, let us see how this pattern nobleman exhibits the elevation of his sentiments.

"Mr. Caswell, is your head so full of business, that it cannot admit a feeling into your heart? Is it impossible for you to conceive, that, though Falkinor Court is altogether useless, though I have not seen its old walls since my boyhood, and though I am pressed and annoyed for money more than I can endure, yet I cannot degrade myself, by bartering away the home of my ancestors?"

"But, my lord, when a matter of feeling is opposed to a matter of necessity, what is the result to be?"

"Lord Haverfield was stung to the quick. He frowned, bit his lip, rose, and with a backward motion of his silk-slipped foot, overturned the light couch on which he had been reclining, walked to the window, and looked out, as if he there expected to find some means of escape from the difficulties which surrounded him."

"All, however, that he saw there, was the splendid equipage of his friend, Lord George Syndford, dashing round the corner of the square, with his fine greys in their glittering harness, and his servants in their gay livery of tawny and blue. It was, however, relief for the present, for it served as a pretext for breaking up the conference; and, in another half hour, through the extraordinary exertions of Matherson, Lord Haverfield was seated by his side, dashing headlong down Oxford Street, all life, mirth, and gaiety, as if care had never entered his heart, or cast its shadow over his brow."

This is to the life. The spendthrift, who has possessed himself of tradesmen's goods, prefers remaining in debt, and keeping his unfortunate creditors out of their money, to the degradation, forsooth, of selling the home of his ancestors! He sees no degradation in his train of duns; no degradation in withholding the just demands of people, though their ruin should be a consequence; or if he sees these things, what is dishonesty to degradation?—his dishonesty only hurts others; for it does not exclude him from any aristocratic society or enjoyment, but the degradation of parting with a family mansion would hurt his own pride; hence the preference. The creditors may despair, go into the gazette, starve, rot; the lord "dashes headlong down Oxford Street, all life, mirth, gaiety." Is he not a pretty knave? Swindler once removed; cheat proper; take away his privileges of caste, and leave his appetites, which he will gratify, whether he can defray the cost or not, and he becomes a subject for the hulks.

His difficulties, however, are not removed by the gay drive down

Oxford Street, or sweetened by the consolations of his pride; and he goes down to Falkinor Court, to decide there, on a view of the premises, whether he shall be too much degraded by selling it to pay his debts. When he sees the house he begins to repent of his extravagances, not because they have caused him to distress or injure others, by keeping them out of their money, but because they may compel the sale of a fine place. Personating his own agent, he is refused admittance by the servants in occupation of the house, and he goes to a neighbouring village inn. Here a justice meeting having just broken up, he overhears some chaffering about the sale of a horse. The dealer insists on fifty guineas more than the bidder will give. The lord, deep in debt, and who cannot endure the degradation of paying by the sale of his family mansion, instantly bids for the horse at the full price asked, and pays the money down! The author has no notion that he is drawing a knave, because there are many noble examples of this sort of practice. The Duke of York built a palace while his creditors were clamouring for their money, or ruined for want of it.

We now pass for a moment from the immoralities to the improbabilities of the story. A Mr. Avebury, a wealthy squire, without knowing the name, real or assumed, of the lord, or having an idea who or what he is, forms an acquaintance with him, and they visit and ride together. It is, indeed, quite a late thought of this worthy, after intimacy has been established, to ask the name of his new friend. Now, it is pretty notorious, that of all pride there is no pride like the pride of our country gentlemen; and they look upon every stranger whom they chance to meet as if he were a pickpocket, till his title to recognition is clearly made out. This Mr. Avebury introduces the lord in the character he has assumed of his own agent to the lady of his love, Miss Renchor, the daughter of a pompous purr-e-proud upstart, cleverly drawn, (indeed, the only successful character in the book.) Previous to the introduction, it is necessary to have the name of the acquaintance picked up at the inn; and, on a servant's asking whom he should announce, aristocracy thus blazes out. The inquiry for the name

"Was one that had never suggested itself to the squire. Lord Haverfield had sat at his board a nameless guest.

"There is a something gratifying and ennobling in the power to reply to this question, more especially when put with impertinence or familiarity, by returning a name of sufficient weight to crush that impertinence, or check that familiarity. The consciousness of birth, the knowledge of superiority, is elating and inspiring; and as the question was now put with ease, and repeated without much respect, after a moment's pause, the proud blood rose to his cheek, his increasing hauteur seemed likewise to increase his stature, and the words, 'Lord Haverfield,' floated on his lips.

"But they were suppressed; less for the sake of policy, for he was too angry to be prudent, than because he felt rather ashamed of his present situation, and knew it to be unworthy of himself.

"So, sliding down a little from the height of his lordliness, he replied to the question with equivocation, though not with direct falsehood, and gave his baptismal name, 'Curzon.'"

Imagine a booby lord, swelling and towering in stature, and flushing in the face, because a lackey asks him for his name! Having given a false one, he is introduced to Miss Renchor. The lord begins by prompting his friend with compliments to his mistress, and repartees, (intended to be witty,) in what he is deficient, and ends, before long, in supplanting his introducer. This absurdly conceived scene is a fair specimen of the author's insipid attempts at smartness, and outrages against *vraisemblance*.

"Miss Renchor was the first to break the ensuing silence. 'Pray do not be silent on my account! I am desirous of finishing my letter, but that need not interrupt conversation. I am something like Julius Cæsar, if I may mention a comparison between one so high and one so low, for I can both talk and write: so pray talk; I like of all things to be talked to, when I am writing; so say something, if nothing better than a compliment.'

"'What shall I say?' whispered Mr. Avebury in the ear of his ally.

"'Julius Cæsar commanded no such willing subjects as obey your behests. He could only subjugate the body; your empire is over the mind.'

"Mr. Avebury repeated this sentence with tolerable precision.

"'Ah, well,' returned the lady with a slight laugh, 'so slight as to be but just audible; well, I believe we sometimes ask for a thing, *because* we do not expect it can be granted; and are disappointed when our request is complied with. But really, you are quite humorous this evening.'

"'You have cast some of your radiance upon me.'

"'If you continue in this strain I shall begin to doubt your identity. Is it really Squire Avebury of Avebury Hill?'

"'Yes, I believe I am myself, and nobody else.'

"'Yes, now again I believe so too. But you have been using such unaccustomed language, that I really did not recognise you under the disguise.'

"'The language of the same feeling, when springing from the same source, must always be essentially the same. Many lips speak to you as my heart speaks to-night. I do not address you in an unknown tongue.'

"Miss Renchor threw down her pen, and turned full towards him. 'Yes, indeed, you do! I should as soon expect to hear Greek from my Landog, or Chaldaic from my parrot, as this language from Mr. Avebury. Pardon my astonishment, but—how—by what magic is our Cymon thus inspired?'

"'My Iphigenia's charms,' lowly murmured the prompter, and repeated aloud the squire.

"'My good Mr. Avebury,' said the lady, 'I see clearly that the familiar at your elbow is busy working mischief to your intellects. Tell your heads—my good friend for you put me in mind of some of the ancient saints, tempted to great folly.'

"'What! does she take you for the ———, that is too bad!' in his own natural manner, exclaimed Mr. Avebury, turning to Lord Haverfield.

"'Ah, now I see you again, free from the strange witchery which possessed you.'

"Again his instigator whispered, 'There is no witchery more than you have cast upon me.'

"Miss Renchor applied her hand to the bell, and her summons was instantly obeyed.

"'Lights, and quickly, quickly!' Let me see whom we really *entertained*.'

There may be people who believe in griffins and dragons, and there may be people who believe in a society where such a conversation as the above (carried on through a pro-epitaph) could pass, but the number of those, so profoundly ignorant of the language and style of the world, must be small. On the modern comic stage we sometimes hear such talk, and see such contrivance; but the modern comic stage has about as much likeness to society as the business of a pantomime has to the course of nature.

Another specimen of the *façade* in continuation. 'The lord does everything but propose to his friend's mistress, within ten minutes' acquaintance.

"'And so,' said Lord Haverfield, 'supposing such a case, *only supposing* such a case, you would not; you actually would not.'

"'I would not. I actually would not.'

"'And your reply would really be—'

"'No, no.'

"'That is exactly a lady's way of saying yes, when she is rather a hampered of saying it, and a pretty ingenious way it is. You know, that, according to all the rules of arithmetic, two negatives make an affirmative.'

"'Then I would learn to be sparing of words, and utter one positive and tremendous *no*.'

"'And were it myself you so replied to, looking as you look now, I would wish for no kinder answer.'

‘ A gentle *noy*  
Is better than *yes*;  
A gentle *nay*, with a gentle smile,  
That contradicts it all the while,  
Is not this a pretty guide?’

“ It seems, then, that no language, of which I am mistress, could enable me to convey so simple a meaning. Now, this little, important, bustling, significant *no*, is a character which I am familiar with; how is it that you have contrived to keep strangers so long?”

“ Because it carries so repulsive an aspect, and is altogether such an impertinent, disagreeable pretender, that I never yet would receive its visits, nor acknowledge the acquaintance when we happened to meet. From men I ask nothing likely to provoke a *no*. From women I always translate it into *yes*. And thus I have hitherto contrived to evade the acquaintance on easy terms. I beseech you, be not you my introducer to the unaccommodating, contradictory little disturber.”

“ I am not likely to do so, unless at your own request.”

“ Ah! do you then den me? Are my requests likely to meet a repulse from this dwarf champion of yours? Remember, however, that I shall receive your *no* only as your *yes* in disguise. If you were to write the little luckless word to me I should read it like Hebrew characters, backward way, and then you know it would be—*no*.”

“ I think your amour of vanity is proof,” said Miss Renchor, with a smile. And that smile had in it an air of triumph that at once arrested Lord Haverfield’s attention, and fixed it on the light badinage he had been uttering. Really, thought he, this is admirable coquetry! Here have I been led to anticipate the fate of requests I never intended to make. It is well that matrimony is not easily committed.”

Lord Haverfield, instead of selling Falkinor Court, occupies it; and his sister, and a female friend, Clara, who enacts the part of an enthusiast for political reformation, are brought on the scene. The creditors are of course left to shift for themselves. This Clara, who is supposed to be a Jacobin of the French school, is cruelly asked, by a rude old baronet, whether she is not “ ignobly born,” because he fancies her neglected by her noble entertainers. Upon the utterance of this conjecture the discipline of liberty and equality thus characteristically acquits herself:—

“ Clara’s eyes instantly dried, while her cheek burned with intense heat. She drew herself proudly up, and haughtily replied, ‘ You conjecture wrong, Sir Basil. *You are speaking to the daughter of a gentleman.*’ ”

The father of this lady, so tenacious of her birth, is a Jacobin, and a popular pamphleteer; a writer of phrases about liberty and equality, and vague declamations on the rights of man. Let us see how the lord, who is himself only protected from a gaol by his privilege, behaves towards the poor pamphleteer and the father of the family favourite, Clara.

“ The public mind was in a ferment. Certain mercenary or misguided spirits had been strewing the brands of discord through the land. The strong feelings of suppressed dissatisfaction burst out anew, and, at intervals, the effervescences of party, and the spirit of faction, were making daily advance throughout the ranks of the people. The land was tainted.

“ Much of this bitter aggravation of real or imaginary grievances was to be attributed to certain invidious publications in the shape of pamphlets, that had obtained a wide circulation; written in a high tone of declamation, they infused and aggravated a bitterness of reproach against the rulers of the land, that threatened to blaze even into rebellion.

“ The attention of ministers was on these pamphlets. Though wild and incoherent, both in matter and manner, their vehemence and boldness of assertion were felt to be powerful incentives to the people to throw off their obedience to the existing laws.

“ It has been already seen, that Clara Keith’s mind had not escaped the contagion: she continued at intervals to rail and declaim against ministers and taxes with a hearty violence. But these were only occasional ebullitions, and might be traced to some Philip of her conscience, when she felt herself too readily gliding into aristocracy.

"On these occasions Lord Haverfield would work upon her feelings till her emotions became passions. He would call her 'Citizeness Clara,' and the words never failed in their effect.

"Lord Haverfield was one of those who delight in the study of character. There was something of novelty in that of Clara, which he occasionally amused himself by developing.

"Aurelia and Clara had one day entered the library, in search of a book, believing Lord Haverfield to be absent, when they, unexpectedly, found his lordship deep in the study of a new publication.

"Clara, with an extreme earnestness, leaned over the shoulder of Lord Haverfield to catch the title of the book.

" 'I knew I should interest you,' said Lord Haverfield, 'the title is expressive enough—*To your tents, oh Israel!*'

" 'I see! I see!' Clara exclaimed, 'and what do you think of it, my lord?'

" 'I think of it as every man attached to the government under which he lives must think of it; as every man who prizes the happiness of a quiet life, and the safety of the nearest and dearest relationships of life, must think of it. Every word of these pages is like the drops of poison distilled from the upas-tree!'

" 'Rather call it the medicine meet for distempered minds,' returned Clara, roused into animation, 'the probe of the surgeon, severe in its application, but friendly and necessary in its purpose!'

" 'Rather call it the narrow-minded views, the party-spirited vindictiveness of an ill-organized and malevolent mind.'

" 'Call it no such thing, Lord Haverfield!' boldly and positively exclaimed Clara, 'call it the anxious effort of an enlarged and liberal spirit, zealous for the preservation of its fellow-beings.'

" 'And for this liberal and zealous spirit, the writer will soon most surely receive his reward.'

" 'How, my lord?'

" 'But his martyrdom, as it will be termed, will be cheered by the wild eulogies, the headlong zeal of his partisans.'

" 'His martyrdom?'

" 'And when in the confinement of a prison, he will be consoled and supported by the consciousness of suffering for duty's sake.'

" 'Explain to me, Lord Haverfield, explain!' exclaimed Clara, with breathless eagerness.

" 'A confinement in a cell in Newgate, and a trial for sedition.'

" 'Lord Haverfield! Lord Haverfield! through your instrumentality?' and Clara's features almost writhed, and her form was agitated into a species of frenzy.

" 'Partly through my instrumentality; wholly with my approval; and the democrat—'

" 'Lord Haverfield, you have destroyed us!' shrieked Clara. 'Newgate! Newgate! That democrat, as you call him, is my father!'

This is the author's conception of the true aristocratic mode of answering a pamphlet, namely, turning the prison key on the author. Bolts and bars are irrefragable logic. In answer to pleadings for mercy the lord says—

" 'It was not Mr. Keith, but the seditious libeller I have pursued; not the individual, but his conduct; and though I, perhaps, might have shrunk, had I been aware of the fact, yet I cannot repent having done my duty, although done in ignorance.'

What an exquisite notion of duty, to set about correcting a man's opinions by locking up his body! the mode aristocratic! Clara having in vain implored the lord for a remission of punishment, visits her father in gaol, and consoles him in a peculiar manner, probably derived from her conversation with aristocrats. Mr. Keith is destitute of that class of friends called "*respectable*," and which, in the early struggles with despotism, will always be found skulking from any manifestation of their sympathies, or discovery of their opinions, which may expose them to the resentment of the powerful. He states this circumstance to his

daughter lamenting that in consequence of it he cannot procure her the protection he would have desired, upon which the young lady forthwith begins to distrust the truth of opinions which are not professed by persons of money or rank, or, as she insolently terms it, "respectability and honour." For the same reason, eighteen centuries ago, the lady would have refused to believe in Christianity, whose converts were the lowly, and not persons of "respectability and honour." Mr. Keith, unless a prodigious blockhead, could not have waited an answer to this nonsense. The property of the public was not protected by the oligarchical government, but a system of swindling, under false pretences, was in course of practice, which some had not the wit to perceive the effect of, and others not the courage to oppose; while many were engaged in the interest of the thieves by a share in the plunder. The poor, who must always first experience the mischiefs of misrule under a pseudo-constitutional Government, will always also be the first to demand the redress of grievances, which, from their state of weakness, they are least able to bear. All reformatations begin from below, and mount up.

Clara makes herself so disagreeable to her incarcerated parent, that he desires her to go home and not to trouble him again in his duress. She begs him to retract; but he angrily repeats "Go;" and this amiable daughter's "indignation rekindling," she takes him at his word, and departs: but after the goal door is shut upon her, she repents, and asks readmission. The prison is, however, shut for the night.

"Her eager and impatient summons was, however, regarded. 'Who is there? What do you want?' asked a rough voice from within.

" 'I want to see my father!' almost inarticulately shrieked poor Clara. 'Only for a moment! only for a moment!'

" 'We've got no fathers here to-night,' responded the man; 'you must wait till to-morrow, and then maybe we may see if we can find him.'

" 'I will give you,—I will give you—' hastily exclaimed Clara, as she eagerly searched her person—

" 'What?'

" 'Alas! I have nothing to-night, but I will bring you all I have in the world to-morrow.'

" 'Then come to-morrow!' said the man, with a brutal laugh.

" 'Only let me in to-night, and I will give you—' Clara's hand rested on the string of a locket, which she at that moment remembered.

" 'Not if you would give me a thousand pounds!' said the man."

Upon this she makes a row at the door, collects a mob, and a riot ensues; in the midst of which she is led off by a man, who takes her into a public house, and proposes to treat her to gin, which she heroically spurns. Her liberal escort, however, ultimately sees her safe home. We pass over an immense heap of nonsense, (in which a lord plays the citizen of the French revolutionary fashion, and prates of equality, and makes successful experiment of a fire-proof house, by having a heap of combustibles burnt in it, while he and Clara are shut up in the third story,) to an attack which is made by the mob on the house of the tyrant and spendthrift, Lord Haverfield.

" 'Hark! What noise is that?'

" 'Carriages rattling in the distance.'

" 'No! No!'

" 'No. Now I listen again, it is a sound of many voices. Some low quarrel too frequent, you know, to excite any alarm.'

" 'No! no! Listen! listen!' roused from her grief, and listening breathlessly, said Clara.

" 'It comes nearer and nearer. It swells stronger and stronger. It is the sound of a multitude.'



" 'It is! It is!' Clara exclaimed. She rushed to the window. The living stream swelled on—reached the house—became stationary.

" Clara gave one low stifled shriek. She saw at a glance *why* they were there."

" 'They pause before us,' said Lady Haverfield. 'What can they mean? what do they seek?'

A loud din; terms of execration; groans, and hisses, rose from the mob.

" Clara clasped her hands in agony. 'Lady Haverfield, we shall bring ruin upon you!'

" 'Be comforted, be comforted,' said Lady Haverfield; but the lip that uttered the word was blanched by terror.

" Keith and liberty! Keith and liberty!' shouted a multitude of voices, 'Keith for ever! Hurra!'

" 'Haverfield! Haverfield!' shouted the crowd; and the name was followed by long loud hissings.

" 'He has shut up old John Keith in Newgate! The friend of the people! The friend of liberty! Beat down his nest! Pull down his house! Down with it: Down with it! Batter and burn it! Vile Aristocrat! Pull down! Pull down!'

" Lady Haverfield and Clara heard these expressions, and many other such, rising louder than the confusion. They beheld a mob extending as far as they could see, spreading into the distance, of wild and infuriated appearance, threatening devastation and ruin. Many were armed, some with sticks, pokers, tongs, and shovels; many with the implements of their trade; many more with domestic utensils; others with stones and brick-bats.

Clara saw it all—all the danger that threatened them, and became nearly detestable in her own sight. She was sick at heart, at thoughts of the distinctions she had once so strenuously supported; and detested the cause that could produce such discord. She was almost an object of odium to herself when she reflected that these were her own and her father's partizans and friends. It was to such a standard as this they would equalize Lord and Lady Haverfield; or, if not equalize, crush them beneath. At that moment, distracted and agitated as she was, Clara wholly and for ever abjured her creed.

" She looked on Lady Haverfield, and saw that she shared her terrors. Her lips were as pale as her brow; and though she did not speak, and stood composedly, it was not difficult to see that her heart was not the less agitated.

" Clara would have spoke, but the words died away upon her lips. She tried again, but the low sound was drowned in the vociferations that arose from below. The name of Keith was echoed amid a thousand plaudits, while that of Haverfield was coupled with execrations, groans, and hisses.

" How gladly would Clara now have exchanged the applauses that followed the name she bore for the deepest opprobrium. Virulent abuse would have been the most soothing balm her heart could have received; it was, indeed, the only thing that could in any degree restore her self-complacency. The praise of some is the worst censure. It was this praise which crushed, disgraced, and degraded Clara: because she felt that she had deserved it.

" Her shame overcame her fear. For a moment she forgot it, and stood like a self-convicted criminal, not daring to raise her eyes to Lady Haverfield's face.

" She was roused by a large brick-bat, that dashed through the pane of plate-glass, and sent it in shivers over their persons. The rude messenger itself did yet further mischief; it glanced by Clara, rending her arm as it passed her.

" It was a strange, but it was a true feeling, that Clara looked on the torn flesh, and felt the smart, with a sort of pleasure.

" 'You are hurt, Clara,' said Lady Haverfield anxiously.

" 'It is nothing, nothing. It is well it was I. If it had been *you*! More may come. Dear Lady Haverfield, let us leave the front of the house, and retire to the back apartments.'

" Lady Haverfield suffered Clara to lead her. She sat down in silence; Clara stood motionless before her.

" Again they heard the loud shout, the wild confusion, followed by a volley of stones that crushed and shivered the spacious windows, and strewed the carpet with the fragments of the glass. The work of ruin and devastation was going wildly forward. Every moment the sound of some fresh destruction, some new act of frenzy reached them.

" 'It is the work of our own hands! We alone have done this! We alone are answerable for it! Oh! Lady Haverfield, Lady Haverfield! this is the return for all your kindness to us! It is thus we repay you! You never can, you never ought to forgive us!'

"My poor child, you know not what you say. You know not of what you accuse yourself. Your alarm deranges your ideas. Compose yourself."

"No! no! I know, you know, that these madmen would have been working quietly at home but for—"

"You have made mistakes, Clara. All of us make mistakes at times."

"Oh! we have done worse—worse."

"Well, well, my love, this is not a time—"

"O, yes! this is the time to repent them—this moment, when I see you thus terrified and afflicted, and know that we are the cause!"

"It was at this moment that Matherson, my lord's gentleman, Mrs. Chambers, and the whole household, burst into the room; for fear had destroyed ceremony, and on that impulse they all rushed into their lady's presence."

"How would your ladyship have us act? What would your ladyship have us do?" Matherson asked.

"Advise me, Matherson."

"I scarcely know how, my lady. I was in hopes that breaking our windows would have satisfied the rascals; but it seems not."

"Will they proceed to further violence?"

"They threaten us, my lady."

"It was now that a hope of giving some assistance entered the heart of Clara. She felt the necessity of exertion; and it came like new life within her. She dried her tears; rose up from Lady Haverfield's feet, where she had wildly thrown herself; collected her powers and strength; and seemed at once a renovated and new creature."

"In the first place, Matherson, send one of the men out by the back way for assistance; but first let us go and secure all the lower windows. Mrs. Chambers, remain with your lady: Matherson, you and the rest come with me."

"Clara darted out of the room, and ran down the hall stairs. Matherson followed her, in surprise; for he, indeed every body, knew how intimately she was connected with the party of their assailants; and they could not comprehend, or believe, that she could seriously mean to oppose them. Clara, however, hastened down. She was the first to approach the windows; and though saluted with imprecations, and assailed by more dangerous weapons from the crowd without, at the expense of some severe bruises and contusions, she resolutely persisted in barring and bolting with her own hands, till, with the assistance of Matherson, every one of them was secured, as well as, under such circumstances, was possible."

"And now," said Clara, "which of you will go out by the back way, and fly to procure us aid? In half an hour effective help might be here, if we can keep safe for that time."

"Twenty of the Blues," said Matherson, "would disperse this rabble in five minutes; but if not, *would cut them to pieces in other five.*"

Matherson had emphasized these words "*Cut them to pieces,*" strongly.

"Clara answered to them quickly, hastily, '*Cut them to pieces,* say you? *Let them!* Yet,' and her voice faltered, 'poor wretches, *who* set them on? On whom is their blood—on—on—But if we do not—*Let them!* Let them!'"

Ay! *cut them to pieces!* tender lady, sweet amiable friend of the aristocrats! The profligate lord who has tyrannically deprived her father of liberty she afterwards protects in her gentle arms against violence; but the mob, who would deprive the lord of his house, furnished at the expense of his creditors, and kept in luxuries in defiance of honesty, she would incontinently have "*cut in pieces!*" And this is the sort of stuff put forth in honour of the aristocracy! These are the conceptions designed to present them *en beaut.*

The house is gutted and fired, Clara seized by the rioters, and carried in triumph through the street. Lord Haverfield comes in the midst of the enraged mob, but saves himself from their violence by simply "drawing himself up," and looking grand.

"Set me down! set me down!" shrieked Clara; and her supporters, now that the novelty was somewhat over, or that a newer novelty had presented itself, did instantly lower their burden, and Clara once more stood upon terra-firma.

"With an exertion of strength that afterwards surprised herself, she made her way through the crowd. It yielded to her on each side as she advanced, and Lord Haverfield, one of the great ministerial leaders, and Clara Keith, the daughter of the imprisoned Jacobin, stood before each other in the presence of thousands,

"Again Lord Haverfield looked upon her with that cold disdainful air that spoke to Clara's heart reproaches more bitter than words, and again was his eye carried on, as though the sight of her were distasteful.

"Clara would have spoken, would have urged him to forsake his evident intention of penetrating to his ruined house; but his look withered her; her lips closed, and her eyes drooped.

"All this had passed rapidly. Hitherto, Lord Haverfield's determined air had preserved the little circle vacant around him; no man's hand had been raised against him. But at this moment Clara saw a menacing arm raised at him; she threw herself before him, and received the missile on her own brow.

"Why this, Miss Keith?" said Lord Haverfield.

"Ah! my lord," cried Clara, "leave, I beseech you, leave this horrid scene."

"Shall I return you your own advice, Miss Keith? or will it be presumption to recommend you to withdraw from a scene so little suited to the delicacy of your sex?"

"Presumption! It is I who am presumptuous; but it is anxiety for your safety, which makes me so. My lord, if it is not now too late, retire. Why should you press forward to—?" and Clara turned her eyes towards that burning pile.

"Lord Haverfield's eye followed hers, and for a moment rested on the ruins of his house and property; and then it turned back upon her. Not a word was spoken by the lip, but the eye said much.

"My lord," said Clara, "if you would spare me your mother's curse, save yourself! for her sake, I beseech you!"

"For your own sake," he replied, speaking earnestly and quickly; "for your own sake, leave me, Clara: leave me! danger surrounds me!"

"I will share it."

"Leave him! leave him!" again many a rough voice wildly exclaimed. "Tear her from him! Dash him away! Leave him! leave him!"

"Never! never!"

"Does she hold with him? Is she a turncoat! Does she hold with him for putting her father in prison, and keeping him there? Her own old father, that's worth a bushel of lords; and all for the sake of an aristocrat! a lord! a tyrant! a robber! a persecutor! There's a pretty daughter! there's a fine lord! give it them, my boys! give it them!"

"These, and a thousand other terms of opprobrium and reproach, were lavished on Clara and Lord Haverfield; and they gave her a sort of extravagant pleasure, even while they menaced her with destruction; yet, in the midst of her danger, they restored to her her self-complacency.

"She forgot, that in sharing Lord Haverfield's danger she doubled it. She had thrown herself upon his protection, when there seemed scarcely a hope that he would be able to protect himself; and she now hung weeping upon his arm in childish helplessness.

"Look up, Clara," said Lord Haverfield; and, with the submission of a child, Clara obeyed him. "Exert yourself, Clara," he said, when he saw that she regarded him in his first request; "exert yourself for a few moments, and let us see if Providence will protect us through our peril."

"Lord Haverfield drew himself up to the full height of his commanding figure. He looked undauntedly round, with an eye that seemed to say, who shall dare oppose me?—and whether there is in rank that secret pre-eminence, or whether it was, that undaunted courage, asserting its own superiority, crushes down with its bold front all weaker opponents, we know not; but certain it is, that, awed, either by his rank or manner, the crowd parted as he waved his hand for it to do so; and he led Clara through the avenue thus formed, while not a stone was thrown, or hurt attempted on them; but they passed quietly and slowly on for the space of a few yards, and then Lord Haverfield supported Clara up the broad steps of the house of Lord George Syndford, and she leaned upon his arm, while he knocked and rang at the door without hurry or precipitation, and very much in his usual manner of doing so.

"His manner had overborne the crowd around him. Courage conquers more by its presence than by its deeds. It has far less to do than cowardice; while it commands obedience, it involuntarily enforces respect.

"It was a sort of admission that he was now in safety from the crowd, when, as he stood boldly facing them on the steps of Lord George Syndford's house, they seemed to demand, as a kind of ransom, one small concession. 'Take off your hat! take off your hat!' was the cry.

"Lord Haverfield would not. He stood covered before them.

"A wide spreading murmur arose, threats, menaces; still he stood calmly before

them; they redoubled; the door opened; a pale trembling domestic stood with it extended in his hand. Lord Haverfield handed Clara in, turned again round: and now that the action could not be mistaken for one of terror and coercion, he lifted his hat.

"Instantly the tide turned; a burst of applause followed. So variable is the humour of an English mob!"

The destruction of the lord's house could hardly be a matter of great concern, because nothing more was necessary to a man of his morality than to cheat another set of creditors, and to be provided with another mansion and all appliances, and fresh duns to boot.

We shall not fatigue our readers by following this foolish story to the lord's marriage with the lady whom we have seen making a riot at Newgate, chaired by a riotous mob, and magnanimously refusing a treat of gin as magnanimously offered by a discharged footman, who had imbibed Jacobinical doctrines from her papa. Of the absurdities and extravagancies of the tale, and the ignorance of manners displayed in it, our specimens will give but a slight idea. We have thought it curious to show the picture of a pink of the aristocracy, which has been drawn by the hand of Servile, with the intention of holding up to admiration the class represented by this choice specimen, in contrast with the fanaticism, fooleries, and vulgarities of vilified reformers. It is pleasant to see the recoil of the attempt, and the effect the direct opposite to the design, in consequence of the very sincerity of the author's worship, which has caused him to admit the ugliest truths without any perception of the infamy. He has painted the crooked legs and hideous head of the idol, conceiving it a model of moral grace all the time.

The chaste wife, when she was told that her husband's breath was foul, asked, whether all men's breath was not of the same fœtor. Our adorer of the aristocracy has been so engrossed with his obscene deity, that he has not learnt that dishonesty and persecution are ~~old~~ infamous. He has seen large features of these vices in the objects he has worshipped at some stupendous distance, and has supposed these things irreproachable, because found in such elevated personages. All this is curious, and example of the subtleness of truth; but the author's nonsenses, upon an exposure of which we refuse to enter more largely, are not at all curious. They are of a very common and abundant sort. We have, however, for another object, quoted enough, perhaps, to give some imperfect notion of the *maïserie*, the feeble, disjointed, rickety style, the poverty of fancy, and enormous ignorance of manners; and yet, of such a mass of unmingled rubbish the following praise has been given by some of the discerning critics of the periodical press. There are but two ways of explaining these judgments:—one is, by supposing in the writers the illiteracy, which is the common fault of the men called literary, more properly spelled *litterary*; the other, the advertisement fee:—

"A very well-told story, with much interest, both of character and situation. Has infinitely more of *originality and attraction* than a great majority of its competitors."—*Literary Gazette*, 21st of July.

"The characters are well imagined; the scenes are written with a *degree of vivid feeling, which carries the reader irresistibly forward*."—*Sunday Times*.

"Were it not a crime next to sacrilege to mention us moderns, and our puny efforts with the great and glorious of the 'olden time,' we should say that the authorship of '*The Reformer*' seems as likely to be as strongly contested as was the birthplace of *Homer*. By some it is said to be an early production of Lord Grey's; others insist that it must be from the pen of that veteran Reformer Thelwall, or perhaps Godwin; while not a few insist that it must have been written by *Pitt himself*, in the days when he also worshipped at the shrine of Reform. *Pitt is the likeliest* of all; he understood plotting, and this novel *has the best and most ingeniously constructed plot that we have long met with*.—The respective characters are admirably

drawn, and as ably sustained throughout; and, till the very close, the interest is unflagging and intense."—*From a first-rate London daily newspaper; which, from respect to its general merit, we forbear to name.*

"*The story is neat and effective; the characters are well drawn; the dialogues spirited and sprightly; in short, it shows a skilful hand.*"—*Asiatic Journal.*

"The whole book abounds with the most stirring interest, well excited, and admirably sustained."—*National Omnibus.*

The author of this book has confounded Reform with Revolution, proving how difficult it is to ascertain the *plus* or *minus* of liberal principles necessary to constitute a reformer. Pillage and outrage are the results of reform in this work; we trust that in real life it will prove otherwise, and that we may be indebted to reform for a cheap government, an alleviation of the miseries of the people, and a clear insight into the real interests of the nation at large. Still we acknowledge it to be a *very interesting narrative*; the scene of pillage, and the escape of the parties, are forcibly painted; and as the daughter of reform is eventually allied to the scion of Toryism, so we trust that in reality we may be able to amalgamate the two, and preserve the essence of monarchy with a due respect for the liberties of the people."—*Metropolitan.*

### A CONSERVATIVE CHANT.

FOR THE ENSUING GENERAL ELECTION.

*A Parody on "Let Fame sound the Trumpet."*

LET *Fame* sound the trumpet, and cry, "To the fray!"

Let Vyvyan, let Vyvyan re-echo the strain,—

If voters their franchise will barter for pay,

Then Hardinge will smile, will smile upon Vane!

A treasure for ultras let Baring display,

And bribery hand round the bowl,—

At Preston let Hunt pour the *lustre of Day*,\*

And Weth'rell go *light* to the poll!†

Let Inglis unfold his *rich thoughts* to his crew

At Oxford,‡ Oxford,—whom bigotry moves,—

Give Lyndhurst the *friend* that he knows he can do,

And the *place* that he tenderly, tenderly loves!

What's honour but "*fudge*?" What is freedom? the same—

(True glory still springs from the mines!)

What's conscience? a bugbear—religion? a name—

But Philpotts and Co. are—*Dicines*!

### THE TORY SQUIRE.

*A Parody on "The Minstrel Boy."*

THE Tory Squire to the poll has gone,

At the hustings soon you'll find him;

His nerves are firm, though his face is wan,

And a mob, like a tail, behind him! ‡

"Church and State," said the candidate,

"Though many a squire betrays you,—

One man, at least, his mind shall state;

One honest voice shall praise you!"

The Tory fell, but the rabble rout

Could not keep the hero under,—

They thought him crush'd, but he gave a shout

Which struck the knaves with wonder;

And said, "*You swinish multitude!*"

Hot reeling from your *piggery*,—

I'll ne'er adopt your doctrines crude,

Nor shall ever join in Whiggery!"

\* And Martin.—P.D.

† Light-headed to the poll, is here meant.—P.D.

‡ "Thady Brady has a cow

That carries her tail behind her."—*Old Irish Ballad.*

LETTER TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, ON THE AP-  
PROACHING ELECTIONS. BY A TORY MEMBER OF PAR-  
LIAMENT, AND DISTINGUISHED OFFICER.

MY DEAR DUKE,

INSTEAD of taking the course you point out, allow me to protest loudly against our present policy. I have been silent too long, while a succession of false manœuvres has reduced us to the brink of ruin. Losers in all countries have a right to complain; but I do not despair—so palpably and grossly misconceived is the whole plan of our campaign—of demonstrating its blunders to your satisfaction, even in this single letter.

We have departed from our old principles,—that is blunder one. I need not expatiate on the danger of changing your dispositions in the face of the enemy. Forsooth, we must, on the eve of an election, affect candour, openness, and consistency; state our principles without reserve, and show our hand to our adversaries! No duplicity, no finesse, no cajolery;—these were things before the Flood, and we live in the nineteenth century! Now, I say plainly, that unless we conceal our principles, under the most profound dissimulation; give up Constantine, Miguel, and the Holy Alliance; bury our opinions on Reform, the Bank, India, Slavery, until the elections are over, the Tories will be as hard-up as Poland is at this moment. If we do not wear round, take in eight or ten points more of the wind, and that shortly, the whole party will be left, like blind puppies, in the mud.

I begin by laying it down as an axiom, that the English, Irish, and Scottish *people*,—you may put them all together,—detest Tory principles; and that it is therefore the bounden duty of Tories, upon the eve of an election, to conceal them. A woman is not expected to volunteer a confession of her shame; a jockey to run open-mouthed to a buyer, and tell him his horse is glandered, foundered, or spavined; a victimizer is not called on to produce the *doctors*, and explain the whole mystery of plucking to a pigeon; neither is a Tory required to obtrude his real opinions on the country at this particular moment. Now, we, on the contrary, seem to have made a covenant with—I won't say our consciences—I despise hypocrisy—but our souls, (for, as Goulburn says, I hope I have a soul to be d——d as well as another,) to rake together all that is odious and base in our practice and policy, and thrust it down the throats of the nation. The scheme seems to be, to conquer disgust by accumulating additional motives of abhorrence, as an overdose of arsenic defeats itself, and is thrown off the stomach. I defy sneering Aberdeen to put his finger on any point of internal or external policy on which Toryism is not diametrically opposed to the people of this country. I defy him to mention any principle of liberty, humanity, or decency, we have not ostentatiously insulted, over and over again, within the last three months. The fact is, your Grace's declarations,—from the first, when you, truly perhaps, but most indiscreetly, pronounced “county meetings a farce,” to the last, when you threatened “that if the people were not quiet, a way would be found to make them,”—have been of serious injury to the cause. Under the authority of your example, every puny whipster draws his sword, and insults his constituency with his principles. The great error, indeed, of your life has been your ignorance of the people, and your consequent contempt of them. Tories are too apt to draw from themselves; and you are not ex-

empt from the fault,—I say fault advisedly, because the disposition of the adversary must be carefully studied, and its peculiarities noted. No doubt, your opinions are changed ; you have found that county meetings, though they be “ farces,” are no jokes, and that a nation, like a wild-beast, is somewhat formidable at bay ; but you have yet to learn that they are really attached to their liberties, and are cautious about their pockets. I am solemnly convinced they believe in the real existence of what they call their *rights*, and have feelings of humanity, justice, and decency. These ridiculous opinions must be carefully borne in mind. Until we have got them down, it is absurd to irritate such prejudices.

Tories have heard Peel talk so much of the words, candour and consistency, that they have at length come to believe in the things. To this they may attribute their defeat. Consistency ruined the most glorious opportunity that ever offered itself to man. Had it not been for that ill-omened word, you must have won the battle in May. But Peel must talk of his consistency ! “ A yea-and-nay-forsooth ” knave, to stand upon his consistency, when you cared not the sum total of his candour for it, and wanted nothing but tools ! Even Goulburn, good God ! refused you. I am amazed you did not order—not Lady J—— to brain him with her fan, because it would be impolitic to require an impossibility of a lady, but—the footman to kick him down stairs. D—n Goulburn, you say. I most heartily echo the wish ; but you should have thought thus before you allowed him to involve you in his perdition. Had his head been worth its weight in gold, he would have been of incalculable service ; as it is, he injured you deeply in public estimation. The schoolboys found out some fable about Jupiter and the frogs, and used to crowd the lobby of the House to see Goulburn. And this man to refuse you ! But when Croker shyed, it was plain that not even a drummer would stand by your colours.

Let me ask this simple question, What has a Tory to do with consistency ? What is his business but to stick to place through all weathers ?—to hold fast by the mysteries of jobbing ?—to put his faith in nothing but corruption ? All the articles of his creed are seven, viz. the five loaves and the two fishes. The fathers of his church are, Pitt, Castlereagh, Vansittart, and Melville ; his general councils are, secret green bag committees ; his commandments are the Six Acts ; the suspension of the Habeas Corpus is his law ; and the confession of his faith, a gagging bill. He has, moreover, a conscience, and it is kept by Eldon ; a religion, and it is hypocrisy ; a name, and it is Mystery. His priests are the bishops ; his scapegoat, change of any kind ; and for plundering the revenue, he has an oath in “ heaven’s chancery,” as immovable as if Eldon presided over it. Talking of Eldon, that old man did us shrewd injury, and will do more. He mortally offends the English people, by the tenacity with which he maintains every antiquated corruption ; the old battered abuses he clings to with a rigidity of grasp that would astonish Trapholt himself. Tell Kenyon to give him a hint about the teas. These young men at once begin to talk of the crocodile, and all classical allusions are dangerous, and should be avoided. Perhaps you think that I am contradicting my own advice as to the necessity of suppressing our opinions ; but give me leave to explain to your Grace. Hypocrisy is invaluable, as long as it is not known to be hypocrisy ; but the people have been so often duped, that they are become as suspicious as a mastiff about the stump of his tail ; and the moment that hypocrisy is detected, it becomes a losing game.

To return to my original base of operations. I insist on the necessity of concealing our real principles, and assuming "for the nonce" ones more acceptable to this stupid people. This is our only game. I protest against our becoming the Quixotes of every sort of infamy, at the present moment especially. Nor can I see why our camp is to be made, at this crisis, the city of refuge for all the criminals of the earth. A frantic frankness has seized us. Prudence and hypocrisy are totally forgotten, so that a spectator would think we were moving heaven and earth for our own ruin. There is not, within the four corners of the map of the world, an abuse that Toryism has not taken under its wings. There is not a prostitute practice or principle to which it has not opened its arms; not a base or bloody act which it has not defended, nor any noble one that it has not calumniated. Your Grace's firm nerves start; you cannot believe we have been so foolish. Unluckily, it is capable of proof. Violent as the colouring seems, it does not exceed the tone of the reality. To begin with yourself.—Almost the last speech you uttered in Parliament was one, which, coming from such a general as you, and so familiar with Portugal, must have been of great service to Miguel. Need I recall the defences of him by Aberdeen, *or that you, when that cursed reform unhorsed you, were on the point of acknowledging the tyrant, the usurper, the murderer, and chance alone prevented me from being able to add, the assassin and the fratricide.* In the next place, Peel should, forsooth, defend Constantine (!!) and that under circumstances chosen with his usual wisdom. To do you justice, no Portuguese were present when you advocated Miguel's cause; but Peel had the unfeelingness to defend Constantine before the faces of those very gallant men who had lost all in attempting to save their country from the monster. Again, this people have a sort of peculiar regard for the German people, perhaps, because they are a simple foolish people, with low domestic virtues, patient of much oppression, and yet with a ridiculous hankering after some portion of liberty. One would suppose we might have left them to the management of Metternich, with whatever lights his friend Aberdeen could give him by letter; but no—for no purpose, that ever I could discover, but to bring ourselves into further disrepute, as if we had not already enough of political infamy to content even immoderate men, our organs must take up the cudgels for the Diet, and the King must be made a party to the original decree. Turn to the next. Not satisfied with the success of his former prophecies, Hall has again lifted himself up to utter Jeremiades against the French Revolution, at proper time truly, and to "audience meet." It would be tedious to enumerate more instances from the Continent: but surely, looking home, we might have avoided shocking the absurd feelings of religion and humanity, which this nation does entertain, by advocating Negro Slavery at this particular moment. A pretty figure, by the way, Goulburn and his slaves cut. There might be something made of it, as a splash, if Cambridge(?) threw him out; but, believe me who knows them, the clergy will not leave as much as one green spot in Toryism for the eye to rest on. Even a bold dashing piece of hypocrisy they will not contribute in our distressed condition. They jog pretty well along the old established modes, but any thing new or striking is quite above their genius. I grant they mean well, but there is not a spark of originality in them. In heavy column, or behind a wall, like the Turks, they are immovable; but, for active warfare, which must be our game, they are far too unwieldy.



On the Continent, then, Constantine, Miguel, and Metternich prove what precious defenders of liberty we are : Slavery shows our sincerity in religion and merciful feeling : and let the Bank Charter, the India Trade, let our enmity to Reform, and the host of great interests involved in that single word, speak our suitability to advance the internal prosperity of the empire. Is it with such a list of pledges we will go to the hustings ? Shall one come to an elector and say, " I am the sworn friend of every despot in Europe—pray help me to become the ruler of a free people ? " " I think liberty a farce, as the Duke says—leave your rights to me." Will another say, " Sir, I think juggling the perfection of political wisdom, and the end of Government—allow me to put a hand in your pocket ? " " I was handcuffed the other day on a charge of swindling—I keep books, sir, on a new system, far superior to posting or double entry." Will another take the elector by the hand, and say, " I called the bill spoliation and robbery—pray let me see it carried into operation ? " " I attempted to strangle it in the birth—permit me to recommend a nurse for it." Will another yet say, " Taxation and coercion (knock a man down, and kick him for falling) is my motto—sir, your vote and interest at the next election ? "

Now, your Grace knows, I will wade as deep in coercion as any one ; none of you entertains a more cordial hatred for the people, or thinks, with more force of conviction, that they are made for the pleasure and profit of the aristocracy ; but pardon me for entertaining some doubts about the judiciousness of our present measures. Liberty, and all that, you cannot think a merer farce than I do ; but will enthusiasm suffer by being united with prudence ? By mixing a little iron with the brass, surely the statue will be somewhat improved ; and the simplicity of the dove, in which Tories so superabound, will only shine with a greater lustre when contrasted with the wisdom of the serpent. My dear Duke, it is vain to tell me that we puff ourselves off as Reformers ; for even were they of so stupid a clay as to forget our actions and votes for the last two, or twenty years, must not we be betrayed by the other points I have touched on ? Does your Grace think that Satan would hope, by putting his horns in his pocket, to walk *incog.* through Bond Street, while he continued flourishing his tail, spitting brimstone at every step, and without even a pair of Wellingtons to cover his hoofs ?

My dear Duke, let me tell you plainly, the Tory tactics have made " worms' meat " of my chance for this place. I went last Wednesday to canvass as a Radical,—Murray, fine fellow ! had been vapouring away to the same tune in Scotland,—but they laughed at me ; I offered to sign pledges until I should wear my fingers to the knuckles, but they only laughed the more, and showed me my name in *red letters* on every division against the Bill. A man, however, has not served under you for nothing. I returned to the charge, and should, I think, have succeeded, but for the hue and cry of Toryism raised by our good friends in the newspapers, the magazines, and the surrounding towns. I denounced Miguel, and was handed your speech ; raved beyond F. Buxton against slavery,—they presented me with a copy of the *Morning Post*, (I wish the Editor was drowned in it ; ) execrated Constantine, and was ~~very~~ dumb by the *Standard*. (Are you not amazed at Gifford, who *is* a fellow of talent, and knows the world ? ) Such a continued fire would have silenced Baring himself. In short, they paid no more attention to me than if I were a protocol. One would think I had sent the Jells to them to say, " That, owing to a defect in my eyesight, I could not po-

sitively declare whether I had voted against the Bill or not; but if I had, that it was quite unintentional, and that I was anxious to make the most ample apologies;" and, further, that this blow was followed up next day by sending Quentin, that "knight without fear," if not "without reproach," to assure them, that he was the person who had really voted against the Bill.

Having thus satisfactorily shown the thorough viciousness of our present plan, let me unfold my own, and deploy arguments in its favour, unless it forces your approbation at the first glance. I propose, then, that we buy up at once all the newspapers, magazines, reviews, pamphlets, and histories of the last two years, along with the lists of division on East Retford and Penrhyn; that as soon as this is completed, all the Tory candidates of the empire walk in procession to Crockford's, with your Grace, the gallant Cumberland, the meek Newcastle, the munificent Northumberland, the princely Buccleuch, and the statesman-like Londondegruy, at our head; that after having gambled for two hours, we unanimously and simultaneously proclaim ourselves bitter reformers, and that we have been always such, particularly during the last two years, when we voted night and day for the bill; and that for proof of this we refer to the newspapers, &c. which we will have destroyed. But this is not sufficient; on every question, the Church, Bank Charter, Belgium, Portugal; in short, every point of home and foreign policy, we must out-herod Herod, cut up the Radicals by the roots, make Hunt appear a creeper, and Cobbett a tortoise. Without this, consider the rooted hatred this nation bears to our principles, and truly consider the rooted hatred our principles bear to all the nation holds dear, including always its breeches' pocket, and then tell me is it on the balls we should win? With this, we are hooked certain. I remember when John Bull was as simple, credulous, easy a man as your Grace could desire; indeed Van. and Co. must have been stony-hearted Greeks to pluck so unmercifully such a Johnny Raw; but he is now as cautious as a fish with a hook, and a yard of line attached to it, in his jaw; and yet we go on tempting him with a hook that would frighten a gudgeon after a forty days' fast! I repeat *tempora mutantur et nos mutantur in illis*, which, as your Grace knows, means "the Tories must face to the right-about." John Bull has an obscure notion that an enemy to reform is not a reformer in his heart; that if you hate freedom, you are not a lover of liberty; and that a system of jobbing, sinecures, places, and pensions, is not what runs so much in the poor man's head, viz. economy and retrenchment. Our first requisite, therefore, is hypocrisy, our second hypocrisy, and our third hypocrisy; not lachrymose and frightened at its own meanness, but bold, clamorous, and active. The sooner, too, we begin to fly our kites the better.

My dear Duke, there is one point I feel some reluctance in approaching, and nothing short of necessity could compel me to enter on it. We must give up the Church for the present. "What," you say, "the bishops! my surest cards, true as steel to Toryism! The man is mad. What a Gold Stick, 'a sturdy beggar of the treasury,' a gambling younger son, in steady downright voting, is not to be compared with a bishop for one moment. He sticks to the minister like a hero, on any question, from shooting a score of women and children in a tithe matter, up to shooting a pheasant: he never hoggles,—no, never. Give them up? D—d nonsense." My dear Duke, we passed through harder days than this. It must be done. Look at Henley's pamphlet. All you've said is as

true as if Phillpotts denied it; but our campaign must be one of daring enterprise, of rapid manœuvres, and in that the bishops cannot aid us. Were you behind the lines of Torres Vedras indeed;—but now it is neck or nothing. Desperation is prudence in our state. Do you consider the position of our affairs, and the odium that burns, like a pan of coals, on every fireshovel hat? Is it when our gunwale is nearly even with the surface of the water, you would throw in such a mass of abuses, and political corruption, as the Church,—the Irish branch alone being sufficient to sink the Britannia? Would you go to battle, like those Indians of whom you drove 5000 into the river, with a harem, and a cloud of slaves, cooks, and sutlers, in your rear?

Would, to God you had the same head for a political as a military campaign: the liberties of England would not be worth five years' purchase. But no man is perfect. I have studied the ground—you didn't despise my advice at Waterloo—and I tell you, the House of Commons is the key of the enemy's position. To gain that, every thing must be sacrificed. The next election is the life or death of corruption. Flatter, bribe, deceive the electors, give up the Church, slavery, &c.; at any rate command the election, and the battle is yours, rotten boroughs, patronage, jobbing, and all. Corrupt the next representation, and we will take the sting, ay, and kick the guts out of Reform. Leave the Bishops for a while to their fate; their Toryism will no more suffer diminution in the interval, than a turtle grow poor by being left for a fortnight on its back. Corrupt the next representation,—promise until we are black in the face,—sign pledges to outweigh the Duke of Buckingham,—by any means procure a majority of Tories, and we can cripple Reform. Wont it be easy with the King's name, the army, the whole weight of the executive, and the House of Commons, to load the registry with forms, fees, and expenses; to make it a tedious, troublesome, worrying, money-losing process? Can't overseers get a hint? Can't we have a cartload of objections to every voter? Will not registering barristers with the land of promise, *i. e.* profuse patronage, expanding to their view,—the old glorious system of quartering men in thousands on the public purse,—will they not understand the winkings of authority, and be troubled with doubts, to the admiration of Eldon himself? Why, you *must* know that the prospect of "cheap law" makes them hate Reform already, as bitterly as Newcastle does. Cannot we make pretexts, and by degrees raise the qualification? Cannot we, in short, have back the rotten boroughs? It is as easy as my glove.\*

Corrupt the next representation, and we can have back the days of reversions, sinecures, pensions, and places without number. Corrupt the next representation, and we can have back the days of boards and establishments to do nothing, with comptrollers to direct, and inspectors to watch, and auditors to hear nothing. Corrupt the next representation, and we can have back the prosecutions of the press, (Scarlet, thanks to Lucifer! is still lively,) and gagging bills, and domiciliary visits, and suspensions of the *Habeas Corpus*: nay, what say you to a censorship of the press? Sidmouth's notions were sometimes good. In short, corrupt the next representation, prevail on the electors—no matter how—to return Tories, and the people will be at our feet, with their persons and purses. One phrase—you see where I got it—the

\* "It had been in consideration, but, for a moment only, whether it should not be taken preliminary to publication; but that idea was immediately abandoned." Speech of Lord Sidmouth on proposing the "Six Acts."

Reign of Terror; but the thoughts I got by having lately read the history of 1817-18-19-20. Is your secretion of bile bad? or have you any friend in the blue stage of the cholera? Then put into his hands the history of those years, and if he hasn't instantaneously a rush of gall that would be sufficient to make an ocean of ink, why, his bowels must be hard to move.—Well, if we can once get them down:—but no matter.—You surely won't any longer encumber yourself with the Church? It wont do for twenty or thirty fat men to peril such a prospect; particularly when, if once in the saddle, we can restore them all they may have lost, and vote five or six millions in addition, for churches, &c. It has often amazed me to see what a total want of commonsense the Church shows. It hasn't a spark of genius. If it had, what service might not the parsons do us at this moment! They could take up slavery:—if Goulburn were kicked out, the thing, as I said, would look well. They could take up Poland: and why mercy or justice should not sound as well from their mouths as from a private gentleman's, is hard to conceive. Certainly it would be in character with their profession: they could have a meeting on the French Revolution, or the Belgian question, the game laws, the state of the poor, or the punishment of death, as it is going; but you can never get them to be hypocrites in the cause of freedom or humanity; they are always right in the wrong place. One of them, the other day—Brock, or Block, or some such name—should go and make, in open daylight, an outrageous attack on Hume. Have you seen it? I laughed with vexation until my eyes ran over. Philpotts is the milk of human kindness compared with him. Every sentence is a running sore of abuse; and the whole speech has a virulent rot that would taint the entire flock of his brethren in the eyes of the nation. The meek minister seems truly to know as little of the general feeling as if he had been locked up for the last fifty years in the heart of a stone. I detest Hume; a bitter thorn he has been in our sides; he stuck to us like a blister; but this madman has returned him, I suppose, to spite Henley for his pamphlet. The English people have absurd notions of gratitude;—what, then, could Hume desire more than to have recalled to them the services of fifteen years? During that time, almost alone and unaided, he fought the battle of economy, against majorities that would make any other man despair. At considerable personal expense, and with a weight of labour, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was paid for it, never dreamed of undergoing, he waded through the mass of public accounts; and by reducing each charge to distinct items, rendered it easy to detect enormous estimates, double entries, and every other sort of fraud which poor Van. was in the habit of practising. By this system of exposure, which certainly no man, unless supported by notions of public duty, could have continued so long, amidst repeated insults and the clamours of the revenue blood-suckers, the attention of the country at length was roused, and the Tories were forced to present intelligible accounts, and something like reasonable estimates. I detest Hume; he has dogged us like a bloodhound; he has hung on our flanks like the Mahrattas; he has made poor men of us; but who can deny that whatever improvement (as this shopkeeping nation calls it) in the revenue has taken place, is principally owing to him? Then, again, his services to reform. Did you see his speech on that d—d motion of Ebrington's? I met Croker in the lobby. "Who's up?" "Hume!" "What is he about?" "Nothing, but driving a twelve-penny nail in the Duke's coffin. If you

wish to see your friend for the last time, you had better make haste, or the lid will be down on him." The fact is, it was much, *longo intervallo*, by several lengths, the best speech that night. I did not think it was in him.

Besides, the conduct of the Church in Ireland disgusts me. I don't know what is the cause, but of the fact I'm certain, that massacres ruin any party. We never recovered Manchester. There seems to be some bad luck about much blood. People begin to shun one; and even in company, you can't help thinking they have a trick of looking at a fellow's hands, which must be unpleasant. This shooting of unarmed men on the one side, even provoking, as it does, on the other, the shooting of aged innocent clergymen, might be endured; but the murder of women and children—'tis unmanly. No gentleman can be seen with the Church. As to Stanley, I must cut him, that's flat. I could as soon know him as take the arm of Jack Ketch in Bond Street.

Would you think it? I believe one of those youngsters, that has never seen a shot fired, or a cowardly lawyer, who could rob with a hollow cabbage stump, contemplates more coolly the death of a fellow-creature than your Grace or I, who have seen the field of battle strewn with thousands. I leave it to the philosophers to explain; but this is certain, that the Tories dare not have attempted half the Whigs are doing with Ireland. Had your Grace (I beg your pardon) ordered so many of your unhappy countrymen to be shot, according to law, this old dotard of a premier would have moved the stones to mutiny, and Brougham, who sent his brother, the Master in Chancery, to a public meeting, in Southwark, in order to teach them how to evade the taxes, would have pledged his character as a lawyer for the perfect legality of the tithe meetings.

I end as I began—we must go with the tide. We must alter our tactics. Too truly says our worthy friend Blackwood: "The Conservatives can no longer rest on the close boroughs, or Parliamentary influence; they must rest on the support of the middling ranks of society, or they will speedily perish. The pride of Aristocracy, the stateliness of office, the etiquette of nobility, must yield to the pressure of the common danger. The great families must throw open their doors to the gentlemen of their counties; the peeresses must be condescending and affable to ladies who are not quite so fashionable as the *elegantés* of Almack's. It is no time to stand upon ceremony, or be exclusive. The great families are the generals of the Conservative host; but what are generals without officers or soldiers? And how are officers or soldiers to be obtained, unless their affections are conciliated. It is indispensable, now that power is placed in the hands of the lower orders, that the gentlemen who influence them should be conciliated; and this is not to be done without a total change of system."—I say, *Dear to Mr. Blackwood*.—We must, indeed, change the system, at least for the present, and appear to become new men. We must muzzle our opinions, or our ruin is as plain as the sale of Ludlow. If our dearest principles meet us in the street, we must cut them dead. Hypocrisy is our game. The grenadiers must be hypocrites, the light company hypocrites, and the battalion hypocrites. To that tune Perceval must preach, Croker sneer, and even Wetherell pull up his breeches. Our solicitor is cajolery, our lawyer fraud, and our assessor falsehood. We shout for reform, economy, liberty, any thing; and let there be no measure to our promises, but the stupid credulity of the people. I speak, however, quite sincerely, when I subscribe myself, my dear Duke, ever —

## THE ASSESSED TAXES—DIRECT AND INDIRECT TAXATION.

Few measures would be more popular than the repeal of the assessed taxes; and we are therefore aware that, when we oppose that measure, we undertake an unpopular task. But, convinced as we are that the assessed taxes are much less objectionable than many others under which the country labours, and that their repeal will, even in a reformed Parliament, prevent the removal, for a number of years, of any other tax, we proceed to state our grounds of dissent to the popular voice:—

These taxes, for the year ending 5th January, 1832, amounted to £1,058,232, and consist of the following heads:—

	England.	Scotland.	Great Britain.
Windows,	£1,102,198	£78,270	£1,178,469
Inhabited houses,	1,265,560	91,616	1,357,206
Servants,	268,548	22,587	295,136
Carriages,	365,881	27,081	392,962
Horses for riding,	334,751	21,621	356,372
Other horses and mules,	57,221	4,262	61,484
Dogs,	164,103	16,416	181,019
Horse-dealers,	12,129	1,413	13,543
Hair-powder,	13,760	588	14,377
Armorial bearing,	51,589	3,300	54,889
Game duties,	115,742	9,689	125,431
Composition duty,	25,321	588	25,509
Penalties on arrears levied by the Barons of Exchequer in Scotland,	}	1,120	1,120

The land tax for the same year yielded £1,133,222, in England, and £33,944, in Scotland; total, £1,167,167. Houses under £10 of rent are not assessed, nor those containing fewer than six windows. It will thus be observed, that the assessed taxes fall entirely on the middle and upper ranks of society; and in this way an approach is made to the true principle of taxation, which is to make every one contribute according to his ability. This principle is, unfortunately, entirely overlooked in our system of taxation, for nearly the whole of our revenue is raised on expenditure. Thus, of the net revenue for last year, of fifty millions, the Customs and Excise produced thirty-five millions and a half, and the Stamps and Post Office about nine millions and a half more; so that a person with a family is forced to contribute, not in proportion to his wealth, but in proportion to the size of his family. Farther, the assessed and land taxes are almost the only part of our revenue which is collected directly; and it is a great advantage that a tax should pass through as few hands as possible, between the person by whom the tax is paid and the public treasury.

The great advantages of direct taxation can easily be elucidated, by considering the effect of an indirect tax, such as the Excise. The traders who are under the operation of this tax are shackled in every possible form. They are not masters of their own premises. They cannot work as they please and when they please, but every different operation in the manufacture can be performed only after a precise method, after certain prescribed notices, and on the elapse of specified periods of

time. The consequences of this are, that the improvement of our manufactures is retarded, for the effect of processes out of the specified course cannot be tried; much annoyance, expense, and delay are occasioned, for all which the manufacturer must be reimbursed by the increased price of his commodity. Farther, the tax becomes enormously increased to the consumer, on whom it ultimately falls, when it is paid on the importation of an unmanufactured article, or at an early stage of the process of manufacture. The manufacturer, who pays the duty originally, must have a profit, not only on the capital expended in the purchase of his raw materials, and on the wages of his workmen, rent, &c. but also on that part of capital which is expended in the paying of duties to Government; the wholesale dealer must also have a profit on the duty; and thus it proceeds, augmenting with an accelerating ratio, until it reaches the consumer. The more hands the taxed commodity passes through, between the first payer of the tax and the consumer, the heavier does the tax become; but even in passing through a very few hands, it is seriously increased. Let us take, for example, the tax on malt: This tax is paid at first by the maltster, who is repaid by the distiller, with the usual mercantile profit. Suppose now the whisky to pass successively into the hands of a rectifier, a wholesale merchant, a retail merchant, and the consumer; and taking gross mercantile profits at only 10 per cent, we shall be surprised at the manner in which the consumer suffers by being taxed indirectly instead of directly. The maltster pays £1000, and receives £1100 from the distiller; who again receives £1210 from the rectifier. The wholesale-merchant pays £1331; the retail merchant £1461; and the consumer, instead of paying £1000, which is all the Government receives, has to pay £1610, an advance of 61 per cent! Yet many commodities pass through many more hands between the original payer of the duty and the consumer. We are aware that this view has been maintained to be erroneous by political economists of great name, who, assuming that mercantile profit is 10 per cent per annum, contend that the same rate of profit cannot be received in each successive transfer. But it is forgotten that the whole difference between the buying and selling price of a commodity is not profit: rent, taxes, loss by bad debts, and many other deductions, must be made from the gross profit, before the net profit can be realized; and 10 per cent is much less than is often necessary to cover these deductions. If we suppose the gross profit to be larger, of course the tax presses with increased severity on the consumer. For example, if the gross profits were 20 per cent, the malt tax, in the above case, would be augmented no less than 150 per cent to the consumer. We have kept entirely out of view the addition to the price of the commodity, independently of the duty, occasioned by the annoyance, interference, and loss of time and labour, in consequence of the Excise regulations, and the additional profits which dealers in commodities necessarily require to indemnify them for the discomfort and annoyance of a continual surveillance by revenue officers. Yet, such additional price, and additional profits, augmented in the manner we have shown, cannot fail to increase greatly the pressure of the tax on the consumer. That the free use of their premises, and the uncontrolled management of their manufacture, are of great value to manufacturers, was shown when the beer tax was repealed; for the Scottish brewers reduced the price of ale and port much more than the amount of the duty.

It may be asked, however, when the almost constant tendency of indirect taxation is so injurious, why have most governments resorted

to it; and how does it happen that the more the amount of our taxation is increased, the greater is the proportion raised indirectly? the answer is simple: When taxes are collected directly, the amount of taxation borne by each individual is known; and every man sees how much of every day he works for Government, and how much for himself. For instance, it would be seen, that in this country, out of every twelve hours he was employed, he wrought four for the State. He would discover that one of these hours was occupied in enabling him to provide for the demands upon him occasioned by the army and navy, and other two to pay his share of the interest of the national debt. When these truths brought home to him once or twice a-year by the tax collector's argument of *crumenum*, the enormous expenditure of Government would not long be submitted to. But advantage is taken of the ignorance of the people, to mystify and mislead them; and by the consumer, who is the ultimate loser, the tax is confounded with the price. Thus, we hear continual complaints of direct taxes, such as income, or poll, or assessed taxes, but few people consider, that when they buy a pound of soap, or of tea, one-half of the sum paid is received by Government.

However convenient such mistification may be for the rulers, it is very prejudicial to the ruled; and, now that the people have some influence in the management of their own affairs, it is to be hoped that the taxes will be collected in the most economical mode, and that some 50 per cent will not be added to the burdens of the people by the mode of collecting our taxes. The most proper tax is one on property, for it is for the protection of property principally that the necessity of so large an expenditure by Government has become necessary. When a property tax is imposed, we have no objection to the repeal of the assessed taxes; but, until we have a property tax, they should be allowed to remain, for they are principally collected from those who, from their wealth, are best able to bear them. Instead of being repealed, they ought to be extended to Ireland; for it is ridiculous to exempt Ireland, on account of its poverty, from taxes which fall only on the wealthier classes. The shameful inequality in the collection of the house duty on the country seats of our nobility and gentry, should also be corrected; for at present, the most splendid mansions are taxed about as much as fifth-rate houses in large towns.

Notwithstanding the distress which has existed in this country since the end of the war, the use of many luxuries has greatly increased. Thus the number of carriages is much greater now than at the former period, and the revenue from this branch of our taxation seems to be annually increasing. The same remark is true of the tax on armorial bearings. These facts, as well as many others that could be adduced, show that there is a tendency in this country to a division of society into two classes: an aristocracy possessed of extensive landed estates, or of great wealth, invested in commerce, manufactures, banking, and stock-jobbing; and a poor and depressed body of peasantry, and artisans. The situation of the working classes appears to be gradually deteriorating. Forty or fifty years ago, the peasantry in many parts of England were in the habit of brewing ale for the consumption of their families; but such a practice is now unknown. In England, every eighth man is a pauper, supported more or less by parochial aid. It is doubtful even if the progress of our manufactures has been beneficial to the lower orders; for, although the price of clothing has been very much reduced, it has deprived many of them of employment. Thus, formerly, the female



peasantry of Scotland found a constant source of employment, in spinning, knitting stockings, and in various domestic manufactures. Every farmer's wife made all the linen she used, and its manufacture gave employment to the wives and daughters of the farm servants, and to numerous country weavers. [But now linen can be bought cheaper than it can be made in this way ; and the peasantry themselves have ceased to cultivate flax, and purchase all the linen they require. Many females, who could formerly earn a decent livelihood, have thus been compelled to apply for parochial relief; for no employment has been found in place of that of which the rapid progress of our manufactures has deprived them. We need not, therefore, be surprised that the consumption of many articles of every-day use has not increased in a ratio proportional to the increase of our population. While the use of articles consumed by the higher classes, when not over-taxed, has gone on increasing, that of soap has rather fallen off ; and pauperism is going on increasing, with fearful rapidity, in all our larger towns. The poor rates in England, which fell considerably at the end of the war, in consequence of the fall in the price of provisions, are now higher than at any former period, and are increasing from year to year. In Scotland, matters are proceeding in the same course. Ten or fifteen years ago the poor rates in the West Church parish, Edinburgh, which parish contains 70,000 inhabitants, were only sixpence in the pound. Since the end of the war a great many new buildings have been erected in the parish, and its rental has been much increased : yet the rates are now one shilling per pound ; and a much larger proportion of the rental is assessed than formerly. In the city of Edinburgh, the rate of assessment is six per cent on the rental ; but the managers have lately recommended an increase of one per cent. In the Barony parish of Glasgow, there were no poor rates in the year 1800. In 1803, £300 were found sufficient to provide for the poor. In 1810 the rates were £600 ; in 1814, £1700. In 1818, the assessment was two and a half per cent on the rental. In 1830, the rate was five and a half per cent, and £7150 were required for the poor !

In such a state of matters, the taxes which ought first to be repealed, are not those which are paid by the upper classes, but those which are paid by the lower. The necessities of life must be reduced in price, before luxuries. Meat and drink are of more importance than armorial bearings and field sports. Notwithstanding the reduction in the taxation of late years, little relief has been experienced. The repeal of the tax on soap, which yields about £1,200,000 per annum, would be felt as a great boon. If the malt tax were repealed, every working man would have it in his power to drink daily a wholesome and nutritious beverage, and the consumption of ardent spirits, which is the great cause, among the lower classes, of misery and crime, would be much diminished. When these taxes are removed, the assessed taxes may be taken into consideration : but we will never advocate their removal, when the soap and malt taxes are continued in force. It is of more consequence that nineteen-twentieths of the population should have it in their power to preserve their health by cleanliness and a wholesome beverage, than that the twentieth should be enabled to indulge in horses and dogs ; and loll in carriages, emblazoned with their armorial bearings.

## SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

SCENA ON BOARD THE ROYAL ADELAIDE STEAMER, ON HER LATE  
TRIP TO LONDON.

SCENE—The Great Cabin. PRESENT—Mr. Snody, a decent, elderly Scots Farmer; a Young Scotch Oxonian; Wheatly, a Cambridge man, returning from the wars on the *Mears*; Half-pay Officer, and other Passengers, seated round a table with lights, wine, glasses, rums, nuts, nutcrackers, newspapers, Lord Ormelie's Declaration, *Tait's Magazine*, &c. &c. &c.

*Enter Steward's attendant, with reinforcements.*

OXONIAN.

How wears the Adelaide, my lad?

SUB-STEWARD.

Sparking on, twelve knots an hour—cuts the water like a duck; fine starry night; Harwich Lighthouse a-head, and Aldborough right under us.

OXONIAN.

Aldborough right under us! I could laugh at that; ha! ha! ha! "There's an end of an old song." The desolate Aldborough—the forsaken Aldborough—who now woos Aldborough? (*Whistles a few bars of Alley Croaker.*) What process of association, Wheatly, suggests this Irish melody? Is it that of sympathy or contrast? There is a nut for your Cambridge grinders. What can have drifted us hitherward, Wheatly?

That most sage and learned scribe,  
For loaves and fishes hungering,—  
A man, no doubt, who scorns a bribe,  
Though born to boroughmongering,—  
My main relates; and, please the Fates,  
My Muse, should he provoke her,  
Shall tell some truth, that quite uncouth  
May sound to Mr. Cr——r.  
Oh, pert Cr——r,  
The Tories' dawning joker,  
Breathing pest in every jest,  
Ex-Secretary Cr——r

Upon reform when he enlarged,  
Why, nought his whole wit's *orgo meant*;  
Light puns for logic he discharged,  
Antithesis for argument.  
Against the bill to raise a laugh,  
He tried to be a joker;  
But John Bull only found a calf  
In would-be witty Cr——r.  
Oh, pert Cr——r,  
The Tories' witless joker,  
Of bull and brogue the greatest rogue,  
Ex-Secretary Cr——r.

Lo, Erin laughs amidst her thrall!  
Her bonds will soon be broken;  
His last speech in St. Stephen's Hall  
The tyrant-tool hath spoken!

So let him *that* put in his pipe,—  
 At least if he's a smoker,—  
 And, like the cholera, 'twill gripe  
 The gastric nerves of Cr——r.  
 Oh, pert Cr——r,  
 The 'Tories' tearful joker,—  
 Returned no more will be the bore,  
 Ex-Secretary Cr——r.

There is a tree of liberty—  
 Old England owes her weal to it ;  
 Still may it shoot, and yield us *fruit*,  
 That's best without a *Peel* to it !  
 And, pendant from its branches, may  
 We see the wily broker,  
 Who'd barter Britain's rights away !  
 I don't allude to Cr——r.  
 Oh, pert Cr——r,  
 The Tories' antic joker,  
 Ordain'd to rise 'twixt earth and skies,—  
 Ex-Secretary Cr——r.

WHEATLY.

Bravo ! Encore ! the last stanza again, by all means.

OXONIAN.

I am all compliance. Let it be my welcome to you from bed.  
 That cursed sea-sickness has had its own of you. But you are alive again ?

WHEATLY.

Sound as a roach ;—longing to hear of your Galloway sport ; and  
 what chance remains for my Lord Johnny in Roxburghshire.

OXONIAN.

About as much as for my dog *Beagle*. *Steeve* lads, those farmers of  
 the High Teviot. No more playing at pricks the *Cart* with them, I  
 guess. The truth is, 'tween you and I, Buccleuch may go whistle Lili-  
 bullero on the unchastened Earl's coral and bells. Selkirkshire, also—

(Sings.)

Then fie upon yellow and yellow,  
 And fie upon yellow and green ;  
 And up with the sutors of Selkirk,  
 And down with the Earl of Home.

But don't dishonour the timbers of the Royal Adelaide. Push the jo-  
 rum ! Here's the braw lads o' Gala Water ! Shuttles and treddles for  
 ever ! At this time,—

(Sings.)

Old England owes her weal to 'em.

MR. SNODY.

Gentlemen, though in a strange land, or rather going down into the  
 great deep, I'm mista'en if I'm far out of my reckoning. I'm just thinking  
 ye're reformers like mysell ; and proud am I to travel in such good com-  
 pany. I'm on my journey to Lon'on, from Auchterarder, in the way o'  
 buzziness—a trifle of a legacy. At home, maybe I have a vote, or maybe  
 I have none. I am neither bragger nor blaw-in-my-lug, but if I have  
 the vote, you may guess who will get it.

OXONIAN.

Ormelie, for certain. Let me fill your glass, sir ! A bumper to his  
 triumph !

MR. SNODY (wiping his gills.)

The liquor, though new to me, is malmy. But for my Lord's triumph  
 —there's little doubt o't—he's next to cock-sure ; though there has

been a hard whipping o' cadgers in the county o' Perth. The Bill, sirs, has put a clean new face on our county. It's new-come-o'er to see barons and barrow Knechts cap-in-hand to the like o' me, for my vote and interest. No but I was something loath to refuse Sir George the first favour he ever asked o' me; the wife was like to devour me—for he has aye cuttled favour, somehow, among the women. But had you heard how I 'tarrogated him, gentlemen! "So ye are no' like your friend, Lord Balgray, an enemy to all reform, Sir George?" quoth I. "Weel, I'm glad to hear that; better late thrive than never do weel. But when, Sir George, got ye this new light, or found out that ye was a reformer? Was it revealed to you in a dream, or came the revelation in a post-letter?" for it was current in our country-side that the Tories, before leaving their rendezvous in London, got like a license or dispensation to pretend to be friends of the cause, if it suited their tactics. Sir George, to believe him, had been a reformer all his life, for what he kenned; and I must own he has a gift o' utterance. My birse got up at this. "For re read con, Sir George," quoth I; "ye're a conformer, not a reformer." "Od, it was put i' the Scotsman and Embro' Chronicle baith, that same saying o' mine!"

WHEATLY.

And well merited such eternal blazon! Replenish, steward. Give me leave, Mr. Snody—a crowned bumper—Here's every true-hearted Scot, from Thurso to Maidenkirk, who is stanch to the cause!

OXONIAN, SNODY, &amp;c. &amp;c.

Hip, hip, hip!—Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!

MR. SNODY.

Mr. George Sinclair has our good wishes from all the veins of our hearts; for we ken well what is going on now-a-days. But nae fear:

Scotland, our auld respected mither,

will do her duty. And if the Caithness men flinch Mr. Sinclair for this Horner, or whatever ye call him——

OXONIAN.

Why, they deserve to be pickled in their own herring tubs, and tumbled into the Pentland Frith, for a whet to the next shoals. But never fear them. Sutherland, too, proves true and trusty; and in Ross-shire, if we have not always enlightened man-feeling, we have stanch clan-feeling for the right man, Seaforth; so this puny whipster of Novar may take a year or two's grass in the Gruids, if he see no ghosts about these depopulated regions. But fill, sir—so good a reformer must be as good a fellow.

MR. SNODY (coughing.)

Ugh! ugh! where's a' that reek coming from? This is no the liquor I'm just used to; but I am none of your shilpit, wishy-washy sumphe, whase stamach gaes wrang upon the first drap of fremit drink. But be about us, sirs! where is a' that reek spuing frae? Something o' their tackle wrong, I fear.

OXONIAN.

It rushes in, as from a vomitory. Wheatly?—Steward? what the deuce, Steward—you're looming through the smoke like a Dutch lugger off the Dogger Bank in a November morning. Hark! what the devil—  
Fire! and cries of Fire! fire!—dreadful trampling overhead:—the table and lights are overturned, and all rush forth.

MR. SNODY (*bawling.*)

I'm scorfished! the Royal Adelaide is reeking like a creel o' wet peats in a killogie.

(Several Voices.)

Where's the fire? Are we on fire? Stop the engine! Where's the fire? It's BLACKWOOD'S Magazine bales—It's TAIT'S Magazine bales! This way—this way—deep in the hold!

OXONIAN (*laughing.*)

This might have been foreseen when these two were boated together. Collision, friction, combustion; or, as probably, *spontaneous combustion*, on the part of BLACKWOOD, communicating to TAIT.

MR. SNODY.

And so they're both lunting together. But ye are off, Mr. Oxonian. Think o' the danger, sir,—think o' the danger!

OXONIAN (*disappearing with a bucket of salt water.*)

Here goes! in the grim face of George Buchanan.

WHIALLY.

Dash this flagon of brown-stout on Brougham's wig! There he peers out, his locks dripping like a river-god. All's safe, auld Auchterarder! Courage man!—Flames just about got under.

MR. SNODY (*looking down into the hold.*)

Lord's sake, but I ha'e gotten a fleg! Take care of yourselves, sirs, down there; ye're loupin' on the lowin par-hels like folk i' the ill place. It's frightsome to look down on them, sirs,—the blue lowe, and then the dark-red light bursting out into lang tongues; and the tither blash o' water:—and next the fizzing o' the Blackwoods there, and the hissing o' the Tait's yonder.

*Enter Seamen, Officers, &c. An old Sailor speaks.*

Gentlemen! gentlemen! smother them—choke them—part them; throw this damp sheet over them. Better could not be looked for, in stowing up such punky gear together. And such a blow-up in the Adelaide! The owners will be mad as March hares. We'll a' be ruined and disposed. It was a mere tempting o' Providence to let these two boat together. (*Roars down.*) Pitch the bales overboard, can't ye! It will take the Baltic to sloaken all the combustible stuff that's about BLACKWOOD, wherever it comes from. Out with TAIT too! if he be not a-fire already, he'll soon be so. Make the vessel rid of them both.

MR. SNODY.

Will ye? My faith there will be twa words to that bargain. I'll stand by the Charcellor, and see him safe to Lon'on too, since we happen to have ta'en shipping together: and let me see wha'll dare singe ae hair of his wig.—And its a gaucy ane; and a power of guid is below it for this poor country, baith there in paper, and yonder in horse hair; now that the flames are quenched, I may say that much.

OXONIAN (*calls from below.*)

Bravo, Auchterarder! stand by Brougham's head and the good cause. He lay, I assure you, quiet as a lamb, till the flames of the other caught him up.

(The Captain and many Passengers reappear in the Great Cabin.)

CAPTAIN.

Happy to assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that the flames are completely subdued. Make yourselves quite comfortable. We will, however, run into Aldborough, to wait the return of daylight; but, except that, no delay.

LADY PASSENGER (*interrupting*.)

And how could this fire have broken out? Can any sparks have been smouldering among the bales since we left Leith?

It's gey an' queer that, no. I can't come back from yon burning regions, Mr. Wheatly, but I can't say I lent a hand in the brulzie; but what can ha'e set the Magazines a-lunting is a mystery o' mysteries.

OXONIAN.

Especially as it's their game to set everybody a-lunting, and keep out of the conflagration themselves. This catastrophe might, however, have been easily predicted. In the case of George Buchanan, it was certainly the phenomenon called *SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION*; which, though not a common occurrence, is yet by no means an unexampled instance of what is superinduced by a long course of excess in the abuse of ardent spirits.

LADY PASSENGER.

Or may not "the hoary fiend, Cobbett," have slipt some of his *Swing* combustibles among Mr. Blackwood's bales. Depend upon it, this is one of the "incendiary fires which the hoary fiend, Cobbett, still boasts of." "There is an intrepidity of ruffianism——"

NODY (*interrupting*.)

Na, na, mem,—ye're clean out o' your latitude there—Mr. Cobbett, and Mr. Blackwood and all his friends, were on the best terms preacher and hearers can be. I was eyewitness to that. They ne'er could put the like of that stuff in their books; no a ten days after. 'Od! I thought he might convert them.—But ye needna look sae angry about it.

OXONIAN.

Tush, good Auchterarder! I tell you it is an undemable case of *spontaneous combustion*. I intend to communicate it to the *Medical Journal*. Luckily, we got it out by smothering; for, though the burning, in such cases, generally consumes inwardly, it might have spread to dry, hot, neighbouring objects.

NODY.

Na, na, ye are makin' game o' us now. Books are no bodies, to lunt that gait o' their ain natures.

OXONIAN.

Bodies, ay, and souls too, a very few of them. Look here—Blackwood, page 842—yes, books are bodies, and spirits, bitter, black, malignant. You have heard of some of them being burnt by the hands of the common hangman. What, pray, is to prevent others anticipating justice, and taking the hangman's office upon themselves.

NODY.

I'm sure I se never object to so just a judgment, whether by rope or faggot. But I daresay, gentlemen, ye'll be none the worse for a skilsh of you round o' beef—it was gey an' happy—after quenching the Magazines. Conscience! they should gie ye a premium: ye wrought like men. If it had not been for your four quarters, Mr. Wheatly, there would have been a clean blow up between them, Royal Adelaide and atherer.

OXONIAN.

And long faces on Magazine day, if neither Brougham nor yet Black George make his appearance in the Row. The other lads might have

shut up shop, I guess. But give us the last new song you have, Wheatly. "No fear that supper cool,"—something with a touch of the pathetic, after our haubreadth 'scapes i' this imminent deadly breach, off Aldborough.

~~Wake! Bobby, wake from your dream of delusion!~~  
 Wake! Bobby, wake from your dream of delusion!  
 The Bishops are quaking with fear;  
 The march of reform you may deem an intrusion,  
 But, pray, can you stop its career?  
 Or say, would you plunge the whole land in confusion,  
 Old systems because you revere  
 Bobby P—l! Bobby P—l! Bobby P—l!  
 Believe me, sincere is the sorrow  
 That for your condition I feel  
 Oh, think what new dangers to-morrow  
 May reveal, may reveal!

Your name might have been, but for Dad's spinning-jenius,  
 In some village council enroll'd;  
 The chief of a tap-room's political humors,—  
 Still ready to blow hot and cold  
 E'en now all your genius not equals your guile—  
 Your talents are talents of gold!  
 Bobby P—l! Bobby P—l! Bobby P—l!  
 Believe me, sincere is the sorrow  
 That for your condition I feel  
 Oh, think what new dangers to-morrow  
 May reveal, may reveal!

No tergiversation can tarnish your glories,  
 Their why of consistency spout  
 You'll never be trusted again by the Tories,  
 Then stick not by them, now they're out!  
 You've oft turn'd your coat, and to turn it once more is  
 Your wisest proceeding, no doubt  
 Bobby P—l! Bobby P—l! Bobby P—l!  
 Believe me, sincere is the sorrow  
 That for your condition I feel  
 Oh, think what new dangers to-morrow  
 May reveal, may reveal!

OXFORD.  
 Capital song! though Oxford own it word that say you, Angler's order?

SNOUT LOU!  
 Faith, to say sooth, my mind is running on thae twa hery deevils  
 O' J. H. If they should yoke again? If Geordie's beard get a breeze,  
 the Wig will be sure to catch next time, and we might be scumfished off  
 Aldborough Harbour, in our innocent sleep, and go to feed the fishes.—  
 There's a hantle o' the lobster creatures heicabout,—if they should get  
 haud o' a man's taes—

OXFORDIAN.

To quiet your fears, and let you sup and sleep in peace, I shall recon-  
 noitre and report, though small dread have I.

Exit, and re-enters, as you can say twice Jack Robinson, Tailor  
 gazette eleven in both hands.

Said I not well? Is not the buff jerkin a most sweet robe of  
 Brouham comes out of the embroidery with never a hair earned.  
 Huzza for the Banner of the Bull!

(Sings as he seats himself.)

# THE BANNER OF THE BUFF

Come all good-humoured Radicals—I know that there are such,  
Let us make broad our visages till they outshine the Dutch;  
Nor hang ye back, whom some call Whigs—though men with pick enough;—  
A nickname's nothing to pipe a stave—in praise of honest Buff!

And stave a pipe—methinks you say—With all my heart, my lads!  
O! how it would have cheered the souls of some of our old dads,  
The gallant men of Ninety-three—the men of the right stuff,  
Could they have but in vision seen the “Raising of the Buff!”

The “Blue (1)” and “Yellow” veterans—beneath that once proud flag,  
In Freedom's cause have gallantly—at times—done more than brag;  
And in the Chelsea of snug place they now its rage may luff  
Our banner fresh defiance flaunts—the old—the gallant Buff!

We will not mount the Blue with it—its hue hath been profaned,  
And, like the Orange, its deep dye hath deeper yet been stained;  
The Tory Drabs (2) will yet look more the hue of rotting stuff:  
Shroud Sarum in such mortcloth dun!—We boast the blooming Buff!

High-hearted youngsters crowd our ranks,—around the standard flocks  
The race of Sydney and of Pym; of Marvel, Fletcher, Knox;  
And he the God-souled ploughman too—like Scotland bold—not bluff!  
And isn't that a gallant corps to hoist and hold the Buff!

But in our van and at each flank—yet always for the Right,  
O! we have time-scarred veterans—wounded in many a fight,  
The glorious Old Man (3) cheered us on—Hurra! Now for the cuffs!  
There's ne'er a soldier of the line but knows the true “Old Buffs!” (4)

But though our breastplates be of proof, and keen our trenchant blades,  
Our plumes are soft as beauty's tress, and silken are our blades;  
'Tis only Tories, gentle ones, that know our “warner stuff,”  
We're willing slaves—to you at least—since Charlie (5) wore the Buff!

We love you in the sill attire of many a Souvenir;  
Our Amulets, you are in fight, of all Bijous most dear!  
But from Miss M. & L. E. L., with bon or with muff,  
The Blues are dearest far to us when they're seen in “the Buff!”

Fill up the glass!—'tis Rhine'sheimer!—we'll drain it deep and dry;  
“The good old cause of Right and Truth” cheer—till you crack the sky;  
Our voices, like our arms, you hear, will not go off in puffs,  
And cheerily we'll shake the hand, and heartily give Buffs!

Here's to the Purse of our crew—how gallant was his laugh!  
There's not a lubber in the craft—the very devils are staunch;  
O! nailed on its top-gallant, let the wind blow smooth or rough,  
Still will be seen the raking Broom, (6) and still the fearless Buff!

(1) The blue and yellow covers of the Edinburgh Review & probably here meant.

(2) Drab is the appropriate livery of the Quarterly and Blackwood.

(3) Perhaps Bentham is here alluded at.

(4) “The Third, or Old Buff,” have long been known as the bravest of the brave in our regiments—the one—bear witness Albuera.

(5) The devotion of Charles James Fox to the fair sex was not greater than that of the fattest of them to him. The Duchess of Devonshire, with Buff favours and irresistible smiles, won his election for Brougham?

(6) Brougham?



## TAIT'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

## DECADENCE OF THE DRAMA.

THE winter theatres are progressing, like Napoleon in his Moscow campaign, from failure to failure, and proving, by a strange paradox, that there is something worse than damnation. Operas, plays, and farces, like so many scotched snakes, drag their slow length along, and frighten away all spectators. Oh! that the Garrick or the Committee, that Bulwer or Mills, would have devised some cholera-specific to check this fatal epidemic; to rescue Thalia from collapse, and put strength into the exhausted system of Melpomene. Some comfort, at least, attends the starveling company of modern dramatists, in the nightly experience, that even standard plays of other days exhibit their attractions to empty benches. Were we permitted to speculate on this sudden failure of the theatres, both of London and Paris, we might be tempted to avow an opinion that, whereas the dramatic art is the most precocious among the off-sets of civilization, (springing mis-like from the dense clouds of barbarism,) it is that one which civilization soonest outstrips. Except in the mere trinkets of costume, the drama has acquired no new attractions for the last three centuries. Romance has stepped from the Arcadia of Sidney to the Ivanhoe or Waverley of Scott; painting has advanced from the wooden effigies of Zuccherro to the breathing graces of Lawrence; harmony has renounced her salt-box and virginal for the harp and piano of Broadwood or Gerard, and lapse the soul in Elysium with Beethoven or Mozart. Sarabands and pavons are forgotten in the actual movements of Taghioni; but Hamlet, Othello, Falstaff, and Mercutio, are still unimpaired. Yet what right have we to murmur that the tree of earliest foliage is the first to shed its leaves? or to be surprised that the world will not yield up its affections to a mere adumbration of that permanent excellence which has lost nothing but the charm of novelty? The progress of the drama is almost incompatible with a high state of national refinement. When society becomes conventionalized, all trace of that individuality, which forms the staple commodity of the stage, disappears from its surface, and the exercise and exhibition of passion is at length so much at variance with the existing order of things, that what was once applauded as impressive becomes eventually derided as fustian. Exaggeration grows tedious; and we turn to the world as it goes, or to the ever-varying tablets of literature, for those excitements which our unlettered or bookless ancestors derived from the flourishing trumpets of Henry and Wolsey, or the clashing swords of Richard and Richmond. The diffusion of letters has rendered the philosophy and poetry of Shakespeare familiar to every English ear; and there is no longer any necessity to hear it breathed by a gentleman in a spangled jacket, and a face smeared with black dust. Now the "Dark Diamonds" and "Doom Kisses" of the day, the first assembly-room, or nearest circulating library, afford better entertainment, at a cheaper and easier rate.

# THEATRICAL APOTHEOSIS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THERE are certain subjects and certain events one would willingly keep sacred from the touch of the vulgar; by VULGAR, implying *not* the lower or mechanical classes, (who have been proved to us by Burns, Clare, Chantrey, Lough, Thoms, no less than by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, to be any thing rather than vulgar,) but the low-minded great, and groveling money-getter. It is, however, one of the inevitable taxes upon distinction, and more especially the distinction of genius, to be subjected to the nauseous pawing and handling of such small deer, as journalists, theatrical managers, *et hoc genus omne*,—individuals who draw their subsistence from battenning upon what is great and noble in the eyes of men, as barnacles are nourished by adhering to some goodly vessel. When Napoleon expired, (Napoleon, whose very glance would have annihilated a whole cohort of the pigmies of the penny-a-line squadron,) the public were nauseated day after day, month after month, with anatomical details of the colour of his liver, and the holes eaten in the coats of his stomach. When Byron died, (Byron, the most sensitive of mortals, who could hardly bear that a stranger should look him in the face,) all Europe was edified by professional descriptions of the appearance of his dura mater, and the quantity of serum lodged in his cerebellum. Sir Walter Scott (an object still more sacred in the eyes of his fellow-creatures than either the conqueror or the poet) has fortunately been secured by the guardianship of affection from this filthy prying into the mysteries of nature; and unless (as in the instance of Hampden, three years ago) some gossiping lord of a biographer should presume, two centuries hence, to desecrate those hallowed remains by hacking them with his aristocratic penknife, they are safe from the profanation of curiosity. It is not so, however, with his illustrious name. *That*, unfortunately, is at the mercy of every blockhead who can wield a goosequill; and from the literary countess who concludes her fiddle-faddle obituary article with “We shall go to him,” (we rather think not,) “but he cannot come to us,” to the schoolboy stanzas which deluge the newspapers, nothing can be more offensive than the libations of milk and water poured upon his grave. The unkindest cut of all has been the catchpenny attempt at Drury Lane Theatre! Nothing can be more contemptible than the spirit or the manner of the thing. A procession, purporting to be composed of the chief characters of the Waverley Novels, was got up, as a theatrical journal justly observed, for the purpose of airing the moth-eaten wardrobe of the theatre, and doubling the receipts of the half-price;—the sorry exhibition terminating with the descent of a pantomimic goddess in flesh-coloured pantaloons, to cover the bust of the deceased poet! It has been commemorated by Jouy,—that caustic delineator of Parisian follies,—that a similar display took place on the death of Grétry,—the Arne of French opera. On the drawing up of the curtain at the *Opera Comique*, (an unlucky locale for so funereal a scene,) the bust of Grétry was discovered placed under a weeping willow, surrounded by the whole dramatic company of the theatre, in deep mourning, with white handkerchiefs in their hands. A dirge was performed, in the course of which, at stated intervals, the Prima Donna sobbed convulsively, the tenor moaned, the soprano grew hysterical, the bass roared, and the whole chorus wept in harmonic distances; till at length the manager advanced, and placed a crown of laurel and cypress on the bust! The house resounded with acclamations; the hysterics were encored; and the spectacle was found so attractive, that it was announced for repetition on the following night, and represented, tears and all, during a long run. The London public has evinced better taste. Captain Polhill's Rag Fair was treated as it deserved. Processions of this description have been uniformly unsuccessful, from the Stratford Jubilee till now; and we own we should have regretted to see the honest sympathy of the public (so readily commanded, now by any thing connected with the name of Scott) deluded into encouragement of so tasteless and paltry an exhibition.

\* From a contributor who dissents from what we said in our last Number, but with great ingenuity and brilliancy of language.

## LEGISLATIVE REVELS, OR, PARLIAMENTARY HIGH JINKS.

HONEST Dandie Dinmont, when he elbowed his way into the room where his admired counsel, Paulus Pleydell, Esq. sat enthroned in an arm-chair raised upon the table, and diademed with a bottle-slide, doling out rythmical responses to his admiring courtiers, was scarcely more astonished than we, when, admitted behind the scene, we beheld a grave committee of the House of Commons inquiring into the concerns of the "legitimate drama." In the chair sat our respected friend, Mr Edward Lytton Bulwer, enacting with great gravity and decorum the part of Midas. Mr Gillon played the part of the honest farmer, and Alderman Waithman (a superb representative) the part of his old wife. Sir Charles Wetherell was the squire's pimping steward, Lord John Russell and Lord Viscount Mahon, Mopsa and Dorcas. Apollo, the legitimate drama, a vague and undefined sort of personage, was represented successively by the shifting Endolons of Charles Kemble, Edmund Kean, Mister Thomas Morton, Captain Forbes, &c. The — what shall we call it? illegitimate drama? — Pan, in short, was enacted by Charles Matthews, with a relay of *hells*. The whole company were "in admirable fooling." The jokes of the Chamberlain's deputy have already gone the round of the newspapers, relieving the wonted dullness of many a respectable publication, — so we need say nothing of them. Indeed it is allowed on all hands that the *Coleman* far excels the *Cole woman* of poor Foote. Matthews was grand. The wag was evidently laughing at the corner of his mouth during the whole of his examination. Unless the licentious strike out the passage as immoral or political, we shall doubtless have the whole scene in his next Monopolylogue. Conceive the countenances of the inquirers when they received this answer to one of their questions: — "If I may be allowed to quote an opinion, I will state the opinion of John Kemble, which I think I can do in his own words, — I never can repeat a conversation without I do it in the tone of the person who gave it;" and then follows the speech of glorious John. And we can positively see the mad wag delivering himself of this remark. — "I do not think Mr Yates, if I may be allowed to speak for my partner, has so strong an attachment to the drama as I have. I am a sincere admirer of it, and as long as I had a leg to stand on, I supported it. I only left it because I was a lame actor." Mr Matthews "never can repeat a conversation without he does it in the tone of the person who gave it." These samples must have been rich. — "I meet young gentlemen now who formerly used to think it almost a crime not to go to the theatre, but they now ask, 'Whereabouts is Covent Garden theatre?' If they are asked whether they have seen Kean lately, they will say, 'Kean? Kean? No; where does he act?' I have not been there these three years." Formerly it was the fashion to go to the theatre; but now a lady cannot shew her face at table next day, and say she has been at the theatre. If they are asked whether they have been at Covent Garden or Drury Lane, they say, 'Oh dear, no! I never go there. It is too low!'" Charles's magnanimous declaration respecting the introduction of live lions on the stage of Drury Lane is his last, and forms a splendid climax. "I am speaking of such pieces as the *Lions*. I say that is *infra dig.* completely. I would not sanction by my presence such a performance." And therewith he twisted his mouth, drew in his breath, and limped from the table. — Kean had a touch of the sublime, almost as good as those which prompted him to bestow medals on the Indian chief, inscribe himself in an album "Edmund Kean, theatre the world," or clap up his own bust on the posts of his gateway along with those of Shakspeare, Massinger, and Garrick. "Have you not found that you act quite as effectively at the Haymarket as when you acted at Drury Lane? — I do not consider it so myself. I think the intellect becomes confined by the size of the theatre." Mr Morton eminently distinguished himself in this extempore and *ad libitum* burletta as a finder of mare's nests. Finding that Matthews had earned some applause for producing John Kemble as an authority in favour of large theatres, he determined to outdo him by the intro-

duch of Shakspeare. "With respect to Shakspeare and his plays I think it may be allowed to say, he has spoken his wishes upon this subject very forcibly; for in the prologue to Henry the Fifth, impressed with the nobleness of his subject, and the mightiness of his powers, he asks for 'A kingdom for a stage, princes to act, and monarchs to behold the swelling scene!' I think he very feelingly complains of how he is 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confined within the girdle of these walls;' and, for my part, it seems a command upon his countrymen that his pieces should be produced in the noblest temples of the Muses." In other words, Westminster Hall ought to be the theatre of the Enclosures (who were supposed to have inherited some dramatic talents) the actors to be the leader of the orchestra, Charles V. and Henri V. the only monarchs who have at present such a duty upon their hands, the spectators of Shakspeare's plays. Seriously, a more complete *burletta* than the proceedings of this committee we have not witnessed: it is certainly no specimen of the legitimate drama. In Mr Bulwer's motions regarding taxes on knowledge, and the proceedings of the German Diet, ministers thought they saw something "very like a whale," and they have thrown out this tub to amuse it. There,

Enconce'd in his chair,  
Of the sky lord mayor,

sits the would-be statesman and legislator, enacting "The Committee," adapted to the British Parliament, collecting information of which nobody was ignorant, and opinions, in nine cases out of ten, as well known as they are worthless.

**KINGS AND SUBJECTS.** Of all spirits, the spirit of inquiry is truly the most insatiable and insatiable. If men would but mind their own several and respective businesses, and not trouble their heads about their neighbours', the world might go on smoothly and comfortably enough, and so be saved a monstrous deal of unnecessary trouble. But they will not. People, under the influence of that forenamed spirit, become impertinent, restless, dissatisfied, and insolent: they no longer pay the respect to their betters which their forefathers of yore were wont to yield humbly and without question. They become daring and inquisitively rash; and instead of doffing their bonnets, with a modest "God save your Excellence," they stare out undauntedly, in rude irreverence, and are bold to compare speculations with the high-born of the earth. Wealth, title, distinction, blood, no longer a high wall of defence to the privileged, are, in these our days, roughly entreated, and sorely unhonoured; the eye no longer quails, the knee bends not, and the neck is inflexible and stiff.

Time was when the King's name was indeed a tower of strength, and Majesty a title at whose mention mind and body bowed down in lowly prostration. Time was when "loyalty" had a real signification, and, like gratitude, was a virtue, the non-possession of which the stoutest were ashamed to acknowledge. Time was when monarchs might indulge in the diversions of warfare, ungainsaid; and thousands of their devoted lieges would bravely rush to the onset, and spill their warm life-blood, and slay their fellow-men, and burn their towns, and devastate their provinces, and make wives widows, and children fatherless, and dole out destruction the most deadly and terrible, in betokenment of their "loyalty" and allegiance to a beloved sovereign.

Those were the days of honour, the good old times, when folks were well disposed, and did as they were bidden; and paid taxes and tithes, as all honest men ought, without question, and without murmur. But those days are gone, and none shall look upon their like again. Alas! the glory of sovereignty hath become dim, and its lustre dismally tarnished. For the spirit of inquiry has been busy of late among the nations, and men begin to ask strange and mysterious questions. They have dared to think,—"What are kings? reign they of right divine, and can they do no wrong? Are they by the grace of God, or by the election of their fellow-men? Can men make kings? Can kings be fools? May kings be tyrants? What is their use? Are they indispensable?"

King William of Holland wields the sceptre for his people's good, no doubt; but his Majesty is made of impenetrable stuff; and, forasmuch as he happens (a simple accident) to be pretty particularly obstinate, the half of Europe is to be embroiled in war and ruin, and bloody horrors encompass countless and unoffending numbers who must die the death rather than His Majesty of Holland should be crossed in his march. Suppose his sacred foot were to slip some fine morning in de-

ascending his palace stairs to breakfast, and tumbling to the bottom, his imperial skull receive an occipital derangement in the region of "adheiveness," it is possible the half of Europe would *not* be embroiled in war, and countless numbers be left peacefully and quietly to live on, unskathed by the hellish atrocities of war. What mighty effects might a piece of orange-peel produce in the destinies of the world!

How much longer will the million abase themselves to the reckless domination of the one? We shake our wise heads, and cast up our astonished eyes at the monstrous madness of the votaries of Juggernaut, and little dream how slight a shade of difference exists between it and our own. But the spirit of inquiry is abroad, asking some ugly questions. Verily kings must learn to live in future for their people—the people will no longer live for kings.

**POLAND: OLD NICK AND YOUNG NICK.**—The benign autocrat has been graciously pleased to remit, in part the sentence of a noble lady, (Barbina Szczameika of Warsaw,) condemned to imprisonment and the confiscation of her estates, for having attended her sick countrymen in the hospitals of the city, and bestowed a large sum of money on the National Treasury, in 1831. The property of Prince Sapieha in Lithuania, has been seized, to the amount of 900,000,000 florins; and in the act of carrying off the books, pictures, and statues to St. Petersburg, a fine statue, by Canova, was broken to pieces. Count Potocki, whose estates are situated in the Ukraine, has been despoiled of twenty millions. All the libraries, collections of pictures, medals, engravings, and natural history, are removed from Warsaw to St. Petersburg; and the autocrat replies to every remonstrance by a declaration, that "*Toute prise de guerre est bonne prise!*" At the castle of a distinguished nobleman in Podoli, (occupied as the head-quarters of the Russian army,) the books have been taken from the library, to light the stoves, in preference to the wood provided for that purpose. Even these outrages might be borne. But in August last, another seizure took place, of *Polish children*, in the capital and the provinces; the little creatures being torn from the arms of their mothers, and transported, for the remainder of their days, into the interior of Russia; the girls to be employed in manufactories, the boys in drudgery; all forced to adopt a new creed, and reared in a state of the grossest ignorance and demoralization! The family of Prince Zangusko (a nobleman who conciliated many friends during his residence in London) are still kept in ignorance of his place of exile in Siberia. The Emperor, it seems, added, in his own handwriting, in aggravation of the sentence, that the illustrious patriot, no less distinguished by his immense wealth, than by his high accomplishments, should perform the journey on foot; and the Princess, his aged mother, having thrown herself at the feet of the autocrat, to obtain a modification of the sentence, was informed that Zangusko might be accommodated with a *Kibitka*, on admitting that he was induced to join the patriots by her command; or by distraction at the loss of his wife. "No!" replied the young Prince; "the resolution proceeded from my own unbiassed will and attachment to my native country. I will not disavow my principles." In an hour he was on his march towards Tobolsk! *Long live Nicholas the Clement!*

**PUTTING THE SADDLE ON THE RIGHT MAYOR.**—The Mansion House, and its annual dictator, afford a standing target for the wicked wits of the metropolis. Sir Peter Laurie, the new butt, (who, like the inimitable Saddletree of Scott's Mid-Lothian, is at once a saddler and a sumph,) was pleased to interdict all political allusions at the Guildhall dinner. "Ah," said Lord John Russell, "it is plain that his Lordship is only a *bit-by-bit* reformer!"—a happy hit, to have been made on the *spur* of the moment.

**SECOND SIGHT, OR SECOND SONG?**—An ear-witness of the Peninsular Campaigns, who immortalizes himself and them in the *United Service Journal*, states, in the last number, that himself or his friend marched into action at Ciudad Rodrigo, singing, "*Ah! quel plaisir d'être soldat!*"—a celebrated song composed by Boieldieu in the year 1825.

**THE AWARD OF GODS, MEN, AND COLUMNS.**—It is understood in the metropolis, that, till the excitement caused by the public inquiry into the claims of the Duke of York's creditors, shall have, in some measure, subsided, no attempt will be made to place the statue of his royal highness on the column now erecting in Carlton Gardens, lest it should afford an opportunity for the expression of public feeling. It is certain that a statue of Sir Walter Scott would be a more appropriate and satisfactory ornament to the finest street of the finest metropolis in Europe; nor is his memory likely to undergo any diminution of reverence and regard from the disclosures of future years.

## MONTHLY REGISTER.

## POLITICAL HISTORY.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

**REFORM IN THE CHURCH.**—From the investigations making by Government into the state of the Church, and the language used by the adherents of the Ministry, it can hardly be doubted that an important reformation of the Church is at hand. It was currently reported, that the work of drawing up the Bill for this purpose, had been intrusted to the Reverend Sidney Smith, but he has contradicted this report. At a late election dinner at Wycombe, the Honourable Colonel Grey, son of Earl Grey, made the important statement, that the Reform Bill having become the law of the land, the people had a right to expect other reforms, equally advantageous. "No doubt they would soon have a practical and beneficial Church Reform—not a niggardly hit-by-bit Church Reform, like the Pluralities Bill of last session—but as full and efficient, and satisfactory, a Church Reform as our own Reform Bill." At a meeting, on the 5th November, of the Electors of Southwark, Mr. Brougham said, "that a most important measure, which must soon be brought forward, without which the Reform Bill would be quite imperfect, was a Reform in the Church. It was well known, that the great body of the Clergy of the Establishment, who did all the work, received less wages than a gentleman paid his footman, while those who did no work, received enormous incomes. There were in the Church of England, 2999 clergymen, who had incomes less than £100 a-year. This was less, including board wages and livery, than was paid a footman. There were between 700 and 800 clergymen, who had but half that income; while some—he would not at present go as high as the Bishops—even the Dean of Durham had £5000 a-year, for doing nothing. He would support an effectual reform in the Church, by which all who laboured in the vineyard should receive adequate wages; but those who did not work should receive no pay." If these opinions are those entertained by Ministers, we may see much

sooner the beneficial effects of the Reform Bill than is generally anticipated. There is undoubtedly a considerable portion of those who call themselves liberals, who expected that the passing of the Reform Bill was to close the account between the aristocracy and the people, and who most absurdly supposed, that by due management on the part of the Ministry, further concessions might be withheld. Such pseudo-liberals utterly forget that the Bills were secured, not by the Ministry, but by the people; and that the conduct of the Court and the Tories, by causing the necessity of a demonstration of the power of the people, shewed every one, even the most ignorant, the means by which the victory was obtained. To suppose that the people will stop short, and allow the enemy to entrench themselves anew, betrays the utmost ignorance of the state of feeling throughout the country. The people, flushed with their recent success, will never be content till all the more flagrant abuses of the state are corrected; and any Ministry, Whig, or Tory, which attempts to control them in their just expectations, will speedily be hurled from their places, however high they may stand in the favour of the Crown, or in the good graces of the Aristocracy.

**THE DISSENTERS** are actively bestirring themselves. The evils of which they complain are great; and a simultaneous effort is all that is necessary to get rid of them. Taxation without representation is tyranny; and a compulsory assessment for a sinecure Church, while the assessed find themselves obliged, by their conscience, to pay for more efficient religious services, can be viewed in no other light. The system of patronage by which the great man of the parish provides for a family dependent, without regard to his fitness for the duties imposed on him, is a futile source of heart-burning in Scotland, and its abolition is loudly called for by many zealous adherents of the establishment itself.

**THE ELECTIONS.**—Nothing is more difficult, during the progress of a general

**SIR WALTER SCOTT.**—A meeting of the creditors of Sir Walter Scott was held at Edinburgh on the 29th of October,

**THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.**—The Right Honourable Charles Abbot, Lord Tenterden, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, died on Sunday the 4th of November. He attended the trial of Mr. Pinney, the Mayor of Bristol, on the 27th of October, but he was evidently labouring under the effects of great weakness. He was unable to leave his house after his return home from the Court, and the symptoms of his complaint became rapidly more alarming. His Lordship was in his 71st year. Lord Tenterden was elevated to the Bench in 1816, when his Lordship succeeded Mr. Justice Le Blanc. In 1818, Lord Ellenborough having resigned the office of Chief Justice of the King's Bench, over which Court he had presided from the year 1802, he was succeeded by Lord Tenterden, then Sir Chas.

**Abbot.** His Lordship was an able lawyer and a good judge, except when his political prejudices interfered. Sir Thomas Denman, the Attorney-General, was immediately appointed Chief Justice. The salary of the office has been reduced from L.10,000 to L.8000 a-year.

**POORS' LAWS COMMISSION.**—Sometime ago a Commission, to inquire into the state of the Poors' Laws, was appointed, from which much benefit may ultimately be derived. Their first step was to send forth printed queries, directed to persons the most actively engaged in the administration of the Poors' Laws; one set of queries being framed expressly for the rural districts, and another for the towns. As answers to these queries were returned, commissioners itinerant were deputed from the Central Board, to examine witnesses on the spot, to inspect books, and visit workhouses. During the last three months, the greater part of the country, including almost all the parishes distinguished by peculiar management has been visited by these Commissioners, and they are expected to complete their labours in a few weeks. A bill on the subject is to be brought into Parliament very soon after it meets.

**BRISTOL RIOTS.**—The trial of Mr. Pinney, the Mayor of Bristol, for neglect of duty, in not having used due vigour in his magisterial capacity, during the memorable riots at Bristol, was brought to a close on the 1st November. The following is the verdict of the Jury:—"We unanimously find Charles Pinney, late Mayor of Bristol, not guilty. We are of opinion that, circumstanced as he was—menaced and opposed by an infuriated and wreckless mob; unsupported by any force, civil or military, and deserted in those quarters where he might most reasonably expect assistance, the late Mayor of Bristol acted to the best of his judgment, and with the highest zeal and personal courage."

**CAPTAIN ROSS.**—During the month several meetings have been held in London, with the view of fitting out an expedition in search of Captain Ross and his companions, who sailed in spring 1829 to the Arctic Seas, with the view of discovering the so much sought for north-west passage to America. Captain Ross had two vessels, a steamer and a ship, but the crew of the latter having mutinied, he proceeded on his expedition with the steamer alone, in which were only himself and nineteen men. At a meeting, on the first November, at which Admiral Sir George Cockburn presided, he stated his opinions from all the facts which had come to light, that Captain Ross was still

alive, and in the neighbourhood of the spot where the *Fury* was wrecked in Parry's last voyage. It appears that the Hudson's Bay Company has formed depôts of provisions to a considerable extent in the line of Captain Ross's assumed route overland. The sum necessary for two years' maintenance of the proposed expedition, and which, with husbanding, may suffice for three years, is L.5000, of which sum Government has subscribed L.2000, and the remainder is in the course of being raised by private subscription. Captain Back, the energetic companion of Franklin, will command the expedition.

**CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.**—The miserable prosecutions of the poor wretches who sell cheap publications, has continued in London during the month. Hardly a day elapses that some of the vendors of the *Poor Man's Guardian*—for this is the publication marked out for prosecution—are not sent to the jails, to be there kept for two or three months at the public expense, and to complete their education for the commission of more serious offences. Some of the police magistrates are utterly disgusted with these proceedings, and refuse to convict upon the evidence of the informers, who make a livelihood by enforcing the laws enacted to keep the people in ignorance. How long will our rulers permit those laws to disgrace our statute book? Where is all the love for the liberty of the press which so many of our present Ministry professed when out of office?

**TRIBUTE TO MINISTERS.**—On the 6th November, a deputation, headed by Sir John Key, Lord Mayor of London, waited upon Lords Grey, Althorp, and John Russell, to present their Lordships with gold cups, the produce of a penny subscription among the people. Lord Brougham, in consequence of illness, could not receive the deputation. The Lord Mayor, in his address, said, "that the people could readily, from amongst themselves, have contributed for a much more expensive proof of their approbation, but it was wished to afford as large a number as possible the pleasure of uniting in thus testifying their gratitude. It was on that account that the subscription of each individual was limited to so small a sum as one penny, by which means an opportunity had been afforded to 330,000 individuals to contribute to the subscription." The cups bore the inscription, "Take away the wicked from before the King, and his throne shall be established in righteousness."—Proverbs, Chap. xxv., Verse 5. They weigh eighty-five ounces, and will contain five pints of wine each.



**WAR WITH HOLLAND.**—On the 13th November, a meeting, rather numerously attended, was held in the City of London Tavern, to petition the King against the prosecution of the war with Holland. The time at which the meeting was held shews that the object was not for the purpose of endeavouring to avoid the calamities of war, but with the view of removing the Ministers from office. The convention with France was already signed, and so far carried into effect, that an embargo had been laid on Dutch vessels, and resolutions passed at public meetings can only have the effect of making the war more bloody and more protracted, by encouraging the King of Holland in his obstinacy. A similar meeting was held at Edinburgh on the 22d November.

**IRELAND.**—The maintaining a sincere Church in idleness by means of 50,000 bayonets, continues to drench the soil of our unfortunate sister isle with blood. On the 8th of October, a body of thirty policemen proceeded to the parish of Aghlish, in the neighbourhood of Waterford, to post notices for the payment of the arrears of tithes; and being followed and hooted by a crowd of 200 or 300 persons, the majority of them women and children, the police fired, and 12 people were killed, and from 20 to 30 wounded. Not one of the crowd was armed, and there were not even stones thrown at the police before they fired. We refrain from any comment on this atrocious affair, as it must shortly become the subject of judicial investigation, the inquest having returned a verdict of wilful murder against Captain Burke and the party of police under his command, for killing Catherine Foley, and Joseph Sinnot, two of the persons who fell on the above occasion. The anti-tithe meetings have for the present been suppressed by the numerous prosecutions instituted by government against those present at them, in most of which prosecutions they obtained verdicts against the accused. The sentences were extremely severe, when it is considered that the illegality of such meetings was far from being generally known. Fines of L.50 and L.100, with four to six months' imprisonment, were in many instances inflicted. The prosecutions against the press continue. Those against Mr. Halkett of the *Tipperrary Free Press*, for publishing, as an advertisement, the resolutions of a political club, are almost unparalleled in the history of the country, and have called forth the sympathy of every friend of liberty in the three kingdoms. On the whole, the conduct of the Whig ministry towards Ireland, reminds one rather of the despotic governments of the Continent than of

the free institutions of Britain. Although, however, the ministry has been so far successful in their plans, the great object in view has not been attained. The tithes are not paid. The people allow their effects to be sold when purchasers can be found, and their persons to be imprisoned, but the accursed impost they will not pay. Were the Irish clergy dependent for their subsistence upon tithes, some sympathy might perhaps be felt for them, but while the Irish Church possesses 990,000 English acres of land, worth at least a million a-year, for the support of some two thousand clergymen, with half a million of Episcopalian parishioners, there are ample revenues for the payment of the clergy, without oppressing the impoverished peasantry by the exaction of tithes. Scotland contains nearly two millions and a half of people, and her clergy are at least as efficient as those of any other Church, yet they do not cost more than a quarter of a million annually. In such circumstances, we say to the Irish, persist, by all legal means, in your opposition to the payment of tithes. Your resistance hitherto has been noble, and it only requires a few months' longer perseverance to ensure you the victory.

#### THE CONTINENT

**FRANCE.**—The Duchess de Berri, who, by her ill-advised attempts to secure the throne of France for her son, has caused the greatest misery to thousands of the ignorant but devoted adherents of the wretched race of Bourbon, was apprehended at Nantes, on the 7th of November. She was betrayed by Etienne Gonzague Deutz. This person, who is a native of Cologne, and brought up in the Jewish religion, had repaired to Rome, in the year 1826, to his uncle, of the same name, a celebrated Jewish rabbi, and he there renounced the Jewish, and assumed the Catholic, faith. He then lived, for a considerable period, on the pecuniary supplies afforded him by Cardinal Albani. In 1831, after making a voyage to America, he returned to Europe, and Drack, his brother-in-law, being attached to the suite of the Duke of Bourdeaux, he thus obtained the means of introduction to the Duchess de Berri. He was employed by her in several delicate missions to foreign courts. These missions he executed to the satisfaction of the Duchess, and thus the good opinion she entertained of him was strengthened. After the arrival of the Duchess in France, Deutz continued to be employed by her, and, in one of his missions to Germany, he became acquainted, at Frankfort, with an individual attached to the French police. Here the

first overtures for betraying the Duchess were made. On quitting Frankfort, he went to Rome, and received, from the Pope, letters to the Duchess de Berri. From Rome he proceeded to Portugal, where he had an interview with Don Miguel, who also delivered him letters to the Duchess. Having then gone to Paris, he made a final arrangement regarding the sum which he was to receive for his breach of trust. This sum, according to some accounts, was 300,000 francs (L.12,000;) according to others, 1,000,000 francs (L.40,000.) To carry his plan into execution, he went to Nantes, and requested an interview. The persons to whom he applied having some suspicion, at first refused his request, but, as he declined to communicate his dispatches, or the result of his journey to any other person than the Duchess, they were at last forced to comply. The Duchess had formerly resided in the house of the Demoiselles Duguigny, at Nantes, and she returned thither on the afternoon of the 6th. Deutz was admitted to an interview just as the Duchess was about to sit down to dinner. After a few minutes' conversation he left the house, and gave the police officers the signal which had been agreed on for her arrest. The house was immediately surrounded, and the adjoining streets were filled with troops. Admission was at first refused to the soldiers, but, on a threat that the door would be broken open, they were at length permitted to enter. It was now about half past four in the afternoon, but, although the most minute search was made, the Duchess could not be found. Various places of concealment were found in the house. In one of them, a considerable sum, in five franc pieces, with the effigy of Henry V., as well as some medals, bearing the representation of a car, which the Duke holds in one hand, while in the other he wields a trident, with which he subdues the demon of revolution. Like St. Michael, he is represented trampling it under foot. Notwithstanding the bad success which had hitherto attended the search, the municipal authorities did not despair; but it was resolved to desist until the following morning. Three *gens d'armes* were therefore placed in each room, and the house was carefully surrounded with troops. In order to discover whether any person was concealed in the chimnies, fires had been lit in all the fire places. In the third story of the house there was a small room, and towards morning it occurred to the soldiers, stationed in it, that the fuel had been disturbed, and, shortly afterwards, one of them remarked, that he heard a noise. To ascertain, if possible, the cause,

the fire, which had fallen low, was increased by means of turfs, and some newspapers; and the smoke, which had penetrated to the place of concealment, together with the heat, rendered remaining there longer impossible. The place of concealment was very small, and had no window; and, during the whole sixteen hours in which the Duchess and her three companions had been in it, they were forced to remain in a standing posture. The back of the chimney, which consisted of an iron plate, turned on its centre, thus forming a door to the concealed apartment. Her attendant Mademoiselle Kersabice, in the costume of a peasant girl, came out first; then the Duchess, who was followed by the Count de Messars, and M. Guibourg. The Duchess, in coming into the room, immediately said, "It is unnecessary for you to continue your search; I am the Duchess de Berri." She was completely disfigured, by the dust and dirt of the hole in which she had been confined; but, though much exhausted, retained her presence of mind. After a process verbal of the circumstances had been drawn up, and the Duchess had been formally identified, she was removed along with her companions, to the Chateau de Nantes, where the apartments of the governor were assigned to her; and she was shown every attention. The French Government, which had, sometime previously, anticipated the probability of apprehending the Duchess, had prepared for her reception the Chateau de Blaye, near Bourdeaux, whither she was removed, shortly after her apprehension. Along with the Duchess were seized a great number of letters from many of the Potentates of Europe, and, among others, from Don Miguel, who had sent her a sum of money. These letters, which are curious, it is proposed by the French Government to publish. They will, in all probability, show some traces of the means by which the despots of Europe endeavour, at present, to keep down their subjects.

The apprehension of the Duchess de Berri is generally believed to have been the cause of considerable embarrassment to the French Government, as it can neither punish her severely, nor inflict a lenient punishment, without giving occasion for much murmuring. To divest itself, as much as possible, of responsibility, the matter has been referred to the Chambers, and an ordinance of Louis Philippe has been passed, ordaining a project of law, for the purpose, to be brought in.

**BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.**—The subject which has chiefly fixed public attention, during the month, is the Belgian question. On the 22d October, a Conven-

tion was signed at London, between Lord Palmerston on the part of Great Britain, and Talleyrand on the part of France, which, after setting forth that Great Britain and France had been requested by the King of the Belgians, to carry into execution the Articles of the Treaty relative to the Netherlands, concluded at London on the 15th November, 1831, the execution of which was jointly guaranteed by Great Britain, France, Austria, Russia and Prussia, and that all attempts to obtain the execution of the Treaty by negotiation had failed, stipulates, as a first step towards the accomplishment of that object, that Great Britain and France should require the King of the Netherlands to enter into an engagement, by the 2d of November, to withdraw, on the 12th of that month, all his troops from the territories which, it was agreed, by the Treaty of November 1831, were to form the kingdom of Belgium. The King of the Belgians was, in like manner, to be required to withdraw his troops from the Dutch territory. It was, at the same time, declared, that, if either party should refuse compliance with the above requisition, Great Britain and France would proceed, without farther notice or delay, to the measures which might to them appear necessary to compel the execution of it. By the second article of the Convention, it was stipulated, that, if the King of the Netherlands refused to agree to the proposition to evacuate the Belgian territories, an embargo should immediately be put on the Netherlands vessels in the ports of Great Britain and France, and an order issued to the cruisers of the respective countries to stop and bring into their ports all the Netherlands vessels which they might meet with at sea; and for the more effectual execution of this measure, that a combined French and English squadron should be stationed on the coast of Holland. By the third article, it was agreed, that if, on the 15th of November, the Dutch troops should be still in the Belgian territory, a French ~~army~~ <sup>army</sup> should enter Belgium, for the purpose of compelling them to evacuate the territory, on the understanding, however, that the King of the Belgians should have previously expressed a wish for the entrance of the French troops for the above purpose. By the fourth article, it was stipulated, that, if the measure pointed out in the preceding article became necessary, its object should be limited to the expulsion of the Dutch troops from the citadel of Antwerp, and the forts and places dependent upon it; and France expressly engaged not to occupy any of the fortified places in Belgium by the French troops employed in the above service, and

that, when the citadel of Antwerp should be evacuated by the Netherlands troops, it should be forthwith delivered up to the Belgians; and the French troops should immediately retire within the French territory.

In terms of this convention, a requisition was made by the British and French *Charges d'Affaires*, at the Hague, on the 29th October, to the Dutch Government, to evacuate the Belgian territories, and on the 2d November an answer was returned, refusing to consent to deliver up the citadel of Antwerp. On the 6th November, therefore, an embargo was laid on the Dutch vessels in the British forts, and orders were issued to our cruisers to seize all Dutch vessels at sea. A similar step was taken by the French government. This measure having been anticipated for some time, few vessels were detained in the British ports. At Liverpool, there were only two, several others having escaped on the first intelligence of the embargo. A Dutch East Indiaman having sailed into Coves, in the Isle of Wight, ignorant of what had taken place, was detained, and several Dutch vessels have been seized by our cruisers at sea. At Bourdeaux, a considerable number of Dutch vessels were detained.

Meantime, great preparations were making by the British and French Governments to enforce the Convention. Much activity prevailed at the naval arsenals of both countries in the fitting out of ships of war. On the 29th October, part of the French fleet, which was to co-operate with the British in the blockade of the Dutch coast, arrived at Spithead. On the 4th of November, the British fleet, commanded by Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and the French fleet, under the command of Rear-Admiral Ducrest de Villeneuve, in the *Suffren*, of 90 guns, sailed from the Downs. This was the first time that the people of England had seen, from their own shores, the tri-color sailing in union with the British flag; and it is difficult to describe the sensation it occasioned among the numerous spectators who had assembled to behold the gratifying spectacle of the two most powerful and most enlightened nations of Europe uniting, not for the purposes of conquest or aggrandisement, but, to obtain, for a less powerful nation, the blessings of freedom from a yoke, which they, in less auspicious times, had been the means of imposing and riveting on the necks of the Belgians. By an arrangement with the French government, it has been arranged that Sir Pulteney Malcolm is to take command of the combined fleet.

**PORTUGAL.**—Don Pedro still remains at Oporto. His force is now estimated at 16,000 men, and reinforcements are daily arriving from France and England. It is said that he is to assume the command of his army, a step by which the petty jealousies which has hitherto existed among his officers, and proved very prejudicial to his cause, will be eradicated. On the 11th October, the Miguelites made an attack on the Serra Convent, with a body of from 4000 to 6000 men, which were repulsed with great slaughter. The loss on Don Pedro's side did not exceed 100 men. The hostile fleets also had an engagement off Vigo, in which Admiral Sartorius, and twenty-seven men on board his vessel, were wounded, and ten killed. His flag ship, the Donna Maria, had 82 shot-holes in her sides. None of his other vessels suffered so severely. The Miguelite fleet, under Admiral Felix, succeeded in effecting its retreat, without the loss of any of its vessels. On the 21th October, another assault was made on the Serra Convent. The object seemed to be to take the garrison by surprise; but having failed in this attempt, the Miguelites hastily retreated. Don Miguel has at length joined his army with a reinforcement. His troops, of all arms, are estimated at 25,000; and another attack is anticipated before the troops retire into winter quarters. The French Government has of late been strongly pressing our cabinet to join with them in adopting some decisive measure in favour of the constitutional cause in Portugal; but no decision has yet been arrived at on this matter.

**PRUSSIA.**—The Prussian States Gazette contains a declaration of the King, which, after noticing the determination of England and France in respect of Holland, proceeds to say—

"His Majesty, the King, conformably to the declarations that he has made on every occasion, and in concert with Austria and Russia, has caused notice to be given to the Governments of England and France, that he must refuse to these coercive measures, not only all kind of co-operation, but also his assent; and that, on the contrary, he has resolved to place a corps of observation on the Maese, in order to be ready, on the entrance of a French army into Belgium, to avert the eventual consequences which the intended military operations might have with respect to the tranquillity of Germany, and of his Majesty's dominions, and to the general peace."

**TURKEY.**—Sultan Mahmoud is making a vigorous rally, and has got together an army of 40,000 men, principally Albanians, who are to march under the Grand Vizier against Ibrahim Pacha. The latter still continues to advance; but unless he pass Mount Taurus immediately, his farther progress must be stopped till spring. Jean de Maurajeni, a distinguished individual at the Court of the Ottoman Porte, has arrived in London, charged with a special mission to solicit the mediation of the British Government, in connection with that of other European Powers, to effect terms of pacification between the Sultan and the Pacha.

## STATE OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

NOVEMBER, 1832.

THE threatening aspect of the political horizon has had less effect on the commercial and agricultural markets than might have been anticipated. In the west of England, a great deal of business is doing in the woollen trade, without much speculation. Low stout broad cloths, about eight shillings per yard, are a little advanced in price, and the demand is increasing. The worsted stuff trade is still in a better state than the woollen trade, and has admitted of an advance both of prices and wages. The prices for six quarters wide merinos and other fine light goods are advancing. The hosiery, and other businesses connected with it, are in a greater state of activity at the present time than has been known during the same season for several years past. The blanket trade, after some months of deep depression, has become uncommonly ac-

tive. The cotton manufacturers are also well employed, and the large demand they now have for the home market is clearing off the heavy stock of goods they had accumulated. At Sheffield, trade is in a very depressed state; the American trade, which usually affords a considerable demand, being completely at a stand. This is attributed principally to the cholera. The sugar and coffee markets continue in a languid state. At the East India Company's periodical sale of raw silks, which commenced on the 22d October, the purchases, during the whole of its continuance, were made with great spirit. The total quantity offered was 5235 bales, consisting of 2600 bales of Company's Bengal, 2425 bales of licensed China, 235 bales of licensed Bengals, and 25 bales of Persian silks. The following is an accurate statement of the progress and result of the

sale:—Out of the Company's silks about 480 bales of the most inferior qualities were refused at the taxed prices, and the remainder sold at an average advance of two and a half per cent on the quotations realized at the June sale. The demand was most active for the Company's finest and best silks. The private trade Bengals were all sold at prices realizing the same advance as the Company's silks. Of China silks, about 2500 bales were brought forward for sale, of which a large proportion was bought in, and the remainder was disposed of at about the same prices as those given at the June sale. The Persian silks were bought in at from 9s. 4d. to 9s. 9d. per lb. The total stock of raw silk remaining in the East India Company's warehouse for future sale, amounts to 7917 bales, of which 7699 are Bengals (Company's), 151 bales of private trade China, and 97 bales of licensed Bengals.

At the East India Company's sale of saltpetre and spices, there was a full attendance of persons interested in the saltpetre trade. The quantity declared for sale was 612 tons, exceeding the last declaration by rather above 100 tons. The sale commenced very briskly at 38s. per cwt., but the price soon advanced to 39s. per cwt. As the sale proceeded, the biddings were less active, and a portion of the quantity offered went at from 1¾ to 2¼ per cent. The result of the sale establishes an improved market. The saltpetre sold by the Company in August last went off at from 33s. 6d. to 35s. per cwt. The Company's black pepper, consisting of 1014 bags, sold at from 3¼d. to 3¾d. per lb., and nutmegs at from 4s. 3d. to 4s. 4d. per lb.

The contracts of the Lords of the Admiralty for rum, sugar, and other articles for the navy, were taken on the 1st November. The quantity of rum contracted for was 75,000 gallons. There was much competition among the trade to obtain the contract; which was ultimately taken at within a fraction of 1s. 9¼d. per gallon. The last contract was for 100,000 gallons, and was taken in July at a price equal to 1s. 6¾d. and ¾ per gallon. Proof leewards are now 6d. per gallon dearer than at this time last year. The import of rum generally is 19,105 puncheons less than at this time last year; and although the home consumption and export trade have fallen off, the stock is now 12,000 puncheons less than last year.

The Wool Trade has been brisk during the month, and prices have been rather advancing. There were extensive sales at Garroway's, which lasted several days. The sale-rooms were very much crowded,

and the biddings were unusually brisk, the manufacturers being in high spirits at the improved aspect of the trade. The quantity of wools announced for sale was between 2500 and 2600 bales, of which rather more than 1000 bales were New South Wales, 500 Van Diemen's Land, 240 bales of German, 342 bales of Smyrna, 90 bales of Cape, 50 bales of Spanish, 2 bales of Swan River, some English combing, and other wools. The manufacturers from Bradford, Halifax, Leeds, and other principal places in Yorkshire, bought largely. Some superior Australian fleeces sold as high as 3s. to 3s. 2¼d. per lb.; fine from 2s. to 2s. 11d.; and inferior from 1s. to 1s. 11d. per lb. The finest Van Diemen's Land wools offered produced from 1s. 5d. to 2s. 2d., and inferior and middling from 10d. to 1s. 4¼d. per lb.—The German wools were sold at from 1s. to 1s. 10¼d. per lb.; the Smyrna at from 6d. to 10¼d.; the Cape at from 1s. 1d. to 1s. 6¼d., and the English combing, from 1s. to 1s. 1d. per lb. The wool from Swan River was of good quality, and sold at 2s. 1d. per lb.—There was some competition for it on account of the novelty of the article, being the first imported from the colony. The results of these sales tend to establish an advanced market for colonial and most other wools. The wools from our possessions in Australia and Van Diemen's Land, showed that increased care and attention has been paid in the growth and packing, and were more free from the burr than heretofore, sheep shearing having commenced this season earlier than usual.

At Paisley, the demand for Flushed Bordered Shawls continues pretty steady. Petticoats are considerably brisker, and the price of weaving has advanced from 10 to 15 per cent. Common Imitation Shawls have been rather dull for some time, but the manufacturers are all paying the table price. There are still a number of *Angola* shawls made, and the prices remain steady. Canton Crapes, both figured and plain, are a good deal brisker. Plain Middles and *Thibets* are rather dull; the weavers find it difficult to get new engagements. The Silk Transparent Gauze trade has been very dull these two months past; but we are glad to learn, that it is in the way of improvement, a number of weavers having got *canes* within these ten days. There are still, however, a number of the hands idle. It is the opinion of the manufacturers, that the prospect of trade being steady through the winter is a great deal more encouraging than it was at the beginning of the last or preceding season.

At Perth, for some time past, the

weavers have been employed, but at very low wages; no advance having taken place for a considerable period, except in umbrella clothes, which were considerably advanced a few weeks ago; but a heavy reduction has lately taken place in the weaving of that article, which will press hard on the poor weaver at this season, when so much light is required. A good number of harness weavers are at present employed, but the price is still very low. On the whole, the weavers have but a poor prospect of getting through the winter with any degree of comfort.

At Hawick, trade has not been better, nor have the manufacturing stocks been so low, for the last sixteen years.

**EAST INDIA FLOUR.**—An extraordinary trade has sprung up at Liverpool, in the importation of flour from Calcutta. 5000 sacks arrived there lately, and the price quoted is 26s. to 27s. per 196lb. subject to a duty of 3s. per bbl. This is the third or fourth importation made by the same house, Acraman and Still, within the last 18 months. This flour is manufactured by means of steam engines lately erected on the Ganges. The engines, are of 32 horse power, and the daily produce of meal is about 35 tons. Of this a large proportion goes to supply the natives of Calcutta with a very superior cheap food, which no feeling of *caste* prevents them from consuming. Another portion supplies the demand of a biscuit bakery, from which ships are furnished for their homeward voyages with a fresh and very superior biscuit, at much less than the usual cost, and the fine flour is brought to this country for the supply of the power-loom weavers, bleachers, &c., forming, as it does, from the extraordinary strength of the flour, the best sizing material ever produced, and which is now used exclusively by some of the leading manufacturers of Lancashire. It cannot be used as bread flour, being too stale on its arrival in this country.

The King of Holland has recently issued a decree, which must have a very injurious effect on the Belgian manufacturers. Up to the date of this new fiscal regulation, the Belgians were allowed to send their manufactured cottons by Dunkirk to Holland, where, being shipped for the Indies in Dutch vessels, they paid only a duty of 12½ per cent; whilst English and German wares paid 25 per cent. The Belgians are now placed, in this respect, on the same footing with the English and Germans, with whom they cannot for the present successfully compete.

**THE GRAIN MARKETS** have varied little during the month, and have been in a very depressed state. Agriculture was

indeed never at a lower ebb than it is in Scotland at present, and farming capital has almost disappeared. At the present prices, the tenants cannot possibly pay the high rents for which they are bound to their landlords. The crop is great in bulk, but it is far from certain that the quantity of grain exceeds an average crop. Owing to the wet weather in the end of August, a great proportion of the wheat crop in Scotland was much injured. The weights range from 50 to 64 lbs. per bushel. Barley also suffered severely; and, although the crop exceeds an average, a large proportion of it, even on good land, turns out to be of inferior quality. Such of the barley crop as was exposed to rain in the sheaf, has been much injured for malting, a great part of it having sprouted, and is thus rendered unfit for the purposes of the maltster. The weights run from 51 to 54 and 55 per bushel. The crop of oats is good. They yield abundantly in proportion to the straw, and the return at the mill is likewise ample. Turnips, particularly the late sown, have greatly improved within the last six weeks. A good deal of business has been done in letting; three pence a-week for hogs, and five pence for old sheep, the general rates. Many farmers have preferred letting a part of their turnips to be eaten by cattle in the straw yard, to buying in, thinking it a safer speculation, owing to the price of lean stock—five shillings per week may be stated as the usual rate. The weather has been favourable for the sowing of the wheat crop; and the braid is in general sufficiently luxuriant, though in some districts it has been attacked by slugs. Young grasses look well. The potatoe crop is excellent in quality, but not so abundant as last year. Several cargoes of potatoes have been shipped in the Tay for the London markets. They were bought up by speculators at from 8s. to 9s. per boll, of 32 stone Dutch weight.

The exportation of grain from Ireland, during the last twelve months, has been unusually large, amounting, into London alone, to 100,000 quarters of wheat, upwards of 600,000 quarters of oats, and about 100,000 sacks of flour; and, we believe, nearly an equal quantity has been imported into Liverpool; and this, in addition to very large supplies into Glasgow, Bristol, and other ports, shows that a great increase, as compared with former years, must have taken place from the cultivation of land there of late. On an average, the crops this year, in that country, will turn out quite as well as the last, although there have been partial failures amongst them.

**CATTLE.**—Owing to the abundance of straw, and the improvement in the turnip crop, there has been a considerable demand for cattle, and prices have been rising. At Doune Fair, cattle were 20s. a-head higher than last year. At Old Biggar Fair, cattle of the true Ayrshire breed sold readily at an advance of full 30 per cent over last year's prices. At Hallow Fair, held at Edinburgh on the 13th and 14th November, there was a brisk sale. The quantity of cattle in the market was at least a fourth less than last year. During the first day all the best lots changed hands at least 30 per cent above last year's market, and 20 per cent above prices obtained at last Falkirk tryst,—the better description of cattle bringing an advance of about L.2 per head on the Falkirk and Doune prices. The principal part of the supply consisted of lean stock. Two-year-old Highland stots sold from L.4, 10s. to L.7, 7s. Three-year-old do. L.7 to L.11. Two-year-old Highland queys, from L.3, 10s. to L.5, 10s., quality inferior. There was but a poor supply of fat cattle in the market, prices from 5s. to 7s. per imperial stone.

**SHEEP** have also been on the rise. At the October Spittal of Glenshee Fair,

held at Perth, the whole stock was cleared off at an early hour. Prime black-faced widders sold at from 20s. to 21s. and inferior down as low as 14s. Prime ewes were bringing from 7s. 6d. to 12s.

At Doune Fair, on the 6th November, there was a short supply, the demand particularly brisk, and prices from 2s. to 4s. a-head above last year's market, and from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. above last October Tryst at Falkirk. Widders were sold at L.17 to L.24; and ewes from L.8 to L.11, per clad score, and were all sold.

**HORSES.**—At the Newcastle Cow Hill Fair, the first rate horses brought for sale were few in number, and were disposed of before the regular fair commenced. There were a great many of an inferior description; such as were useful brought pretty good prices. Stags and ponies were numerous; the former varying from L.10 to L.20 each; the latter bringing, according to age and quality, from L.4 to L.12 each.

At Paisley Martinmas Fair, the best draught horses in the market were offered for L.35. At Hallow Fair, good draught horses brought good prices, but inferior animals were in little demand.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**LEGENDS OF THE LIBRARY AT LILIES.** BY THE LORD AND LADY THERE. 2 VOLS.\*—The title which Lord and Lady Nugent have chosen for their stories will be apt to mislead simple readers. It will be imagined that the scene of their Legends is some fancy literary shop, the summer or winter blossom of a London root, transplanted and flourishing about the *Pantiles*, or the *Marine Parade*; and that they are consequently tales of fashion, and of modern manners. Let us correct this mistake. *Lillies*, or more properly *Lilies*, is a charming spot thus described: "Place yourself just midway between the three seas, which form the boundaries of Southern England, you will find yourself on a small knoll, covered with antique elm, walnut, and sycamore-trees, which rise out of a vale, famous in all time for the natural fertility of its soil, and the moral virtue of its people. On this knoll, fitly called by our ancestors 'the Heart of South Britain,' stood, distant about half a mile

from each other, two monasteries, known by the flowery appellatives of *Lilies* and *Roses*. These edifices have for many centuries been no more; but on the site of the former of the two, standeth a small mansion, of Tudor architecture, bearing still its ancient name. Of the monastery, little memorial beyond the name remains, save only that, under a small enclosed space, erewhile its cemetery, now a wilderness of flowers, the bones of the monks repose." But the pools, the glades, the shrubs and paths, and sportive colts, and veteran steeds, we pass for "the warm cheer of the little oak library (at Lilies)—for the quaint coverings and tracery of other times which abound therein—for the awful note of the blood-hound baying upon his midnight chain; the pleasing melancholy of the hooting owl, from his hereditary chamber in the roof; and for the tunefulness of the cooing wood-quests and the morning rooks, which bustle and caw, and of the high winds which pipe and roar, daily and nightly, through the boughs; and for the deep, glossy verdure

\* Longman, Rees, Orme, &c. London.

of the pastures, stretching forth to the brave distant hills, which fence the vale. To those who take delight in such things, Lillies still hath charms.

"From the fireside of the above-mentioned little oak library, the following legends proceed."

A romantic birthplace and cradle, and fitting nursery of all the gentle, and tender, and quaint, and poetic fancies, which here break forth in tales and legends. If not very far mistaken, we have seen most of these legends and stories before; but a good tale cannot be the worse of being twice read, and most of these will bear a second reading, and even a third from the very patient. And, perhaps, like Mr. Tudman, in "Apropos of bread," we may have dreamed the lecture we recall. Of the piquant pieces, we must single out "*The First Fit of the Gout*," "*Mrs. Allington's Pic Nic*," and "*The Lioness*," of which we cannot have dreamt, as dreams never go beyond the walking imaginations of the dreamer. "*The Old Angler's Story*" is skilfully told, but painful withal, and the catastrophe somewhat revolting. "*The Content in the Forest*," with more power, is less objectionable on this cardinal point. In a very different style is "*The Old Soldier*," a tale which it is delightful to hear Lord or Lady tell.

The Legends of the Library at Lillies will be eagerly read, from the name of the writers, by those who are not very exacting in the character and pretensions of their books of amusement, and will be valued for their intrinsic power of imparting pleasure at many other firesides; insinuating, meanwhile, some useful lessons to flirting husbands, and manoeuvring mothers. In conclusion, we must say, that the best of Lord Nugent's works is his late address to the electors of Aylesbury, which also, we have no doubt, is an emanation of the Library at Lillies. It made us expect something more in these volumes than is found in the mere novel of the day, and we have not been disappointed.

LYRIC LEAVES. By CORNELIUS WEBBE.\*—Where can Mr. Webbe have been *dreading his weird* for these twice seven years? Wherever it may have been, kindly do we welcome him back to middle earth with his garland of *Lyric Leaves*. He belongs to a group of old literary remembrances. He was game for certain Scotch critics or wits, in days when the ball was at their feet, and when there was no dread of it rebounding in their faces.

A friend of theirs, who believed the *stars* said wits or critics more *thoughtless* and wanton in the abuse of power than actually malicious or bad-hearted, though their conduct might have, and often had, all the consequences of malice and bad heart; yet willing that they should not perish, but be brought to the knowledge and love of truth—we speak it in reverence—devised at the time this moral penance and discipline;—that every Sunday morning, each writer, fresh and fasting, should hear read, or be compelled to read himself, a sheet of his own rash judgments, bitter remarks, sarcasms, personalities, inconsistencies, scurrility, &c. &c. &c. And that this sheet should begin with Wordsworth, include Byron, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Shelley, Hunt, Keates, &c. &c., and end with Mr. Cornelius Webbe, the author of *Lyric Leaves*. This appeared a simple private penance, yet was really a most cruel one. It was the continual falling of the single drop of water upon the bare scalp; the most ingenious of tortures; but, unlike that, was, we presume, to cease on the first sign of penitence, repentance, and a new life.

In the meantime, Mr. Webbe comes out with his new volume, and he will, we have no doubt, meet a more just award than he did formerly. The world has since grown soberer, and more in earnest; and its taste in joking has improved of late. A large though a quiet part of it always sympathized with the pelted frogs, and that part has increased, is increasing, and will no longer be either sneered, laughed, or bullied out of its own judgment, and sense of the true and fitting. This seems to wander from *Lyric Leaves*; but we are steadily keeping them in view, and with much admiration and kindness. These poems are very natural—natural even in their conceits, very pleasing, and very English. Did our limits permit, we could give many proofs of the soundness of this opinion. All that we can do is, to name a few of our favourite pieces:—*The Miller's Treat*; *the Fallen for Freedom*; *the Blind Musician's Son*; *the Old Love*; *the Farewell of a Pilgrim Father to England*; *the Autumnal Fireside*; *the Weaver's Wife*, and, we might add, many others of these pleasant compositions. In the preface, the author says that he trusts, whatever may be the poetical sins of this little book, there is no part of it inimical to sociality, charity, and the same good will to all, which he wishes to have meted out to himself. His book, instead of being inimical, is promotive of these amiable and genial feelings; and his wish cannot fail to be realized in the good will of all.



**HOMES ABROAD.** By MISS MARTINEAU. No. X. of *Tales Illustrative of Political Economy*.—Emigration is the subject of this story. Unlike *Cousin Marcella*, it is a hopeful and cheering theme; so soon, at least, as we get the HOMES ABROAD, and out of Kent, into Van Dieman's Land. The question of emigration, and of who should be sent off, and who kept to pine and die at home; and whether there be not at home room for all, were home well managed; is a knotty point, on which we are loath, at present, to break our teeth. Miss Martineau has made up her mind upon it, while we DOUBT, and while many acute, and some profound thinkers stoutly dogmatize on the other side; and thus, while our wishes go with the latter, "home being still home," we waive the political part of the discussion, and keep to, and recommend the Tale for its own sake. It is told with Miss Martineau's usual clearness and vivacity; and is full of moral beauty, especially in the characters of Ellen and her brother Frank; and of interest in the pictures of their adventures abroad, and their new modes of life. Their *voluntary* emigration, undertaken in the spirit of noble independence, we heartily approve, and exult in their improved prospects, and in the certain reward of labour, which is the prop of virtuous industry in every clime. **HOMES ABROAD**, on its bright side, is one of Miss Martineau's most pleasing stories. And, before we part, all is steadily increasing brightness with the emigrants.

**THE COMIC OFFERING, or Ladies' Melange of Literary Mirth.**—Edited by Miss L. H. SHERIDAN. Embellishments above 100.—Miss Sheridan here makes her third appearance at the fair tribunal, to which she has chosen to make her annual appeal. She presents sixty pieces in prose and verse, more or less humorous, mirthful, odd, or satirical, and, in number (and value,) more embellishments than articles. Some of the engravings are clever, others grotesque, and a few comically extravagant, as the dance of the *Jig-oh Sleeves*, where those vitalized enormities actually step out, in a *pas de deux*, while another *gigot* performs on the violin, to the horror of a peeping lady's maid, who discovers their midnight revels. Bent on a measure gives us two coal-heavers, the one bending over the porter pot in which the other has fixed his proboscis. *A Family of High Desert* illustrates the best story in the volume. A wedded rural pair on their first night in London, are first alarmed by stories, and then by dreams of fire, and

descending by a fire escape. A horse Breaker; backing the favourite to a heavy amount! is the irresistibly comic figure of an enormously fat, unhappy-like woman, in a small riding-hat and habit, smothering, lashing, and murdering the miserable animal, on which she is seated, both in a condition of most ludicrous distress. *Long and Short Division* shows a tall dandy moving along with an air of great complacency, pretending, and believing, he holds an umbrella over an unhappy, finely-dressed, short lady, suspended from his arm, on whom the umbrella showers down like cats and dogs. *Quarles Emblems*,—a party of boys and girls, cats and dogs, at fistycuffs, is a good engraved pun. Mrs. Bridges, an arch countenance, is amusing enough; and *La Bell* assemble! a group of children gathered round a fat bell-man reading a bill, is equally so. *Skeleton Keys*,—a skeleton formed entirely of keys, the head a padlock, is an odd extravaganza. The expression in the face of Dr. Stringer, "a Fiddle 'D 'D'" is capital. An unattached Major gives us a fat, gruff, artillery officer strutting on, his hands holding up the tails of his jacket, and his back turned to his poor lady sprawling on her back from an unsuccessful attempt to cross a stile. "The Lily of the Vale" is a squab negress, full of mirth, singing roguishly to a spruce footman, who looks kindly down upon her. These are a few of Miss Sheridan's *bon-bons*. The literary part of the volume has no very close connexion with them; and is to be taken "for better for worse."

**FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.**—Though this Annual, which, we believe, is a favourite, has twelve embellishments, a few of them beautiful, and the worst of them pretty, its principal strength lies in its literary composition. The contributors in this department are among the most attractive of the current literary names of the day. Miss Mitford, Mr. Macaulay, and Mrs. Norton in the front ranks; and a reserve and main body stronger than the van; there are Hervey, the Howitts, Pringle, James Baillie Fraser, and a long list. The articles in prose and verse are so numerous and diversified in character, that we can only mention one or two,—*Cromwell's House*, the *Captive of Camulx*, and, strange as the title is, the *Bravo of Banff*. This last is sure to be a favourite in the north of Scotland, and, we dare say, everywhere else. The heroine is a charming romantic creature; but Miss Thom for our money, as a genuine, kind, and true-hearted Banff lass, not a whit

## New Publications.

the less friendly and affectionate," when put to the push, for a little harmless curiosity, and the love of gossip, said to be unavoidable in towns under a certain rate of population. There are many good, and some rich and rare things in FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

**HISTOIRE DE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. A L'Usage de la jeunesse, et des Ecoles.** Par L. A. T. MORDACQUE.\*—Another life of Napoleon, though in French, for the use of schools, is not a work which many English parents will be apt to select for the instruction of their children. The most improving part of Napoleon's history, his exile, and his sayings and doings in St. Helena, is skimmed over, and the close huddled up. Some of the more brilliant scenes of Napoleon's life are related with considerable animation; for the writer is a Frenchman, and has a Frenchman's admiration of his hero; yet he tells, that the military reign of Napoleon, from 1801 to 1815, "cost humanity five millions forty and three thousand lives!" The account of the battle of Waterloo shows an amusing struggle between the desire of being impartial, and the natural feelings of a Frenchman. The author, who does the justice which all Europe has done, to the amiable character of Josephine,† and of old Marie Louise, briefly says, "Elle monta (the throne) en silence, elle en descendit de même. On ne cite d'elle aucune action, aucune parole qui la rappelle aux Français." And his farther remarks are yet more severe.

**CAPTAIN FORMAN'S LETTER TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL ON THE EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT OF LORD BROUGHAM, &c. &c. &c.**—Captain Forman has lost his temper; many a worthy man, even the Chancellor himself, has got into the same scrape. We think, moreover, that he is not a little unreasonable, in the manner of his late attack, though he has not been over ceremoniously treated. Let him keep his temper; and, from all these noblemen, gentlemen, and knights philosophers, appeal to the public, in the plainest form of paper and print, and we warrant justice will be done to his discoveries; which, by the way, are not original, or, at least, not peculiar to him. To our readers it is proper to say, that Captain Forman meditates overturning the Newtonian system, and establishing what he

believes a truer theory of attraction, &c. &c. Having communicated his discoveries to Lord Brougham, his Lordship made no response; and Sir John Herschel has been equally remiss. Hence Captain Forman's wrath.

**LIVES OF THE TWELVE MODERN CÆSARS.** By H. W. MONTAGUE.—Napoleon is the first of this new line of Cæsars. His life is all that is yet published of the work. Who the other eleven are to be, whether the French Marshals, or the great modern Generals, we are left to guess. It is a neat little work, embellished with cuts by Brangwa, and traces Bonaparte from his cradle to his grave, noticing every thing remarkable in his career.

**A DICTIONARY OF DIET.** By T. S. FORSYTH, Surgeon, Part I.†—This is something between a cookery book and a medical one. The first part comprehends, among other things, beef, beer, bread, butter, cheese, broth, butcher meat, &c. &c. It is calculated, from its plan, to be a useful family book; and though we are friends to the division of labour in practical science, medicine and cookery seem here to proceed very amicably together. A portrait of the late Dr. Abernethy graces the beginning of the work.

**A DICTIONARY OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH LANGUAGE.** By M. LOUIS FENWICK DE POURQUET.‡—This is a handy, neat little volume, for the daily use of young persons learning the French language; and it may be found, in this view, of more utility to those who have only made a certain progress, than more ponderous dictionaries. It seems accurate, and is accompanied by several useful tables, and by miscellaneous information, desirable to pupils and travellers. A more important feature is the introduction of the new words created by the revolution, and now sanctioned by usage, and the omission of the impure or disgusting words which disgrace some of the voluminous older dictionaries.

**ELLIS'S BRITISH TARIFF.** Fourth Annual Edition.§—A useful Annual to mercantile and commercial people, and one which may give some information on affairs of national economy, revenue, &c. &c. To statistes, to travellers and tou-

\* Porquet and Cooper, London.

† Save the Duchess of Abrantes, and a writer in the *New Monthly* of this month. November 1832.

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• Cremer, London.

† Cremer, London.

‡ London.

§ Longman and Rees, London.

rists it will also be useful, by showing what they may fetch or carry openly, and what they must either *smuggle* or pay duty upon; what they may freely import or export; and what they will be tormented about at the Custom-house; how to proceed with their baggage; and how it is mercifully provided, that Paganini may claim his fiddle, that being his breadwinner; and how, according to the *rank* of the parties, (page 88,) oaths may either be exacted or passed from, at discretion, concerning certain articles, essential to elegance. N.B.—No lady is allowed to import, for private use, above a *half pint* of *Eau de Cologne*, or a pint of drinkable spirits; but turbot and lobsters may be landed without “*the port entry or warrant*.” In short, besides being a serviceable guide, this book is a good running commentary on the wisdom of many of our extraordinary commercial regulations.

ANALYSIS OF THE ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND IRISH REFORM BILLS. By JOHN GORTON.\*—The title of this pamphlet fully explains its nature. It shows the boundaries, population, divisions, limits, and the number of ten-pound dwellings in every town and borough. It also contains forms of schedules for claims of registration; and also the other technicalities connected with the working of the new system of representation. Great pains appear to have been bestowed in making it complete and correct.

SHAKSPEARE, WITH 170 ILLUSTRATIONS. VALPY'S EDITION.\*

After the Works of *Scott*, *Byron*, the *Standard Novels*, &c. &c. have appeared in a series of monthly volumes, we are glad to see SHAKSPEARE not forgotten. The first volume of a new, cheap edition, uniform with the new edition of *Byron*, is before us. To those who have no copy of Shakspeare, or to those who have but an indifferent one, we sincerely recommend this. It is cheap, and beautifully printed, in an open, clear type. The text is that of Malone's edition. The name of Mr A. J. Valpy is a guarantee for correctness. The illustrations, upon tinted paper, are from the plates of *Boydell's Shakspeare*; reduced in size, no doubt, but taken from one of the most splendid and expensive works

ever issued from the British press, each copy costing, we believe, L.100. The work is to be completed in fifteen volumes. Vol. I. contains a life of Shakspeare, Johnson's Preface to Shakspeare, with the *Tempest*, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The plays are elucidated, but not overlaid with notes. This edition is worthy the attention of all who are ambitious of making a cheap and good collection of English standard works.

VALPY'S FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY, NO. XXXV, EURIPIDES, VOL. II.—This reprint is the translation of Potter, the best we possess. The present volume contains the SUPPLICANTS, HERCULES, the HERACLIDÆ, IPHIGENIA IN TAURUS, and the TROJAN DAMES. This, from its very nature, is a work of sterling merit. It is cheap and correct; can we say more?

NAVAL EVOLUTIONS—A MEMOIR OF SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS, *Bart.*, with a Review and Refutation of Mr. Clerk of *Edin's claims*, &c. &c.—So indifferent and selfish is the public to all that does not concern its own interests and amusements, immediate or relative, that we fear few, besides professional men, will now take much interest in this controversy. Every one must, however, sympathize with the spirit which leads the writer to defend the professional claims and reputation of his father. On the question of the real inventor of the manœuvre of breaking the enemy's line in sea-engagements, the *Edinburgh Review* rashly committed itself, attributing the discovery, on his own evidence, to Mr. Clerk. Much has since been said, and remains to be said, on both sides of the question, though the weight of evidence does incline to the claims of Sir Charles Douglas. It must, however, be noticed, that there is yet a third party, which does not appear at all in this controversy, who allege that this naval manœuvre was practised before either Mr. Clerk or Sir Charles Douglas were in existence, though never performed with such brilliancy, or decided effect, as in Rodney's victory. The first rude idea of this manœuvre of breaking the line may be seen in some of the desperate engagements of the Buccaneers against great odds.

MEMOIR AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE SIR JAMES EDWARD SMITH, M.D. Edited by LADY SMITH.†—This delightful work merits a fuller notice than

\* Chapman and Hall, London.

†† ERRATA.—In last month's Register of New Works, page 251, column 2d, for “*efforts and intrigues of Lafayette*,” read “*efforts and intrigues of Lafayette*,” and again, next sentence, for “*attachment of Lafayette to the Duke*,” read “*attachment of Lafayette to the Duke*.”

\* Longman and Rees, London.  
† Boones, London.

is consistent with the plan of this Register. We shall return to it when more at leisure.

**TREATISES ON ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING.\*** By WILLIAM HOSKINS, Esq.—This is the history of architecture written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, combined with that of building, from the same work; taken together, they form a valuable manual, whether for the practical professional man, the *amateur* in building, or the student in architecture. The work is of the size of the *Encyclopædia*, and is illustrated with 20 architectural plates, some of them of great beauty. These are, St. Paul's, St. Peter's, the Parthenon, York Cathedral, the Farnese Palace, in different elevations, and specimens of all the orders and styles of building. This publication of valuable treatises, in a separate form, is an excellent idea.

**MEMORIALS OF OXFORD; Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the Colleges, Halls, Churches, and other Public Buildings.** Edited by Dr. Ingram, with Engravings, &c. No. I.†—If the succeeding numbers be at all equal to the present, this work will be one of the cheapest and most creditable that has issued from even the modern press. This first number contains two line engravings—*Christchurch Cathedral*, and the *interior of the Chapter-house*; besides three vignette woodcuts; all of which are executed with great skill. The two former are by LE KEUX, after the drawings of Mr. MACKENZIE, and we know not which of these gentlemen most to compliment. The letterpress of Dr. Ingram may become matter for future observations as the work grows.

From the excessive cheapness of this publication—two shillings for a quarto edition, proof plates, and sixteen pages of letterpress!—we almost fear that the charge can never remunerate the publishers; but that is their affair, be it ours to offer our warm commendation.

**KEY TO POLITICAL KNOWLEDGE, NOS. I. AND II.**—As a monthly Supplement to the *Spectator* Newspaper, pamphlets, of much present interest, are appearing under the above title. The first is devoted to the *working of the House of Commons*; the second to the *Public Expenditure*. Great pains and research have been bestowed upon both; and they are full of the kind of knowledge which it is most desirable for every man to possess, who would thoroughly understand the only way in which convulsion is to

be averted, and the country saved. Nothing remains but to diffuse them by wagon-loads, at a cheap rate.

**WHIG GOVERNMENT; or, A Two Years' Retrospect.**—This is a pamphlet of 39 pages of special pleading, preparatory to the approaching election. In sum and substance, it appeared in the last *Edinburgh Review*. It is, from beginning to end, eulogistic or vindictory of Ministers. Their domestic policy is only surpassed by their foreign policy; taken together, their conduct is divine in wisdom, and angelic in purity; and, therefore, every elector, avoiding Tories and pseudo-radicals, i. e. independent candidates, ought to vote only for such men as will support this *beau idéal* of a Government. We are far from saying that there is not truth in many of the statements of this pamphlet, though, taken as a whole, it is overdone. There is "too much cry for the little wool," especially when we remember who took the old ram by the horns, while Ministers made their first small clipping. The great boast of reduction of expenditure ends with "a clear saving, in one year, of £234,000!" We think one note of admiration might have signalized this amount very sufficiently. When we hear of a million saved out of the most profuse expenditure the world ever dreamed of, even above fifty millions, we shall award one mark of admiration, (!) and proceed in the same ratio. The writer of the pamphlet has avoided the dangerous ground of the Reviewer: we hear little of "the plunderers and spoilers." Even as a party affair, the *Retrospect* is not the most skillful. It is only calculated to influence those who are already partisans, or the men who instinctively chop round with the wind, and cling to all existing governments.

**HOW WILL IT WORK? Address of Lord Teynham to the Electors of Great Britain.**—This, also, is a pamphlet for the crisis; and now in its second edition. It is written in a very different spirit from the *Two Years' Retrospect*, and is, in fact, as generous a piece of true Radicalism as it has ever fallen to our lot to peruse. By Radicalism we mean the recognition of the rights of the many, in preference to the usurped privileges of the few, and the distinct admission that all government is for the people, and the creature of the people. This pamphlet contains an able retrospect of English society and government, from the reign of the Tudors; and advice to electors, which they would do well to ponder. We wish that our limits admitted the repetition of this advice.

\* Black, Edinburgh,  
† Tilt, London,

**THE PRACTICE OF THE COURT OF SESSION.**—By JAMES JOHNSTON DARLING, Writer to the Signet. 2 vols. 8vo. —The increase in the number of appeals to the House of Lords, from the Court of Session, led to the appointment of a Parliamentary Commission, in 1824, to investigate the state of the forms of proceeding in the Scottish courts. The result of this commission was, that a great many alterations were recommended, principally with the view of preventing the intermingling of law and fact, in judicial pleadings, as has been too long the practice of our courts. In the year 1825, the new system came into operation; but we have not hitherto had any book to explain the new forms, as modified by numerous regulations of court; and, by upwards of 1000 adjudged cases. The present volumes, therefore, can hardly fail to be useful to the law practitioner. The compilation has evidently been the result of much personal labour; and there is hardly a proposition contained in it, which is not supported by a reference to an adjudged case, or other authority.

From personal knowledge of the author, we can confidently recommend his book to the legal profession, as the work of a man, by his talents, business habits, and perfect familiarity with the details of which his book treats, peculiarly qualified for the work he undertook.

#### WORKS PREPARING.

The author of "The Revolt of the Bees," and "The Reproof of Brutus," has in the press "Hampton in the Nineteenth Century; or, Colloquies on the Errors and Improvement of Society," in 2 vols. 8vo, with Plates and Diagrams.

Early in December will appear, the Second Series of that work, which, under the title of "THE CHAMELEON," is expressive of the changeful variety of its contents—last year held a middle rank between the Annuals, which it resembled in handsomeness, and those substantial works that challenge criticism at other than gift-giving seasons. It will this time have a new feature, in twelve original melodies, for the voice and piano-forte, by eminent composers,—thus combining both literary and musical attractions. Mr. Atkinson, who was last year the sole author, has been proffered the powerful assistance of many whose names would be a tower of strength; but nearly the whole will be anonymous.

A New-Year book will appear at the holydays, named, "THE EPIGRAMMA-

TIST'S ANNUAL." It is to consist of an original epigram for every day of next year, with some extra merriment, in the shape of a few comic tales, for Christmas week, and to be illustrated by eight humorous sketches; while the bulk of the whole book, it is promised, is not to exceed that of a modish snuff-box.

Mr. Mayne is preparing, for the press, a third edition of the "Siller Gun," considerably enlarged, and accompanied with notes and illustrations. We are sufficiently acquainted with the merits of this admired of Sir Walter Scott to assure readers of Scottish poesy, that, by its fine feeling, and correct delineations of character, it will furnish them with a source of gratification.

The Cabinet Annual Register, and Historical, Biographical, Political, and Miscellaneous Chronicle of 1832, is announced for publication on the 1st of February next, with additional claims to public favour and patronage.

\* \* THE MASQUE OF ANARCHY—*A original poem, by SHELLEY; with a Preface, by LEIGH HUNT*;—ROMANCE IN IRELAND, and some other volumes, are received too late in the month to afford time for reading them with the requisite attention, or allotting the necessary space to them; in fact, just as we are going to press. To be noticed in the current month, books must be sent early.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Rev. H. E. Head's Sermons, 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- A Manual for the Parish Priest, 12mo. 3s.
- Rev. J. Penrose's Explanatory Lecture on St. Matthew, 12mo, 6s. 6d.
- Bent's New Week's Preparation, 18mo, 1s. 6d.
- Reece's Lady's Medical Guide, 12mo, 4s.
- Brandicourt's Plan for Teaching the French Verbs, 2s. 6d.
- Explanatory and Practical Comments on the New Testament, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Baxter's Library of Agricultural and Horticultural Knowledge, royal 8vo. Second Edition, 1l. 12s.
- The Poetic Negligee, 10s. 6l.
- Watkin's Principles of Conveyancing, by Merrifield, royal 8vo. 1l. 8s.
- Geography, in all Ages, 12mo, 8s.
- History of the Jews, in all Ages, fc. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- School Edition of Ditto, 7s.
- Hudson's Morning Discourses, 8vo. 10s. 6l.
- Edgeworth's Novels and Tales, Vol. VII. 8s.
- Dr. Williams on the Structure and Functions of the Skin, 8vo. 5s. 6d.
- Valpy's Shakspeare, with Illustrations, Vol. I. 5s.

- Valpy's Classical Library, No. 35, Euripedes, Vol. II. 4s. 6d.  
 Memoir of T. Hardy, written by Himself, 4s. 6d.  
 The Parliament-House Book, for 1832,—1833; 5s.  
 Myren's Digest of the Laws, Duties, and Practice of the Customs, &c. for 1832, 1833, 3s. 6d.  
 New Gil Blas; or Pedro de Penafior, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 7s. bds.  
 Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. IV. Part I. 4to. Seventh Edition, 18s. bds.  
 Bateman's Practical Synopsis of Cutaneous Diseases, 8vo. Seventh Edition, 15s. bds.  
 Foreign Quarterly Review, No. XX, 6s.  
 De Porquet's French Dictionary,—English and French—French and English, 4s. 6d. bds.  
 Tagart's Memoirs of Captain Peter Heywood, R.N. 8vo. 9s.  
 Thesaurus Lingue Latinæ, 4s.  
 Key to Lingue Latinæ, 3s. 6d.  
 De Porquet's French Poetical Gift, 4s.  
 Political Reflections on the Present Crisis, 8vo. 3s.  
 Analecta Græca Minora, 12mo. 4s.  
 New Readings of Old Authors, 1s. 6d.  
 Bishop Huntingford's Posthumous Work, 8vo. 12s.  
 Hinton's Harmony of Religious Truth, 12mo. 5s. 6d.  
 Doum's General System of Gardening and Botany, 4to, Vol. II. 3l. 12s.  
 Woolhych on Capital Punishment, 3s.  
 Illustrations to Valpy's Shakespeare, 4s.  
 Swinborne's Farmer's Account-Book. New Edition, 4to. 10s. 6d.  
 Showell's Housekeeper's Account Book, 1833, 4s.  
 Affection's Gift, 1833, 3s.  
 Adcock's Engineer's Pocket-Book, 1833, 6s.  
 Spittal's Treatise on Auscultation, 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
 Becket, and other Poems, 7s.  
 Rose's Researches, 12mo. 7s. 6d.  
 Cherpillond's Book of Version, 3s. 6d.  
 Encyclopædia Metropolitana, Vol. IX. 1l. 10s.  
 Naval Evolutions, by General Douglas, 10s.  
 The Conjugating Dictionary of all French Verbs, 8vo. 4s.  
 A Manual for Visiting the Sick, 12mo. 6s.  
 Sacred Offering, for 1833, 4s. 6d.  
 Syme's Principles of Surgery, 8vo. 2 Parts, 1l. 1s.  
 Life of Sir David Baird, Bart. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s.  
 The String of Pearls, 2 vols. fc. 15s.  
 The Clergy of the Kirk of Scotland, 5s. 6d.  
 Goldsmith's Animated Nature, 4 vols. 18mo. New Edition, 1l. 18s.  
 Panorama of Torquay, Map and Engraving 12mo. 7s. 6d.  
 Hosking's Architecture and Building, 4to. 12s.  
 Copland's Medical Dictionary, Part I. 8vo. 9s.  
 Gibson's French, English, and Latin Vocabulary, 12mo. 2s.  
 Bishop Hall's Century of Meditations, &c. 32mo. 1s. 4d.  
 The Amethyst, or Christian's Annual, 1833, 8s. 6d.  
 The Crooked Sixpence, or, Little Harry, by Mrs Bourne, 2s.  
 The Christian Remembrancer—a Pocket-Book, 1833, 2s. 6d.  
 Christmas Tales, by W. H. Harrison, 8s.  
 Hook's Lectures on our Lord's Ministry, 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
 Coghlan's Scriptural Commentary, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.  
 Phelan's Memoirs, by the Bishop of Limerick, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.  
 Darling's Practice of the Court of Session, 2 vo s. 8vo. 1l. 5s.  
 Alison's Outlines of Physiology and Pathology, 8vo. 1l. 1s.  
 Dr. Hamett's Official Reports on the Cholera in Dantzick, 10s. 6d.  
 Steggall's Essay on Poison, 12 coloured plates, 18mo. 5s.  
 Rev. J. Taylor's Child's Life of Christ, 4s. 6d.  
 Missionary Annual, 1833, 12s.  
 Taylor's Short-hand, by Cooke, fc. 4s.  
 Calendar of the Seasons; or, Diary of the Year, 12mo. 1s.  
 Christian Poetry, 32mo. 2s. 6d.  
 Croker on the Theory of the Latin Subjunctive Mood, 12mo. 4s.  
 Whewell's First Principles of Mechanics, 8vo. 6s.  
 Discourses on the four Gospels, by Thomas Townson, D.D. 8vo. 10s. 6l.  
 Irish and English Dictionary, 8vo. 12s.  
 De Lolme's Tableau General de la Langue Francaise, 16mo. 7s. 6d.  
 Essay on Mineral and Thermal Springs, 12mo. 8s.  
 Manual of Prayer, by T. H. Horne, B. D. 3s.  
 Steele's Shipmaster's Assistant, by J. Stikeman, 8vo. 1l. 1s.  
 Liston's Elements of Surgery, Part III. 8vo. 9s.  
 Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, Vol. XVII. 8vo. 15s.  
 House of the Thief, 18mo. 2s. 6d.  
 Georgiana and her Father, 18mo. 2s. 6d.  
 Guide de la Conversation Anglaise et Francaise, 18mo. par Hamoniere, 3s. 6d.  
 The New London Medical Pocket Book, 12mo. 8s.  
 The Bookbinder's Manual, 18mo. 2s. 6d.  
 Tidd's Uniformity of Process Act, with New Rules, 3s. 6d.  
 Romance in Ireland; Siege of Maynooth, 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.  
 Hiley's English Exercises and Composition, 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
 Little Library; the British Story briefly told, 4s.  
 Robinson Crusoe, by G. Cruickshank, 2 vols. in one, 1l. 1s.  
 Hogarth's Works, 1l. 19s.  
 Dramatic Souvenir, 8s.  
 Planche's Lays and Legends of the Rhine, 10s. 6d.  
 Day's Latin Syntax, 12mo. 3s.  
 Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, 4l. 4s.  
 Kearsley's Tax Tables, 1832, 1833, 1s.  
 Williams' Abstracts, 1832, 8vo. 9s.

## THE FINE ARTS.

**FINDEN'S LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON, PART VIII.**—Of seven engravings three are from the drawings of Mr. J. M. W. R. A. Turner;—the Temple of Minerva, Cape Colonna;—Bacharach on the Rhine; and the Castle of St. Angelo. The works of this gentleman are as popular as, if not the most popular of, any living artist.\* He has contrived to attain a reputation, the right to which it is, at this time, something hazardous to question; and, what to him is of equal, perhaps more sterling value, acquired plenty of that metal which the brilliant tints of his pallet invariably symbolize. Impalpable glory is a very fine thing, no doubt, but genius, unluckily, is enshrined in carnal chambers, and vulgar flesh must be fed to repair the tenement so prone to daily dilapidation; true worldly philosophy points to the mode by which man's wasting lump of clay, dried in the sun, may be still kept fitted for the abiding place of the immortal spirit; and Mr. Turner has so far followed the guidance of the finger of philosophy. The measure of his mind's ambition is full; his name is mighty among the sons of earth; and of bread and butter the choicest, he lacketh no supply: this is true glory.

Skilful of head, and expert of hand is Mr. Turner; nature—whom no man has more libelled or falsified in the extravagance of his imagination—nature possesses nothing too great or too gorgeous for the pencil of this fascinating colorist. He will not only robe his mountains, his seas, and his cities, with the golden magnificence of a summer sunset, but, in the calmness of his imperturbable confidence, will fling you into his *kit-cat* mighty Sol himself, in all the rich and yellow luxuriance of his unbonneted rotundity! The moon he, of course, plays with as a cat is wont to amuse the mice; and upon our honour and our conscience, we believe that if he had to depict a snow scene, no pigment, from vermilion to Zedoary-root, would he deem too warm to be therein introduced. He sees as through a glass, but *not* darkly, and that glass must be a multiplier, each separate plane of which is different in tint. It were monstrous, therefore, to suppose that the *burin* of the engraver could ever impart any thing of the sparkle and glitter of his splendid pencil; yet the graphic copies of these luminous originals, humbled as they are down [to mere gradations of black and white, are eminently beautiful. Mr.

Turner is a man, too, of placid waters and troubled skies, and hence his "lights and shadows" are pleasant to look upon. In viewing his cloud scenery, if you be at all addicted to the synthetical processes of mind, you shall be assured that storms are brooding as confidently as though you heard their moans and felt their gusty precursors; but if you carry your vision below, to the still and gentle waters under the earth, mirroring the objects planted upon its surface in all their multi-generous variety, straightway you shall loathe your logic as spurious and unsound. It is by this huddled but happy confusion of gradatory tints, it would seem, that he manages to charm; and that he does charm, appeal to the first picture-gazer you meet.—But we have become stupefied by our own magniloquence and the glare of his remembered pictures, while we should have talked in sober criticism of Finden's Illustrations; and now we have brief space left.

The *Bacharach*, already named, is a delightful little vignette, Turner every inch of it; and notwithstanding its closely packed contents, every *item* is clearly made out, and every line tells. *St. Angelo*, we like less; the contrast of shade with the lights is too harsh and inharmonious. There is a solemn grandeur about the scenery and sacred ruins of the *Temple of Minerva* which we are much pleased with; the moon, peering through the black obscurity beyond, is a fine conception. *Mount Etna*, by Purser, is pretty, but too thin, and faulty also in its aerial perspective. *St. Sophia*, by Roberts, is capital, and gives, in a small space, an excellent notion of the vastness of that magnificent structure. Gasteineau's *Simphon*, and Callcott's *Verona*, are both clever productions.

Had we not exhausted all our stock of hard words and expletives, we should have spoken, as becomes us, in praise of the engravings; they are worthy the name subscribed to them—whether rightfully or wrongfully, is no business of ours.

Upon the whole, this number is among the very best of those which have been yet published.

**LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PROSE AND POETICAL WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT; with Portraits of the Principal Female Characters. No. 7.**—The present number contains a view of

\* Chapman and Hall.

"Durham," by our friend *Robson*, that wholesale dealer in indigo and orpiment, than whom no painter, this side immortality, knows better how to *make* a picture, and a pleasing one: of "Newark Castle," by *De Wind*, a sombre structure enough, rearing its dreary crest into a fine fresh morning sky: of "St. Anthony's Chapel," a moonlight scene, by *G. Barret*, but nevertheless in all the blackness of desolation: and of the "Tolbooth," by *Nasmyth*, a correct representation, and a pretty picture to boot. The portrait of "Amy Robsart," to which we have made allusion in another notice, and the autograph of Sir Walter, precede the whole; and these together, compose a number which fastidious, hypercritical, and penurious enough must they be who begrudge half-a-crown for its contents. Rumour reports an extensive sale for this little work; we hope, and cannot doubt, it will continue.

PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCIPAL FEMALE CHARACTERS IN THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. PART II.—Surely, no title could have been more lucky, if not appositely, given to portraits such as these. To foist a heap of beautiful faces, namelessly, upon the rude gaze of an unmannured world, would have been a violation of all decent dues; but to give to each the protection of name and identity, and of such exaltation, too, was at once a wise and cunningly devised precaution.

We have not yet seen, and never expect to see, any one sketch, portrait, or design, intended as a representation of SCOTT'S ideal characters, male or female, that has at all approached our own individual conceptions. Revert to that lovely face which CHALON has called *Flora M'Invor*; we can fancy her haughty step and noble presence at such a place as Admacks, the shaft of contempt ready to leap forth from the bow of her beautiful lips, and her proud eye to look into the very earth any presumptuous *miserable*, who dared the wound of the one or the encounter of the other; but that face no more belongs to *our* Flora than it does to the Flora of Chalon himself. Artists, indeed, are by no means expert in portraying the actual visions of even their own mind, be they self-created, or raised by other powers; a *one idea* is ever predominant, and haunts their eye, and guides their hand, in spite of their better judgments. The academician WESTALL is a notable instance of this: in every one of his pictures, and he has consumed much canvass, may be seen this one, enduring, unvarying idea. Whether he paints a hero, an angel, a murderer, a babe, a bel-

dam, withered age, youth, elegance, penury, divinities, or devils, you may testify to their parentage before any police office magistrate in London, without chance of perjury. That fine creature, in a brown study on a rock, which he has christened "contemplation," is evidently the sister of his arch-angel Michael, mother of the Lady of the Lake, own-aunt to Musidora, and surely, though distantly, a-kin to Dirk Hatteraick. The truth is, and it is a secret which every painter will be indignant at the telling, each and all of them to a man, designs his images *as he best can*; he may grouse, drape, and confound his figures, variformly enough; but in their fancy faces there reigns the one idea; and he may as well attempt to change the identity of his own by the contortions of smiling, frowning, or grinning, as try to rid his mind of the master image that dwells in his eye, and is traced by his educated but unconscious hand. Cannot any one, at all conversant with works of arts, at once, and without difficulty, name the artist, upon the first glance at his production, having no more for his guidance than the general acquaintance with the peculiar something that is invariably stamped upon them all?

We are not sure what we are driving at in all this, except it be that it is idle to expect any facial semblance between these fancy portraits, and the originals whose names they bear, as conceived by the minds of others; and that it is foolish to quarrel with the names so applied to them, when that of "Betsy Fussy" would not have taken one charm away from that which is here called "Rowena." The thought was a capital one; for this gallery of sweet countenances has gladdened the eyes of many whose hearts are warm, but whose heads are too dull to create the like.

The present Number contains the usual quantity of four portraits; to one of which, a "sweet pretty" face, the name of "Amy Robsart"—the fond, confiding, loving, lovely Amy—has been appended by Mrs. Carpenter. We never read a temper rightly by such an index, however, if sharp wit and a stinging tongue lurk not beneath those downcast eyes and compressed lips. Depend upon it, all the Leicesters on earth would never have made an Amy of the owner. She is a charming creature, but not Amy Robsart. The outlined bust is very graceful.

The beauty of Mr. Boxall's "Diana Vernon" is marred by the profusion of coal-black hair by which the face is surrounded. The eyes are bright and full—full to a fault; but there is little of the *mind* in them which must have lurked half seen in those of the original Di-



This seems more the miniature of a hoyden of fifteen, detected by papa in her brother's clothes.

The Lady "ROWENA" of Mr. Stone is a pleasing portraiture of youthful innocence and feminine loveliness. The face is in shadow, relieved by a pencil of light, which slightly strikes upon a portion of her polished forehead, as it emerges from the side hair. To our taste it is far and away the prettiest in the number.

But what shall we say of Mr. Rochard's notion of "Isabel de Croye." We have tried hard to admire it, but failed. The feeling most powerfully excited, after a calm and prolonged examination, has been that of wonder—two-fold wonder; firstly, how in the world a woman could allow herself to be so disfigured by any rascally *perruquier* in the arrangement of her raven black, Irving-like hair; secondly, *can it be* a mere "accident" of art, a means of relief, devised by the artist; if the latter, grace defend the taste of Mr. Rochard!

We may more particularly advert to the excellence of the engravings by and by.

This number contains, besides, a facsimile of the writing of Sir Walter, and a poem on his death by Mr. Swain—a very spirited thing.

MAJOR'S CABINET GALLERY OF PICTURES. No. III.—We merely enumerate the contents of this new number.—A Vandyke choice, the *Gervartius*. It is beautifully engraved. In speaking of Vandyke, Mr. Allan Cunningham says, "Hazlitt is a better authority in painting than in poetry." Then he must be an authority indeed, and one to walk by in galleries. The next painting is Copely's,

"THE DEATH OF CHATHAM." Copely was an American artist, the father of Lord Lyndhurst, who, Mr. Cunningham goes rather out of his way to inform us, "has, in our own day, filled the seat of Lord High Chancellor, with honour to himself, and advantage to his country." This picture, as a work of art, is not to our taste; but it claims a place in this selection, from the interest connected with the scene. The portraits are likenesses of the leading Peers of the time. The third engraving is a landscape of Wilson's, teeming with ideas and fine combinations.

PROGRESSIVE DRAWING-BOOK. By CHILDS. Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, (complete). STUDIES OF FOREST TREES. By Same No. 1.\*—The great objection that may be urged against lithographic drawing-books generally, is, that the free "handling" of the artist on the stone, is reversed in the printed impressions, and therefore that they mislead rather than improve the learner in his attempts at fac-simile copying. In the above works this fault does not appear, and they may safely be put into the hands of the student as an excellent exemplar. The subjects are picturesque and well-selected; and the arrangement of the studies calculated to impart a knowledge of *chiaro-scuro*, as well as the first rudiments of the art. This is as it should be.

The execution of the "Forest Trees" is masterly, and may be studied with profit. Both works are very good, very cheap, and of very tasteful exterior.

\* London: Dobbs and Co.

## THE DRAMA.

### EDINBURGH THEATRICALS.

It is impossible to trace exactly the progress of the blight which has come over our theatre, and dimmed the lustre, not of its actors, but of its audience. There is something in the temper of the age. A reading public can scarcely be a theatre-going public. Their habits of mind are too different to admit of their receiving each pleasure from the other's pursuits. Then again, as a learned financialist on our establishment, more conversant with the pages of "the Black Book" than those of Shakspeare, would say, "people must work harder now to keep their ground in society, and have less time for amusement." And "last not least," the theatre is not so fashion-

able a lounge as it once was. A few young men of good principles still make it their haunting place when they have nothing better to do; but they are but a handful compared with those of a former age. The time was when the wives and daughters of advocates and physicians (the thrice distilled quintessence of Edinburgh aristocracy) could slip quietly into the pit to enjoy a favourite play; but now the ermine of their high *caste* would be sullied for ever by such an action. What with all the world (of Edinburgh) being now takers and givers of evening parties, and what with that confounded central chandelier which makes the pit so conspicuous a situation, no genteel person dare now be seen in it. Even Peter

Robertson flies the fifth or sixth benches which Harry Erskine and Harry Brougham did not disdain to occupy. One real gentleman used to haunt, the last of his race, this scene of his youthful happiness, but, alas! sickness now holds him aloof. The best, the only real theatrical critic Edinburgh ever could boast of, the friendly printer of Scott, the acute, the elegant, the kind, the honest, is bowed down by sickness. Our jest has turned to bitter earnest. We sought to laugh, but sorrow has found us. It is time that we turned to business.

Really it is no compliment to Edinburgh that a manager of such taste as Murray, and a company so efficient in many of its departments, should be left to linger on in the way they do. They are not deserted, but neither are they supported. A pittance is extended sufficient to keep them alive, and no more. It would almost be greater charity to starve them at once. Decidedly the best tragic actress at present on our boards is Miss Jarman. In addition to her eminent tragical talents, and her powers in what is oddly termed serious comedy, Miss Jarman is, perhaps, yet more pleasing in such characters as Lady Bell and the Youthful Queen. Ternan is a good actor in the heavy line, better far than the average run of those who fill such parts in a provincial theatre. Murray is, undeniably, the first comic actor on the British stage, since Downton retired. Mason; if he had physical strength equal to his abilities, would not have a competitor; and as it is, his Trapbois, Casca, his old stewards, and similar characters, are inimitable. Mackay, with a more limited range, is an actor we always like to see. He is identified with Bailie Jarvie, and, in an old Spanish major-domo, the cocking his nose is as alarming as the cocking of another man's pistol. It would be difficult to conjecture what the Edinburgh stage would do without Pritchard—everywhere and everything, the only Rob Roy now in existence. There remains a most exemplary tail; some whose office it is to carry their chief over a puddle, and some whose business it is to help a lame dog over a stile; but equally unsusceptible of discriminating notice with Virgil's "fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthem." The ballet and the orchestra are on a more than respectable footing. D'Albert has the dashing intrepidity and grace of a bounding stag, and we could pay our four

shillings every night to hear the overture to Mozart's Requiem, under the guidance of honest Dewar. The "Tableaux Vivans," which the manager has occasionally exhibited of late, have had an excellent effect in teaching the company the importance of good grouping in the drama, a secret hitherto confined to French performers.

On the whole, our theatrical establishment is *quoad* the actors, on a good and improving footing. We shall venture to drop in and report progress from time to time, now that we have found the road thither.

#### LONDON THEATRICALS.

Gloomy whispers are abroad about the theatres. Laporte swears to the free air, that he is losing by tens and by fifties every night of performance: Polhill, more mutely eloquent, points grimly to the vacant benches in any part of Old Drury any night you like, as an index to his treasury. Report, that lying hussy, who drops a truth now and then, that she may not be altogether discredited, avers that Covent Garden will close its doors before the month is closed, and shrugs her shoulders, and looks villanously dismal upon Drury; that both managers have made a *strike*, and offer half salaries, instead of whole, to their respective troops; that the offer has been indignantly rejected, upon the ground that said troops would rather starve outright than starve by inches, cursing the unhappy stars which shine malignly on their fortunes. Certain it is that the Garden is open but three nights a-week, thus thriftily reducing its losses by a moiety; that the Strand, the pretty Strand Theatre, has shut up shop quite;\* that most of the minors are desolately thin, and totter on their bases; and that some great convulsion is threatened, the consequences of which manager nor critic can declare.

These are disastrous tidings, and wise heads have been laid together to devise some plan for averting worse. It is believed, that reduced prices will be the order of the day, and that reduced salaries will necessarily follow; and this method of keeping theatrical speculators, and their dependants, from ruin quite, is, perhaps, at the present juncture, the most sagacious of all.

\* Mrs. Waylett, upon her recent return from Ireland, shouted into the astonished ears of poor Rayner, "*Helm-a-lee!*" but the latter liked not the pilotage, and would none of it; a very pretty row was got up; the arbitrement of the police was in requisition; lawyers were ejected, and their clerks jammed to a jelly; the rival occupants, Rayner and Lee, engaged in Greek-like warfare; the performers, "Hand in hand, with lingering steps and slow," wandered they cared not whither; and "the Strand" has become, alas! the mausoleum of its own glory.

#### MUSIC.

GEORGE ASPULL.—The death of this musician, at the age of 18, has cut short our high expectations of his maturing

powers. The genius of Aspull shone out at the very dawn of his existence, and was rich and promising. Music seemed a

passion that abstracted from him the very buoyancy of youth. We shall never forget the wrapt and earnest expression he assumed, when called from his play to the piano-forte. The transition was almost supernatural. At that time, (seven years ago,) his extempore performances were marked with vigorous perception of musical effect, and his execution was remarkably neat and fluent. His knowledge might then be almost called intuitive; for to play a long continued piece of excellent music off-hand, without knowing the resources of art, seemed a faculty which nature alone could have taught him to exercise. He had since cultivated his genius, and acquired initiation into musical science; and the result was, the production of several pieces of classical merit. Some of these are, we observe, about to be published, along with his life; but many of his choicest thoughts were unwritten, and are now lost to the world for ever.

*Ode to the Memory of Sir Walter Scott.* By Robert Gilfillan. Composed by Finlay Dun.\*

*Dirge on the Death of Sir Walter Scott.* By W. Millar. Composed by F. Macleod.†

The lamented demise of Scott has called forth some tributary offerings to his memory. Gilfillan's Ode possesses considerable poetic merit; and Mr. Dun has

adapted it to music with a master-hand. The joint production of Millar and Macleod does much credit to their taste and judgment. These lyrical effusions are well-timed, and deserve a favourable reception, no less on account of the mournful event, which has occasioned them, than for their individual merits, as clever pieces of composition.

*The Parted Spirit.* A serious Glee. Words by John Malcolm, Esq. Composed by Finlay Dun.\*

This composition, which obtained the prize at the Manchester Glee Club, in 1831, is of a very superior description—full of fine invention, and admirable arrangement. The subjects are flowing and melodious—the harmony very skilfully constructed. The greatest extension is given to the middle movement, which is marked with fine chastened elegance, to which the rich key of A flat, major, materially contributes. The effect is sorrowful, but exciting a pleasing sensation,—the true charm of melancholy, which Rogers had in his mind when he says,

“I would not, if I could, be gay.”

The change, at “Winds waft the breath of flowers,” comes like a freshening breeze on the listening sense. This concluding part of the composition is quite delightful. Mr. Dun has essayed so successfully in glee writing, that we hope he will be induced to favour us with many more works in this style.

\* Paterson and Roy, Edinburgh.

† Goulding and Co. London.

Mori and Lavenue, London.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

### BIRTHS.

At Hawick, on 18th October, Mrs Dr. Graham, of a son.

On 18th October, Mrs. Hood, of Stonebridge, of a son.

At Edinburgh, on 20th October, the Lady of William Penney, of a son.

In Bruton Street, London, on 20th October, the Lady of Benjamin Sawyers, Esq. of a daughter.

At Edinburgh, on 24th October, the Lady of David Dickson, younger, of Hartree, advocate, of a son.

At 1, Stafford Street, Edinburgh, on 23d October, Mrs. Nunn, of a daughter.

At Park Street, Grosvenor Square, London, on 23d October, the Lady of Sir John Mc Burgoyne, Bart., of a son and heir.

At Milford House, Hants, on 23d October, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel D. Arcey, of a son.

At Froyle Parsonage, Hants, on 23d October, Mrs. Sangford, Sainsbury, of a daughter.

At 9, Newington Place, Edinburgh, on 25th October, Mrs. H. Pillans, of a daughter.

At Twickenham Park, Middlesex, on 25th October, the Lady of Thomas Todd, Esq. of a son.

At Cramlington, Northumberland, on 25th October, Mrs. Edward Potter, of a son.

At Ardgowan, on 27th October, Lady Shaw Stewart, of a daughter.

At 14, Scotland Street, on 27th October, Mrs. Balfour, of a daughter.

At Barking Hall, on 27th October, the Lady of W. Rhodes James, Esq., of a daughter.

At Baywater, on 28th October, the Lady of J. C. Loudon, Esq., of a daughter.

At Earl Fortescue's, Castle Hill, Devonshire, on 28th October, Lady Elizabeth Courtenay, of a son.

At Wicken, Northamptonshire, on 28th October, Mrs. George Fitzroy, of a son.

At Castle Hill, Dublin, on 28th October, Lady Elizabeth Courtenay, of a son.

On 29th October, Mrs. Edward Willoughby, of Lancaster Place, London, of a daughter.

At Ruthven Manse, on 29th October, Mrs. Gardner, of a son.

At 109, Douglas Street, Glasgow, on 30th October, Mrs. Robert Knox, of a daughter.

At Castlemilk, on 30th October, the Lady of James Hotchkiss, Esq., of a son.

At Bichester House, on 30th October, the Viscountess Chetwynd, of a daughter.

At 10, Moore Place, Glasgow, on 31st October, Mrs. H. Rainy, of a son.

At Blyth Hall, on the 31st October, the Lady of William Stratford Dugdale, M. P., of a daughter.

At Cadzow Bank, Hamilton, on 31st October, the Lady of the Rev. William Meek, D.D., of a son.

At Inchrya House, on 31st October, Mrs. Clerk Rattray, of a son.

At Setcombe, near Wanfage, on 1st November, the Lady of the Rev. W. H. Wilkinson of a daughter.

At Newcastle, on 1st November, Mrs. Alexander George Gray, of a son.

At Kentish Town, on 2d November, the Lady of W. H. Reynell, Esq. of a son.

At 14, Stafford Street, Edinburgh, on 3d November, Mrs. Anthony Murray, of a daughter.

At 13, Annandale Street, Edinburgh, on 3d November, Mrs. Drysdale, of a son.

At Dunning House, on 3d November, the Lady of Sir John Oswald, of a son.

At Dalkeith Palace, on 5th November, the Duchess of Buccleugh, of a son.

At Sackville Street, London, on 5th November, Viscountess Valletort, of a son and heir.

At Merworth, on 5th November, the Hon. Lady Stapleton, of twin daughters.

At Geneva, on 5th November, the Lady of Charles Vernet, Esq., of a son.

On 6th November, the Lady of George Lee, of Wall Hall, Eltham, Kent, Esq., of a son.

At Ladykirk Manse, on 6th November, Mrs G. H. Robertson, of a son.

At Whitehall Place, London, on 7th November, Lady Henley, of a son.

At Ludlow, Shropshire, on 7th November, the Lady of Allen J. Nightingale, Esq., Assistant-Commissary-General, of a son.

At 40, Charlotte Street, Leith, on 8th November, Mrs. Bombe, of a son.

At Birkenbog, Banffshire, on 8th November, the Lady of James Anderson, Esq. of a daughter.

At Gloucester Place, Edinburgh, on 9th November, Mrs. Charles Farie, of a son.

At 7, St. Andrew's Square, on 9th November, Mrs. McKean, of a son.

On 9th November, the Lady of James Dunlop, Esq., M.D., of Baker Street, Portman Square, of a son, still-born.

At Walton Rectory, on 9th November, the Lady of the Rev. Lord John Thyme, of a son.

At Grosvenor Gate, Park Lane, London, on 11th November, the Lady of J. Fairlie, Esq. of a daughter.

At Dingwall, on 13th November, the Lady of Hugh James Cameron, Esq. of a daughter.

At Cambridge, the Lady of Major Jones, 18th Foot, of a daughter.

At Hamilton Place, London, the Countess Gower, of a son.

At his Lordship's seat, Easton Neston, Northamptonshire, the Countess of Pomfret, of a son.

In Brighton, the Baroness Fabock, of a daughter.

At Paramatta, in New South Wales, on St. Valentine's day last, the Lady of N. Simeoni Kentish, Esq., late Professor in the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and formerly of Winchester, of a daughter.

At 7, Lower Garden Street, Dublin, Mrs. D. Alton M'Arthy, of a son.

At Munich, the Hon. Mrs. Yeates Brown, of a daughter.

At Wenvoe Castle, Glamorganshire, on 12th November, the Lady of Robert F. Jenner, Esq., of a daughter.

### MARRIAGES.

In June last, at Port Louis, Mauritius, Henry James Day, Esq., lieutenant and adjutant of his Majesty's 90th regiment of foot, to Eliza, second

daughter of Captain Terry, paymaster of the 90th.

At Eholund, Sweden, on 26th August last, Captain John Engelhardt, to Agnes, daughter of Dr. Patrick Baron Seton, of Preston.

At Quebec, on 1st October, the Rev. Thomas Clark Wilson, of New Perth, to Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert McDonald, Glasgow.

At Fort George, on 1st October, E. Bush, Esq., Surgeon, 93d Highlanders, to Isabella Agnes Manford, daughter of William Manford, Esq., barrack-master of Fort George.

At the Palace, Valetta, on 1st October, Robert Anstruther, Esq. of Thirdpart, Fifa, Major in the 73d regiment, to Louisa, youngest daughter of Sir Howard Elphinstone, Bart. of Ore Place, Sussex, colonel in the corps of Royal Engineers.

At Derrynane Abbey, on 8th October, Charles O'Connell, of Bahoos, Esq., to Kate, second daughter of Daniel O'Connell, M.P.

On 9th October, Mr. R. Pringle, late of Perth, to Miss Anne Lemon, of London.

At Edinburgh, on 12th October, Mr. Robert Smith, preacher of the Gospel, to Jesse, daughter of Mr. Dobbie, of the City Mission.

At St. James', London, on 14th October, James Grant, Esq., Banffshire, to Cecilia Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Sir John Leslie, Bart., of Findrassie and Wardis, Morayshire, N.B.

At Sligo, Ireland, on 15th October, John Fenton Motherwell, Esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of William Fowler, Esq., of Edinburgh.

At Simon Burn, in Northumberland, on 15th October, the Rev. Richard Clayton, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the Rev. Francis Laing.

At Glasgow, on 16th October, the Rev. William Esq., of Wallislesham, to Mary, second daughter of the late Thomas Cuthbertson, Esq., of Lyall Cross.

At the British Ambassador's Chapel, Paris, on 15th October, William, son of Richard Fitzgerald, Esq., of Muckeridge House, county of Cork, to Sarah, relict of the late Rev. Charles Jewell, of Malmesbury.

At Perth, on 26th October, John Moir, Esq., Accountant, of the Royal Bank, to Helen Elphinstone, daughter of the late Walter Lockhart, Esq., Deputy-Clerk of Session.

At St. James', London, on 29th October, George Bramwell, Esq. junior, of the Inner Temple, and Park Street, Westminster, to Mary Jane, eldest daughter of the late James Christie, Esq., of King Street, St. James's Square.

At Itchen Abbas, Hants, on 29th October, Hugh, son of Archdeacon Berners, of Wolverstone Park, Suffolk, to Alice, youngest daughter of the late John Ashton, Esq., of the Grange, Cheshire.

At Paisley, on 30th October, Matthew A. Baird, Esq., Greenbank Dyeworks, to Janet, eldest daughter of Ninian Hodgert, Esq., Union Bank.

At 60, Cumberland Street, Edinburgh, on 30th October, Robert Cumming, Esq., Kilmarnock, to Helen, daughter of Mr. Samuel Halket.

At St. Andrews, Holborn, on 31st October, Samuel Nickson, Esq., of Southampton Buildings, Middlesex, to Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Brizey, of Sandhillhouse, Fordingbridge, Hants, Esq.

At Inches House, on 31st October, John Baillic Rose, second son of the late Colonel Hugh Rose, of Killarney, to Ellen Phillis Pattinson, youngest

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ter the British Mail, Dublin.

On 20th October, by special license, Sherrington Bristow, of his Majesty's 25th regiment, (the Borderers) to Bridget, only daughter of Sir Robert Webster, of Webster Park, Shropshire.

At Clifton, on 20th October, George Bush, Esq., to Anne, second daughter of the late William Perry, Esq., of Gambon's Town, county of Tipperary.

At Badminton, on 22d October, George Finch, Esq., to the Lady Louisa Elizabeth Somerset, eldest daughter of the Duke of Beaufort.

At Shergarton, on 24d October, the Rev. Thomas Anderson Crawford, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late John Harvie, Esq., of Shergarton.

At Echt House, Aberdeenshire, on 23d October, Patrick Watson Carnegie, Esq., of Loan and Turin, Forfarshire, to Rachel Ann, eldest daughter of James Forbes, Esq., of Echt.

At Overton House, on 23d October, Mr. George Ferme, junior, farmer, Roseberry House, to Anne, only daughter of Mr. John Plumer.

At Viewforth Place, Edinburgh, on 23d October, the Rev. William Scott Moncrieff, of Pennicuik, to Hectorina, youngest daughter of James Robertson, Esq.

At Wistow, near Selby, on 23d October, Mr. A. F. T. Graham, surgeon, Selby, to Miss Nicholson, daughter of the late William Nicholson, Esq., of Wistow Lordship.

At St. James's Church, London, on 23d October, Robert Otway Cave, Esq., of Castle Otway and Lisson Hall, in the county of Tipperary, to Sophia, eldest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart.

At 5, Atholl Place, Edinburgh, on 24th October, James Tait, Esq., jun., Hailes, to Jane, only daughter of John Wilson, Esq., of Garden Estate, Trinidad.

At Christ Church, Marylebone, on 24th October, J. S. Campbell, M. D., of Duke Street, Portland Place, to Margaret Munro, youngest daughter of the late Edward Penman, Esq.

At West Ham, on 24th October, William Champion, second son of the Rev. Thomas Streatfield, of Chart's Edge, Kent, to Hannah, fourth daughter of Joseph Fry, Esq., of Upton Lane, Essex.

At 23, London Street, Edinburgh, on 24th October, Mr. George Hillson, junior, Jedburgh, to Mary, fourth daughter of the late John Kennedy, factor to the Marquis of Breadalbane.

At Marylebone Church, on 25th October, the Rev. Atwell Lake, of West Walton, Norfolk, son of the late Sir James Winter Lake, Bart., to Sophia, daughter of the late Samuel Turner, Esq., of Upper Wimpole Street.

At Gordon Castle, N. B. on 25th October, the Marquis of Abercorn, to Lady Louisa Russell, daughter of the Duke of Bedford.

eldest daughters of Mr. Robert Noble, Skirling.

At Athol, on 6th November, Mr. James Weir, Writer, Edinburgh, to Renald, third daughter of Mr. John Rodger, Shipowner, Arbroath.

At Gillingford, on 7th November, Captain Mostyn, R. N., of Gillingford, Denbighshire, to Susanna, youngest daughter of the late John Stanislaus Townsend, Esq., of Trevellyn.

At Laurieston Castle, on 8th November, William Charles Henry, Esq., of Manchester, M. D. to Margaret, daughter of Thomas Allan, Esq., of Laurieston.

At Edinburgh, on 8th November, the Rev. James Craik, Minister of Scone, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Walter Grieve, Esq., 31, Gilmur Place.

At 11, West Maitland Street, Edinburgh, on 10th November, Mr. James P. Cumine, farmer, Arddinston, Berwickshire, to Jane Cross, daughter of William Irvine, Esq., Brechin.

At Kelso, on 13th November, Archibald Horne, Esq., accountant in Edinburgh, to Agnes, daughter of the late James Darling, Esq., agent for the Bank of Scotland at Kelso.

At Buccleugh Place, Edinburgh, on 13th November, William Hagart, Esq., Edinburgh, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Hugh Walker, Esq., of Carron Hall, St. Mary's, Jamaica.

At St. Pancras Church, London, on 13th November, James William Duncan, Esq., of Ulster Place, Regent Park, to Esther Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Thomas Greenwood, Esq., Cumberland Place, Regent Park.

At Edinburgh, on 14th November, Mr. James Marshall, jeweller, to Margaret, second daughter of John Patterson, Esq., Carlton Place.

At St. Clement Danes, on 14th November, Lieutenant Edmund Hume Forbes Denman, of the Madras Artillery, to Miss Ann Hall, of Flora Place, Plymouth.

At Bloomsbury Church, London, on 14th November, the Rev. Richard Bellamy, to Mary, youngest daughter of Edward Vaux, Esq., of Upper Montague Street, Russell Square.

At Marylebone Church, London, on 15th November, the Rev. Brook G. Bridges, son of the late Sir Brook W. Bridges, Bart., of Goodnestone Park, Kent, to Louisa, daughter of the late Charles Chaplain, Esq., of Blankney, Lincoln.

At 130, George Street, Edinburgh, on 15th November, Alexander Bartholomew, Esq., Paisley, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. Hume, Castlemains of Yester, East Lothian.

At 28, Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, on 15th November, the Rev. Dr. David Scott, minister of Corstorphine, to Miss Helen Heugh, daughter of the late John Heugh of Gartcove, Esq.

At Leith Hall, on 15th November, Major Mitchell of Ashgrove, to Mary, eldest surviving daughter of General Hay of Raunds.

At 38, Great King Street, Edinburgh, George Johnston, Jun. Esq., East Wemyss, Pile, to Jane, third surviving daughter of the late William Subald, sen., Louth.

At Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, the Hon. Henry Arundell, son of the late Right Honourable James Everard, ninth Lord Arundell, of Wardour Castle, to Elizabeth Emmeline, only daughter of Joseph Eadale, Court, Surrey.

Major Marriott, of Sellersbrook, to Catherine, daughter of the late G. Griffin, Esq. of Newton, Monmouth.

At Marylebone Church, London, the Rev. B. G. Bridges, son of the late Sir B. W. Bridges, Bart., of Kent, to Louisa, daughter of the late E. Chaplin, Esq. of Lincoln.

At Philadelphia, Dr. Gilman Kemball, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Henry Dewar, of Lassodie.

At Rolvenden, Kent, Major G. Willock, K.L.S. to Charlotte, only daughter of the Rev. J. R. Combe, of Sparkes, Rolvenden.

At Edinburgh, on 17th October, John Rutherford, carrier.

On 17th October, Mrs. Dunkin, widow of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Dunkin, of the 44th Regiment.

At Undercliff, Isle of Wight, on 18th October, James Carnegie, eldest son of James Carnegie Arbuthnot, Esq. of Balmoon.

At Forres, on 18th October, Cadet James Innes, son of the late Captain John Innes, of his Majesty's 66th Regiment of Foot.

At Dundee, on 18th October, Mr. John Millar. On 19th October, Mr. William Linton, preacher of the gospel, and Rector of the Grammar School of Brechin.

At Edinburgh, on 19th October, Donald Mackintosh, Esq. W.S.

At Wood End, near Chichester, on 19th October, the Right Honourable Lady Emily Charlotte Berkeley, wife of Admiral the Hon. Sir George Berkeley, G.C.B.

At Dumfries, on 20th October, Anthony Arm-

At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, J. H. Holley, Esq. of Burgh, Norfolk, to Horatia, third daughter of Vice-Admiral Windham, of Felbrigg Hall, in that county.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, the Hon. Theobald Fitzwalter Butler, eldest son of Lord Dunboyne, to Julia, second daughter of the late William Brande, Esq. of Merden Hall, Surrey.

At St. James's, Colchester, Captain Schreiber, late of the 18th Hussars, to Anne, daughter of A. W. Hume, Esq.

At Taunton, J. Hole, Esq., Thorvrafton, Devon, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Kingsburg, 2d Royals.

#### DEATHS

On 3d May, near Mambangan, Malacca, Ensign George Holford Walker, third son of Joshua Walker, Esq. of Ivy Lodge, St. John's Lodge.

On 11th May last, Mrs. Burke, the lady of the Governor of New South Wales.

In May last, at Mussoorie, in the Himalah Mountains, David Thomas, the infant son of Colonel Harry Thomson.

On his passage from India, on 19th June last, Lord George Thynne, sixth son of the Marquis of Bath.

At Quebec Estate, Jamaica, on 29th August, William Lambie, Esq.

At Toulouse, in France, on 14th September, Donald Cameron, Esq. of Lochiel.

At Benfield, near Cupar Fife, on 22d September, Mr. James Inglis.

At Baltimore, North America, on 2d October, James Burn, Esq., son of the late William Burn, merchant, Edinburgh.

At Edinburgh, on 5th October, Andrew Steele, Esq. of Crosswood-hill, W.S.

At Dunblane, on 7th October, William Stirling, Esq., writer.

At Banff, on 9th October, George Lemmon, Esq., merchant.

At Laverock Bank, on 9th October, Alexander Philip, late insurance broker, London.

At Old Greenlaw, on 10th October, Mr. Alexander Hogg, farmer.

At Inverary, on 11th October, Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Duncholine, late Sheriff-Substitute of Argyshire.

On 13th October, Lord Macdonald of Thorpe, near Bredlington, in the county of York, and of Armadillo Castle, Isle of Sky, North Britain, a Lieutenant-general in the Army.

At Dumfries, on 13th October, Mr. Thomas Daniel.

At the Manse of Chapel Garlick, on 14th October, James Dalrymple, youngest son of the Rev. Henry Simon.

At Greenlaw, on 15th October, Mr. Peter Hall, Esq., carrier.

At Edinburgh, on 15th October, Mary Brown, relict of Colonel James Brown.

At Fortbelton, on 16th October, Mrs. Robertson, widow of Lieutenant-Colonel Donald Robertson.

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At Mayno Bouse, in the county of Louth, Ireland, on 21st October, Anne, wife of Berkeley Buckingham Stafford, Esq. of Mayne, and third daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Lytton, Edinburgh.

At 23, Union Place, Edinburgh, on 21st October, Mrs. J. R. Marder, wife of Henry Marder, Esq., Cook.

At 17, Duke Street, Edinburgh, on 21st October, Mrs. Barbara Kermack, relict of Mr. Charles Kermack, Guardian Ceres, Fife-shire.

At Volung, on 22d October, Robert William Scarlett, Esq., eldest son of Sir William A. Scarlett, late Chief Justice of Jamaica.

At Liverpool, on 22d October, Margaret Steel, wife of the Rev. David Thom.

At 22, South Gray Street, Newington, on 22d October, Agnes, third daughter of Mr. Carfrae, junior.

At Pearse Street, Brechin, on the 22d October, Lieutenant Alexander Young, late of the 21st regiment, or Royal North British Fusiliers.

At Dalketh, on 23d October, Mrs. Marion Douglas, wife of Mr. William Douglas.

At the Burn, on 23d October, John Ramsay, Esq. of Barra.

At Chessington, Surrey, on 23d October, General William Tombs Dalrymple.

At Dalhousie Castle, on 25th October, George Lord Ramsay.

At Pathhead, Fifeshire, on 26th October, David Millie, Esq. of Cameron Bridge.

At 11, South Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, on 26th October, Mrs. Duthie, widow of the late James Duthie, Esq. Stirling.

At Inverness, on 26th October, Mr. Alexander Fraser, wood merchant.

At Lentland, on 26th October, Mr. Alexander Thomson, farmer.

At 6, John's Place, Links, Leith, on 26th October, Miss Margaret Goodlet, daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Goodlet, Leith.

At Stanmore, on 27th October, Catherine, relict of the late Robert Lambert, Esq. Commissioner of the Royal Navy.

At Edinburgh, on 27th October, John Gordon, seutor, Esq. W.S.

At Bath, on 28th October, Joanna, widow of the late Rev. Richard Blade, vicar of Thornbury, Gloucestershire.

At London Row, Leith, on 28th October, Margaret Reid, spouse of Captain Alexander M'Vicar, R.N.

At Haddington, on 29th October, Catherine Pringle, wife of Mr. Andrew Pringle, tanner and wool merchant.

At 47, Hope Park End, on 29th October, Mr. William Miller, of the Bank of Scotland.

At 13, Monteith Row, Glasgow, on 29th October, Mr. Richard Griffin, bookseller.

At Thurso, on 30th October, Miss Alexandrina Brodie, daughter of the late David Brodie, Esq. of Hopeville.

At Aberdeen, on 31st October, George Hogarth, Esq. of Marshallmeadows.

- At Torquay, Devonshire, on 31st October, Thomas Keeling, Esq. of the island of St. Bartholomew, and late of Mornington, Co. Wick, Newcastle Road.
- At Pavia, on 31st October, Antonia Scarpa, Professor of Anatomy.
- At Edinburgh, on 31st October, Miss Margaret Watson, daughter of the deceased James Watson, Esq. of Saughton.
- At Ladyfield Place, Edinburgh, on 31st October, John Edgar, Esq. late accountant of Exchequer.
- At Moffat, on 31st October, Mr Thomas Harkness, sen., writer, Dumfries.
- At Raehan Cottage, Peebles-shire, on 1st November, Lady Raeburn, relict of the late Sir Henry Raeburn.
- At Glasgow, on 1st November, Mr. Patrick Macfarlane.
- At 29, Bernard Street, Leith, on 2d November, William, eldest son of William Lornum, Esq. solicitor.
- At Fiddrie House, on 2d November, Archibald Spiers, Esq. of Fiddrie.
- At Edinburgh, on 3d November, Mr John Laing, surveyor of taxes.
- At Edinburgh, on 3d November, Ann, eldest daughter of the late John Quimberley, Esq. of Guynd.
- At Edinburgh, on 3d November, Mr. John Morrison, late merchant, Leith.
- At Ravenshaw, on 4th November, Sir Alexander Keith of Dunnottar, Knight Marshal of Scotland.
- At Russell Square, London, on 4th November, the Right Hon. Charles Lord Limerden, Lord Chief Justice of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench.
- At London, on 5th November, Helenora, widow of Claud Alexander, Esq. of Billoch, and daughter of the late Sir William Maxwell, Bart. of Springkell.
- On the 5th November, James Smith, Esq. of Swan Walk, Chelsea.
- At Elvet Vale, Blackheath, on 6th November, Frederica Augusta, relict of William Lock, late of Norbury Park, Esq.
- At Cheltenham, on 6th November, Colonel John Herries.
- At Leith, on 6th November, Mrs Margaret Robertson, relict of Mr John Thomson, merchant, Leith.
- At Kinghorn, on 7th November, James McIlrath, late tenant of Craigton.
- At Lanthigow, on 7th Nov James Rae, Esq Sheriff Substitute of Lanthigow-shire.
- At her seat, Kyne House, near Tenbury, on 8th November, Mrs Pytts, relict of the late Jonathan Pytts, of Kyne, county of Worcester, Esq.
- At Shooter's Hill, on 9th November, Lieutenant Colonel General Cuppage, Royal Artillery, and Inspector of the royal Carriage department.
- At London, on 9th November, Colonel Robert Broughton, of the Hon. East India Company's service.
- At Meadow Place, Edinburgh, on 10th November, Captain James Lunn, late of the 80th regiment.
- At Gatehouse of Fleet, on 11th November, Mrs. Janet Gordon, relict of the late Hugh Gordon, minister of Avoch.
- At Dumfries, on 11th November, Miss Susan Copland, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Copland, Esq. of Colliston.
- At Haddington Place, Edinburgh, on 11th November, Mary, wife of Mr Duncan Black.
- At Dale Park, on 11th November, Frances, Dowager Marchioness of Bute.
- At Brighton, on 11th November, Henry Arthur Broughton, Esq. of Great Marlborough Street.
- At 14, Roxburgh Place, Edinburgh, on 12th November, Mr. John M'Laren, Spirit merchant.
- At Ilfracombe, on 13th November, Michael Bowman, Esq. Surgeon, Harley Street, Cavendish Square.
- At Belgrave Square, London, on 13th November, Leitha, wife of Vice Admiral Sir Charles Ogle, Bart.
- At Inveresk, on 14th November, Miss Margaret Hay, daughter of the late Major George Hay.
- At Edinburgh, on 15th November, Mr. George Gillespie, Builder.
- At Westminster, of Glack, parish of Daviot, on 15th November, Thomas Forster, student.
- At Leith, Captain John Smith, R N.
- At Blandford, Dorset, the Hon A Stuart, formerly of the Queen's Lays, the only (and twin) brother of the Earl of Moray.
- At Bonnac, county of Kerry, the Rev Randall Mullins, B. C. C.
- At Dumbuck, Kirkintilloch, Marion Fergus, relict of the late Mr. William Stewart.
- At Miln, Lord Clinton.
- At Ramsgate, Sir James Lake, Bart.
- At Ryde, Isle of Wight, the Rev Horatio Pitt Shewell.
- At Watford, Samuel Sprigg, Esq.
- At the Manse of Carlavrock, the Rev. Dr W. L. Linn McMorine.
- At Madras, Lieutenant Colonel H. T. Shaw of the 15th regiment.
- At Barrackpore, Lieutenant L. C. Macpherson, 49th regiment N I.
- At Winkarstones, Mr Robert Thomson, farmer.
- At Bath, Volant Vernon Ballard, Esq. C. B. Rear Admiral of the White.

#### PROFESSOR SIR JOHN LESLIE

We mention, with sincere regret, the loss of this eminent philosopher, a regret deepened by the difficulty of filling up the place he has left vacant in our University, and in the field of scientific discovery. The death of Professor Leslie was the more afflicting to his friends, from being quite unexpected. He was at his place in life, busy with out-door improvements previous to his winter duties in Edinburgh and in his class. A neglected cold, followed by erysipelas in the legs, with his habit of body, proved rapidly fatal. He was no more, before his friends here were well apprised of his illness. Sir John Leslie was in his 60th year. He was a native of Leith, and the son of a decent farmer. This is not the place for a history of his pursuits, inventions, or discoveries. They will not be forgotten apart from his merits as a man of science. Professor Leslie was highly valued by his personal friends, a kind, unassuming, single hearted man, who never thought it worth while to affect that mysterious carriage of the body which is used by inferior men to veil defects of the spirit.

## THE EDINBURGH PEACE MEETING.

## GRAND TORY DEMONSTRATION.

THIS desperate and unprincipled faction have made a sudden and simultaneous movement throughout the three kingdoms. They have sprung their cunningly-laid mine, and hope, by a bold *coup-de-main*, either to hoist out the Government or greatly to influence the elections. The Whigs, taken by surprise, have not had sufficient nerve at once to meet the exigency, and to crush the mischief in the egg; and the Radicals have held aloof, not we hope from recollecting the way in which their late hearty co-operation has been requited, though Bath and Middlesex warrant something like this. This must not be. The country is more than any party soreness. All merge in its danger from the Tory machinations; and its truest interests call upon every man to rally round the administration, and at once to defeat this cunning device of its enemies—those who, living in the bosom of Britain, have seized the moment of her danger and difficulty to play the game of traitors. The meetings got up in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, with so fair a gloss of purpose, are really meant to strengthen the Dutch King in his mulish obstinacy, to encourage the despots of the North of Europe in a new crusade against freedom, and to raise the hopes of the expelled Bourbons; and this effect they must have: nor do the secret instigators of these meetings care one jot for any mischief that may result from them, whether to the honour or the peace of the country, so that they may profit by the occasion to advance their own selfish objects. They are like thieves, who set fire to a house that they may profit by the conflagration to rob.

When we support the Whigs, the probability is, that they are in the right. The part we have played has not been that of their apologist or their partisan. The Tories, as they think, have fairly caught the Whig Ministry at an advantage. From knowing how averse the people are to war, the Conservative leaders have got up what they are pleased to call "PUBLIC MEETINGS," (although the public are carefully excluded,) to protest against the conduct of the Ministry in involving the country once more in war, in an "unjust and unnecessary war," according to these new friends of peace—a war against an "ancient ally," in furtherance of the selfish views of our "natural enemy" France. One of these meetings has just taken place in Edinburgh, and the proceedings of which we shall shortly advert; but, as the endless protocols have so tied the public, that few recollect the nature of the question, we shall first refresh the minds of our readers by a short summary.

Belgium was given to Holland by the Holy Alliance, at their settlement of Europe, not joined to Holland in perfect equality, but given to Holland, it may be said, as a prey. The Dutch King and the Dutch National Debt were fixed, by Castlereagh and his royal accomplices, round the necks of the Belgians, without their consent, and grievously against their will. The Belgians resolved to be free, and rose against their owners. A fierce war ensued. It was stopped by the humane interference of the Five Great Powers of Europe. Both Holland and Belgium agreed to abide by the decision of these Powers. Belgium promptly fulfilled its part of the award of the Five Powers, while Holland remonstrated, and refused to abide by the same award. By obstinate perseverance, Holland obtained better terms than were originally fixed by the Five Powers; but, not contented with this, Holland, after two years spent in protocols, persisted in stopping the navigation of the Scheldt, and in retaining possession of the citadel of Antwerp. The robber kept his grasp of the throat of his victim, in disregard of justice and the demands of the bystanders to whom both he and his victim had appealed. France and England, the only two of the Five Powers who have any sympathy with a nation that wishes to be free, warn the Dutch that, if they do not evacuate the Belgian citadel they will compel them to do so by force. The Dutch King refuses; and the English and French execute their threat, without the concurrence of the other three Powers of Europe, whose sympathies are all on the side of despotism; and mark the patriotism of the Tories. This is the critical moment which they choose to abet the King of Holland in his mad purpose, and play into the hands of a state with which Britain is at war.

By none is war more abhorred than by ourselves, and by none is interference with the affairs of the Continent more deprecated. We hold that it was quite wrong in the Duke of Wellington's Government to interfere with the Dutch and Belgian quarrel at all; and that we had no right to interfere. It is not only lawful, but laudable, to interfere, on behalf of humanity, in every case of gross oppression, whether of a nation, or an individual. If a strong man attack a weak man, unjustly, every bystander is bound to interfere to protect the weak man from the strong; and, if a powerful nation attack a weak, other nations, as a matter of justice and proper part, if they interfere against the powerful aggressor. Neither as a virtue nor a duty is it called upon to interfere in a quarrel where they cannot do any great injury to themselves; and any National Debt is quite sufficient reason for not taking any part in Continental quarrels. But having interfered between the King of



gun; having spent two years in protocols, we think the British Ministry acted for the best when they resolved, in conjunction with France, to force the Dutch King to quit his gripe of the key of Belgium. The right to use force, in this case, we think indisputable, and the expediency scarcely less clear. Suppose the end of all the protocols had been our leaving the Dutch and Belgians to fight out their quarrel, the disgrace to us of this issue of our interference would have been the least part of the evil. That general war which the Tories are so loud against, now that we are to fight on the side of liberty, would have been far more likely to ensue, than it now is. France would not have abandoned Belgium to the tender mercies of the Dutch King, and had France moved alone to the aid of Belgium, the three despotic Powers would instantly have made war on both these countries. Could we, oppressed with debt and taxation as we are, have stood aloof, and contemplated, across the narrow channel which separates this country and France, the principle of liberty put down, and our gallant neighbours overrun with the armies of despotism? Impossible. There is, indeed, among us a vile faction that would act this base part, nay, would act still more basely. We have no doubt that the Tories would, in such a case, loudly call for our interference on the side of the despots, to crush French freedom, as the first step towards strangling liberty in our own country. Nothing is too base for that detestable faction. But, fortunately, the Tories have no longer the power of doing that mischief which it is their nature to do. Their power is prostrated, never to rise again, and any interference of this country with the affairs of the Continent will be to support liberty, and not despotism, as of old under the *Feytaute*.

What may be the result of the movement of France and England against Holland, it is impossible, when this goes to press, to foresee. But, be the consequence what it may, we call upon every man, who wishes his country well, to support the Whig administration against the insidious attempts of the Tories to ruin them in public opinion, on account of a piece of foreign policy, which, after the interference had gone so far, they could not avoid, and which we must un to be both just and expedient.

And who involved us in this dilemma? before the Whigs had accepted of office, the Duke of Wellington's Government had recognised the new French Dynasty, and guaranteed the integrity of Belgium, and England had accepted the office of mediators, which traitors at home have laboured to prevent her from bringing to a successful issue. The first protocol of the London Conference had in fact been published at Brussels before the Duke of Wellington was driven from office.

And who are these lovers of peace, these shirkers of war, these shrinkers from interference with foreign quarrels? Are they members of the Society of Friends? Are they the ministers of religion, and men distinguished for their meekness and piety? No, no. They are the bloody Tories, the remnants of that insolent faction, who driven from their rotten boroughs, a d d other fastnesses of corruption, now seek to rise the people against the men who fill the place they think theirs by inheritance — *l'overs of peace!* They are the men who dignified this infatuated country into that we put down liberty which has almost made us nationally bankrupt, the men who never lost an opportunity of interfering with the quires of every nation of Europe, and never failed to assist the oppressor in his oppression. Nay more, they are the men who originated the interference in this very quarrel, and continued the interference till they were driven from office, amidst the people's execrations, to make way for traitor men. They disclaim being actuated by party motives, but are any but those of their own party found at these *'PUBLIC MEETINGS'*, unless, perhaps, an occasional traitor, who thinks he may safely drop his mask? And they talk of economy too! the unprincipled extortioners and spendthrifts, — and of peace, and humanity, and religion, the selfish, d d signing, and contemptible hypocrites! *Tough!*

At the Edinburgh meeting, it was plain, that it was not *our* simply they deprecate, but war in alliance with what they designate *'Revolutionary France'*. *For eyes cannot abide the Tri-color.* They like it as a slave owner likes the Bible of a missionary. At the late Public Meetings, none of the very great have appeared. To catch all sorts of fish, the Tories have woven the nets of sedition in the meshes this time. Their game is to alarm the fears of the people for mother of those wars of which we have had such blessed mistakes. To engage the general sympathy, second-rate men, in rank and fortune, and those as little as possible, mixed up with party politics, are ostentatiously thrust forward. But, easily is it seen, who dexterously uses the cat's paws, and plays the wires of these puppets. Among the former of these, at the Edinburgh Meeting, was Mr. Johnston, the *so-called* liberal member for Dumfriesshire. We say so in charity, for it is better to be a puddle-headed unconscious tool, than the other character suggested by the line of conduct he has adopted. The room in which the Tories met was about three fourths filled, the meeting was carefully packed with their creatures, and the public excluded, by the terms of their advertisement, and by the payment of one shilling at the door. Yet fully one-third of the persons present were evidently opposed in sentiment to the speakers, having gone out of curiosity merely. We have heard of no reformers being present except one or two connected with the press, who were there in their professional capacity, and Mr. Johnston of Stranton,

"Among the faithful faithful only he"

And this the impudent Tories, and their lying journals, will, as they have done before, call a *Public Meeting* of the *Invitations* of *Edinburgh*.

# TAIT'S

## EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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### POLITICAL MORALITY OF MODERN STATESMEN.

#### No. I.—SIR ROBERT PEELE.

THE following paper will be devoted to an examination of the political character of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel.

In this examination we shall be thoroughly outspoken: conventional phraseology, and all the bland hypocrisies of private life shall be discarded. However necessary such amenities may be to preserve the peace and well-being of society in its every-day intercourse, they are in the highest degree mischievous in public affairs. Truth is here of paramount import. So vast are the interests involved, so wide-spreading may be the evil resulting from error, that we cannot afford to tamper with the matter, or to risk the great and terrible sacrifice that might follow on any undue estimation. The simplest, that is, the right names, shall be employed to designate the conduct of which we may have to speak; and should our language appear harsh, the evil must lie at the door of those who performed acts that may thus be rightly described not at ours, who have told the simple truth on the occasion.

To sift the worth of existing reputations, is at the present time peculiarly necessary. We are beginning a new era; new rules will guide the conduct of those who govern, since new ends will have to be sought by them. During the past, the great business of all who have presided over public affairs, has been to pursue one object and pretend another; to forward, in fact, the interests of a class, under specious pretences of providing for the public welfare. The great art has been, to coin apt phrases to blind the multitude, to forge plausible schemes to deceive them; under the guise of intense solicitude for the general weal, dexterously to fill particular pockets; to describe, with shew of reason, all existing evils as necessarily inhering in the frame-work of society, and all existing good as flowing from the wonderful sagacity of themselves and predecessors. He who was successful in these pretences, obtained unbounded renown and power; part of the deep-laid plan of depredation being to poison, at the fountain-heads, the public morality of the people, to corrupt as well as to deceive their judgments, and thus to make them the active instruments of their own degradation. To purify, and render incorrupt this popular estimation, to strip the deceivers of their decent coverings, to expose the rotten and hideous deformity which their

art has disguised, should now be the great business of all who pretend to watch the conduct of public men. Now, when popular judgments will lead directly to change and fashion legislative acts, these judgments become intensely important. Hitherto, the influence of the public opinion has been merely indirect, guiding the conduct of those governing, through the medium of their fears ; but now, it is to be hoped, that the acts of the government will result immediately from the will of the people, and not from that of their rulers. It is in consequence of the immense and direct importance of public judgments respecting public men, that we now proceed to investigate the character of one who has enjoyed no small share of consideration,—we mean Sir Robert Peel. Exploring the stews of corruption is a disgusting office ; is performed because of its imperious necessity, not from any predilection for sights of hideous deformity.

Of all the many plausible pretenders that have lately appeared in the political arena, Sir Robert Peel seems most thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his profession. In Mr. Canning, there was too much passion, and even too much brilliancy and talent, to make him at all times a wily pretender. With Mr. Huskisson, the matter was one of trade. He hired himself for the job, and performed it like a hireling. Lord Eldon, that worthy tutor of the Right Honourable Baronet, had the “ interest-begotten prejudices ” of his tribe ; and he went through his business like a paid advocate whose sympathies readily accommodated themselves to his brief. But with Sir Robert Peel it is a labour of love. He seems to have the feeling of a man we had once the misfortune to know, who was dying with a desire of enacting Joseph Surface, being possessed with the notion, that his own character was so like the one imagined by the dramatist, that he could not fail of acquiring renown from the performance. So Sir Robert Peel seems to have undertaken the part of political impostor, from sheer love for the character. He has therefore enacted the same with much unction, but with rather too much care. He has, in truth, overdone the matter. His eternal trickery, his unblushing front, his ever-ready plausibility, his many-sided pretences, his too solemn knavery, have betrayed him. The elaborate finish of the performance has militated against its general effect. Still he has acquired much renown ; with very moderate abilities, has contrived to obtain the reputation of a man of great power and judgment ; with an extremely shallow knowledge, has come to be thought of vast acquirements ; and because possessed of mere routine habits of business, has been considered endowed with the master spirit of a great statesman. Use has made him a somewhat dexterous debater. He understood thoroughly the character of the past House of Commons, and was skilled in the means of addressing himself to their ignorance and their interests ; could wield, with some art, the sophistry suited to their narrow understandings ; and could usually lead, though he could never impel them, to his purposes. Extended views are beyond his grasp. Of the science of legislation he knows not even the elements ; though, like an attorney’s clerk, he be master of the mere machinery by which it is put into operation. To the higher moral attributes he is also a stranger. Cold, and overlaid with the debasing artifice of office, his soul knows no high emotions. His bosom is warmed by no generous and expanded sympathies, no high-toned and ennobling feelings. Chilled, blighted, choked by the rank growth of his party vices, every thing generous, every thing exalted, died with him ; and he now stands the impassible instrument of a treacherous, insolent, and rapacious party.

Heir to a great fortune, but sprung from a father of humble birth and connexions, Sir Robert (then Mr. Peel) early sought the means of covering the stain of his plebeian birth ; of acquiring a station and consideration among the aristocracy of the country, which mere wealth cannot obtain. Political importance in England treads down all distinctions. By this, therefore, did Mr. Peel endeavour to raise himself from the mortifying position of a rich tradesman's son. Like most men in his station, he assumed High-Tory politics. There is nothing so aristocratic as a plebeian running from his tribe. There are few such fierce Christians as a renegade Jew. The bright model chosen by the young aspirant, his " tutor, guide, and friend"—was the then Lord Chancellor Eldon. He, before him, had played the same game, with a success unrivalled in the annals of political subserviency. The plebeian lawyer had become the oracle of the aristocracy : from their veriest slave, had become their leader. In the glory of his works, the lowness of his origin faded away, and was lost for ever. How had he done this ? Could not his successful example be followed, and the same results attained ? He had done this by a steady, unflinching, unblushing support of every aristocratic abuse, of every aristocratic prejudice ; by becoming the crawling hind, the ever-ready tool, the forward instrument, the reckless, cruel worker of their unhallowed will, to an overhearing, ruthless aristocracy ; by pursuing, unhesitatingly, the many dirty ways of his profession ; by bending all forms, all laws, to their purposes ; by blotting out from his nature the warm charities of life ; by covering his countenance with hypocrisy ; by tuning his voice to cant ; by having tears at command, and solemn and pious declarations ever ready : in short, by being a servile, callous, unprincipled, useful hireling. Such were the means by which this, his worthy model, stole into the ranks of nobility. So, in youth, Sir Robert Peel prepared to run the same race, and girded up his loins to the task. He set out with good speed, and soon gave evidence of good-will. He was not shocked at what he saw, nor flinched from what he was called on to perform. Lord Castlereagh found him not a backward instrument. The concocter of the Six Acts, and the author and defender of the Manchester massacre, complained of no hesitation in the obsequious underling. The canting Eldon took him to his bosom, and chilled him into a semblance of himself. In those days of mourning, at that dark moment of our history, there was no feeling exhibited by him but one of bitter hostility to the popular cause ; no prejudice was too strong, too miserable, too drivelling, to obtain his support. The Constitution, in all its deformity, was the constant theme of his praise. The constitution meant exclusion from participation in the business of government, of all but a few of the privileged class—exclusion of all dissent. The Test and Corporation Acts were, in his supposed belief, absolutely necessary to the conservation of the state ; the degradation of the Roman Catholics, the vivifying spirit which kept us in health and being. Free trade would have then been, in his statements, a portentous innovation—every monopoly a perennial source of profit to the nation. Such, at the outset of his career, was Sir Robert Peel.

When Lord Castlereagh executed the judgment that had long been passed on him by the suffering millions of the universe, and cut himself off from the living world, a change began to be discernible in the councils of our rulers. This change was partly owing to the indolence of George IV. and partly to the growing determination of the people to resist oppression. It was plain to the indolent and voluptuous monarch,

that the arbitrary conduct of Castlereagh would, if continued, involve him in trouble, perhaps in civil war. His growing infirmities, though they had not lessened the despotism of his nature, had considerably increased his dislike of labour. Ease was what he desired; and he felt that ease could not be preserved if the people were insulted and oppressed as they had hitherto been. From that moment the advance of aristocratic despotism was arrested. Castlereagh had carried their domination to its highest point, and each succeeding year after his death brought a diminution of their power. Their onward march first was checked: retreat quickly followed; and on the heels of retreat came defeat and ruin. In the whole of these proceedings, what was the conduct of Sir Robert Peel? So long as success attended despotism, he was of the number of its retainers: he cheered on the minister in his work of cruelty and insult; he aided and abetted his nefarious designs. When downright open violence and opposition were no longer possible, he employed the insidious arts of his tribe to check the popular advance, to increase and retain the ill-gotten and worse-used power of the aristocracy. The ministry of that day pretended to a liberal section: was Mr. Peel of that somewhat liberal party? No. He began to be the avowed head of the bigots and oligarchs of the band. With Lord Eldon for his friend and adviser, he ranged himself in opposition to every liberal idea; and for the purpose of currying favour with the Church, he waged fierce war against all toleration. But in his bosom there was another passion raging, and that was jealousy. Canning's brilliancy and wit cast into shade the merits of his wealthy compeer. While Canning lived, Mr. Peel was compelled to occupy a subordinate station. Rage, ill suppressed, drove the less gifted aspirant to political power, to adopt other support than what he might derive from his talent. He propped himself up by the Church on one side, and the aristocracy on the other. Canning supported Catholic Emancipation; Peel, therefore, was fiercely opposed to it. The list of Canning's liberal ideas was short; but, nevertheless, few as they were, they had an ever-steady opponent in his right honourable compeer. Bearing in mind that one of the guiding influences under which he acted was jealousy of Mr. Canning, let us consider the conduct of Sir Robert Peel respecting the memorable question of Catholic Emancipation. From the time he came into office, till the death of Lord Liverpool, he was ranked among its chief opponents. This period was not one of mere tutelage. He had arrived at a time of life, when, if ever, he was fully capable of forming his opinions. On deliberate consideration, we may suppose (seeing that his opposition had been continued some twelve or fourteen years) he had come to the conclusion, that Catholic Emancipation would be the ruin of the state—of that blessed thing called the Constitution. Acting on this conclusion, he resisted every attempt to grant it, and derived great fame and power from his pious consideration of our glorious institutions. Taking the Right Honourable gentleman at his word, we are to believe this opposition the result of a conviction of its necessity. Of that necessity he had now been judging fourteen years, in the prime of his life, during the time best fitted for consideration. His constant asseveration was, that ruin,—“hideous ruin and combustion,”—would be the immediate consequence of any concession to the demands of the Catholics. Lord Liverpool died, and then came the interesting question, who was to be Premier? Unfortunately for Mr. Peel's ambition, Mr. Canning was living, and his competitor. Mr. Canning obtained the desired post, and Mr.

Peel would not serve in a subordinate situation in his ministry ; but to say this at once and openly, would have been too honest for men in office. A pretence was to be framed—a pretence by which favour might be obtained. To what party did Mr. Peel turn for favour ? As usual, to the party of bigots. He could not agree with Mr. Canning on the Catholic question ; and so important did he deem that question, that he could not consent to form part of any ministry pledged to carry emancipation. Under the cover of this saintly pretence, he retired. Lord Eldon sighed and cried, called God to witness, canted, and, oh, lucky Providence ! retired also. At this time Ireland was in a state of revolt—civil war was imminent. Mr. O'Connell was active in his agitation ; and nothing to every reasonable person appeared capable of allaying the terrible ferment in that country but instant emancipation. Still to Mr. Peel's dull vision nothing of the sort could be descried. He would not, could not, dared not, consent to desecrate our holy constitution ; to displace her very foundation stones, and overturn all that was valuable in the country. Such was the jargon employed, such the stuff lauded as the height of wisdom, by an interested priesthood. The exclusion of the Dissenters, the maintenance of the Test and Corporation Acts, was in the same way deemed and described as of the same vital importance. The proposed repeal of them was a proceeding to which precisely the same set of words was usually applied. The same rant, the same cant, the same hypocrisy, the same shallow sophistry, were employed in both cases ; and with the same purpose and effect. The purpose was a pretence ; the effect, currying favour with the clergy. Mr. Canning died before he could carry his intentions into effect. Again came the question, who was to be Premier ? With all Mr. Peel's truckling, he had not yet conquered the prejudice against his birth. The old King thought, and called him a vulgar fellow, and resolved not to have for his minister a man to whom fashionable manners had not been familiar from his childhood. Again was Mr. Peel passed over, and the Duke of Wellington marched into office. Mr. Peel was now placed in a difficult position. There appeared no probability of ousting the military Premier. Office seemed impossible, except under him ; while under him Catholic Emancipation was also to be granted. The pride of the Right Honourable Gentleman condescended to bow to the Duke of Wellington. He was a noble ; to obey him was not so galling as to play second to the plebeian Canning, whose only superiority lay in his talent. Having consented to put his pride into his pocket, the next difficulty was to take care of his character ; to preserve what is called consistency. A light was supposed to break upon the Secretary. He now saw the danger of withholding Emancipation. It is true, the circumstances of the case were not changed, but the Secretary now viewed them from a different position ; he saw them under another aspect. The healing measure was necessary to the preservation of peace, and the maintenance of himself in office. The Duke had an awkward, peremptory way of requiring strict obedience. He dragooned his officers ; would not permit them to have a will of their own ; nor suffer the least attempt at making a bargain with him for half service. His declaration was, you must do all I desire, or nothing. So rather than do nothing, Mr. Peel consented to do all. To the pious Eldon this was a woful backsliding. The church, always thereby meaning the priests, actually “ madden'd round the land.” With these holy men Mr. Peel lost all his power ; in the eyes of his former aristocratic associates, he all at once became the son of a cotton spin-

ner. He tasted the bitter fruits of the tree he had been so sedulously cherishing, and received the just reward of his labours. Despised by all good men as a time-serving tool; hated by those he so long had served, and now deserted, he vainly looked round for support. The world accepted his services with coldness and contempt. He consented to do what he could no longer withstand; now, at the twelfth hour, putting into execution plans which, in spite of his own constant opposition, had been matured and thrust upon him,—plans which he, for years, had been describing as leading to the ruin of every thing valuable in the country, which he had opposed so long as his interest dictated, and which, when that changed, but not before, he not only could view with complacency, but could actually carry into effect. We are desirous of dwelling, for a moment,\* on the consideration of this change. The change itself we believe to have produced much benefit; the people, no doubt, derived good from it. But this is not the light in which we wish now to view it. What we are specially desirous of doing is, to look at it as connected with the character of the person thus suddenly enlightened. In spite of the good it produced, it may be damning evidence against the political morality of the Right Honourable Gentleman himself; and however necessary might have been the support given to him, while carrying the Relief Bill through the House, we now, in the character of historians, and performing the most important of an historian's duties, viz. estimating the worth of those who have influenced the destinies of mankind, cannot but declare our utter scorn and loathing of the easy virtue, the sad lack of all that was honourable, too plainly manifested by that hasty interested change. We have had too much of this sudden enlightenment, and are likely to have much more. The conversions on the subject of reform are something approaching to miraculous; an anti-reformer, indeed, is not now to be found. Let no one, however, believe, that the men are changed with their changed declarations. In the case of Sir Robert Peel, at the one time as at the other, before and after the alteration of his declarations respecting Catholic Emancipation, he was thoroughly careless about the matter. He did not believe the assertions in which he so profusely dealt; he did not believe that evil would follow on concession. He employed these declarations to suit his own purposes; using them, in fact, as part of those plausible pretences, which we described above as among the chief instruments of English statesmen. During the ministry of Lord Liverpool, and previous to the death of Mr. Canning, it suited his interests to rave against the Catholic claims,—so he raved against them; to make plausible pretences to great care for our church establishment,—to great dread of any innovation upon its privileges; so he made these pretences. When Mr. Canning died, it was for his interest to unsay what he had so often said, so he unsaid it. It was for his interest to adopt another set of entirely new pretences, so he adopted them; and thus will he go on till the end of the chapter.

The world talks much of consistency, without appearing to care about it, or to understand what sort of consistency is really desirable. That a man should always retain the same opinion, that he should shut his eyes and his ears, learn nothing, and obstinately adhere to his first conceptions, no one who loves, and properly appreciates the value of truth and knowledge could possibly desire. One of the most powerful obstructions to the advancement of knowledge, is the too great readiness with which mankind make up their minds, shut up the book of expe-

rience, and rest contented with what they have seen. They who seek truth with fervour are ever open to new evidence; ever ready to reconsider, reinvestigate the opinions they hold. They deem none irrevocably fixed. They are tolerant of new views, and explore with candour the grounds on which they are supported. Consistency then, that is as we now employ the term, undeviating adherence to an opinion once held or expressed, is not a quality which they pretend to or admire. But be it remembered, that these truth-loving, truth-seeking, *Catholic* spirits, change only in consequence of *evidence*; evidence of the correctness or incorrectness of the opinions they hold, opinions, too, in accordance with their professions. Moreover, they who love truth, and are permitted to be inconsistent, are careful to make no declarations as to opinions without appropriate investigation. They are not firm advocates of crude conceptions on half-explored subjects. Men thus careful, thus honest, the world may safely allow to depart from consistency. But such permission must not be granted to those who assume opinions carelessly, or in consequence of their interest. If the opinion has been assumed carelessly, that carelessness ought to be punished: so ought the knavery. The great evil of laxity is the ease with which a knave may suit his professions to his interests. While doubtful of what course events may take, he deals in vague assertions, and often pretends to no opinions at all; when the event is certain, his declarations become definite; when circumstances change, his declarations change with them. To guard against this evil, the world should in most cases, therefore, require adherence to professions, unless an honest reason can be exhibited for change. When the change is coincident with an alteration in interest, we should scrutinize, with unsparing severity, the motives which are stated as those which led to it. Besides this precaution there is another. When professions are made, whether of uncertainty or of a definite description, the reasons for both should be strictly required; and if they be not forthcoming, we may safely conclude the party unfit for public life, and little worthy of our confidence. At the present moment, with those who follow the shuffling course pursued by Sir Robert Peel, the pretence is, on all questions on which they are opposed to the people, to state that they have not yet formed an opinion. In by far the greater number of cases, in which professions of such indecision are made, a downright falsehood is unblushingly hazarded. In those where there is no untruth, there is generally incapacity. These observations are drawn from us in consequence of the number of hoary senators, who come before the public with these evasive professions. We see several of the men\* whom the people have been accustomed to look up to as leading reformers, while the Tories were in power, declaring, that they have not made up their minds on a question of such primary importance as the ballot. Can this be? Have not some of these men, during their whole lives, been occupied with the consideration of political questions; and are they, at their mature age, to learn the elements of legislation? Have they discoursed so often, and so long, on matters of politics, in utter ignorance of the first principles by which such questions must be decided? What a shallow pretender would he be deemed, who should talk upon the application of mathematics, while

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\* It would be easy to add to the force of what is here said, by referring to special instances of the conduct we reprehend; but we forbear, for the present, in the hope that such jesuitical conduct will be speedily abandoned, and a better and wiser course pursued.



ignorant of the first half theorems of Euclid? Yet, his presumption would not be greater than that of the politician who would pretend to discuss the practical application of the science of government, utterly ignorant of its first and leading principles. Such, however, is the position in which some of our most eminent Reformers have placed themselves, if we put faith in their assertions. Others there are, who have not made up their minds on the subject of the Septennial Act; others, on that of an extension of the suffrage; others, of Reform in the Church, and so on. We confess, that an extremely strong suspicion haunts our minds, when we hear these declarations of uncertainty. It is evident, that they *may* be made use of to screen knavish intentions; they are admirably fitted to that end. And one curious circumstance in several of these cases is, that very positive declarations have been made by persons now doubting, when the public were in a different state of mind. Have they not, some of them, publicly in their speeches; others of them by their organs of the public press, such as the *Times*, the *Globe*, the *Edinburgh Review*, &c. expressed themselves decidedly enough *against* the **BALLOT**? If they have, What, we may ask, except the changed feeling of the people, and their own present position as parliamentary candidates, &c. has happened to create doubt in the minds of any of them now? Before, they were certain, and were enemies of the ballot; now they are uncertain, and cannot tell whether they be friends or enemies. The statement of Lord John Russell, on this matter, is *naïve* at least. "If I be returned," he says in substance, "I shall still remain opposed to the ballot; but, if I be not returned, I shall become friendly to it; so take care, gentleman, what you are about." That is to say, "General reasoning, science, investigation, are of no weight with me. My mind is not open to that mode of conviction; put me, however, to personal inconvenience, and I shall see the evil at once." He does not see, that, whether he be returned or not, the question must remain precisely the same as at present. Whether the men of Devon make, or do not make, Lord John Russell a member, the evils which require, as a preventive, the ballot, are, and ever will be, the same, while human nature is what it is. Neither can the Noble Lord understand that his very doubt has settled the question; the admission of the *chance* of danger is sufficient. But no, this is not his view; if the chance turn in his favour the ballot is bad for the nation; if against him, the ballot is good for the nation. And such is the stuff of which our statesmen are made! Such is the way in which they are permitted to talk, without rebuke or censure! Just of the same nature was the conduct of Mr. Peel in the case which led to these remarks. For years we had heard him on one side, using arguments respecting the general evil that was to flow from concession. There came a change in his personal interest, and then those evils vanished. Would that we could impress upon the minds of all men, the paramount necessity under which we lie, of severely punishing this dereliction from truth; of binding men to their professions; of compelling them to be honest in word as well as deed! The ease with which falsehood is hazarded, in all public matters, cannot but appear remarkable, when we consider the hesitation which the very same men would feel at uttering falsehoods not half so gross in private life. Lies are laughed at in the House of Commons, which would, in a room, subject the utterer to hooting and scorn. Why is this? Because hitherto the interests of public men required it. To blind and mislead, to cajole and deceive, was their business; and like lawyers, they laugh at, and even admire the knavery

which their business requires. We have no doubt but that the pick-pockets have precisely the same sort of conventional morality.

The mode in which Sir Robert Peel himself justified, and we suppose, still justifies, his conduct, is as follows: In a speech on the address, Feb. 4, 1830, he said,—“To him it appeared much better to act upon the principle avowed by the honourable baronet, who had proposed the amendment, and to look at every measure solely in reference to its merits, uninfluenced by the ties of any party, or by any preconceived opinions on the subject. He was ready to adopt that principle; he should always be ready to abandon opinions, when found to be wrong; and, on the contrary, he should always support those which he conceived to be right. As he said before, he could not see any change of opinions on the part of a public man, in receding from those which he had hitherto maintained, when the interests of the country called on him to do so.” This is just such a declaration as was to be expected from one whose interest it was to mislead and confuse. There is no change in departing from opinions! In the name of common sense, what is departing from an opinion, but changing it? And what has the interest of the country to do with the truth of an opinion? Sir Robert Peel had declared it to be his opinion, that the country would be ruined by catholic emancipation. He then says, the interests of the country required that he should recede from that opinion. What is meant by receding from an opinion? Was his opinion correct? That is, was it true that the country was to be ruined by Catholic emancipation? If it was correct, how could the interest of the country require him to recede from that opinion? In good truth, this, his defence, was sheer mystification. Moreover, his assertions were not true; he did not mean what he said: neither has he adhered to the principle he here attempts to enunciate. He declares he will not be influenced by the ties of any party, but that he will look to the merits of every question and judge by them. Was such his principle when he spoke against the present Ministry, on the Timber Trade Bill? Let us put the question distinctly to the right honourable gentleman. Was it not notorious that the opinion of himself and colleagues was opposed to the existing restrictions on that trade? Yet in spite of this opinion, did he not, when out of the Ministry, for mere party purposes, oppose the bill by which the existing Ministers were about to remove those restrictions? That is, he, and his party,\* joined with those interested in the monopoly, in the hopes of putting the ministry into a minority, and thereby forcing them out of place.—How he can reconcile this with his declaration above quoted, we leave him to explain.

What change of circumstances, we ask also, in a few months, rendered the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts no longer the cause of ruin to the Constitution? Some pretext may be brought forward as to the Catholic Relief Bill: it is but a pretext, however. It may be said, that the state of Ireland was now so decidedly marked, as to be no longer a doubtful matter. This, though true, is indeed no justification, seeing that the condition of that unhappy country was precisely the same as when Mr. Peel could not come to the conclusion that relief was necessary. This shallow pretext, however, is wanting in the case of the Test and Corporation Acts. The dissenters were in no state of

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\* It deserves to be remarked, that one man of this party was too honest to play this game; we mean Mr Courtenay. He supported the bill when out, which he had opposed when in.

combustion ; there was no increased excitement, no increased danger from resistance. What, then, we again ask, excepting the peculiar circumstances of the right honourable gentleman himself, had so changed as to lead to his sudden conversion on this head ?

We have not yet done with the double dealing of Sir Robert Peel. There is yet another direct assertion of an untruth which we are desirous of bringing home to him. The reason of our being anxious to perform this office by him, will be immediately explained. In the memorable debate on the disfranchisement of East Retford, the Home Secretary entered into an elaborate defence of the then existing system, and also attempted to demolish the arguments of all who attacked it. Lord Howick, among others, had stated "that the abuses which were alleged to exist in East Retford were not confined to that town, but were notorious in many cities and boroughs in the United Kingdom ;" and proposed, as a consequence of this statement, that a general reform should be attempted, not the application "of particular remedies to particular places." The reply of the Home Secretary to this statement and argument is a curious specimen of hardihood. He denied at once the assertion of the noble Lord, as to the prevalence of corruption ; and how, gentle reader, do you suppose that he supported his denial ? By adducing the case of his own borough of Westbury, which he had as directly and openly bought as ever did his father a bag of cotton. The one could not be a more business-like, mercantile transaction than the other ; and yet he, a minister of the crown, gravely, before the whole kingdom, does not hesitate to say, "he could not go along with the noble Lord in the declaration of general bribery and corruption amongst the boroughs and cities. He could not bring himself to consent to include in such a charge the borough of Westbury, which he had the honour to represent, or to involve its respectable electors in so sweeping a censure." Upon the utterance of this palpable falsehood, what did the House of Commons ? were they shocked ? were they indignant ? did any one castigate the right honourable offender ? No such thing ; but they burst into a roar of laughter, in which the report says, "the right honourable gentleman joined !" In a few minutes afterwards, he called upon the House to believe him, on his honour, when he said that there had been no understanding with the Duke of Newcastle as to extending the franchise to the hundred of Bassetlaw. Believe him on his honour ! Why should they or any one believe in that honour of which he had just given so admirable a specimen ? Why should any body put faith in anything he said ? For our parts, this, if we had not other and damning evidence, would be sufficient to induce us to distrust the right honourable gentleman, wherever the case was one in which he had interest in uttering an untruth ; and had it been our fate to be in the honourable House, we should have told him so.

It may now be demanded of us, why we are thus careful to fasten upon the right honourable baronet the charge of duplicity ; why we wish to make the public believe him utterly untrustworthy. The answer is twofold. In the first place, it is always desirable that every man should have the character he deserves. In the second, the peculiar position of Sir Robert Peel renders it imperatively necessary to place him in his true light before the public. Reputations at the present day are, in most instances, the result of charlatan arts, of deceit, of pretence. The code of morality for public men has been drawn up by themselves ; made to suit their sinister purposes, and not the interests of the public. One

striking illustration of this morality can be made to serve more powerfully in the way of a correction, than any ten thousand general descriptions. It is under the influence of this opinion, that we have unceremoniously brought into relief the utter carelessness of truth evinced by Sir Robert Peel throughout his public life, that we have attempted to lay bare the selfish motives by which his conduct has been determined. Seen in their true light, in this striking and individual instance, these motives will serve as a clue or guide in other cases. Applying the tests here used, we may determine the value of most of the public characters that may appear; we shall thus be guarded against imposition at the hands of others; and also, (and this is far from being an inconsiderable matter,) at those of the right honourable gentleman himself. Sir Robert Peel's career is not yet ended. He will again be a suitor for public favour; and employing the same arts, though different pretences, he will endeavour to regain the power he has lost. If the public be forewarned, if they distinctly see what he has been, a wholesome distrust will occupy their minds; a distrust that will render powerless the artifices employed to delude them.

But, it may be remarked by some, that the people may thus do injury to the public cause, by excluding from the councils of the nation, the men best fitted, by their experience, to watch over the public affairs. And by these same persons it may be asserted that the aptitude of Sir Robert Peel may more than compensate for the want of the moral qualities requisite to the character of a perfect statesman. It may be thought and said, in short, that probity may be rated too highly. The answer to this statement, in the present case is, that whatever may be the consequence in other instances, this evil will not result from the exclusion of Sir Robert Peel, since his talents and habits of business are not of so great and commanding a nature, as to make his assistance any mighty benefit, his loss any alarming evil. A pertinacious friend may dispute this assertion, and adduce, as evidence of the great utility of Sir Robert Peel, the reforms he has introduced into the law; this being usually the class of acts to which those persons now refer who are desirous of recommending him to public favour. They pass over the other part of his life; they attempt to slur over the many monstrous ills he has produced, and endeavour to fix attention upon these solitary instances of supposed good. While liking the man for the ills that he has accomplished, (his artful support of all abuses being his recommendation to them) they attempt to foist him upon the public by the aid of the few things he may have performed not exactly in accordance with their desires. Thus pretence is added to pretence throughout the whole range of their public dealing. But we meet them on this their chosen ground: we assert that the attempts at law reform made by Sir Robert Peel are the most convincing evidence of his unfitness; and, while his other acts show his moral unfitness, these prove his mental incapacity.

Placed in a position wherein he had power to make the remedy co-extensive with the evil, to frame and establish (had he been possessed of the mental qualifications for the task) regular and scientific arrangements, a simple and efficient judicature, he attempted nothing beyond some piecemeal alterations, some narrow expedients, some patch-work mending of a wholesale evil. The result was more evil than benefit: old decisions were disturbed, still greater uncertainty than previously existed was induced; the amendments did not fit in with the old system, and looked like the attempts of a modern plasterer to repair a

Gothic edifice. Discredit was thrown upon the idea of reforming the law, among legal men; they became yet more wedded to the errors of their tribe; and now point, with triumph, to the futile attempts, the blunders, and the many ills resulting from endeavours at reformation by the unhallowed hands of laymen. The crude and hasty performances of Sir Robert Peel, doubtless deserved, as they received the contempt of all legal men, though they by no means justified this conclusion so willingly adopted. Still, the countenance they have afforded to it must be considered, when we are attempting to estimate the worth of his law reform; and we fear it will be found to overbalance any little good which they may otherwise have produced.

Let us hope that, when the people have weighed these things, when they have made a searching scrutiny into his past life, they will consign to utter insignificance and neglect this one of the many plausible pretenders by whom the world is infested.

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#### LOVE TOKENS.

We lov'd, where lips and tongues are seal'd,  
And passions are by signs reveal'd;  
Where from a flow'ret, or a wreath,  
Affection's voice may only breathe;

And held our sweet communion there,  
Thro' mediums beautiful and rare;  
With citron blossoms, rosebuds bright,  
As the first break of morning's light:

While in the tinting of a thread  
~~The~~ secrets of our hearts were read;  
And hope, and joy, and grief, were told  
With hues of green, and pink, and gold.

Our's was a triple share of bliss,  
E'en in a mystic love like this;  
Which made us one, ere either heard  
The other's lips pronounce a word.\*

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\* The Oriental custom of making flowers, and colours, the interpreters of love, is here alluded to.—It is still most prevalent in Spain, and in the ex-Governments of that nation in South America; a verbal communication between the sexes (with the exception of near relatives) being seldom permitted. If a lady present you a bouquet, tied with green silk, it is the bright messenger of hope; and should you return the colour, she expresses affection's dawn by a delicate pink. The intermediate shades between that and scarlet denote the gradual rising of love's thermometer from 60 to 120. Yellow, in the progress of passion, is often used to convey anxiety or sorrow; but if you receive it on the first overture, it denotes despair; and should you persist in the pursuit, after so unequivocal a discouragement, black seals your doom, and (unless philosophy come to your aid, in the shape of a kinder beauty) may prove the last thread of your existence. Single flowers have also their various significations, and are received or rejected in quick succession. I once saw a Spanish gentleman in a crowded Tertulia, present a rose to a Peruvian lady, who had captivated him; and shall never forget her look, and the fatal action which accompanied it. She dashed the flower on the ground, and trampled upon it with a frown of ineffable contempt. The astonishment of the assembly, and the frantic rage of the Spaniard, can be more easily imagined than described. He rushed from the room, and the next morning was found a corpse, a strong dose of laudanum having terminated his earthly career. It is but just to add, that such instances of self-destruction are extremely rare, the philosophy of love being better understood by the Spaniards than perhaps any other nation; and the general remark made upon this melancholy event is seldom called for, "Que sono! debia haberse enamorado de otra." "What a fool! he ought to have made love to another." The author of this tragedy was little affected by it. I met her at a ball a few evenings after, looking as gay and beautiful as ever.

## CABIN CONVERSAZIONE.

## A SKETCH.

"WELL, *irroo*, Crohoore *mollhaheh*,"\* what was the hardest case you were ever in?" said Darby Shea. But I must premise a few words as to Crohoore and the scene of the conversation.

Jack Ahearin had a number of men digging potatoes for him, in the winter of 1823. Of course they did not dine until after nightfall; but that meal being over, a roaring fire was made down, and the boys and girls gathered round it to joke and tell stories for a few hours. A short wall stretched out from the hearth, and with the side wall of the house, served to enclose the fireplace. Along this a broad block was laid, generally the most comfortable seat at the fire. Crohoore, with his legs extended at full length, and his crutches lying by him, was its sole occupant, for two reasons; first, as an honour and a convenience to him; secondly, because whoever sat near him while telling a story, was sure to receive sundry hard punches and knocks. His mode of describing his innumerable adventures is exceedingly dramatic; and if he has to tell of a particular blow, in the excitement of the moment he gives the person next him a dreadful thump on the head or the body, as the narration requires. Those, therefore, who know him, edge off to a respectful distance as soon as he begins; and then, having no one to act on, it is surprising what a *pelt* he'll give himself on the side of the head, or what a sound he'll "take out" of his bare breast by a blow, to the great delight and laughter of all the children, who are thrown into ecstasies at it. Crohoore's life was one of constant adventures, and he literally carries them in his head. It is as irregular externally as a bog of turf, full of dints and holes, with every one of which some story is invariably connected. One had the lock of a pistol "smothered" in it, while they were endeavouring to arrest him as a Whiteboy; another was left by a broadsword on a similar occasion; a third was the fruit of a single combat, (with sticks,) and a thousand others were given in fights accurately registered with all their particular circumstances. When the young boys, with whom he is a prodigious favourite, almost as great as with myself, wish to excite him, and get some story, one of them passes his hand through his grey hairs, until he meets some well-known hollow, and says, "*Irroo*, Crohoore, blood and fire! this was a great cut; where did you get it?" Crohoore then, with apparent reluctance, begins to explain; word is sent in all directions, "Come, come, Crohoore is telling about the cut that Ned Charles gave him," and he has an audience immediately. The old men take nearly equal pleasure in him, for many have been themselves witnesses of his exploits; and as his courage, notoriously, was so desperate that there was scarce any thing too daring to be attempted by him, they are not shocked by a story, which, though improbable for another, is yet perfectly natural and likely, when told of him. Indeed, I never heard any doubts cast on his veracity. His name is a sort of voucher; and if, when he has to describe a scene, he seizes your hand and puts it into the hollow of a wound; or if, when he says, that on one occasion he got nine sabre cuts from his shoulder to his

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\* Wicked, i. e. daring, Crohoore,—a name expressive of admiration and fear.

wrist, he can pull up his wrist, and show you as many white seams, it is very hard but to believe him.

He was a strange mixture of virtues and faults. With the most passionate tenderness of affection for his family, and for those friends to whom he attached himself, he had not a vestige of compassion for their enemies, or the enemies of their country. Naturally he would not hurt a fly: but a bailiff, a proctor, or a policeman, he would kill without the slightest sense of impropriety; and while in quarrels with others, whom he hated most bitterly, there was a generous fairness,—of all in any way connected with the laws, or in the service of “King George,” he would have thought it a sin not to take every advantage. Open warfare in their case seemed as absurd as a fair duel with a rattlesnake or a tiger would appear to a backwoodsman. What justice would they show him at the assizes? They were only to be knocked on the head. An officer of the Court of Chancery came one time to serve a person, to whom he was much attached, with a law order. Crohoore was wild with rage. He stole out, took up a huge stone into an old castle, under which the officer must pass; and had he not most fortunately been discovered, would beyond all doubt have killed him. In short, he was as devoted to his friends as ever was clansman to his chief. Life and limb were nothing in their service; but, on the other hand, he expected, when in a scrape,—and he was enough of himself to keep the clerk of the crown in constant employment, the most usual charge against him being Whiteboyism,—that neither money, labour, nor interest should be spared to bring him through; and certainly if affection, courage, and fidelity, though often dreadfully misdirected in the mode of showing them, could deserve it, they would not be spared. A tub of gold could not purchase him; and, I am sure, he might be cut in pieces before he would betray his friends.

Yet, with all his wildness, Crohoore was very industrious. He would toil like a slave at task work, and, indeed, was in much request as an excellent labourer. It was in the evenings after returning from a day's work that he did most of his own business, often continuing at it by moonlight; but he was never intended to be rich. At the time that Hoche's fleet arrived in Bantry Bay, he had a farm of twenty acres, and four or five good milch cows, and was, in short, in a thriving way. But the moment the news reached him, his blood was up, he killed and salted all his cows, and was of course broken. After some time he fell lame, and at length became a *gabharú*. But his lameness could not seize him like an ordinary man. He was sitting in his own house, almost unable to move, when the word ran that the police were coming to arrest him; he sprung up at once, rushed out, and ran as well as ever. For two years after, he continued perfectly free from lameness: by degrees then it returned; and as, unluckily, he had no warrant out against him, it has never since departed.

Fronting the fire sat Larry Connor, a pensioner at a shilling a-day. This magnificent income would alone have made Larry a man of consequence; but he had also seen the world, been in several engagements, and was, moreover, a very shrewd hard-headed fellow. He, too, had a touch of romance in him, and was much given to reading. His usual place was at a sawyer's on the road side. There, during the dog-days, seated on a piece of deal, with an old pair of spectacles on his nose, he would read Goldsmith's History of Greece or Rome in a loud, stiff, unvarying voice to the sawyers; expounding it as he went along, and adding

many wise reflections of his own, with now and then, as an episode, some adventure of the Peninsular campaigns; often, while going to bathe, we stopped to listen to him, and were convulsed with laughter at his extraordinary pronunciations of proper names, for which, of course, we were gravely rebuked; but, notwithstanding these levities, the presence of the "Latin scholars" was always acceptable to Larry.—There was next Donulh Oghe, a noble specimen of the Irish peasant; over six feet high, and stout in proportion, with a fine, manly, open countenance. For a bet he tied the handles of seven half-hundreds (weight) together, and walked about with them in one hand for a short time; which gave him a high reputation for strength. But Donulh was one of the most sensible fellows in the house.—The others—Jack Connell, a second and much inferior edition of Crohoore, Simon Daully, Owen Spillane—it is not necessary to dwell on more particularly.

For whatever reason, Crohoore could not be induced to tell any story. "Well," says Simon Daully, "to open the ball, as Crohoore wont spake, I'll tell the hardest case I was ever in, and I think 'twas with a mad dog at Coolgorrux, when we were living there."

"Ah that's right, Simon, and good luck to you," exclaimed all the girls together.

"'Twas as fine a summer's night as ever came out of the Heavens, and I was after seeing the cows that war all sleeping in the field, ye know, before the house there, and just after my first sleep; when Kate stirs me, (women, Nell," to a lively black-eyed girl who hid her face with a laugh in her apron, "never let a poor fellow alone,) 'Simon, Simon,' says she, 'there's something the matther with the pigs abroad.' Well, at that time a litter of young little *bonnurs* [young pigs] in the linney outside; their mother, to be sure, was with 'um; and the cart was drawn across the mouth of the linney. Well, I heard all the noise of the bonnurs abroad; so I puts on my shirt, and goes out. A little dog, *Purty* we called him, went with me. Sure enough there was terrible work i' the linney, and I could not make out what it was. *Purty* ran in under the cart, but he was no sooner in than he began to cry for the bare life, and he runs out between my legs; and a yellow mastiff of a mad dog, as big as a calf, after him, eating him all the way,—he nearly thrup me down. Well, *Purty* runs into the house, for the door would not at all stay closed, and in with him under the bed, where Kate and the childer war; and the mad dog after him, chawing away at him. I ran to the door, and as there war three or four inches between the top of it and the post above, I pulls it out hard, and I calls to the three men that war sleeping on the chest, '*Thonon an dhiaoul*, Owen Cournane,' says I, 'the mad dog is within; hand me the pike over the door.' 'The devil take me thin, if I do,' says he."—"Oh, the coward," exclaimed Nell, "I'm ashamed of him."

"Thru for you, but may be I did not give him a lacing for it; may be I did not give him the bating of a buck goat. 'Well, yirroo,' says I, 'you need only remain on the chest where you are: the pike is standing near it; push it out to me.' But the heart of a coward is deaf: he wouldn't stir. 'Father,' says little Paddy, getting up in the bed, 'I'll go and give it to you.'—'Lie down, you rascal,' says I, 'where you are, and don't open your mouth for fear he'd hear you: lie down, *agrughal dhe mwahair*.\* I don't want it at all.' Well, I didn't know what to do. The mad dog, hear-

\* Fair-haired love of your mother; fair-haired object of your mother's love.



ing me, came out from under the bed, and began to run wild about the house, looking for the door; and how was I sure but he'd jump into the bed. I thought the heart would brake my ribs. At last I thought of the churn-staff that was stuck in the elder-tree, you know, Crohoore? (Crohoore nodded); the tree on the top of the ditch opposite the dunghill; and 'Twas only the day before we made up the dunghill; and there was a pool of wather between it and the ditch. So I took the door a great pull to me; I runs up the dunghill, and leaps on the ditch: but the big limestone flag that was at the butt of the tree made me slip, and I fell down into the wather. The mad dog heard the noise, and he runs down with a tub of froth at his mouth. Well, I had only just time, and no more, to get upon the dunghill, when he makes at me, and two candles in his eyes; I had nothing, you know, only my hands; but the dung was long and soft, so I caught up a shafe of it, and just as his head was upon the dunghill, I thruv him back. But he makes at me worse than ever; I thruv him down again, and again: but the heap was getting lower every time, and a dog that way is eight stronger than one in his sinces; so I was in a dreadful puzzle; at last I thought of Captain, and I called him, Oyeh! He came, an runs at the mad dog. ("Wishah magreine eh (my dear He is,) Captain," burst from all,) "and they runs at each other, but Captain knocked him down; and I remember very well, though he had such a grip, that with any other dog his hold was like Owen a Vocchig's vice, he used only give the mad dog a shake, and then throw him from him, they have such vinom. Well he wouldn't be satisfied until he drove him out of the farm, down through the cows to O'Donoghue's, without letting him touch one of them; and as soon as he had done that, he sat down on the field, and began to sing the ever you heard a woman at a funeral."

"Oyeh! see that, what sinse he had! And what did ye do with him Simon?"

"As I was obliged to get him killed two days after, he began to grow mad, and so eat himself; so we went to Bill Doody, for I would not touch a hair of his head, and he shot him. I'd give the best cow on the bayn for him that morning."

"Gondath, to be sure you would. But what happened the pigs; did they go mad?"

"A quare thing then. Their mother, about a month after that, went up to Sheeans, to the furze brake there, and began to root it away. In an hour you'd think she'd do more than twenty men: so we killed herself, and two or three of the bonnus that went the same way. The rest of them didn't go mad, but they never grew a bit, and the world wouldn't letten them. The hair on 'um was like a field of new stubbles; all long and standing up for themselves, as if every one of 'um was mad."

"Well, the glory! But, Simon, what happened the mad dog?"

"Oyeh! bad luck to him over and over again! sure 'twas he bit Miss Hayes."

"Simon, what's that you say? Was it your mad dog that killed her?"

"Indeed it was, to my shame and sorrow. The next day he ran back towards Lismanghane; and the country, to be sure, was on fire after him. She was standing on the lawn abroad: they say she thought 'twas a hunt when she heard the wu, [the yell—the shouting of the country people in chase of the mad dog:] but before any one knew anything or could help it, he bit her in the cheek and the hand, and they were obliged to smother her between two beds."

"In the cheek? Oh, Simon, that was the pity on earth," said Daulh

Oghe, "I never seen such a face. I declare to Goodness, too, you'd rather hear her spaking, and more in particular when she laughed, than the finest echo Spillane ever took out of Glenna, 'twas so sweet."

"'Tis thrue for him," said Crohoore: "neither did I ever see such a face except her eye, and that was like the lake at Tomies, where the carbuncle is shining at the bottom."\*

"Well, well, Crohoore, I suppose she was handsome enough; but if you was in Spain or foreign parts, you would not think so much of her," interrupted Larry. "I tell you what, when we were marching through Ballyfranca [Villafranca, perhaps] I seen a woman there that she wasn't priming to; a woman that would make a whole regiment cry 'Eyes right!'"

"Whisht, hould your tongue; what were all the women in all the *bolthimwoers* [cities] of the world beyond sea to be compared with her? Do you want to throw the ould souldier over me?—Put away that work, I tell you. Look, did you ever see a fine field of whate, almost ripe, when the wind was blowing this way from the west on a summer's evening, and the shadows running over it? Well, that was like your face, Eliza Hayes, when you were listening to a story."

"*Wisha, ma greine hu, Crohuier!*" [Wisha, my love you are, Crohoore,] exclaimed two or three of the girls together; and the dispute ended by acclamation, Larry being completely silenced by this volley from the women.

There was silence for some time. "Well," says Crohoore, "as Simon told about the *bonnuss*, I'll tell what happened me with Jack McCarthy's boar. 'Twisn't the hardest case I was ever in; but faith he gave me enough of it,—my own bellyful! You remember Thighe Ganncheuch, Larry?"—"I do, well."—"Well, he had this orchard over one year; and the apples was a show: you'd think the trees would break down with 'em. '*Pirrah!*' says I, one evening, this way, to Jack Crimin and Owen Ahearin, and they were two as stout slashing fellows as you'd see at the patthorn at Ghairah-na-Ornhun, wouldn't we relieve the trees of that neger over, and November night not far off?"—"Done," says Jack, 'I'm at you,' says Owen; and we settled the night."

Stealing apples, it ought to be observed on Crohoore's behalf, was never regarded as an offence or shame. It was purely a piece of fun to please the girls; and young fellows showed their spirit and address on the occasion. At the same time, the orchard-man was expected to guard his apples the best he could, even to the length of shooting a man. Without danger, there would have been neither honour nor pleasure in the matter. In fact, it was an understood thing on both sides; that the boys were to steal the apples if they could, and the owner of the apples to shoot the boys in the act if he could; but any appeal to the law was, by universal consent, pronounced very mean,—quite a disgrace.

"When the night came,—'twas a windy blowing one, and the moon

\* The deepest part of the lake is near Tomies: The depth is about 60 or 70 fathoms. In several legends the carbuncle cuts a considerable figure. Sometimes it is part of O'Donoghue's immense wealth, guarded by the dog Brau, at the bottom of the lake; where it may be seen on particular occasions, flashing up through the water with supernatural brilliancy; and sometimes it is floating on the surface, as is attested by a native poet, when enumerating the wonders of Killarney in such sweet-flowing verse as the following:—

"'Tis there you'd see the carbuncle that's swimming by nature,  
The deer running up and down, and the hounds tallying after."

was to rise late,—there was a great *coholaune* [company] at my house, waiting for the apples. So off we sets with six sheets that the girls made into bags, and a wallet for the night itself, because the bags warn't to be touched till November eve. Every one of us had a fine stick, and we took a spade and shovel and a big *gwaul* [bundle] of hay. There was at that time a great brake of furze over Dan Morarty's ground, and in the middle of it within, I suppose 'twas the Good People, as they call 'em [Fairies: Crohoore was much too proud to give this title in a tone of any thing but contempt,] made it for their pattrerns, as fine and smooth and round a green field as you'd desire to see. We left the other things here until we'd come back with the apples and bury them, and then up the hill with us. Thigue had his *fuhurruch* [cabin] in the middle of the orchard; but all our design was on the farmers, [a kind of apple,] you know, Simon, near the west ditch."—"Is't me? Often I robbed it."—"So we got in near that. I was first: the clouds were running across the sky like two factions at a fair, crying five pounds for each other's head; but the night, after all, was not very dark. Well, there was a path, you know, from the tree, and always was, up to the cabin and over to Hugh Folvey's ground; so I stole over under the shadow of the trees to the cabin, and I looked down the chimney. Sure enough, the cabin was almost full of people, playing cards, and laughing, only the wind did not let me hear 'em. Tim himself, (and sure, Larry, wasn't he a fine player? That I mightn't stir out of this seat if he wasn't a match for the White Piper!)"

"Oych, the villain of the world! if he didn't colour the cards there isn't a cottner in Cork. We played for my great-coat, before ever I thought of going sodgering. There was thirty games for it; and, bad luck to me! if I had more than five won, when he shouldered it off with him. Before you could bite a cartridge, 'twas gone. By the same token 'twas Corney Clifford, from Listhry, made it; and I bated him the same evening, because it was not full enough in the skirts. But, right shoulders forward, Crohoore: you were in the militia yourself."

"Well, may be he did; but, any how, he had the *bonnuy* [the ace of hearts, which in the usual Irish game always ranks as the third trump] that night in his hand, and he was in great glee. I knew, too, that his partner opposite me, Ignatius Sullivan, had something good, from his face. Well, says I, they wont be in a hurry to look at the orchard, and I went back to the boys and told them how matters was. So I put Jack on the path between the farmers and the cabin, to watch; and if any one was coming, to whistle to us; and we were to whistle to him when the bags was full. Jack knelt down in the path on one knee, and put his chin this way in his hand, and looked over to the cabin. He had a black thorn stick across his thigh that would be fit for King George himself."

"Larry, I suppose the King has a great faction," said Jack Connell; "have they all bagaets (bayonets?)"

"God help your head. Do you know the reeds below in the lake? he has more cannons than is there of 'um, and every one of 'um like a chained shot that would may-be kill all the sodgers in Ross castle at once."

"*Thonom an dhiaoul*, Larry, what's that you say?" said Jack in the utmost astonishment. "Would he bate the *Counshellaire* then?"

The *Counshellaire* is the familiar and affectionate title by which Mr O'Connell is known among the country people. A short time before this conversation occurred, the Association had been established in Dublin, and was already exciting great attention among the peasantry

in the remotest districts, and beginning to exercise over their opinions and conduct, that influence which soon became unbounded. Some streaks of more correct information,—the forerunners of that broad day of political knowledge diffused by its own proceedings, speeches, publications, and discussions, and by those that resulted from it in every part of Ireland,—might be already discerned. Like Crohoore, many as yet thought the Association was Captain Rock's headquarters: but the notion of its real character was spreading with great speed, and lawless outrage was even now struck with a palsy. Burnings and murders became less frequent, then soon ceased altogether; and law, which it was formerly a disgrace to resort to, was at length regarded as the most effectual and cherished instrument of redress. But to return. The possibility implied in Jack's question gave mortal offence.

"Whisht," interrupted Darby Shea, indignantly; "what's that you say? The Counsellor would make two of him."

"'Pon my soul he wouldn't. I tell you when I seen the King, 'tis a big man would be as great as him, let alone make two of him. Tom Scanlan, after eating the fifteen pound salmon, when they were obliged to tie the boat chain about him for fear he'd burst, wouldn't make two of him."

"Larry," says Dhonulh Oghe, "I wouldn't give a button for that. The Counsellor himself says there's to be no fighting now, that he'll do it all by the Rint and the Parliament House they'll be in Dublin. That's what I want to know; you read the newspapers!"

"That's true Larry," says Crohoore: "what's that going on in Dublin? I'm tould there's something great there. *Thau chree nu Catholiki bwo-lha laudhir anish. Oych uss foddha vec u skeeah chorikh er thaur.*"\*

"Why then now, Crohoore, though I'm a sodger, I gives in to every word the Counsellor says."

"He's right, Dhonulh: there's to be no fighting nor Whiteboys, nor any thing of that. It must be all by law."

"By law? how's that, Larry?"

"Why, Crohoore, he, and another little man that's with him, (bad luck to his name, where is it gone?) they'll make the king ashamed before the whole world out; and they'll swear informations against Lord Wellesley, and against every Orangeman that does any thing out of the way; and all the bad laws they'll change 'um."

"And they'll do that by law? *Beech morshin*, [be it so!] Oh! if I could see him on a black stallion, that you'd see yourself in her skin, and a sword like a flash of lightning in his hand, and he for ould Ireland, *dar Dhia!* I'd throw away those crutches, and I'd be as young again as ever."

"By the vestment, you're right, Crohoore," said Jack Connell; and the glistening looks of the girls showed how much they too admired the wish. "What are thim Sassenachs good for? Did not Jack Cronin, with a little *kippin*, make twenty of the Down and Caunall† run away? Sure they're good at nothing but the fist, and who ever saw a raal man fight but with a stick?"

"Crohoore," said Larry, not deigning to notice Jack Connell at all, "where are the arms? tell me that; tell me, what did ye ever gain by

\* The heart of the Catholics is beating strong now; oych, their shield of battle was long laid low!

† The Devon and Cornwall Militia.

Captain Right, [this had been Crohoore's title among the Whiteboys,] or Levtenant Starlight, or Giniral Bouldface, eh, Dhonulh? what made the Police but the Whiteboys? Who pays 'um, as the Counsellor says, but ourselves? Who made Captain Blake below there but ourselves? Crohoore, tell me what did my mother's sister's son gain that was hanged only for shooting Parson Herbert's proctor? See *fwy*, how many are hanged and transported, as the paper says, by the Special Commission; though, I declare to Goodness, why they call 'umselfes that way, I don't know, when there isn't a giurnal or even a lance-corporal in it? What did Arthur Leary and the rest of 'um that were hanged for Bre-reton gain, when there wasn't a mother's son of 'um present to the fore? What d'ye say to that, ye foolish girls?"

"Larry, you're right, and, from my *soul*, I'll pay the rint."

"Eh, Dan'l, amn't I? A man does not go to foreign parts for nothing and fight the Frinch. Doesn't the Counsellor himself say the same? And what did Father Fitzmaurice say last Sunday from the altar?"

"Faith, I believe you *are* in the right intirely," said Simon; and nearly all present gave in their adhesion to Larry, at the same time.

"Eh, Simon, was I short there, Simon?" said Larry, going over to the wall, with a look of great wisdom, and tapping it with his knuckles, "I'm as deep as that wall."

The tide was now fairly turned in his favour, but Crohoore was not convinced, and he resumed the story.

"Where was I?"—"With Jack Crinin in the path," exclaimed one of the children, who was most impatient for the issue of the apples. "Oh that's true. Well, Owen and I went to the farmers, and though there was enough on the ground for a porcupine to tumble in,\* Owen should go up on the tree and shake it. At last the bags and the wallet were filled, and we carried them over to the top of the ditch. 'Call Jack,' says I; Owen, and he had a very fine whistle, let a whistle out of him, but 'twas no good; and another and another, but the wind was too high; so Owen went over, and tipped Jack on the shoulders. Jack leaps up, turns west, and hits him a *lubbher* of a blow that raised a welt like a cow's tail upon his cheek; thinking, to be sure, it was the orchard-man. 'Thonom an dhiaoul, what's that for,' says Owen, and he *pleeasks* Jack. So there they tackled to one another, down on the path. I wondered myself what was keeping 'em, and I goes over, and finds 'em blacking away for the bare life, and a terrible noise out of the sticks. 'D'ye want to be heard at the cabin?' says I; 'bring away the apples first, and then satisfy yeer hearts, whatever 'tis for.' Well, at last, so they did. The moon was just rising, and we carried down the three bags; and came back, (I believe they were all still in the cabin,) and carried away the other three and the wallet. Jack and Owen then dug the hole, and covered the apples in the hay very snug; and the devil'a word they says to each other all the time, but they were in a terrible hurry with the hole, and I knew 'twas in their hearts for one another; so, when the apples were buried comfortably, (the moon was shining beautiful,) I sat down on their coats; 'Well,' says I, 'in the name of Goodness, satisfy yeeerselves of each other.' So to it they fell."

"And which of 'em got the day, *irroo*, Crohoore?" asked one of the children.

\* It is firmly believed by the peasantry that hedgehogs, or, as they call them, porcupines, roll themselves in the heaps of apples, and carry off an apple on each thorn.

"Faith, I don't know, but they had each of 'em four or five good cuts in their heads. At last, when they were well tired, 'Come,' says I, 'take up the wallet, we're delaying them below, ye can wash yeerselves in the sthrame, make haste.' So we found the boys and girls all there, and there never was such racketing till daybreak."

"Well, but Crohoore, where's Jack Mc'Carthy's boar?"

"Sure, that's what I'm coming to just now. We were to have a great let out, as I told ye, Snap-apple night. All the parish, you'd think, was to be there, and blind Joe was to come from Twoeh, and Daniel Leary, to be sure, should be there with his bags, [bagpipe,] and some of the *Sheeffree na T'wochah*\* were to come; oych, why, there was to be as fine a set of hearty boys and handsome girls, Nell, as ever danced at a patthern, or played at goal on an *eensha*.† Them war the times when you'd see the fine *trihulhs*, and when the workman would get his 'nough of meat and of ale, that if you left the can on the table, 'twould stick to it like glue, 'twas so strong. Well, but as I was saying, about a week before the night, I was sitting this way on the floor and looking out, and I wondered, my dear life, at the great recoorse of pigs up by the doore. There was like a flock of 'em going to Cork passed up, and amongst 'em, trotting and grunting, the big boar. Hero was sitting with me, and when he sees him he looked at me; 'Down, sir,' says I, for I tell you this boar used to go about the country on his tantrums, and when he was rooting in a potato garden, 'twas only a good mastiff could make any hand at all of him, Mick Casey's dog now daren't sneeze at him, and when he was in a passion, see, his back was like the mane of a cropped horse. Well, the next morning I got up very early, and, my dear life, I sees the big boar again, like a fogleman or a gini-ral, out before all the pigs of the parish, you'd think, and he making the devil's own noise, with his tail curled up in a ring, for all the world like an officer with a cocked hat on his head. I wondered very much, but at last I goes away to work. The next morning at the first light I was up, and, sure enough, I sees the boar going up the hill, grunting and groaning like a woman in the ordher,‡ the thief of the world, with his spy-glass, to be sure, in his tail, and a swarm of pigs and *bonnuvs*, of coorse, after him. I was in a dhrame all the day, and at last I couldn't tell what was the matther with me. Well, I shakes myself, takes the stick, and up the hill with me to go to the bog, as I thought. But when I was walking up the path through the brake, I sees a one side in the grass a piece of an apple. If 'twas a ghost it couldn't give me such a start. I runn'd up like lightning; and when I came to the little green field,—what should I see,—but Jack Mc'Carthy's boar on his hands and feet, down in the apples, rooting away for the bare life, and the earth like the wall of a *fuhurruch* out before him. But the show of pigs that was there! That I mightn't lave this, if there wasn't as many as from this to Knock-na-mookaluch. 'Thonom an dhiaoul, us dhu phutthogah an ansun a theentu,' [Your soul and your guts to the devil, is it there you are?] says I. Was it for this you were in-dusthering so early in the morning? and was this the maning of all

\* The fairies of Twuch; a name given to the inhabitants of a particular parish, to express their spirit and activity. They were distinguished as hurdlers.

† A smooth green sweep of land by the side of a river; a favourite place for *golling*.

‡ A religious order. Crohoore, who is a mortal enemy to cant, means one of those old *votheens* (devotees) who pretend by groans and contortions to superior piety.

your aggravations going up the hill?' I runs over, and I gives him a blow in the butt of the ear that would knock down John O'Connell's *mwale*\* bull. I only staggered him, but well it become him to give him his due; he raised himself up on his hind-legs, and makes a bite at me like a Christian; by J——, sir, he took away that much of the coat, and waistcoat, and breeches, in his mouth. Well, to it we fell, and such a fight for two hours you never seen. At last I got the bettther of him in the soft place, though I wasn't well for a fortnight after myself, and then such a trouncing as I gave him; ah! I promise you he wouldn't say strapstick to the child on the floor there. But see, Larry, I'd rather fight a fair than go through it again. One time I slipped, and the thief made a jamp at me, thinking, to be sure, I was down; but *nee* down, *fose e dhar Dhia*, † says I, as Jack Crimin said, when the Fincibles were throwing with him, ‡ and, in spite of all he could say or do, I got up again."

"When were the Fincibles at Jack Crimin?" "Och, long ago." "When did he say that, Crohoore? before you were born?" "When the Whiteboys were going on. The Fincibles was there above Laune Bridge, and they had papers § against Jack. Well, when Jack comes to the bridge, they tells him to surrenur himself *gondouth*, but he whacks the *stthagheen* [little horse] he had, and away they begins to fire at him. The little *stthagheen*, in the fright he was in, stumbled. 'He's down the rascal,' says one of the officers, '*Dhar Dhia, nee down, fose ch,*' says Jack, and he jumps up and over the wall with him. But I drives my boar down the hill, and he groaning in earnest. 'By J——,' says Jack Mc'Carthy, when he heard him, 'that's my pig's talk,' and out he runs out of his own house, and he asks me, for a rascal, what I dun with his boar. 'Irrah, is it his part you'd take?' says I. 'To be sure 'tis,' says he, and he brings out a ferl stick in a minute, and makes a *pleusk* at me. I defended myself, and hits him just there over the ear. There was a pool of water out before the house, and Jack was taken off the ground and stretched like a salmon in it; so the women went and pulled him out."

"You didn't take him out, Crohoore?"

"Faith I didn't; he might be *lhootheelh* (wallowing) there at his ease till morning, before I'd go in for him. But his wife made him put papers on me, and the apples become known to all the world, for the boar didn't lave one of them, so Thigue Gaouchouch puts papers on us *all*, and we war carried back to Beauforth before the Archdeacon."

"Archdeacon Day! *ma chragh*; much chance they had there."

"Throe for you. To make a long story short, I'll engage he puts his hand in his pocket and pays the price of the boar and the apples afore he'd sign the papers or the bonds against us."

"Good they were the Days!"

"Oych! sure they war the *soul* of goodness. 'Twas they had the fine vein; was there one of 'um that hadn't a *Thubburrh Vuichaurah*|| of generosity in his heart within? and he that's above in Dublin there; sure 'tis he too has the *chree mwoer*, [the large heart,] God bless him!"

"Amen!" responded several voices.

\* Hornless. Such bulls are thought to be very strong.

† 'Tisn't down yet with him; he's not down yet.

‡ *A chohuvh lesh* (throwing with him,) firing at him. Crohoore translates literally.

§ Informations; a warrant for Whiteboyism, doubtless.

|| Mc'Carthy More's well, a celebrated and beautiful spring-well.

## THE WISHING-CAP.

NO. I.

I have cut through the air like a falcon. I would have it seem strange to you. But 'tis true. I would not have you to believe it neither. But 'tis miraculous and true.

*Play of Old Fortunatus.*

*The author possesses the Wishing-Cap of Fortunatus.—Wonderful powers conferred by it, beyond those of which Fortunatus was aware.—Beautiful women of former days.—Reason why scoundrels are often handsome.—Establishment of a marvellous claim.—Description of a rare and real collection of curiosities, personally connected with Milton, Swift, Johnson, Shelley, Keats, Hazlitt, and others.—Original and characteristic remark or two made by Hazlitt.*

In the *Examiner* newspaper, about ten years ago, was a brief series of articles under the title of the *Wishing-Cap*, which it is proposed to continue in *Mr. Tait's Magazine*, with the convenient understanding of its being a "New Series." The writer, who was then *wishing* in Italy, wished very much to be in England, where he came accordingly, and circumstances prevented his going on with his design. He now wishes to renew it, and to be in Scotland; and is therefore, at this present writing, in the best lodgings in Edinburgh, where he shall be happy, for the next two minutes, to see any body who has a *mind* to do him that honour. He says, "two minutes," because he has observed, that people seldom wish to see any thing with their "mind's eye" for a longer period, and because he may be off again in a twinkling for twenty other places, Bagdad, Buenos-Ayres, Morocco, or Heaven knows where. If we feel chilly, we are in the habit of wishing ourselves back in Italy, and there we are in an instant, sunning ourselves on the slope of Fæsole, or looking through orange-trees on the blue of the Genoese Gulf. If, on the other hand, we feel too hot—*presto!*—we are on the "frosty Caucasus," or enjoying the evening sea-breeze with the Peruvians, or taking an ice at Naples, or sitting with our naked feet planted on the marble floors of Lucullus, or reclining on a Persian sofa, with a twilight of flowers about us, and a fountain in the middle. Or we are the Sultan—we forget whether of Turkey or Ava—and according to what we heard of him the other day, we have the cheeks of our women *iced*.

By the mention of Lucullus, it will be seen that we are masters of time as well as place, of spiritual as well as local distance, which is an advantage, we believe, which we did not mention in the former series of these papers. The reason of the omission was, that we had not then wished to possess it. For every thing that we wish, we have. Old Fortunatus, whose cap we inherit, did not know what a treasure he possessed, otherwise he could have dispensed with his purse. For instance, we have taken it into our heads to be in Scotland, and to have some of Mr Tait's money,—things that a man of ordinary *hat* might a good deal more easily wish for than accomplish:—Yet, here we are, with the bank notes flying into our hands. The wish might be thought a superfluous one, seeing it was but the other day that we helped ourselves to an innumerable quantity of coin out of the "Cave of Mammon," and emptied



half the Persian Gulf of its pearls ; but not to mention, that the more people have, the more they wish for,—the truth is, that although we can have what we like, as far as the realization of the wish depends on ourselves, we cannot command the wishes or co-operation of others ; and in Great Britain, the coin which our friend Spenser made us acquainted with, wont pass.

Gyges, with his ring, was a fool to us. He could see only contemporaneously ; whereas, there has not existed a beauty, from Eve down to Miss Moffat, whom we have not beheld, when and wheresoever we pleased. We have seen Helen, and Aspasia, and Phryne, and Lais, and Lalage, and Lucretia Borgia, and Laura, and Bianca Capello, and Inez de Castro, and Diana de Poitiers, and Agnes Sorel, and Ninon, and Fair Rosamond, and the Fair Gabrielle, and the Fair Ferroniere, and the Fornerina, and Fanny Murray, and all the other F's, M's, and L's in the list of beauty. The Fornerina, by the by, was not so handsome as she is thought ; and Cleopatra, like Sappho, was a little brown woman, not beautiful, but with a prodigious vivacity, and relish in whatsoever she said and did. We have noticed that the mistresses of the poets, and even of the painters, for the most part, were not handsome, particularly the former ; nor could we see in any of them any thing to admire at all. The poet's imagination made out the case in the first instance, and habit preserved it. Where they were really charming, they were very charming indeed. The wife of Candaules was very handsome, but she led Gyges a devil of a life, after he had killed her husband for her, and mounted the throne. Her face bore a considerable resemblance to that of Nicholas, Emperor of Russia.

This likeness reminds us that nothing can be more idle than the astonishment expressed so often in these days, at the handsome, and mild, and comfortable faces of the most atrocious criminals. What ! would you have the marks of suffering where there is no feeling ? Of all the great criminals that we have seen, and that the world may still see in busts and pictures, from Alexander down to Prince Metternich, or to the last reckless young ruffian brought up to the Old Bailey, the very worst, to the best of our recollection, were remarkable for the regularity of their features, and a certain kind of what is called handsomeness ; just as if they were moulded like statues, and had no little humane irregularity of composition to throw them off the balance of their self-will, and baulk the hardness of their hearts. There is, to be sure, an expression which experienced eyes may see through ; and there is apt to be a want or a superabundance of lip, and a predominance of jaw. With age also the rascal grows ugly, because he has had care forced upon him in spite of himself, and his feelings have been roused by exasperation. But for a regular, smooth-faced, well-featured, smirking, or tranquil scoundrel, to take ordinary observers in with his good looks, give us a young Nicholas, or a Cook, or a Ciro Annichini.

We make no apology to the reader for indulging in digression. One's style is modified by one's habits, and we are so accustomed to whisk hither and thither by means of our *Wishing-cap*, that we shall not undertake to stick to any one subject together for a couple of paragraphs. Like a bird, we may be, at one moment, on the top of a palace, and at the next, in the middle of a farm-yard. *Volition* and *Volitation* are closely allied. How can consistency or *stationariness* (we want a word to express exactly what we mean) be expected of one, who, in as many

seconds, can be in as many parts of the world, and of time? who, as fast as he enumerates the instances, can be

Smoking with the Turks,  
Dancing with the Negroes,  
Bull-hunting with the South-Americans,  
Bowling with the Chinese,  
Sledge-riding with the Laplanders,  
Talking with the French,  
Stuffing with the Austrians,  
Lying with the Russians,  
Revelling with the Abyssinians,  
Vegetating with the Hindoos,  
Pic-nicking with the Loo-Chooans,  
Drawing with the West-Indians,  
Singing with the Italians,  
Nullifying with the Portuguese,  
Minimizing with the Spaniards,  
Dunder-heading with the Dutch.

And again,  
Fighting with the Romans,  
Attempting with the Carthagenians,  
Philosophizing with the Greeks,  
Mystifying with the Egyptians,  
Soothsaying with the Tuscans,  
Barbarizing with the Scythians,  
Grumbling with the Jews,  
Roving with the Tartars,  
Voyaging with the Phenicians,  
Robbing with the Arabs,  
Invading with the Goths,  
Druidizing with the Britons,  
Fire-worshipping with the Persians,  
Darkling with the Hyperboreans,  
Drowning with the Atlantides.

And meanwhile, or in the intervals,  
Monopolizing with the Tories,  
Compromising with the Whigs,  
Reforming with the Radicals,  
Doting with the Bourbontes,  
Shop-keeping with the Orleanists,  
Awaking with the Operatives,  
Declining with the Soldiers,  
Advancing with the Readers,  
Besotting with the Bishops,  
Smirking with the Courtiers,  
Misgiving with the Kings,  
Trembling with the Tiches-men,  
Wondering with the Tax-gatherers,  
Hoping with the Republicans,  
Feaming with the Fumholders,  
Dignifying with the Lords,  
Begging with the Younger Brothers,

Wise-acreing with the Magistrates,  
Despising with the Paupers,  
Laughing with the Pickpockets,  
Surfeiting with the Exclusives,  
Starving with the Multitudes,  
Convicting with the Stamp Offices,  
Sympathysing with the Sufferings,  
Demanding with the Rights.

And occasionally, nevertheless,  
Tripping with the Fairies,  
Feasting with the Enchantresses,  
Tilting with the Knights,  
Jolting with the Giants,  
Grinning with the Ogres,  
Rusticating with the Dryads,  
Bathing with the Naiads,  
Tumbling with the Sea Nymphs,  
Nectar-drinking with the Gods,  
Skull-pledging with the Olinites,  
Mumming with the Fetishes,  
Mythologizing with the Buddhists,  
Milk-mauding with the Vishnoos,  
Loving with the Houris.

And at the same time not forgetting to be

Prowling with your Wild-beasts,  
Grazing with your Cattle,  
Skimming with your Birds,  
Swimming with your Fish,  
Housing with your Crustaceæ,  
Buzzing with your Insects,  
Coiling with your Serpents,  
Creeping with your Reptiles,  
Whirling with your Infusoria,  
Dividing with your Polypi,  
Building with your Corals,  
Flowering with your Plants,  
Stratifying with your Earths,  
Compounding with your Elements.

And last, but not least,  
Panting with your Mountain-tops,  
Ascending with your Balloons,  
Shining with your Stars,  
Encircling with your Planets,  
Enlightening with your Suns,  
Music-playing with your Spheres,  
Careering with your Universes,  
Never-ending with your Infinities,  
Not at all certifying with your Systems,  
Coming home with your Hearts.

All which occupations being considered, we shall beg the reader to bear them in mind once for all, as so many reasons why we have a right to be as brief, discursive, and miscellaneous, or otherwise, as we please. We cannot possibly attend to so many things, or be liable to so many calls, and write in the same plodding way as others. You might as well attempt to make Mercury a clerk to a law-stationer.

We shall now proceed to do a very marvellous thing; to wit, utterly disclaim, with regard to what we are going to speak of, all those fanciful and metaphorical interpretations which some readers may please to put upon what we have said; and, at the same time, fearlessly announce,

that we have had personal acquaintance with people who lived a hundred, two hundred, nay, ten hundred years ago.

*Reader.*—There is some trick, of course, in what you are saying. You do not mean to tell people in their senses, that it is literally so.

*Writer.*—Literally. We have *touched* the persons we allude to. We touch them now, whensoever we please.

*Reader.*—(After inability to speak from amazement.) *In nomine Patris, &c.* How do you make that out?

*Writer.*—Magic could not go beyond this, and yet it is true. There is a story of a man, who, by means of necromancy, had the most beautiful woman of antiquity summoned before him, that he might feast his eyes with seeing what he had read of. But that was illusion. It is no such thing with the case before us. What we pretend to, we literally have done; and what is more, we have the power of making our friends partake of the pleasure; for many estimable persons, Scotch, Irish, and English, can testify it. There are gentlemen in Edinburgh, who can testify it. But we will prove it to the reader. He has read of the beautiful, golden-haired Lucretia Borgia, daughter of Pope Alexander the Sixth, sister of the infamous Cæsar Borgia, and, according to some, as great a "rascal" herself, (as the Copper-Captain would have called her,) but, according to her friend Ariosto, who was an honest poet and a gentleman, and whose word we would take in preference to that of all the tongues of scandal, an example of all that was good and excellent. (See the *Orlando Furioso*, canto 13, st. 69.) Now what will the reader say to our having touched the golden hair of this beauty? to our seeing it whenever we please? to having a specimen of it in our possession?

*Reader.*—The mystery is out; you have a lock of her hair in your possession?

*Writer.*—Not a lock; that would be a little too much. A single hair is a treasure.

"Beauty draws us with a single hair,"

quoth the poet; a line which was ingeniously written upon the paper containing the hair, by the acquaintance who gave it us.

*Reader.*—And this you call "personal" acquaintance with the fair Lucretia, and "touching her?"

*Writer.*—Unquestionably. The person (originally signifying the mask through which actors spoke) is the surface, or phantasm, or outward appearance of the human being, but has come to mean the body itself, and in either case, hair is a part of what constitutes it, and as we have touched the hair, we have touched the person. It is a clear case. The most delicate conscience could not deny it.

The line above mentioned, was a happy quotation, especially as it is from the *Rape of the Lock*; for the quoter stole the hair out of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, where his memorandum records, that the lock from which it was taken, is preserved, "together with Lucretia's love-letters and poems, (in Italian and Spanish,) to Cardinal Bembo." On referring to the memorandum, however, we are bound to mention, that the writer says he "obtained the hair;" so that we may have had an erroneous recollection as to the stealing. "The wise convey it call." We will copy out the whole of the memorandum, as the reader may like to see the end of it:—

"And beauty draws us with a single hair."

"The hair contained in this paper belonged to *Lucretia Borgia*, and was

obtained by me from a lock of it which is preserved in the Ambrosian Library, together with her loveletters and poems (in Italian and Spanish) to Cardinal Bembo. Byron, Milan, Oct. 17th, 1816."

The "loveletters to Cardinal Bembo" have an odd sound after what has been said of Ariosto's eulogies of Lucretia; but before we make up our minds to differ with him we ought to know what sort of letters they are, when written, and what all parties may have had to say on the matter. Ariosto was a friend of Bembo as well as Lucretia. Leaving this point to the curious in ethics, we must observe, that if ever cardinal or saint was drawn by "a single hair," it might have been by such a hair as this. The reader can hardly conceive the beauty of it, without ocular demonstration. It is the only golden hair we ever saw, but answers so completely to that supposed poetical phrase, that if the women of the South of Europe ever had heads of such hair, and were beautiful besides, they must have looked like angels on earth. It is like a subtle thread of superfine, shining, *literal* gold, and sparkles in the sun as if it had been cut yesterday. There was some account of it, a few years back, in an article entitled a "Criticism on Female Beauty," in the *New Monthly Magazine*, but the present is not a mere repetition of the account, nor was the memorandum given, nor the name of the writer of it. We notice this out of an excess of the conscientious, and in honour of the original information befitting Mr. Tait's pages.

Envy us, then, reader, that we have touched the hair of the divine Lucretia; the very same, perhaps, that caught the sunshine on her head when Ariosto was talking to her, and that was beheld by his diviner eyes.

Happy Italy! that preservest in thy Ambrosian Libraries the hairs of beauties and the loveletters of cardinals! and happy he who "obtained" one of the hairs! and happy, and thrice happy we who possess it: not shut up with official indifference in some formal department of a room, "No. 14," and seen only on holydays, but at hand, and ever forthcoming: kept like a love-lock; petted as if we had it from her yesterday; a treasure not to be bought; a constant source of delight and amazement to the eyes of ingenuous friends.

And this is only the first of a series in our possession. We have, indeed, no such other, at once so old and so young, and so amazingly beautiful; but we have locks more illustrious for their owners, and singularly beautiful too; and the next we will mention will be heard of with reverence: it is Milton's! It was this, and two others, which set us upon the plan of collecting as many as were not unworthy to keep them company; and the reader will see that we have been fortunate.

This lock of the great poet is almost as beautiful, in a soberer way, as Lucretia's in a splendid. It is remarkable for its excessive and almost preternatural fineness,—we mean the softness and slenderness of its individual hairs. It furnishes an interesting corroboration of what was said of his delicate looks at the university, where he was called (not much to his liking) the "Lady of his College." Certainly, it is more like the hair of the most delicate girl, than what we should have expected from the tresses of him

"Who set the embattled Seraphim in arms."

This treasure was generously given us by Dr. — the physician, who had it from his father-in-law, who had it from Hoole, the translator, who had it from Johnson. The link of evidence is here lost; but John-

son was famous for his veracity, and he would not have given it to Hoole as Milton's, had he not believed it genuine. The internal evidence of the hair itself is strong; and the colour is brown, which is known to have been Milton's. It should be added, however, that perhaps the extreme fineness of the hair is owing partly to age. Yet Lucretia's looks as strong as ever; and we do not remember that the hair of Edward the Fourth, taken out of his grave, had lost any of its thickness. There is no grey in the lock. It must have been cut when the poet was in the vigour of life, before he wrote "*Paradise Lost*;" and we may indulge our fancy by supposing that it was cut off as a present to his with Love and locks of hair, the most touching, the most beautiful, and fee. most lasting of keepsakes, naturally go together; and as Milton valued himself on his tresses, a woman who loved him would hold them of double value. In his mention of Bacchus and Circe in "*Comus*," he makes the god's hair, and the rest of his aspect, of equal importance:—

"The nymph, who gazed upon his clustering locks  
With ivy-berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,  
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son."

Milton must have been more delighted than most poets at the compliments paid to beautiful tresses by his brethren, particularly by his favourite Greeks. We say nothing about his portrait of Adam, supposed by some to have been drawn from himself; because we are ambitious, in these papers, of touching as little as we can upon what has been said before us.

The hair of Milton, in this our illustrious collection, is followed, in the order of time, by that of Swift, consisting of two locks, one when he was young, a handsome brown; the other, a fine glossy white; which is affecting, from the circumstance of its having been cut off his head "by Mrs. Whiteway, his housekeeper, after his decease." This is recorded on the paper that wrapped the hair, when it was presented to us. Swift's lock, and the one we shall next speak of, were also given us by the gentleman who honoured us with the bestowal of Milton's. From the thought of the white lock, we turn in pity and grief, knowing what Swift must have undergone while it was on his head. The other was cut, probably, in the time of King William, when young men often wore their own hair. It argues nothing against the genuineness of the older lock of hair, either in this or in the instance we shall mention next, that old people, in those days, wore wigs, and had their heads shaved—for the head was not always strictly shaved; probably, when they stopped most in doors, it was not shaved for many days; the hair was suffered sometimes to grow a good deal even under the wig; and in Swift's case, his hair may have been suffered to grow considerably, a short time before he died; for he never stirred from home, and there was no reason for cutting it. We have not an elaborate life of him by us to consult; but we think we have read somewhere that his hair was very dark. The lock before us is brown, and not a very dark brown. Swift's eyes are known to have been blue, which is not a colour generally found in company with very dark hair. Pope described them as being as "blue as the Heavens." Swift's hair belonged to Mr. Hoole, and was given him by Johnson. We know not how the latter came by it. Probably it was a present to him as an author; or he may have had it from Sheridan the actor, father of Richard Brinsley, and son of Dr. Sheridan, the friend of Swift. The channels are many through which it might have come to him.

The next lock is Johnson's own. It is old and coarse, of a whitish

colour, mixed with grey. Not the less reverently is it to be regarded. The very coarseness of it suits somehow the peculiarity of his pretensions—not as being coarse, but from a sort of unpoetical vigour and a disdain of things “fine.” We are loth to call it horse-hair; but it may be styled a very good *Houyhnhum* lock. Hoole attended Johnson in his last illness.

A mighty name ensues, with a *minim* specimen of hair attached to it,—Napoleon. There is no doubt of the authenticity of the specimen. It was obtained for the gentleman who gave it us, by his sister, who had it from the valet that cut the Emperor's hair. It is, in fact, nothing more than such a shred or two as the valet might have hastily picked up with his fingers, when he was quitting his task, or even retained upon his coat. It consists of two or three small scratches of hair, kept together by a bit of sealing-wax. The sorry look of it would be an evidence of its genuineness, if evidence were needed. It adds to the impression made upon the beholder, looking almost like a mockery of his fate. To complete its petty aspect, it is enclosed in a very small bit of paper. The late Mr. Hazlitt, who, from his hatred of the allies, was a fond admirer of the man who had so knocked them about the head and ears, stood one day looking at it, wrapt in thought; and some burst of enthusiasm was expected from him; but, probably, on that account, he exclaimed, with his usual sincerity, “I cannot get up a sensation about it.” He said, that memorials of this kind did not touch him; he supposed, from “a defect of imagination.” He was struck, however, with the shining relic of Lucretia Borgia. The impression of beauty is instantaneous, and wants no aid from reflection.

The names that close our list want none of the graces of fame, except bse which time will bestow, and are far more affecting to us than the rest. They are those of Shelley, Keats, and Mr. Hazlitt himself.

Shelley's hair (*quam chari capitis*!) is a delicate chestnut lock, dashed with grey. He was prematurely grey. His mind was a hundred years old, and had affected his body. The lock was cut off about three years before he died, and sent in a letter from Italy. Over what a world of thought, feeling, fancy, imagination, pain, playfulness, subtlety, universality, had it not grown! But the tenderness caused in our minds by looking at it, surpasses even the wonder and the admiration.

We pass to that of the next friend, admirable also for his genius, and only less dear to us, because we had not had occasion to know him under so many endearing circumstances. How we loved him, need not be added. Mr. Keats's hair was remarkable for its beauty,—its flowing grace and fineness. It was a kind of ideal, poetical hair; and the locks we possess (for we have two) are beautiful specimens, calling up the instant admiration of the spectators. They are long, thick, exquisitely fine, and running into ringlets. The colour is a brown, of that sort which has a yellowish look in it in some lights, and a darker one or auburn in others. They remind us of the love-locks in the time of the cavaliers. Colonel Hutchinson might have had such, or young Milton. They are *tresses*,—things rarely seen, now a days, of a natural growth, on the heads of young men:—and remember the poet was a young man, and manly in spirit as his locks were beautiful.

The lock of Mr. Hazlitt's hair is a good thick ring, smooth and glossy, and almost black. Those who remember this great writer, during his latter years only, have no conception what a fine head of hair he had at a period a little earlier. It rapidly degenerated; and he cut it off as if

in spite, and suddenly appeared with a docked grizzled head, to the great resentment of his friends, and (what he would not easily believe, or pretended not to believe) of the ladies. He was always desiring the regard of women; and then, between complexional and metaphysical doubt, taking pains to prevent himself from having it. When we first had the honour of an interview with him, and he took off his hat, there fell from it about his ears a load of handsome dark curls, which alone would have furnished a favourable introduction of him to the fair sex. A lady, who was in the habit of seeing him, at an evening party sitting with these dark locks against some crimson window curtains, and who, like himself, was a connoisseur in the Fine Arts and their manœuvres, told him that he did it on purpose to set off the beauty of his hair. "Oh, no!" he exclaimed, "if I could have done *that*, it would have been the *salvation* of me:" meaning, that if he could have been fop enough, he would have had enough self-sufficiency to act a less confident figure in general.

With this characteristic and most Hazlitt-like anecdote we conclude our present paper, having nothing so good to say after it. We have other locks of hair, several from eminent living heads, who, we trust, will long remain unrecorded in notices like the present. As to what we have said of hair itself, and the pleasant and affectionate ideas associated with it, have we not said it in fifty other places? And shall we repeat in other words what we have said already? We are both too modest and too proud.

## HIGH LIVING AND MEAN THINKING.

How much nicer people are in their persons than in their minds. How anxious are they to wear the appearances of wealth and taste in the things of outward shew, while their intellects are all poverty and meanness. See one of the apes of fashion with his coxcombs and ostentations of luxury. His clothes must be made by the best tailor, his horses must be of the best blood, his wines of the finest flavour, his cookery of the highest zest; but his reading is of the poorest frivolities, or of the lowest and most despicable vulgarity. In the enjoyment of the animal senses he is an epicure; but a pig is a clean feeder compared with his mind: and a pig would eat good and bad, sweet and foul alike, but his mind has no taste except for the most worthless garbage. The pig has no discrimination and a great appetite; the mind which we describe has not the apology of voracity: it is satisfied with little, but the little must be of the worst sort, and every thing of a better quality is rejected by it with disgust. If we could see men's minds as we see their bodies, what a spectacle of nakedness, destitution, deformity, and disease it would be! What hideous dwarfs and cripples! What dirt, and what revolting cravings! and all these in connection with the most exquisite care and pampering of the body. If many a conceited coxcomb could see his own mind, he would see a thing the like of which is not to be found in the meanest object the world can present. It is not with beggary, in the most degraded state, that it is to be compared, for the beggar has wants, is dissatisfied with his state, has wishes for enjoyments above his lot, but the pauper of intellect is content with his poverty; it is his choice to feed on carrion, he can relish nothing else, he has no desires

beyond the filthy fare. Yet he piques himself that he is a superior being ; he takes to himself the merit of his tailor, his coachmaker, his upholsterer, his wine merchant, his cook ; but if the thing were turned inside out, if that concealed nasty corner, his mind, were exposed to view, how degrading would be the exhibition !

After all our vaunts of the progress of intelligence, the truth yet is, that the minds of the mass of our population, like the bodies of the mass of the Irish nation, are fed on the very lowest kind of food, easy of production in the poorest soils, and affording the slightest nourishment. There is a potatoe diet of the press, which is a positive enemy of improvement ; and it is not the labourer and the artisan who sit down content with it, but the gentry, the fashionable, and their host of imitators. In London, every luxury is had or affected to be had for the body, and dunghills yield the banquets for the mind. We often wish that these things could be seen in kind ; that the man of professed nicety and taste could see the quality of the stuff with which he regales his mind. The breakfast table is laid out with every delicacy, and on it is a scavenger's cart filled with slabby noisome filth, the collection of the very kennels, the rakings of all the nasty corners ; the voluptuary sips his chocolate, daintily picks his French pie, while he fills his mind with that fetid mass, the cookery of the scavengers ! How fastidious is the stomach of this man ! how unspeakably coarse, and worse than beastly, his intellect ! No animal in the creation confines itself to filth only. The appetite for sheer ribaldry is unmatched in the depravities of taste. We lately heard one of the would-be exquisites declare, that the paper of his choice was the most scurrilous, and vulgar withal, of the London weekly papers, and doubtless it was his only reading ; and a few minutes afterwards, he expressed his chagrin that some fine people had seen him get into a hackney coach at the door of a theatre ! This man had no perception of the shabby way in which he treated his mind. What a loathsome hack vehicle was that, to which, without shame, he committed it ! To a just intelligence, how degrading should be accounted such a sign of the poverty of the understanding, or of its preference of the mean and vile ! He sighed for the luxury and show of the carriage for his person, but he had no wishes for the mind above the garbage upon which it regaled. In this respect he was destitute of the humblest claims to respect, and yet he was contented. He knew not that his state of intelligence was below beggary ; and that, if his fortunes corresponded with his understanding, he would be clothed in the foulest rags, and fed by the sewers. Might it not reasonably be expected that people should take as much pride in the nicety of their minds as in that of their persons ? The purity of the mind, the careful preservation of it from the defilement of loose or grovelling thoughts, is surely as much a matter of necessary decency as the cleanliness of the body. The coarse clothing of the person is a badge of poverty : what then should be thought of the coarse entertainment of the imagination ? what destitution does it argue ? and when it is seen in connexion with all the luxuries of abundant wealth, how odious is the contest between the superfluities of fortune and the pitiable penury of the understanding ! The mansion is spacious and elegantly furnished, but the soul of the occupier is only comparable to its dust-hole, a dark dirty receptacle for the vilest trash and rubbish.

You visit an affluent family in London ; you see girls, for whose education no cost has been spared, who have been guarded with the most



zealous care against vulgar associations, who are to be refined if they are to be nothing else ; and you see on their table a Sunday newspaper, the staples of which are obscenity and scurrility, put forth in a style probably much below the loosest conversation of the footmen in the hall. How would the parents shudder at the thought of their daughters listening to a familiar conversation of the coarsest turn carried on by their lackeys ? And what matters it in effect whether the debauchery is taken in at the eye or the ear ? The writer of these remarks is acquainted with more than one family in which the father borrows his servant's paper, as that taken in for the reading of his children is too coarse and low for his entertainment ; and we have heard the fact represented as a matter of jest, and without the slightest perception of the shame implied in it. We believe that the reading of the London drawing-rooms is generally lower than the reading in the servants' halls. It is the scandalous newspaper, or the fashionable or the scandalous novel ; a choice of vice, or the poorest frivolity. These causes cannot be without their effects. Let every man who permits them in his house, for one moment consider in what respect the intellectual entertainment of his sons and daughters is superior to the scurrilous humour of the lowest of the low. There are papers written for the pot-houses, and papers written for the fashionables, and their legions of servile imitators ; and it is an indisputable fact, that the pot-house papers are, in style, matter, and decorum, superior to the fashionable. The paper, which, in evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, was stated to be the favourite paper of the thieves, is more respectable in every point of morals and intelligence than the paper which is peculiarly patronized by the clergy and the aristocracy.

These things deserve to be thought of in another manner. The care of the mind has yet to have a commencement. Its servants and its food have hitherto been of the lowest sort ; but on both the character of the ministrations and the nutriment the purity and soundness of the intellect must greatly depend. A good sign it will be, when some of the pride in the ostentation of gold is transferred to the show of the riches of the mind, and when the appearances of poverty of intellect are shunned as those now are of the poverty of the purse.

#### THE OUTLAW'S SONG.

YOUR beakers raise, my merry mates,  
And cheerily troll the song,  
Since wasail mirth for the battle shout,  
We'll change ere it be long ;  
And quaff the pledge before we mount,  
Or our bright weapons draw,  
Where'er they go o'er hill and holt,  
Success to the bold Outlaw !

The moon is down and dark the sky,  
Bestride your steeds and away,  
A steading and stall in Northumberland  
Must blaze ere it be day.

The Tweed we'll cross, moss-troopers bold,  
Ere the ice upon it thaw ;  
Then off with the pledge good comrades all :  
Success to the bold Outlaw !

Fill me again the mantling cup,  
My merry men, brave and free ;  
And every one to his ladye-love,  
Drink *up-sees* on his knee.  
For though our hearts are stern and bold,  
We own love's gentle law ;  
And beauty's smile allays the rage  
Of the terrible Outlaw.

## THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE GENIUS OF SCOTT.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

HAVING already (in No. IX. p. 301.) tendered our homage to the memory of Scott in his capacity of vindicator of the character of Genius, we proceed to discuss his other claims to the veneration and gratitude of society.

In doing this, we shall not enter into any elaborate criticism of his compositions as works of art. "This has been done a hundred times before, and will be done a hundred times again, to the great benefit of literature and the fine arts, and to the exalted entertainment of both those who lead and those who follow in the discrimination of the manifold beauties and graces with which Scott has adorned the realms of taste. We apply ourselves to the contemplation of the works of Scott, in their effects as influences, rather than to an analysis of their constitution as specimens of art. If we include in our inquiry the services which he rendered to society negatively as well as positively, unconsciously as well as designedly, it may appear that the gratitude of one age and one empire is but a sample of the reward which his achievements deserve and will obtain.

There is little reason to question that Scott has done more for the morals of society, taking the expression in its largest sense, than all the divines, and other express moral teachers, of a century past. When we consider that all moral sciences are best taught by exemplification, and that these exemplifications produce tenfold effect when exhibited unprofessionally, it appears that dramatists and novelists of a high order have usually the advantage, as moralists, over those whose office it is to present morals in an abstract form. The latter are needed to systematize the science, and to prevent its being lost sight of as the highest of the sciences; but the advantage of practical influence rests with the former. When we, moreover, consider the extent of Scott's practical influence, and multiply this extent by its force, there will be little need of argument to prove that the whole living phalanx of clergy, orthodox and dissenting, of moral philosophers, of all moral teachers, except statesmen and authors of a high order, must yield the sceptre of moral sway to Scott. If they are wise, they will immediately acknowledge this, estimate his achievements, adopt, to a certain extent, his methods, and step forward to the vantage ground he has gained for them. If they be disposed to question the fact of the superiority of his influence, let them measure it for an instant against their own. Let them look to our universities, and declare whether they have, within a century, done much for the advancement of morals at home, or to bring morals into respect abroad. Let them look to the weight of the established clergy, and say, how much the influence of the dissenting clergy has brought to the conduct of the nation; taking into the account, as a balance against the good they do, the suspicion there exists against them in their character of a craft, and the disrepute which attaches itself to what they teach, through an admixture of abuses. Let them look to the dissenting clergy,—far more influential as they are than the established,—and say, whether they operate as extensively and benignantly upon the human heart, as he who makes life itself the language in which he sets forth the aims and ends of life; who not only uses a picture-alphabet, that the untutored and the truant may be allured to learn, but imparts thereto a hieroglyphic character, from which the most versed in human life may evolve con-

tinually a deeper and yet deeper lore. Let our moral philosophers (usefully employed though they be in arranging and digesting the science, and enlightened in modifying, from time to time, the manifestations of its eternal principles.)—let our moral philosophers declare whether they expect their digests and expositions to be eagerly listened to by the hundred thousand families, collected, after their daily avocations, under the spell of the northern enchanter; whether they would look for thumbed copies of their writings in workshops and counting-houses, in the saloons of palaces, and under many a pillow in boarding schools. Our universities may purify morals, and extend their influence as far as they can; their importance in this case runs a chance of being overlooked; for Scott is the president of a college where nations may be numbered for individuals. Our clergy may be and do all that an established clergy can be and do; yet they will not effect so much as the mighty lay preacher who has gone out on the highways of the world, with cheerfulness in his mien and benignity on his brow; unconscious, perhaps, of the dignity of his office, but as much more powerful in comparison with a stalled priesthood as the troubadour of old,—firing hearts wherever he went with the love of glory,—than the vowed monk. Our dissenting preachers ~~can obtain power~~ ~~on the hearts of their people, and employ it to good purpose; but they cannot send their voices east and west~~ wake up the echoes of the world. Let all these classes unite in a missionary scheme, and encompass the globe, and still Scott will teach morals more effectually than them all. They will not find audiences at every turn who will take to heart all they say, and bear it in mind for ever; and if they attempt it now, they will find that Scott has been before them everywhere. He has preached truth, simplicity, benevolence, and retribution in the spiry bowers of Ceylon, and in the verandahs of Indian bungalows, and in the perfumed dwellings of Persia, and among groups of settlers at the Cape, and amidst the pinewoods and savannahs of the Western world, and in the vineyards of the Peninsula, and among the ruins of Rome, and the recesses of the Alps, and the hamlets of France, and the cities of Germany, and the palaces of Russian despots, and the homes of Polish patriots. And all this in addition to what has been done in his native kingdom, where he has exalted the tastes, ameliorated the tempers, enriched the associations, and exercised the intellects of millions. This is already done in the short space of eighteen years; a mere span in comparison with the time that it is to be hoped our language and literature will last. We may assume the influence of Scott, as we have described it, to be just beginning its course of a thousand years; and now, what class of moral teachers, (except politicians, who are not too ready to regard themselves in this light,) will venture to bring their influence into comparison with that of this great lay preacher?

If they do so, it will be on the ground, not of disputing the extent of his influence, but of moral effect; which, therefore, we proceed to investigate; beginning with his lesser, and going on to consider his greater achievements.

His grateful countrymen, of all ranks, acknowledge that he has benefited Scotland, as much morally as in respect of her worldly prosperity. Not only has he carried civilization into the retreats of the mountains, and made the harmonious voices of society float over those lakes where the human war-cry once alternated with the scream of the eagle; not only has he introduced decency and comfort among the wilder classes of his countrymen, a full half century before they could have been anti

icipated, and led many thousands more into communion with nature, who would not, but for him, have dreamed of such an intercourse; not only has he quickened industry and created wealth, and cherished intelligence within the borders of his native land; he has also exercised a direct moral influence over the minds of those on whom Scotland's welfare largely depends; softening their prejudices, widening their social views, animating their love of country while drawing them into closer sympathy with men of other countries. It may be said,—it is said,—that his country is not sensible of his having done all this; that she cannot be sensible of it, since she suffered his latter days to be overclouded by sorrows which she could have removed, and his mighty heart and brain to be crushed by a weight of care and toil of which she could have relieved him. The fact is undeniable; and it is on record forever, with a thousand similar facts, from which it is to be hoped that men will in time have philosophy enough to draw an inference, and establish a conclusion in morals to which Walter Scott has failed to lead them, even by the mute eloquence of his own sufferings. They may in time perceive that the benefactor of a nation should be the cherished of a nation, before he has become insensible of their affection; and that it is a small thing to make splendid the narrow home of him who was allowed to perish unsheltered in the storm. It is not enough to abstain from the insult which aggravated the sufferings of Lear;—to be innocent of inflicting his woes. It is not enough for the subjects of this intellectual being to have honoured him equally when his train was shortened, and to have uncovered their heads as he passed, in respectful compassion for his reverses: they ought to have felt that in having been made their king, he had become their charge; and that whencesoever adversity arose, it was their duty to avert it from his honoured head. It is folly to talk of the evil of a precedent in such a case. The line of intellectual sovereigns is not so long as to make the maintenance of their prerogative a burdensome imposition; and we ask no loyalty to pretenders. As for the present case, bitterly as we feel the crudeness of the world's morality of gratitude, we are as far as was the illustrious departed from imputing blame to individuals,—to any thing but the system under which he suffered. He was too humble—too little conscious of his own services to apply to himself the emotions with which the lot of other social benefactors were regarded by him, and with which his own is too late regarded by us—the emotions of grief and shame that society has not yet learned to prize the advent of genius; that the celestial guest is still permitted to tread, solitary and unsheltered, the rugged highways of the world, however eagerly its deeds of power and beneficence may have been accepted. That the countrymen of Scott feel truly grateful to their benefactor, we doubt not. We implore them to strengthen this gratitude from a sanction into a principle of conduct; that, if it should please Heaven again to bless them with such a guest, they may duly cherish him while yet in the body, delay his departure till the latest moment, and be disturbed by no jarring mockeries of shame and remorse while chanting their requiem at his tomb.

To do his next work of beneficence, this great moralist stepped beyond the Border, and over continents and seas. He implanted or nourished pure tastes, not only in a thousand homes, but among the homeless in every land. How many indolent have been roused to thought and feeling, how many licentious have been charmed into the temporary love of purity, how many vacant minds have become occupied

with objects of interest and affection, it would be impossible to estimate, unless we could converse with every Briton, from the Factory Terrace at Canton round the world to the shores of the Pacific, and with every foreigner on the Continent of Europe whose countenance lights up at the name of Scott. If one representative only of every class which have been thus benefited were to repair to his grave, the mourning train would be of a length that kings might envy. There would be the lisping child, weeping that there should be no more tales of the Sherwood Foresters and the Disinherited Knight; there would be the school-boy, with his heart full of the heroic deeds of Cœur de Lion in Palestine; and the girl, glowing with the loyalty of Flora, and saddening over the griefs of Rebecca; and the artizan who foregoes his pipe and pot for the adventures of Jeanie Deans; and the clerk and apprentice, who refresh their better part from the toils of the counting-house amidst the wild scenery of Scotland; and soldier and sailor relieved of the tedium of barracks and cabin by the interest of more stirring scenes presented to the mind's eye; and rambling youth chained to the fireside by the links of a pleasant fiction; and soldier manhood made to grow young again; and sickness beguiled, and age cheered, and domestic jars forgotten, and domestic sympathies enhanced;—all who have thus had pure tastes gratified by the creations of his genius, should join the pilgrim train which will be passing in spirit by his grave for centuries to come. Of these, how many have turned from the voice of the preacher, have cast aside "good books," have no ear for music, no taste for drawing, no knowledge of any domestic accomplishment which might keep them out of harm's way, but have found that they have a heart and mind which Scott could touch and awaken! How many have thus to thank him, not only for the solace of their leisure, but for the ennobling of their toils!

Another great service rendered is one which could be administered only by means of fiction—a service respecting which it matters not to decide whether it was afforded designedly or unconsciously. We mean the introduction of the conception of nature, as existing and following out its own growth in an atmosphere of convention; a conception of very great importance to the many who, excluded from the regions of convention, are apt to lose their manhood in its contemplation. There is little use in assuring people of middling rakes, that kings eat beef and mutton, and queens ride on horseback: they believe, but they do not realize. And this is the case, not only with the child who pictures a monarch with the crown on his head, on a throne, or with the maid-servant who gazes with awe on the Lord Mayor's coach; but, to a much greater degree than is commonly supposed, with the father of the child, the master of the maid,—with him whose interests have to do with kings and courts, and who ought, therefore, to know what is passing there. It would be impossible to calculate how much patriotism has lain dormant, through the ignorance of the plain citizen, of what is felt and thought in the higher regions of society, to which his voice of complaint or suggestion ought to reach, if he had but the courage to lift it up. The ignorance may be called voluntary: it may be truly said that every one ought to know that human hearts answer to one another as a reflection in water, whether this reflection be of a glow-worm on the brink, or of the loftiest resplendent star. This is true; but it is not a truth easy in the use; and its use is all important. The divine preaches it, as is his duty, to humble courtly pride, and to remind the lowly of their

manhood: but the divine himself realizes the doctrine better while reading Kenilworth, or the Abbot, than while writing his sermon; and his hearers use this same sermon as a text, of which Nigel and Peveril are the exposition. Is this a slight service to have rendered?—to have, perhaps unconsciously, taught human equality, while professing to exhibit human inequality?—to have displayed, in its full proportion, the distance which separates man from man, and to have shewn that the very same interests are being transacted at one and the other end of the line? Walter Scott was exactly the man to render this great service; and how well he rendered it, he was little aware. A man, born of the people, and therefore knowing man, and at the same time a Tory antiquarian, and therefore knowing courts, he was the fit person to show the one to the other. At once a benevolent interpreter of the heart, and a worshipper of royalty, he might be trusted for doing honour to both parties; though not, we must allow, equal honour. We cannot award him the praise of perfect impartiality in his interpretations. We cannot but see a leaning towards regal weaknesses, and a toleration of courtly vices. We cannot but observe, that the same licentiousness which would have been rendered disgusting under equal temptation in humble life, is made large allowance for when diverting itself within palace walls. Retribution is allowed to befall; but the vices which this whip is permitted to scourge are still pleasant vices, instead of vulgar ones. This is not to be wondered at; and perhaps the purity of the writer's own imagination may save us from lamenting it; for he viewed these things, though partially, yet too philosophically, to allow of any shadow of an imputation of countenancing, or alluring to vice, with whatever wit he may have depicted the intrigues of Buckingham, or whatever veil of tenderness he may have cast over the crimes of the unfortunate Mary. His desire was to view these things in the spirit of charity; and he was less aware than his readers of a humble rank, that he threw the gloss of romance over his courtly scenes of every character, and that, if he had drawn the vices of the lower classes, it would have been without any such advantage. Meanwhile, we owe him much for having laid open to us the affections of sovereigns,—the passions of courtiers,—the emotions of the hearts,—the guidance of the conduct,—the cares and amusements,—the business, and the jests of courts. He has taught many of us how royalty may be reached and wrought upon; and has therein done more for the state than perhaps any novelist ever contemplated. That he did not complete his work by giving to courts accurate representations of the people, seems a pity; but it could not be helped, since there is much in the people of which Walter Scott knew nothing. If this fact is not yet recognised in courts, it soon will be; and to Walter Scott again it may be owing (as we shall hereafter show) that the true condition and character of the people will become better known in aristocratic regions than they are at present.

The fictions of Scott have done more towards exposing priestcraft and fanaticism than any influence of our own time, short of actual observation; and this actual observation of what is before their eyes is not made by many who see the whole matter plainly enough in the characters and doings of Boniface, Eustace, and the monks in *Ivanhoe*,—of Balfour, Warden, and Bridgenorth. It is, we allow, no new thing to meet with exposures of spiritual domination; but the question is, not of the newness, but of the extent of the service. These things are condemned in the abstract, by books on morals; they are disclaimed from

the pulpit, and every Christian church demonstrates its odiousness by the example of every other; but these exposures do not effect half so much good as exemplification from the hand of a philosophical observer, and disinterested peace-maker. Men may go on for centuries bandying reproaches of priestcraft and superstition on the one hand, and irreligion on the other;—men may go on long pointing out to those who will not see, the examples of all which may be seen at every turn,—of priestcraft nourishing superstition, and superstition inducing irreligion; and less will be done by recrimination towards finding a remedy, than by the illustrations of a master-hand, choosing a bygone age for the chronology, orders long overthrown for the instruments, and institutions that have passed away, for the subjects of his satire. Many who take fire at any imputation against their own church, have become aware of its besetting sins by pictures of a former church, and will easily learn to make the application where it may be serviceable. Many who look too little to the spirit through the forms of religion, are duly disgusted with the foibles of the puritans; and, perceiving how much the vices of the cavaliers were owing to the opposite vices of the contrary party, acquire a wholesome horror of spiritual pride and asceticism in the abstract, and become clear-sighted to the existence of both, in quarters where they had not before been recognised. Sir Walter says, in one of his prefaces, “I am, I own, no great believer in the moral utility to be derived from fictitious compositions;” but, in saying this, he either meant that sermons are not commonly found to produce so good an effect when introduced into a novel as when offered from the pulpit, or he was thinking at the moment of his own fictitious compositions, which, he was singularly apt to imagine, could have little influence to any good purpose. If he had looked at his own writings as those of any other man, he would have thought, as others think, that his vivid pictures of the effects of a false religion are as powerful recommendations of that which is true, to those who will not read divinity, (and they are many,) as works of divinity to those who will not read Scott’s novels, (and they are few.) When to such a picture as that of his Louis XI. is added such a commentary as is found in the preface, we have a fine exposition of an important point of morals, and a satire upon every species of profession which rests in forms.

“The cruelties, the perjuries, the suspicions of this prince, were rendered more detestable, rather than amended, by the gross and debasing superstition which he constantly practised. The devotion to the heavenly saints, of which he made such a parade, was upon the miserable principle of some petty deputy in office, who endeavours to hide or atone for the malversations of which he is conscious, by liberal gifts to those whose duty it is to observe his conduct, and endeavours to support a system of fraud, by an attempt to corrupt the incorruptible. In no other light can we regard his creating the Virgin Mary a countess, and colonel of his Guards, or the cunning that admitted to one or two peculiar forms of oath the force of a binding obligation, which he denied to all others; strictly preserving the secret, which mode of swearing he really accounted obligatory, as one of the most valuable of state mysteries. It was not the least singular circumstance of this course of superstition, that bodily health and terrestrial felicity seemed to be his only objects. Making any mention of his sins when his bodily health was in question, was strictly prohibited; and when, at his command, a priest recited a prayer to St. Entropius, in which he recommended the king’s

welfare, both in body and soul, Louis caused the two last words to be omitted, saying, it was not prudent to importune the blessed saint by too many requests at once. Perhaps he thought, by being silent on his crimes, he might suffer them to pass out of the recollection of the celestial patrons whose aid he invoked for the body."

It may be said, that all this may be found in history. True; but how many have been impressed with this and all other instances, from the rise of popery to the decline of puritanism, in comparison with the numbers who have received, and will receive, a much stronger impression to the same effect from Scott's novels?

Another important moral service, which belongs almost exclusively to fiction, is that of satirizing eccentricities and follies, commonly thought too insignificant to be preached against, and gravely written about; but which exert an important influence on the happiness of human life. The oddities of women he has left almost untouched; but we have a brave assemblage of men who are safe from pulpit censure; (unless another Henry Warden should rise up to preach against the sixteen follies of a Roland Græme under sixteen heads;) but who may be profited by seeing their own picture, or whose picture may prevent others becoming like them. Is it not wholesome to have a Malagrowthier before us on whom to exhaust our impatience, instead of venting it on the real Malagrowthiers of society? Shall we not have fewer and less extravagant Saddletrees, and Shaftons, and Halcroes, and Yellowleys, for these novels? and will not such bores be regarded with more good humour? Will not some excellent Jonathan Oldbuck now and then think of the Antiquary, and check his hobby?—and many a book-worm take a lesson from Dominic Sampson? Whether such a direct effect be, or be not produced, such exhibitions are as effectual as comedy ought to be on the stage, and mirthful raillery in real life, in enforcing some of the obligations, and improving the amenities of society. The rich variety of Scott's assemblage of oddities, and the exquisite mirth and good-humour with which they are shown off, are among the most remarkable particulars of his achievements. There is not only a strong cast of individuality (as there ought to be) about all his best characters; but his best characters are none of them representatives of a class. As soon as he attempted to make his personages such representatives, he failed. His ostensible heroes, his statesmen and leaders, his magistrates, his adventurers, his womankind, whether mistresses or maids, leave little impression of individuality; while his sovereigns, real heroes, and oddities, are inimitable. The reasons of this failure of success may be found under our next head. The result is, that Walter Scott is not only one of the most amiable, but one of the most effective satirists that ever helped to sweep the path of life clear of the strewn follies under which many a thorn is hidden.

In ascending the scale of social services, for which gratitude is due to the illustrious departed, we next arrive at one which is so great that we cannot but mourn that it was not yet greater. There can be no need to enlarge upon the beauty and excellence of the spirit of kindness which breathes through the whole of Scott's compositions; a spirit which not only shames the Malagrowthiers of society, just spoken of, but charms the restless to repose, exhilarates the melancholy, rouses the apathetic, and establishes a good understanding among all who contemplate one another in these books. It is as impossible for any one to remain cynical, or moody, or desponding, over these books, as for an



infant to look dismally in the face of a smiling nurse. As face answers to face, so does heart to heart ; and as Walter Scott's overflowed with love and cheerfulness, the hearts of his readers catch its brimmings. If any are shut against him ; they are not of his readers ; and we envy them not. They may find elsewhere all imaginable proofs and illustrations of the goodness of a kindly spirit ; but why not add to these as perfect an exemplification as ever was offered ? It may be very well to take one abroad in the grey dawn, and tell him that the hills have a capacity of appearing green, the waters golden, and the clouds rose-coloured, and that larks sometimes sing soaring in the air, instead of crouching in a grassy nest ; but why not let him remain to witness the effusion of light from behind the mountain, the burst of harmony from field and copse ? Why not let him feel, as well as know, what a morn of sunshine is ? Why not let him view its effects from every accessible point, and pour out his joy in snatches of song responsive to those which he hears around him, as well as his thankfulness in a matin hymn ? If it be true, as no readers of Scott will deny, that it exhilarates the spirits, and animates the affections, to follow the leadings of this great Enchanter, it is certain that he has achieved a great moral work of incitement and amelioration. The test of his merits here is, that his works are for the innocent and kindly-hearted to enjoy ; and if any others enjoy them, it is by becoming innocent and kindly for the time, in like manner as it is for the waking flocks and choirs to welcome the sunrise : if the fox and the bat choose to remain abroad, the one must abstain from its prey, and the other hush its hootings.

This kindness of spirit being of so bright a quality, makes us lament all the more, as we have said that it had not the other excellence of being universally diffused. We know how unreasonable it is to expect every thing from one man, and are far from saying or believing that Walter Scott looked otherwise than benignantly on all classes and all individuals that came under his observation. What we lament is, that there were extensive classes of men, and they the most important to society, that were secluded from the light of his embellishing genius. His sunshine gilded whatever it fell upon, but it did not fall from a sufficient height to illuminate the nooks and vallies which he found and left curtained in mists. What is there of humble life in his narratives ? What did he know of those who live and move in that region ? Nothing. There is not a *character* from humble life in all his library of volumes ; nor had he any conception that character is to be found there. By humble life we do not mean Edie Ochiltree's lot of privileged mendicancy, nor Dirk Hatteraick's smuggling adventures, nor the Saxon slavery of Gurth, nor the feudal adherence of Dougal, and Caleb Balderstone, and Adam Woodcock, nor the privileged dependence of Caxo and Fairservice. None of these had anything to do with humble life ; each and all formed part of the aristocratic system in which Walter Scott's affections were bound up. Jeanie Deans herself, besides being no original conception of Sir Walter's, derives none of her character or interest from her station in life, any farther than as it was the occasion of the peculiarity of her pilgrimage. We never think of Jeanie as poor, or low in station. Her simplicity is that which might pertain to a secluded young woman of any rank ; and it is difficult to bear in mind—it is like an extraneous circumstance, that her sister was at service, the only attempt made throughout at realizing the social position of the parties. We do not mention this as any drawback upon

the performance, but merely as saving the only apparent exception to our remarks, that Sir Walter rendered no service to humble life in the way of delineating its society. Faithful butlers and barbers, tricky lady's maids, eccentric falconers and gamekeepers, are not those among whom we should look for the strength of character, the sternness of passion, the practical heroism, the inexhaustible patience, the unassuming self-denial, the unconscious beneficence—in a word, the *true-heartedness* which is to be found in its perfection in humble life. Of all this Walter Scott knew nothing. While discriminating, with the nicest acumen, the shades of character, the modifications of passion, among those whom he did understand, he was wholly unaware that he bounded himself within a small circle, beyond which lay a larger, and a larger; that which he represented being found in each, in a more distinct outline, in more vivid colouring, and in striking and various combinations, with other characteristics of humanity which had never presented themselves to him. He knew not that the strength of soul, which he represents as growing up in his heroes amidst the struggles of the crusade, is of the same kind with that which is nourished in our neighbours of the next alley, by conflicts of a less romantic, but not less heroic cast. He knew not that the passion of ambition, which he has made to contend with love so fearfully in Leicester's bosom, is the same passion, similarly softened and aggravated, with that which consumes the high-spirited working man, chosen by his associates to represent and guide their interests, while his heart is torn by opposite appeals to his domestic affections. He knew not that, however reckless the vice of some of his courtly personages, greater recklessness is to be found in the presence of poverty; that the same poverty exposes love to further trials than he has described, and exercises it into greater refinement; and puts loyalty more severely to the test, and inspires a nobler intrepidity, and nourishes a deeper hatred, and a wilder superstition, and a more inveterate avarice, and a more disinterested generosity, and a more imperturbable fortitude, than even he has set before us. In short, he knew not that all passions, and all natural movements of society, that he has found in the higher, exist in the humbler ranks; and all magnified and deepened in proportion as reality prevails over convention, as there is less mixture of the adventitious with the true. The effect of this partial knowledge is not only the obliteration to himself and to his readers, as far as connected with him, of more than half the facts and interests of humanity, but that his benevolence was stinted in its play. We find no philanthropists among his characters; because he had not the means of forming the conception of philanthropy in its largest sense. He loved men, all men whom he knew; but that love was not based on knowledge as extensive as his observation was penetrating; and it did not therefore deserve the high title of philanthropy. We have no sins of commission to charge him with, no breaches of charity, not a thought or expression which is tinged with bitterness against man, collectively or individually; but we charge him with omission of which he was unconscious, and which he would, perhaps, scarcely have wished to repair, as it must have been done at the expense of his Toryism, to which the omission and unconsciousness were owing. How should a man be a philanthropist who knows not what freedom is?—not the mere freedom from foreign domination, but the exemption from misrule at home, the liberty of watching over and renovating institutions, that the progression of man and of states may proceed together. Of this kind of free-

dom Sir Walter had no conception, and neither, therefore, are there any patriots in his *dramatis personæ*. There are abundance of soldiers to light up beacons and fly to arms at the first notice of invasion; many to drink the healths and fight the battles of their chiefs, to testify their fidelity to their persons, and peril life and liberty in their cause; plenty to vindicate the honour of England abroad, and to exult in her glory at home. But this is not patriotism, any more than kindness is philanthropy. We have no long-sighted views respecting the permanent improvement of society,—no extensive regards to the interests of an entire nation; and therefore, no simple self-sacrifice, no steadfastness of devotion to country and people. The noble class of virtues, which go to make up patriotism, are not even touched upon by Scott. The sufferings of his heroes are represented to arise from wounded pride, and from the laceration of personal, or domestic, or feudal feelings and prepossessions; and in no single instance from sympathy with the race, or any large body of them. The courage of his heroes is, in like manner, compounded of instincts and of conventional stimuli; and in no one case derived from principles of philanthropy, or of patriotism, which is one direction of philanthropy. Their fortitude, howsoever steadfast, when arising from self-devotion at all, arises only from that unreasoning acquiescence in established forms, which is as inferior to the self-sacrifice of philanthropy as the implicit obedience of a child is inferior to the concurrence of the reasoning man. None of Scott's personages act and suffer as members and servants of society. Each is for his own; whether it be his family, his chief, his king, or his country, in a warlike sense. The weal or woe of many, or of all, is the only consideration which does not occur to them—the only motive to enterprise and endurance, which is not so much as alluded to. There is no talk of freedom, as respects any thing but brute force,—no suspicion that one class is in a state of privilege, and another in a state of subjugation, and that these things ought not to be. Gurth, indeed, is relieved from Saxon bondage, and Adam Woodcock is as imperious and meddling as he pleases, and the ladies' maids have abundant liberty to play pranks; but this sort of freedom has nothing to do with the right of manhood, and with what ought to be, and will be, the right of womanhood—it is the privilege of slavery, won by encroachment, and preserved by favour. Gurth got rid of his collar, but in our days he would be called a slave; and Adam Woodcock and Mistress Lillias lived by the breath of their lady's nostrils, in the same manner as the courtiers of Cœur de Lion gained an unusual length of tether from their lord's knightly courtesy, and those of the second Charles from his careless clemency. There is no freedom in all this. *Slave* is written on the knightly crest of the master, and on the liveried garb of the servitor, as plainly as even on the branded shoulder of the negro. But it must be so, it is urged, when times, and scenes of slavery, are chosen as the groundwork of the fiction. We answer, Nay: the spirit of freedom may breathe through the delineation of slavery. However far back we may revert to the usages of the feudal system, there may be,—there must be, if they exist in the mind of the author,—aspirations after a state of society more worthy of humanity. In displaying all the pomp of chivalry, the heart ought to mourn the woes of inequality it inflicted, while the imagination revels in its splendours. But this could not be the case with Scott, who knew about as much of the real condition and character of the humbler classes of each age as of the Japanese; perhaps less, as he was a reader

of Basil Hall. Beyond that which seemed to him the outermost circle, that of the domestics of the great, all was a blank ; save a few vague outlines of beggar-women with seven small children, and other such groups that have by some chance found their way into works of fiction. His benignity, therefore, alloyed by no bitterness of disposition in himself, was so far restricted by the imperfection of his knowledge of life, as to prevent his conveying the conception of philanthropy in its largest sense. His services to freedom are of a negative, rather than a positive character ; rendered by showing how things work in a state of slavery, rather than how they should work in a condition of rational freedom ; and it follows, that his incitements to benevolence are also tendered unconsciously. Through an exhibition of the softening and brightening influence of benignity shed over the early movements of society, he indicates what must be the meridian splendour of philanthropy, penetrating everywhere, irradiating where it penetrates, and fertilizing, as well as embellishing whatever it shines upon.

Much has Walter Scott also done, and done it also unconsciously, for woman. Neither Mary Wollstonecraft, nor Thompson of Cork, nor any other advocate of the rights of woman, has pleaded so eloquently to the thoughtful,—and the thoughtful alone will entertain the subject,—as Walter Scott, by his exhibition of what women are, and by two or three indications of what they might be. He has been found fault with for the poverty of character of the women of his tales ; a species of blame against which we have always protested. If he had made as long a list of oddities among his women as his men, he would have exposed himself to the reproach of quitting nature, and deserting classes for extravagant individualities ; since there is much less scope for eccentricity among women, in the present state of society, than among men. But, it is alleged, he has made so few of his female characters representatives of a class. True ; for the plain reason, that there are scarcely any classes to represent. We thank him for the forcible exhibition of this truth : we thank him for the very term *womankind* ; and can well bear its insulting use in the mouth of the scoffer, for the sake of the process it may set to work in the mind of the meditative and the just. There is no saying what the common use of the term *cunaille* may in time be proved to have effected for the lower orders of men ; or in what degree the process of female emancipation may be hastened by the slang use of the term *womankind*, by despots and by fools. It may lead some watchful intellects—some feeling hearts—to ponder the reasons of the fact, that the word *mankind* calls up associations of grandeur and variety,—that of *womankind*, ideas of littleness and sameness ;—that the one brings after it conceptions of lofty destiny, heroic action, grave counsel, a busy office in society, a dignified repose from its cares, a steadfast pursuit of wisdom, an intrepid achievement of good ;—while the other originates the very opposite conceptions,—vegetation instead of life, folly instead of counsel, frivolity instead of action, restlessness in the place of industry, apathy in that of repose, listless accomplishment of small aims, a passive reception of what others may please to impart ; or, at the very best, a halting, intermitting pursuit of dimly-discerned objects. To some it may be suggested to inquire, Why this contrast should exist ?—why one-half of the rational creation should be so very much less rational ?—and, as a consequence, so much less good, and so much less happy than the other ? If they are for a moment led by common custom to doubt whether, because they are less rational, they are less happy

and less good, the slightest recurrence to Scott's novels is enough to satisfy them, that the common notion of the sufficiency of present female objects to female progression and happiness is unfounded. They will perhaps look abroad from Scott into all other works of fiction—into all faithful pictures of life—and see what women are ; and they will finally perceive, that the fewer women there are found to plead the cause of their sex, the larger mixture of folly there is in their pleadings ; the more extensive their own unconsciousness of their wrongs, the stronger is their case. The best argument for Negro Emancipation lies in the vices and subservience of slaves : the best argument for female emancipation lies in the folly and contentedness of women under the present system,—an argument to which Walter Scott has done the fullest justice ; for a set of more passionless, frivolous, uninteresting beings was never assembled at morning auction, or evening tea-table, than he has presented us with in his novels. The few exceptions are made so by the strong workings of instinct, or of superstition, (the offspring of strong instinct and weak reason combined ; ) save in the two or three instances where the female mind had been exposed to manly discipline. Scott's female characters are easily arranged under these divisions :—Three-fourths are *womankind* merely : pretty, insignificant ladies, with their pert waiting maids. A few are viragoes, in whom instinct is strong, whose souls are to migrate hereafter into the she-eagle or bear,—Helen M'Gregor, Ulrica, Magdalen Græme, and the Highland Mother. A few are superstitious,—Elspeth, Alice, Norna, Mother Nicneven. A few exhibit the same tendencies, modified by some one passion ; as Lady Ashton, Lady Derby, and Lady Douglas. Mary and Elizabeth are *womankind* modified by royalty. There only remain Flora M'Ivor, Die Vernon, Rebecca, and Jeanie Deans. For these four, and their glorious significance, *womankind* are as much obliged to Walter Scott, as for the insignificance of all the rest ; not because they are what women might be, and therefore ought to be ; but because they afford indications of this, and that these indications are owing to their having escaped from the management of man, and been trained by the discipline of circumstance. If common methods yield no such women as these ; if such women occasionally come forth from the school of experience, what an argument is this against the common methods,—what a plea in favour of a change of system ! Woman cannot be too grateful to him who has furnished it. Henceforth, when men fire at the name of Flora M'Ivor, let woman say, "There will be more Floras when women feel that they have political power and duties." When men worship the image of Die Vernon, let them be reminded, that there will be other Die Vernons when women are impelled to self-reliance. When Jeanie is spoken of with tender esteem, let it be suggested, that strength of motive makes heroism of action ; and that as long as motive is confined and weakened, the very activity which should accomplish high aims must degenerate into puerile restlessness. When Rebecca is sighed for, as a lofty presence that has passed away, it should be asked, how she should possibly remain or reappear in a society which alike denies the discipline by which her high powers and sensibilities might be matured, and the objects on which they might be worthily employed ? As a woman, no less than as a Jewess, she is the representative of the wrongs of a degraded and despised class : there is no abiding-place for her among foes to her caste ; she wanders unemployed (as regards her peculiar capabilities) through the world ; and when she dies, there has been, not

only a deep injury inflicted, but a waste made of the resources of human greatness and happiness. Yes, women may choose Rebecca as the representative of their capabilities: first, despised, then wondered at, and involuntarily admired; tempted, made use of, then persecuted, and finally banished—not by a formal decree, but by being refused honourable occupation, and a safe abiding place. Let women not only take her for their model, but make her speak for them to society, till they have obtained the educational discipline which beseems them; the rights, political and social, which are their due; and that equal regard with the other sex in the eye of man, which it requires the faith of Rebecca to assure them they have in the eye of Heaven. Meantime, while still suffering under injustice, let them lay to heart, for strength and consolation, the beautiful commentary which Walter Scott has given on the lot of the representative of their wrongs. If duly treasured, it may prove by its effects, that our author has contributed, in more ways than one, to female emancipation; by supplying a principle of renovation to the enslaved, as well as by exposing their condition; by pointing out the ends for which freedom and power are desirable, as well as the disastrous effects of withholding them. He says,—

“The character of the fair Jewess found so much favour in the eyes of some fair readers, that the writer was censured, because, when arranging the fates of the characters of the drama, he had not assigned the hand of Wilfred to Rebecca, rather than the less interesting Rowena. But, not to mention that the prejudices of the age rendered such an union almost impossible, the author may, in passing, observe, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp, is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit; and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, or the indulgence of such a rashly formed or ill-assorted passion as that of Rebecca for Ivanhoe, the reader will be apt to say, Verily, virtue had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will show, that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifice of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace which the world cannot give or take away.”

These, then, are the moral services,—many and great,—which Scott has rendered,—positively and negatively,—consciously and unconsciously, to society. He has softened national prejudices; he has encouraged innocent tastes in every region of the world; he has imparted to certain influential classes the conviction that human nature works alike in all; he has exposed priestcraft and fanaticism; he has effectively satirized eccentricities, unamiablenesses and follies; he has irresistibly recommended benignity in the survey of life, and indicated the glory of a higher kind of benevolence; and finally, he has advocated the rights of woman with a force all the greater for his being unaware of the import and tendency of what he was saying.—The one other achievement which we attribute to him, is also not the less magnificent for being overlooked by himself.

By achieving so much within narrow bounds, he has taught how more may be achieved in a wider space. He has taught us the power of fiction as an agent of morals and philosophy; "and it shall go hard with us but we will better the instruction." Every agent of these master spirits is wanted in an age like this; and he who has placed a new one at their service, is a benefactor of society. Scott might have written, as he declared he wrote, for the passing of his time, the improvement of his fortunes, and the amusement of his readers: he might have believed, as he declared he believed, that little moral utility arises out of works of fiction: we are not bound to estimate his works, as lightly as he did, or to agree in his opinions of their influences. We rather learn from him how much may be impressed by exemplification which would be rejected in the form of reasoning, and how there may be more extensive *embodiments* of truth in fiction than the world was before thoroughly aware of. It matters not that the truth he exemplified was taken up at random, like that of all his predecessors in the walks of fiction. Others may systematize, having learned from him how extensively they may embody. There is a boundless field open before them; no less than the whole region of moral science, politics, political economy, social rights and duties. All these, and more, are as fit for the process of exemplification as the varieties of life and character illustrated by Scott. And not only has he left the great mass of material unwrought, but, with all his richness of variety, has made but scanty use of the best instruments of illustration. The grandest manifestations of passion remain to be displayed; the finest elements of the poetry of human emotion are yet uncombined; the most various dramatic exhibition of events and characters is yet unwrought; for there has yet been no recorder of the poor; at least, none but those who write as mere observers; who describe, but do not dramatize humble life. The widest interests being thus still untouched, the richest materials unemployed, what may not prove the ultimate obligations of society to him who did so much, and pointed the way towards doing infinitely more; and whose vast achievements are, above all, valuable as indications of what remains to be achieved? That this, his strongest claim to gratitude, has not yet been fully recognised, is evident from the fact, that though he has had many imitators, there have been yet none to take suggestion from him; to employ his method of procedure upon new doctrine and other materials. There have been many found to construct fiction within his range of morals, character, incident, and scenery; but none to carry the process out of his range. We have yet to wait for the philosophical romance, for the novels which shall relate to other classes than the aristocracy; we have yet to look for this legitimate offspring of the productions of Scott, though wearied with the intrusions of their spurious brethren.

The progression of the age requires something better than this imitation;—requires that the above-mentioned suggestion should be used. If an author of equal genius with Scott were to arise to-morrow, he would not meet with an equal reception; not only because novelty is worn off, but because the serious temper of the times requires a new direction of the genius of the age. Under the pressure of difficulty, in the prospect of extensive change, armed with expectation, or filled with determination as the general mind now is, it has not leisure or disposition to receive even its amusements unmixed with what is solid and has a bearing upon its engrossing interests. There may still be the thoughtless and indolent, to whom mere fiction is necessary as a pas-

time ; but these are not they who can guarantee an author's influence, or secure his popularity. The bulk of the reading public, whether or not on the scent of utility, cannot be interested without a larger share of philosophy, or a graver purpose in fiction, than formerly ; and the writer who would effect most for himself and others in this department must take his heroes and heroines from a different class than any which has yet been adequately represented. This difference of character implies, under the hands of a good artist, a difference of scenery and incident ; for the incidents of a fiction are worth nothing unless they arise out of the characters ; and the scenery, both natural and moral, has no charm unless it be harmonious with both. Instead of tales of knightly love and glory, of chivalrous loyalty, of the ambition of ancient courts, and the bygone superstitions of a half-savage state, we must have, in a new novelist, the graver themes—not the less picturesque, perhaps, for their reality—which the present condition of society suggests. We have had enough of ambitious intrigues ; why not now take the magnificent subject, the birth of political principle, whose advent has been heralded so long ? What can afford finer moral scenery than the transition state in which society now is ? Where are nobler heroes to be found than those who sustain society in the struggle ; and what catastrophe so grand as the downfall of bad institutions, and the issues of a process of renovation ? Heroism may now be found, not cased in helm and cuirass, but strengthening itself in the cabinet of the statesman, guiding the movements of the unarmed multitude, and patiently bearing up against hardship, in the hope of its peaceful removal. Love may now be truly represented as sanctified by generosity and self-denial in many of the sad majority of cases where its course runs not smooth. All the virtues which have graced fictitious delineations, are still at the service of the novelist ; but their exercise and discipline should be represented as different from what they were. The same passions still sway human hearts ; but they must be shown to be intensified or repressed by the new impulses which a new state of things affords. Fiction must not be allowed to expire with Scott, or to retain only that languid existence which is manifest merely in imitations of his works : we must hope,—not, alas ! for powers and copiousness like his,—but for an enlightened application of his means of achievement to new aims : the higher quality of which may in some measure compensate for the inferiority of power and richness which it is only reasonable to anticipate.

It appears, then, from the inquiry we have pursued, that the services for which society has to be eternally grateful to Walter Scott are of three distinct kinds. He has vindicated the character of genius by the healthiness of his own. He has achieved marvels in the province of art, and stupendous benefits in that of morals. He has indicated, by his own achievements, the way to larger and higher achievements. What a lot for a man,—to be thus a threefold benefactor to his race ! to unite in himself the functions of moralist, constructor, and discoverer ! What a possession for society to have had ! and to retain for purposes of amelioration, incitement and guidance ! He can never be lost to us, whatever rival or kindred spirit may be destined to arise, or whether he is to be the last of his class. If the latter supposition should prove true,—which, however, appears to us impossible,—he will stand a fadeless apparition on the structure of his own achievements, distanced, but not impaired by time : if the former, his spirit will mi-



grate into his successors, and communicate once more with us through them. In either case, we shall have him with us still.

But, it will be said, the services here attributed to Scott were, for the most part, rendered unconsciously. True; and why should not the common methods of Providence have place here as in all other instances? Scott did voluntarily all that he could; and that he was destined to do yet more involuntarily, is so much the greater honour, instead of derogating from his merit. That some of this extra service was of a nature which he might have declined if offered a choice, is only an additional proof that the designs of men are over-ruled, and their weakness not only compensated for by divine direction, but made its instruments. Great things are done by spontaneous human action: yet greater things are done by every man without his concurrence or suspicion; all which tends, not to degrade the character of human effort, but to exemplify the purposes of Providence. Scott is no new instance of this, nor deserves less honour in proportion to his spontaneous efforts than the sages of Greece, or the historians of Rome, and the benefactors of every age, who have been destined to effect more as illustrators than even as teachers and recorders. He was happy and humbly complacent in his creative office: it is so much pure blessing that we can regard him with additional and higher complacency as a vindicator of genius, and an unconscious prophet of its future achievements.

## SONNETS TO IONE.

### I.

THOU say'st, the earnestness of love like thine,  
 Man's lighter faith, occasion's sport, excites —  
 Not well such hasty glance, sweet boisterous joys  
 The bosom's secrets, pairing line with line  
 O'er deepest spinnings the hue of outward sign,  
 And fan inscriptions, hid with clinging weeds,  
 But follow mainly love through noble deeds.  
 See pride his place, see hate her wither'd reign;  
 Watch his fond sacrifice—his guardian care,  
 With reverence, as for idols, tamed, and blest—  
 His conflict's prize, his balm for toil's unrest;  
 The power that bids him suffer, yield, or die;  
 A jewel treasured in the hardest breast!—  
 Such is thy love,—is mine,—now question, and compare!

### II.

How oft my heart, whereon that curled hair  
 Lay in rich waves, half wandering o'er thy cheek,  
 Flushed with sweet dreams, now swelled, and now grew weak  
 With joy and fear, while scarce I could forbear  
 To roam de o'ite tears, to think of love and cheer,  
 Wick'd by life's bitter winds: when thou and I,  
 Thy heaven-blue eyes unclose, turn'd to look  
 Mine earnest gaze, and finding, raised mine eye,  
 I kissed thy lips and trembled;—all I saw  
 Given that thou art most soft, and needing aid,  
 As though a bright light wound thee, I have made  
 This heart a fan, which love and thoughtful awe  
 Encompass round thy presence, still afraid,  
 As though, each hour, the great were suffering to withdraw!

## THE CURRENCY JUGGLE.\*

ALL friends of "The Movement"—all persons, be they Ministers, Members of Parliament, or public writers, who look for the safety and well-being of England, not through the extinction, but through the further progress of the spirit of reform,—commit, in our opinion, an egregious blunder, if they devote themselves chiefly to setting forth what innovations ought *not* to be made. Once open a door, and mischief may come in as well as go out—who doubts it? But our fears are not on that side; else, like so many others, we should be Conservatives. We are as *conservative* as anybody of what we deem worth preserving; but we have judged that Improvement, and not Conservation, is the prize to be striven for just now. This being a settled point with us, our conduct shall not vary from it. The tide of improvement having once begun to rise, we know that froth and straws, and levities of all kinds, will be floated in multitudes up the stream. We regard it as nowise *our* business to watch for their appearance, and break each successive bubble the moment it shews itself on the surface. We leave these to burst of themselves, or to be swept away by the efforts of such as feel themselves called upon by their duty to make that their occupation. Be it ours to find *fit* work for the new instrument of government; it is enough that our silence testifies against the unfit. No one can suffice for all things; and the time is yet far distant when a Radical Reformer can, without deserting a higher trust, allow himself to assume in the main, the garb and attitude of a Conservative.

There are, however, cases in which the rule of conduct which we have prescribed to ourselves must be departed from; and the serious evil incurred, of a conflict between reformers and reformers, in the face of the common enemy. Purposes may be proclaimed by part of the multitudinous body of professed Radicals, which, for the credit of the common cause, it may be imperative upon their fellow-Radicals to disavow; purposes such as cannot even continue to be publicly broached, (not being, as publicly protested against,) without detriment to public morality. In this light, we look upon all schemes for the confiscation of private property, in any shape, or under any pretext; and upon none more than the gigantic plan of confiscation which at present finds some advocates,—a depreciation of the currency.

In substance, this is merely a round-about (and very inconvenient) method of cutting down all debts to a fraction. Considering it in that light, it is not wonderful that all fraudulent debtors should be its eager partisans; but what recommends it to them, should have been enough to render it odious to all well-meaning, even if puzzle-headed, persons. That men who are not knaves in their private dealings, should understand what the word depreciation means, and yet support it, speaks but ill for the existing state of morality on such matters. It is something new in a civilized country. Several times, indeed, since paper-credit existed, governments, or public bodies, have got into their hands the power of issuing a paper-currency, without the restraint of convertibility, or any limitation in the amount. The most memorable cases are those

\* Evidence of Thomas Attwood, Esq. before the Committee of the House of Commons, on the Bank Charter.

of Law's Mississippi Scheme, the *Assignats*, and the Bank Restriction in 1797. On these various occasions a depreciation did, in fact, take place ; but the intention was not *professed* of producing one ; nor were its authors in the slightest degree aware that such would be the effect. The important truth, that currency is lowered in value, in proportion as it is augmented in quantity, was known solely to speculative philosophers, to Locke and Hume. The *practicals* had never heard of it ; or if they had, disdained it as visionary theory. Not an idea was entertained that a paper-money, which rested upon good security, which *represented*, as the phrase was, real wealth, could ever become depreciated by the mere amount of the issues.

But now, this is understood and reckoned upon, and is the very foundation of the scheme. All mankind, Mr. Rothschild excepted, now know, that increasing the issues of inconvertible paper-money lowers its value, and thereby takes from all who have currency in their possession, or who are entitled to receive any fixed sum, an indefinite aliquot part of their property or income ; making a present of the amount to the issuers of the currency, and to the persons by whom the fixed sums are payable. This is seen as clearly as daylight ; and thereupon do men recoil from the idea ? No ; they coolly propose that the thing should be done ; the *novæ tabulæ* issued ; the transfer to the debtor of the lawful property of the creditor, and to the banker, of part of the property of every man who has money in his purse, deliberately and knowingly accomplished. And this is seriously entertained as a proposition *sub judice* ; quite as fit to be discussed, and as likely, *a priori*, to be found worthy of adoption as any other.

At the head of the depreciation party are the two Messrs. Attwood, Matthias and Thomas : the first, of the genuine Tory stamp, a nominee of the Duke of Newcastle ; his brother, the chairman of the Birmingham Union, one who, as a man of action, willing and able to stand in the breach, the organizer and leader of our late victorious struggle, has deserved well of his country. But the ability required for leading on a congregated multitude to victory, whether in the war of politics or in that of battles, is one thing ; the capacity to make laws for the commerce of a great nation, or even to interpret the vulgarest mercantile phenomena, is another. If any one still doubts this truth, we refer him to Mr. Thomas Attwood's evidence before the Bank Committee.

Mr. Attwood has there given vent to speculations on currency, which prove that, on a topic to which he has paid more attention than to any other, he is yet far beneath his recent antagonist, Mr. Cobbett. Mr. Cobbett, in truth, sees as clearly as any one, that to enact that sixpence should hereafter be called a shilling, would be of no use except to the man who owed a shilling before, and is now allowed to pay it with sixpence. And, it being no part of Mr. Cobbett's object to produce any gratuitous evil, he has sense enough to see that it would be absurd, for the sake of operating upon *existing* contracts, to render all future ones impracticable, except upon the footing of gambling transactions, by making it impossible for a man to divine whether the shilling he undertakes to pay will be worth a penny or a pound at the time of payment. Mr. Cobbett, therefore, is for calling a spade a spade, and cancelling, avowedly, a part, or the whole, as it may happen, of all existing debts ; permitting the pound sterling to be worth twenty shillings, as before. Future creditors would thus have the benefit of knowing what they bargained for ; though they might, indeed, feel a slight doubt whether it would be paid. In this

scheme there is only knavery—no folly; except the folly of expecting that a great act of national knavery should be a national benefit. Mr. Attwood, on the other hand, is for the robbery too; but then it has not so much the character of a robbery in his eyes; for, if it is done in his way of a depreciated paper-money, such a flood of wealth, he fancies, will be disengaged in the process, that the robber and the robbed, the lion and lamb, may lie down lovingly together, and wallow in riches. At the bottom of the fundholder's pocket, Mr. Attwood expects to find the philosopher's stone. As great a man as Mr. Attwood, the King of Brobdingnag, declared it to be his creed, that the man who calls into existence two blades of grass where one grew before, deserves better of his country than the whole tribe of statesmen and warriors. Mr. Attwood has the same exalted opinion of the man who calls two pieces of paper into existence, where only one piece existed before.

But first, we must have a few words respecting the robbery itself: we will dispose, afterwards, of the accompanying juggle.

There is, there has been, but one sophism, which has enabled many well-intentioned men to disguise from their own consciences the real character of the contemplated fraud upon creditors. This sophism, we acknowledge, has some superficial plausibility. More than half (it is argued) of the National Debt, as well as a great multitude of private engagements, were contracted in a depreciated currency; if, therefore, the interest or principal be now paid without abatement, in money of the ancient standard, we are paying to our public and private creditors more than they lent.

To this fallacy there are as many as three or four sufficient refutations, every one standing upon its own independent ground. But the most conclusive and crushing of them all is not unfrequently overlooked, such is the shortness of men's memories, even about the events of their own time. Many who abhor the "equitable adjustment," join in condemning the restoration of the currency in 1819; admit that Peel's Bill plundered all debtors for the benefit of creditors; but contend, that the present fundholders, and other creditors, are, in great part, *not the same men* who reaped the undue benefit; and that to claim damages from one set of men, because another set have been overpaid, is no reparation, but a repetition, of injustice. This is, indeed, true and irresistible, even though it stood alone—there *needs* no other argument; yet there *is* another, and a still more powerful one.

The restoration of the ancient standard, and the payment in the restored currency of the interest of a debt contracted in a depreciated one, was no injustice, but the simple performance of a plighted compact. All debts contracted during the Bank Restriction were contracted under as full an assurance as the faith of a nation could give, that cash payments were only *temporarily* suspended. At first, the suspension was to last a few weeks, next a few months, then, at furthest, a few years. Nobody dared even to insinuate a proposition, that it should be perpetual, or that, when cash payments were resumed, less than a guinea should be given at the Bank for a pound note and a shilling. And to quiet the doubts and fears which would else have arisen, and which would have rendered it impossible for any minister to raise another loan, except at the most ruinous interest, it was made the law of the land, solemnly sanctioned by Parliament, that, six months after the peace, if not before, cash payments should be resumed. This, therefore, was distinctly one of the conditions of all the loans made during that period.

It is a condition which we have not fulfilled. Instead of six months, more than five years intervened between the peace and the resumption of cash payments. We, therefore, have not kept faith with the fundholder. Instead of having overpaid him, we have cheated him. Instead of making him a present of a per centage equal to the enhancement of the currency, we continued to pay his interest in depreciated paper, five years after we were bound, by contract, to pay it in cash. And he it remarked, that the depreciation was at its highest during a part of that period. If, therefore, there is to be a great day of national atonement for gone-by wrongs, the fundholders, instead of having any thing to refund, must be directed to send in their bill for the principal and interest of what they were defrauded of during those five years. Instead of this, it is proposed, that, having already defrauded them of *part* of a benefit which was in their bond, and for which they gave an equivalent, we should now force them to make restitution of the remainder!

That they gave an equivalent, is manifest. The depreciation became greatest during the last few years of the war; indeed, it never amounted to any thing considerable till then. It was during those years, also, that far the largest sums were borrowed by the Government. At that time the effects of the bank restriction had begun to be well understood. The writings of Mr. Henry Thornton, Lord King, Mr. Ricardo, Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Blake, &c. and the proceedings of the Bullion Committee, had diffused a very general conviction, that the Bank had the power to depreciate the currency without limit, and that the Bank Directors acted on principles of which that evil was the natural consequence. Does anybody imagine that the loans of those years could have been raised, except on terms never before heard of under a civilized government, if there had been no engagement to pay the interest or the principal in money of any fixed standard; but it had been avowed, that, to whatever point the arbitrary issues of the bank might depress the value of the pound sterling,—there it would be suffered to remain?

What avails it, then, to cavil about our paying more than we borrowed? Everybody pays more than he borrows; everybody, at least, who borrows at interest. The question is not, have we paid more than we borrowed? but, have we paid more than we promised to pay? And the answer is,—we have paid *less*. The fundholder, as the weaker party, has pocketed the injury; he only asks to be spared an additional and far greater one. We *covenanted* to pay in a metallic standard; we therefore are bound to do it. To deliberate on such a question is as if a private person were to deliberate whether he should pick a pocket.

So much for the substance of the fraud. There is, however, no political crime so bad in itself but what may be made still worse by the manner of doing it. To rob all creditors, public and private, is bad enough in all conscience; but, for the sake of robbing existing creditors, to give to a set of bankers the power of taxing the community to an unlimited amount, at their sole pleasure, by pouring forth paper, which could only get into circulation by lowering the value of all the paper already issued; what would this be but to erect a company of public plunderers, and place all our fortunes in their hands, merely because they offer to lend us our own money, and call the twofold operation “affording facilities to trade?” It were better worth our while to settle a Blenheim, or a Strathfieldsay, upon every banker in England. Civilization itself would shortly come to an end; in a few months we should be in a state of barter. No man in his senses would take money in exchange for any

thing, except he were sure of being able to lay it out before the next day. Each man would begin to estimate his possessions, not by pounds sterling, but by sheep and oxen, as in the heroic ages.

Mr. Attwood opines, that the multiplication of the circulating medium, and the consequent diminution of its value, does not merely diminish the pressure of taxes and debts, and other fixed charges, but gives employment to labour, and that to an indefinite extent. If we could work miracles, we would not be niggardly of them. Possessing the power of calling all the labourers of Great Britain into high wages and full employment, by no more complicated a piece of machinery than an engraver's plate, a man would be much to blame if he failed for want of going far enough. Mr. Attwood, accordingly, is for increasing the issues, until, with his paper loaves and fishes, he has fed the whole multitude, so that not a creature goes away hungry. Such a depreciation as would cause wheat to average 10s. the bushel, he thinks, would suffice; but if, on trial, any labourer should declare, that he still had an appetite, Mr. Attwood proffers to serve up another dish, and then another, up to the desired point of satiety. If a population thus satisfactorily fed should, under such ample encouragement, double or treble in its numbers, all that would be necessary, in this gentleman's opinion, is to depreciate the currency so much the more.

It is not that Mr. Attwood exactly thinks that a hungry people can be literally fed upon his bits of paper. His doctrine is, that paper-money is not capital, but brings capital into fuller employment. A large portion of the national capital, especially of that part which consists of buildings and machinery, is now, he affirms, lying idle, in default of a market for its productions; those various productions being, as he admits, the natural market for one another, but being unable to exchange for each other, for want, as he seems to think, of a more plentiful medium of exchange, just as wheels will not go with a spare allowance of oil. It was suggested to him, by some member of the committee, that a small nominal amount of currency will suffice to exchange as many commodities as a larger one, saving that it will do it at lower prices; which, however, when common to all commodities, are every jot as good to the sellers as high prices, except that these last may enable them to put off their creditors with a smaller real value. Mr. Attwood could not help admitting this; still, however, it failed to produce any impression upon him; he could not perceive that high prices are in themselves no benefit; he could not get out of his head that high prices occasion "increased consumption," "increased demand," and thereby give a stimulus to production. As if it were any increase of demand for bread to have two bits of paper to give for a loaf instead of one. As if being able to sell a pair of shoes for two rags instead of one, when each rag is only worth half as much, were any additional inducement to the production of shoes.

Whenever we meet with any notion more than commonly absurd, we expect to find that it is derived from what is miscalled "practical experience;" namely, from something which has been seen, heard, and misunderstood. Such is the case with Mr. Attwood's delusion. What has imposed upon him is, as usual, what he would term a "fact." If prices could but be kept as high as in 1825, all would be well; for in 1825, not one well-conducted labourer in Great Britain was unemployed. Now, the first liberty we shall take is, that of disbelieving the "fact." In its very nature, it is one which neither Mr. Attwood, nor any one, can

personally know to be true ; and his means of accurate knowledge are probably confined to the great manufacturing and exporting town which he personally inhabits. Thus much, however, we grant : that the buildings and machinery he speaks of were not lying idle in 1825, but were in full operation : many of them, indeed, were erected during that frantic period ; which is partly the cause of their lying idle now. But why was all the capital of the country in such unwonted activity in 1825 ? Because the whole mercantile public was in a state of insane delusion, in its very nature temporary. From the impossibility of exactly adjusting the operations of the producer to the wants of the consumer, it always happens that some articles are more or less in deficiency, and others in excess. The healthy working of the machinery, therefore, requires, that in some channels, capital should be in full, while in others, it should be in slack, employment. But in 1825, it was imagined that *all* articles, compared with the demand for them, were in a state of deficiency. The extension of paper credit, called forth by speculations 'in a few leading articles, had produced a rise of prices, which, *not* being supposed to be connected with a depreciation of the currency, each man considered to arise from an increase of the effectual demand for his particular article, and so fancied there was a ready and permanent market for any quantity of that article which he could produce. Mr. Attwood's error is that of supposing, that a depreciation of the currency *really* increases the demand for all articles, and consequently their production ; because, under some circumstances, it may create a *false opinion* of an increase of demand ; which false opinion leads, as the reality would do, to an increase of production, followed, however, by a fatal revulsion as soon as the delusion ceases. The revulsion in 1825 was not caused, as Mr. Attwood fancies, by a contraction of the currency ; the only cause of the real ruin, was the imaginary prosperity. The contraction of the currency was the consequence, not the cause, of the revulsion. So many merchants and bankers having failed in their speculations, so many, therefore, being unable to meet their engagements, their paper became worthless, and discredited all other paper. An issue of inconvertible bank notes might have enabled these debtors to cheat their creditors ; but it would not have opened a market for one more loaf of bread, or one more yard of cloth ; because, what makes a demand for commodities is commodities, and not bits of paper.

It is no slight enhancement of the motive we have to rejoice in our narrow escape from marching to Parliamentary Reform through a violent revolution, when we think of the influence which would in that event have been exercised over Great Britain, for good or for ill, by men of whose opinions the above is a faithful picture. No man to whom we are less indebted, has it in his power to do so much mischief as these men. Their merits and services do but render their errors the more dangerous.

We have no dread of them at present, because, together with the disapprobation of all instructed men, they have to encounter a strong popular prejudice against paper-money of every kind. The real misfortune would be, if they should wave their currency juggle, and coalesce with the clearer-sighted and more numerous tribe of political swindlers, who attack public and private debts directly and avowedly.

But even thus, we do not fear that they should succeed. There are enough of honest men in England yet, to be too many for all the knaves ; and it is only for want of discussion that these schemes find any favourers among sincere men. The mischief, and it is not inconsiderable, is,

that such things should be talked of, or so much as dreamed of; that the time and talents which ought to be employed in making good laws and redressing real wrongs, should be taken up in counselling or in averting an execrable crime: to the injury of all good hopes, but most to the damage and discredit of the cause of Radical Reform, which is almost undistinguishably identified in the minds of many excellent, though ill-informed and timid people, with the supremacy of brute force over right, and a perpetually impending spoliation of every thing which one man has and another man desires.\*

## LOVE AT COLIN MAILLARD.

### A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

FROM REMINISCENCES OF I. V—

ESQ.

THE moment that she looked up from her drawing, I remembered her at once by her eyes. It was full three years since I had seen them, during a tour in vacation, on entering the *diligence* from St. Omer to Paris. She was then a mere girl in her teens, but far more interesting than misses generally are at that dubious period; a curly-headed, rosy creature, arch and good-natured, with a pair of blue eyes which I must describe, for they were absolutely unique. Their colour was extremely full and deep; the outline that of a prolonged oval; and usually seeming half shut, and shaded with dark eyelashes, they gave a sly or pensive expression to the curl of a red upper lip; but if aroused by surprise or mirth, they opened out beneath her arching brows with such a brightness of blue as was quite dazzling. They were eyes to sit and gaze upon, as you gaze upon the sky, for hours. She was travelling, under her father's escort, to Paris, to enter a *pension* there; and as there were no passengers in the *diligence* besides ourselves, before nightfall I was already on good terms with both. The sire was a gentlemanly old *militaire*, on half-pay, as I conjectured, from his style of travelling. As it grew dusk, the shyness of the little maid gave way to the vivacity of her spirits; and as papa already gave tokens of drowsiness, she gradually addressed herself to me, in that vein of innocent communicativeness which flows so beautifully from young lips, and which is one of the first of their utterances that the world perverts. I listened as though I had been a friend of ten years' standing, while she prattled on of her school friends, of her flowers and pigeons at home in Leicestershire, of her joys and sorrows upon leaving it, of her curiosity as to her new companions, &c., so that in a very short time I knew most of her little history. When it grew chill at night, I folded my gay travelling cloak around her, and observed, almost with fondness, her little head begin to

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\* That our opinions may not be misunderstood, we think it right to explain that, while we object decidedly to any legislative depreciation of the currency, we advocate free trade in banking, as in everything else, and the unrestricted issue of bank notes, convertible on demand into the precious metals; in short, the Scottish system of Banking, as explained in our article on *The Bank Charter*, in Magazine No. III. And while we maintain that the restoration of the currency to a sound state, gives us no right to deprive the fundholder of any part of his stock, we by no means contend that the huge debt shall be allowed to paralyze the national strength for ever. How it is to be disposed of, with the nearest possible approximation to exact justice to every person, must be the subject of future articles.



nod, and her narrative to falter ; until at length, quite wearied, she fell into a slumber, so deep, that it was not disturbed when, at the first jolt which occurred, I laid her head on my shoulder, and, passing my arm around her, kept it in that position. I could never sleep in a stage. In those days, moreover, my imagination was in great force ; so as we lumbered along, and I sat listening to the queer cries of the *conducteur* and postilion, and the gentle breathing of my young fellow-traveller, to which the paternal snore furnished a very tolerable counterpoint, I amused myself with various reveries concerning the destiny of the pretty creature then slumbering on my bosom. Sometimes, a fanciful idea arose, that our intercourse, so recently begun, and so soon to terminate, might be resumed on a future day ; and I busied myself with imagining the lively girl expanded into the loveliness of womanhood, and again crossing my path by some accident, such as had already brought us together. There is, I am persuaded, a truth of prediction in these impressions, especially in those which visit us in the night season. "*Dreams*," says a great poet, "*come from God*." When day broke, the girl looked so beautiful and quiet, nestling in my cloak, that I could not abstain from impressing a morning salutation upon her brow ; so lightly, however, as not to disturb her slumber ; nor did she awake until the rattling of the vehicle along the pavement approaching the *Barrière de St. Denis*, announced our proximity to Paris. When the *diligence* stopped in the *Rue de l'Enfer*, I felt quite sad at parting from my charge ; and as I lifted her down the clumsy steps, I asked her to tell me her name, and not to forget me. She told me that she was called Isabel Denham, and said that she had a good memory : but I little expected, on giving her the farewell *au plaisir*, that I should ever see her again.

Trifling as was this adventure, I was, at my then age of nineteen, so full of the dreamy visions of youth, and so great a stranger to the better part of her sex, that during my short sojourn in Paris, and long after returning to Oxford, the picture of those rich black curls waving on my shoulders, and the pair of blue eyes that opened on mine when she awoke in the *diligence*, perpetually recurred to my imagination. How angry was I at my stupidity in neglecting to "ask of the whereabouts" of her *Leicestershire* home ! Indeed I tormented all the men from that county with whom I had any acquaintance, with inquiries concerning the name of Denham, until silenced by the ridicule they excited. The dissipations and studies of college life did not, however, impair my memory ; although, when I revisited the Continent, after taking my degree, it was only at leisure moments that I would ask myself,—“ I wonder what has become of that pretty Isabel ; by this time she must be full woman, and, I doubt not, a fair one ? I should like to know if she recollects her companion of the *diligence*.”

A delightful summer ramble had terminated amongst the slopes and vineyards of the *Pays de Vaud*. On the afternoon of a day too sultry for walking, I was descending, on mule-back, a steep hill in the neighbourhood of *Vevay*, by an unfrequented road which overlooks the lake. The clouds began to creep heavily upwards from behind the western Alps ; and I urged my lazy beast, in the hope of regaining my quarters before the storm should break. But mules are impracticable animals ; and mine, upon a smart application of the whip, came to a full stop at the angle of the road ; and began to indulge himself in one of those intolerable howls which none but mulish organs can perpetrate, to the great alarm of a

young lady who was seated, quietly sketching, at the corner I had just turned. When she looked up, startled by the hideous bray, and amusement succeeded to her surprise, she opened to their full extent a pair of laughing blue eyes, which I felt certain I had looked into before. Yet of their splendidly beautiful owner I had no recollection. At once a thought, an inspiration it must have been, recalled my former companion of the *diligence*. I was sure it must be she. As I detest ceremony in investigations of this kind, I at once dismounted, took off my hat, and accosted the fair artist:—

“*Madame*,” (a delightful language is the French; you can address a lady so respectfully without knowing her name!)—“*Madame, veuillez bien me pardonner pour l’avoir dérangé? Mais, je supplierais qu’elle me permit de l’engager à descendre au plus vite. Tout annonce un orage.*”

She coloured, and bowed slightly. “*Remercie, monsieur*,”—then, looking around, called, “George!” The accent was of my native land; I was confirmed in my conjecture, and addressed her in English:—

“If that be your servant, madam, I fear he is scarcely within call. It must have been the white-headed old person whom I passed, as he was plucking grapes in the *clos* of La Blaye, a full quarter of a mile from hence.”—She gathered up her pencils, and appeared perplexed. At this moment, a few heavy drops of rain, and a far-off muttering of thunder, came on very opportunely.

I assumed a most humble and respectful mien:—“Will you honour my quadruped by suffering him to bear you home before the storm descends?”—She blushed again, and seemed to hesitate: but a loud clap of thunder aided my eloquence materially; and the preparation of a few moments beheld her seated upon my mule, wrapped in the very cloak which had kept her warm three years before, and me trotting at the animal’s bridle, or occasionally seizing the apology of a steep descent or a rough patch of road, for supporting her in the saddle. However, before we reached her home, at a short distance from the suburb of Vevay, the rain came down with true Alpine fury; and I delivered my fair charge, dripping wet, into the care of an anxious-looking old gentleman, who was watching for her in the verandah, and in whom I at once recognised the papa of the *diligence*. From her I received a host of pretty thanks; and from him, what I valued far more, the permission to call on the morrow, and inquire whether she had taken injury from the exposure.

“George,” said I to the old blue-bottle, whom I met hurrying toward, “how long has Captain Denham been at Vevay?”

The man seemed surprised, but answered respectfully, “Sir George Denham, you mean, sir; he is Sir George, now that the baronet in Yorkshire is dead.”

“Ah, indeed! I was not aware of the fact: and my lady?”

“My lady? God bless you, sir, she died before my master came into these foreign parts!”

“Indeed, I had not heard of that accident:—and is no one with your master but Miss Isabella?”

“No, sir; the young people were all left in Leicestershire when Sir George came abroad for his health.”

“Do they see much company?”

“O no, sir, master lives quite retired like: besides, there are few English about Vevay.”

“Very good: now go home and dry yourself:” (slipping an écu into his hand.)

Here was full and pleasant information. My conjecture was assured: no troublesome mamma or brothers: father invalid, and a baronet; nothing could be more delightful! I returned to my quarters in the highest spirits, and in a rich stream of Utopian visions; and engaged my apartments in the town for “two months certain.”

My call on the following day was kindly received; my dear countrymen, Heaven bless them! are not quite so surly when you meet them abroad: especially if they happen to be in want of assistance or amusement. Sir George appeared to me to stand in the latter predicament; and certainly rather encouraged than acquiesced in the approaches I made to become an *habitué* under his roof. I gathered, both from his establishment, and my dialogue with George, (the blue-bottle,) that with title, fortune had also flowed in upon him; and therefore cautiously abstained from recalling to *his* memory our former meeting. But with the fair Isabel, I was not so scrupulous; and as soon as we became tolerably good friends, and I was installed in the place of *cicerone*, and permitted to escort her to views which papa could not reach, I took an opportunity of approaching the subject, although cautiously at first. The moment, however, that I touched upon it, the expression in Miss Denham's eye, and perhaps a little heightening of colour, convinced me that she had not forgotten the circumstances of our previous meeting: and I ventured to speak of it, and of the many recollections it had left, without reserve. Why I had hitherto hesitated to make the inquiry, I should fail in attempting to explain: those alone who have been fascinated, as I then was, will understand the reason. Henceforward we became as old friends, and, I need not add, constant companions. Never did I pass a more blessed summer:—it was, indeed, a happiness almost too keen, to ramble day after day, without a thought of the future, in that paradise of a country, by the side of sweet Isabel Denham: to read to her passages from Rousseau and Byron, in the very spots where they were composed, and which they describe; or to sit at her feet throughout long summer evenings, gazing into those strange blue eyes, as she sang to her guitar, for papa, whole garlands of gay little French and Swiss romances. Yet I never spoke to her of love, although my heart was almost oppressed with its sweetness. But our intercourse grew so entire and affectionate, as we read, or sailed, or sat together, or loitered amidst the heavy fragrance of the garden to watch the glory of an Alpine sunset, that nothing but a rising sense of self-reproach, when I considered my doubtful prospects in life,—or perhaps, likewise, a fear to disturb, even with a word, a relation so delicious as had silently established itself between me and this fair girl, could have stifled the confession and the entreaty which at times actually quivered on my lips. O, she was such a soft, bright creature, with all the grace of a French girl, and the pensive sweetness of an English maiden; glad, but deep-hearted, and now and then disposed to be tyrannical: with small white hands, and tripping feet; and then those indescribable eyes! I wonder how I was enabled to keep silence: for there was a something in Isabel's manner that whispered, at times, as if she would have forgiven my presumption, had I broken it.

But autumn was nearly past; its close recalled Sir George, with re-

stored health, to England ; and *me* to the fulfilment of a promise made to an invalid friend at Naples. At parting, the old baronet gave me a kind invitation to his seat, when I should return to England : and when, in his presence, I essayed to bid farewell to his daughter, my self-possession so nearly left me, that I could barely say, " Good-by ! " That last day was a miserable one ; and when evening came, and I had completed my arrangements for departure on the morrow, I could not restrain my desire to say one kind word to Isabel before leaving the place. It was in vain that reason hinted the folly of indulging a pursuit, that in my then circumstances, appeared hopeless : equally vain was the appeal of conscience, urging that it was using a young creature unfairly to suggest a claim that I could not prefer :—before the sun had quite set, I was standing once more at the gate, from whence we had so often looked down upon Leman. Would she come ? I was sure of it !

I stepped aside for a moment ; she slowly approached the wicket, and stood leaning for a few instants on the espalier, gazing on the water ; and then she buried her face in both hands. I stole to her side, and whispered " Isabel ! " At first, I feared that she would faint, so pale did she become ; but the colour directly returned to her complexion, until cheek, brow, and even neck, were glowing with a crimson flush. She held out her hand, smiling, but with eyes full of tears.

" I could not bear to leave you, my sweet friend, without taking a kinder farewell than the few cold words spoken this morning." She looked downwards, and I could see her lip quiver, but no answer came.

" It will be a long, long time ere I see you again ; will you let me thank you for these happy months, or will you add one other treasure to all your gifts of gentleness and condescension ? Will you repeat that sweet promise you once gave me, as a child ? Say, that you will not forget me, beautiful Isabel Denham ! "

" Did I break that promise ? " she replied, in a low voice.

" Ah ! but you are now to enter the world, where you will be sought, and caressed, and loved ; but no one will love you there so fondly as an old friend, dear Isabel ! " (What would not I have then given for the power to ask her to be mine ! ) She made no answer, but wept. At that moment, the voice of Sir George was heard, calling her name : she slightly pressed my hand, in which I still held hers, and whispered, hurriedly, " Good-by ! I will *not* forget you ! "—Had Mephistophiles himself then stood at my elbow, I could not have abstained from kissing the lips that uttered these kind, musical words. She struggled, escaped from my embrace, and ran towards the house.

For two long years I remained on the Continent, busied with projects which I need not relate, or engaged in adventures that would little interest you. Need I say what was now the pole-star of my endeavours ? Those dear words, " I will *not* forget you," were for ever in my ear ; and supported me in moments of anxiety and disappointment, of which, God knows, I had my full share. But I kept my resolution to avoid Isabel Denham's presence, until I could appear before her in the character of a decided suitor ;—yet how dearly did it cost me ! How could I expect that her memory, to which I had preferred no direct claim, would survive the effects of absence, silence, and the assiduities of others ?

In the winter of 18—, I returned to England. My difficulties, at last, were smoothed away ; and away did I post to Yorkshire, the moment I was free from the importunities of agents and papers. I have already

hinted, that of Sir George or his daughter I had not heard since their departure from Vevay. Chance happily directed me to an old friend in the neighbourhood of Beverley; from whom I obtained, at the same time, an invitation to pass my Christmas under his roof, and the welcome information that Sir George Denham was his neighbour and acquaintance. I arrived at Thornton's on Christmas Eve. "You are come at the right moment," said my friend: "The party from Denham Hall join our merry-making to-morrow; and you will have a good opportunity for renewing your Swiss acquaintance." Between fear and expectation I had no sleep that night.

In this fair district, the dear old English custom of hearty Christmas rejoicings, and the genuine ancient hospitality, are retained in much of their original glory. Under any other circumstances, the cheerful hum of preparation throughout the night, the carols chanted by the village choristers under the hall windows; and, on the morrow, the chambers green with laurel, and variegated with holly; the holiday faces of the tenantry, and a certain blending of solemnity and joy in the performance of church service in the stately old minster, would have affected me powerfully, after returning from so long a sojourn abroad: but, in church, I was devoured by impatience, vainly attempting to detect one familiar face amidst the congregation; and returned to dress, nervous and disappointed. A few words to Thornton, indeed, would have put an end to my suspense; but I had resolved to conceal every indication of peculiar interest, until I had learned how Isabel would receive me. I was actually trembling when I entered the drawing-room, half an hour before the early dinner;—the guests were nearly all arrived, but still the face I sought for was not there. A carriage dashed up to the door—Sir George and Miss Denham! I started forwards. *Cent mille tonnerres!* The old gentleman was, indeed, the same; but instead of the beautiful girl I expected, there appeared a thin' aged lady, with all the vinegar look of a maiden sister.

Sir George greeted me heartily. I forbore to inquire, at the moment, after his daughter; it had, indeed, been needless, for he was hardly seated, before, "Where is Miss Isabel?" rained upon him from all sides.

"Poor Bell!" I was afraid to bring her out on a bitter day like this, even to a Christmas revel: she has been so delicate of late." Here he looked at the villanous old sister in the lace cap and spectacles, who nodded assent. I could have strangled them both.

The dinner, *malgré* all its abundance and solemnities, "right merry and conceited;" its flowing healths, ample cheer, and gay faces, was a bitter ceremony to me, moody and taciturn as the disappointment had made me. One determination engrossed all my thoughts; and, in the bustle caused by the ladies' departure, I proceeded to execute it, by slipping quietly into the hall, seizing the first hat I could find, and running down the avenue as fast as the frozen snow allowed me. "Show me Sir George Denham's," said I to a child at the lodge:—"It's the big white house yonder, across the field." In three minutes I was halting under the windows of Denham Hall.

The necessity of a pause to take breath, a consciousness of my proceeding being rather a queer one, added to an habitual love of reconnoitring before any "onslaught," arrested my hand, as it was already upon the bell. I therefore began to encompass the house, after the manner of the besiegers of Joricho, (only that I used no trumpet,) until I reached a bay window, level with the flower-bed without, which was

brightly illuminated from within. The curtain was partially drawn aside, and the ringing sounds of youthful laughter attracted me nearer. I stepped on to the flower-bed, and looked in upon a scene which Wilkie or Jan Steen's rare fancy could not have embellished. It was a long room, fitted up with rich oaken panels, alternating with portraits in the antique style, and now thickly hung with evergreens. The chief light proceeded from a vast Yule log, which lay glowing and flickering in a wide chimney. The place was full of boys and girls from twelve to seven years old; two stout little fellows had just succeeded, by the help of two chairs, in attaching a 'bunch of Christmas to the chandelier, in the centre; taking advantage, as it seemed, of the moment, while a girl of about ten years of age was busy binding up the eyes of a young lady, (the only grown-up person of the party,) who was seated upon a stool, with her back turned towards the window, amidst shouts of merry laughter. I drew closer, and, as soon as she rose to begin the game, I knew, by the little white hands extended to catch the fugitives, the elegant form, the rich black locks, and the dimpled chin, even though her eyes were covered, the person of sweet Isabel Denham.

From an involuntary impulse I tried the clasp of the window; it opened, and there I stood within the curtain, gazing with tremulous delight and eagerness upon my beautiful mistress. It required a pause of several minutes before I could summon courage to intrude upon this scene of innocent merriment. The little folks, the while, were skipping about in the fire-light like so many brownies, shouting with rapture; and Isabel bounded amongst them as gracefully as though she had been Titania herself. She had little success in the game; the mischievous crew, who seemed to take especial delight in pulling about her curls, escaped from her gentle hands, whenever she essayed to lay hold upon any of her assailants. At last she came running towards my hiding-place, with both hands outstretched, crying, "I am sure there is some rogue hiding here, who shall not escape quite so easily as he did the last time!" I cannot describe how this random speech affected me; but I internally blessed the omen, and coming forward, as she approached, quietly possessed myself of her two hands, and pressed them to my lips. Startled, if not alarmed, by a touch so unexpected, she gave a sudden cry, exclaiming "Papa! it is not you?" and, freeing one of her hands, hurriedly removed the bandage from her forehead. It was a nervous moment for me; the unwarrantable liberty I had taken just flashed upon my mind at the instant when I had fully committed myself. On recognising my face, Isabel almost shrieked, changed colour, tried to speak, and burst into tears. I was terribly alarmed; the little people stood aghast, as though Satan himself had stepped from behind the curtain. I supported Isabel to the sofa, and knelt at her side.

"Forgive me, dear Isabel! I little thought I should alarm you so much. I was not master of myself on seeing you so near me! will you suffer me to entreat your pardon? Her eye slowly unclosed, and rested on mine, troubled, but full of sweetness.

"Oh, Mr. Vernon! It was not kind to frighten me thus. I do not know whether I shall ever forgive you for causing me such a shock." "I shall never forgive myself if I have distressed you; but hear my excuse: I hoped to have met you at Thornton's; you came not; I hastened hither to find you; I beheld you through the window, and could not restrain my eagerness to approach you! and now, have you not forgotten: will you forgive me?"

"I do not know," she said, blushing deeply, "whether I ought to listen to you at all, or no. You deserve that I should send you away at once."

"You would not be so unkind, did you know how I have longed to cast myself on your mercy."

"Well, I forgive you!" I was in the seventh heaven! The blind-man's buff party appeared sorely disconcerted. "Had we not better set the little people to play again?" said I; and without more ceremony, seizing upon the biggest boy of the party, I bound up his eyes; and after a few minutes' romping with them, the merry uproar became as loud as ever. Returning to Isabel's feet, I then told my tale, explaining, as well as I could, my past silence, sued for her pardon and her fair hand. She was too naturally sincere, perhaps too much hurried, to tyrannize over me at such a moment; and when, after an ardent expostulation and entreaty, I raised her from the sofa, and slyly leading her under the little rogues' Bush of Salutation, covered her eyes, brow, and lips with kisses,—she had already breathed the sweet word that made her mine for ever.

In the course of that evening's converse I learned how faithfully the dear girl had kept her promise, although my silence had so little deserved it; and how just had been my instantaneous feeling of antipathy towards the maiden aunt, from whom poor Isabel had suffered a long persecution on behalf of a *protégé* of hers, recommended as a suitor to my peerless mistress.

It was very late ere I regained Thornton Priory. The revel, fortunately, was not yet over, and I found Sir George in a charitable mood; so that before his carriage drove away, I had obtained from him a permission which completed the happiness of the most exciting, yet most delightful Christmas day I had ever spent, or may hope ever to spend again.

V.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT AND CONSTABLE AND COMPANY.

A MORE singular relation, than that between the creditors of a publishing house and the author of an *unwritten* work contracted for, has perhaps never been brought to light by commercial vicissitude. Had the subject of the following case been any other than Sir Walter Scott, the singularity of the negotiation might have rendered the document worth reading. As it is, we have no doubt of its deep interest to our readers.

### CASE.

At the date of the bankruptcy, a work of fiction had been prepared by Sir Walter Scott. The paper for printing the work had been sent by Messrs. Constable & Co. to the printers, to whom the MS. had been delivered in the usual way. The work had been advertised by Messrs. Constable & Co., under the name of "*Woodstock*," for several months, and it was nearly ready to be published.—The trustee for the creditors of Messrs. Constable & Co. claimed right to the works contracted for, and maintained, that as the price had been paid, and he was ready to fulfil the contract by publishing the works, he was entitled to stand in the same situation in regard to the contract as Messrs. Constable & Co. themselves had stood at the date of the bankruptcy.

Sir Walter Scott maintained that the contract had been voided by the bankruptcy of the purchasers and publishers of the works, and their consequent inability to perform their part of the contract; that the payment of the price was not the only obligation incumbent upon them; that they were bound to publish the works, which they could not do; and that when he contracted with them, he had a reference to the advantages which he would derive from their being the publishers, but which could not be obtained from the trustee for their creditors; that he had a material interest in the books being properly published, both with reference to his fame as an author, and his reversionary interest in the works. He admitted that in the cases where the price had been paid, he was bound to repay the money advanced, or to account for it; but he denied that there was any obligation upon him to deliver the works in question to be published by the trustee for the creditors of Messrs. Constable & Co.

### CONTRACT.

"Dear Sirs,—I am desired by the Author of Waverley to propose to you a new bargain for another romance on the same terms as the last. The money will be wanted previously to the 28th of this month.

"Should you accept the proposal, I shall make you a formal offer in the usual mode; and as the author is desirous to have the matter closed as speedily as possible, I hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you in the course of a day or two.—I am, dear sirs, yours truly,

(Signed) "JAMES BAILANTYNE."

Messrs. A. Constable & Co. having intimated their intention of accepting the offer, they next day received the following note and offer.

"18th or 19th March.	18th	L.500
25th and 26th	20th	750
	24th	850
	28th	400

L.2,500

"P. O. 7th March, 1823.

"Dear Sirs,—The prefixed are the dates at which I should be glad to receive the advance on the new, and I will thank you to be kind enough to let me know if the arrangement will suit you.—Yours, truly,

(Signed) "JAMES BAILANTYNE."

The agreement for this work was completed by the following missives.

"P. O. Edinburgh, 7th March, 1823.

"Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co.—Gentlemen,—I am empowered by the Author of Waverley, Peveril of the Peak, &c., as his agent, to offer you his next work of fiction following that contracted for with me on 14th October last; if a romance, in 3 vols.; if a novel, in 4. I shall, however, as heretofore, recapitulate the agreements that are now open betwixt us and the said author.

#### I.

"The work, which is not yet named, now far advanced at press, immediately following Peveril of the Peak, and contracted for on the 3d September 1821, (Quentin Durward.)

#### II.

"The next work of fiction (written by the author) following that agreed for on 3d September, 1821, and contracted for 26th of February, 1822, (St. Ronan's Well.)



## III.

"The next work of fiction (written by the author) following that agreed for on 26th February, 1822; and contracted for on 7th May, 1822, (Redgauntlet.)

## IV.

"The next work of fiction (written by the author) following that agreed for on 7th May, 1822, and contracted for, as before mentioned, on the 14th October last. (Tales of the Crusaders.)

"The conditions of the work now to be contracted for, are as follow:—

"1st—That the impression shall be ten thousand copies.

"2d—That the author is to receive three thousand, seven hundred, and fifty pounds, for his share of the profits of the said ten thousand copies.

"3d—That I am to have one-third of the transaction, you managing the whole, as formerly.

"4th—That for your two-thirds, you are to grant bills at four, five, and six months, for L.2,500.

"5th—That James Ballantyne & Co. are to print the work; and that on publication, you are to draw on them for one-third share of the paper and print of the work, at a date not exceeding twelve months.

"6th—That you are at liberty to print, if you shall see cause, two thousand copies, in addition to the ten thousand copies above stipulated for; but, in putting the additional number to press, the author is to receive L.750, payable in the proportions by you and myself, as already narrated, and with a like division of the books. I am, gentlemen, your very faithful servant, (Signed) JAMES BALLANTYNE."

"Edinburgh, 8th March, 1823.

"Dear Sir,—Above you have a copy of your proposal of a new work, by the Author of Waverley, which we hereby accept of; and we remain, dear sir, yours, truly, (Signed) A. CONSTABLE & Co."

"Addressed to Mr James Ballantyne."

There can be no objection to our also publishing the Contract concluded by Mr. Ballantyne on behalf of the concealed author, with the house of Constable and Co. All the affairs having been long ago made public, nothing private, though something new and interesting may be brought to light by the following document:—

## No. II.—CONTRACT.

"20th October, 1823.

"Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.—Gentlemen, I am empowered by the Author of Waverley, Quentin Durward, &c., as his agent, to offer you his next work of fiction, following that contracted for with me on 7th March last; if a Romance, in 3 vols; if a Novel, in 4.

"I shall, however, as heretofore, recapitulate the agreements that are now open betwixt us and the said author.

## I.

"The work, now far advanced at press, and named *St. Ronan's Well*, and contracted for on 26th February, 1822.

## II.

"The next work of fiction written by the author, following *St. Ronan's Well*, contracted for on 7th May, 1822, (Redgauntlet.)

III.

"The next work of fiction written by the author, following that contracted for 7th May, 1822, and contracted for on 14th October, 1822, (Tales of the Crusaders.)

IV.

"The next work of fiction written by the author, following that contracted for on 14th October, 1822, and agreed for as before stated on 7th March last.

"The conditions of the work now to be contracted for are as follow :—

"1st—That the impression shall be 10,000 copies.

"2d—That the author is to receive L.3,750, for his share of the profits of the said 10,000 copies.

"3d—That I am to have one-third of the transaction, you managing the whole as formerly.

"4th—That for your two-thirds you are to grant bills at four, five, and six months, for L.2,500.

"5th—That James Ballantyne & Co. are to print the work, and that, on publication, you are to draw on them for one-third share of paper and print of the work, at twelve months date.

"6th—That you are at liberty to print, if you shall see cause, 2000 copies in addition to the 10,000 copies above stipulated for; but in putting the additional number to press, the author is to receive L.750, payable in the proportions by you and myself, as already narrated, and with a like division of the books.—I am, gentlemen, your faithful and obedient servant,

(Signed) JAMES BALLANTYNE."

"Edinburgh, 29th October, 1823.

"Dear Sir,—On the other side we hand you a copy of your proposal, dated 20th instant, for a new work by the Author of *Waverley*: we hereby accept of said proposal, and are, dear sir, yours, truly,

(Signed) A. CONSTABLE & Co."

THE AWAKENING OF THE WIND.

HURRAH! the wind, the mighty wind,

Like lion from his lair up-sprung,

Hath left his Arctic home behind,

And off his slumbers flung;

While 'over lake and peaceful sea,

With track of crested foam, sweeps he!

Hurrah! the wind, the mighty wind,

Hath o'er the deep his chariot driven,

Whose waters, that in peace reclin'd,

Uplash the roof of heaven;

Then on the quaking cliff-bound shore

They foaming dash with deafening roar.

The ship loom'd on the waveless sea,

Her form was imaged in its breast,

And beauteous of proportion she,

As ever billow prest;

And graceful there as stately palm,

She tower'd amid the sultry calm.

Her flag hung moveless by the mast,

Her sails droop'd breezeless and un-

done.

And oft the seaman's glance was cast

Along the mainmast,

To note if the might descry

The waking of the approaching nigh.

NO. X.—VOL. IV.

On came the wind, the reckless wind,

Fast sweeping on his furious way,

His tempest rushing pinions brined

In wrathful ocean's spray.

On came the wind, and, as he past,

The shriek of death was in the blast!

The tall ship by the shrouds he took,

To shivering shreds her canvas rent,

Then like a reed her mast he shook,

And by the board it went,

While yawn'd the deep with hideous din,

As if prepared to gulf her in.

With fruitless effort on she reels,

The giant wind is in her wake,

The mountain billow's coil she feels

Around her like a snake:

Lock'd in that unrelenting grasp,

She struggling sinks with stifled gasp.

Hurrah! hurrah! the victor wind

Hath swept the ocean rover down,

And left a shipless sea behind,

With many a corse bestrewn;

And swift, unfetter'd, strong, and free,

Like eagle on his path, speeds he!

## THE SIEGE OF MAYNOOTH, OR ROMANCE IN IRELAND. \*

THE annals of Ireland, since the period of its conquest by the English, exhibit little else than the acts of a continuous tragi-comedy, in which, however, the blood and horrors, and wild and stormy passions, greatly preponderate; the comic relief to the main piece being little more than the mirthful drunkenness of Michael Cassio to the whirlwind of Othello's jealousy, or the quaint humours of the grave-digger, to the deep and concentrated grief of Hamlet. Even the merriment and jollity are often of a wild and reckless character; the carouse of the outlaw in the intervals of his desperate life, or the intemperance of the seaman, who, perceiving the storm increase beyond his power of control, and his vessel sinking in spite of every effort of his skill, in his despair, seeks to drown his senses in the madness of intoxication. One act in this chequered drama, which occurred in 1531, was emphatically termed "The Rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald." On the events of this formidable insurrection is constructed the historical Romance of *The Siege of Maynooth*. It may be called a serious romance, and, as such, is distinguished by considerable rapidity and fulness of incident, by strikingly picturesque situations, and some force of character. It likewise possesses a nobler kind of interest, from the natural coincidence of many of the circumstances, descriptions, and actuating motives of the leading characters, with those of the unhappy fortunes of another rebel Geraldine—the late lamented Lord Edward Fitzgerald. These coincidences are neither far-sought nor obtruded; they occur naturally to the mind of the reader, for the tale is supposed to be written two centuries before the feuds of 1798; and on all of suffering, and cruelty, and national degradation that followed them, the political tone of the writer, though decided, is not intemperate.

The romance opens strikingly. About the close of the reign of Elizabeth, a young and noble traveller, journeying to the court, is overtaken by a violent thunder storm on the verge of an extensive forest. He seeks shelter in a hovel, of which the only visible inmate is thus described:—

"It was a female, sitting on a low stool before the fire, but in appearance of so great an age, that the young Earl shuddered in beholding her, believing that he saw something not belonging to this world. A velvet mantle, worn and faded, on which appeared what had been embroidery, was wrapped around her form, and over a part of her head; the rest of her habiliment corresponded with this remnant of magnificence, and was equally poverty stricken: her hair, white as snow, and of a great length, fell forwards from underneath her mantle, and rested on her knees; the form of her features still bore the traces of what had once been beauty, although they now appeared rather carved in oak, than to be living flesh and blood; her eyes alone, as they gleamed in the fire-light, and a slow rocking movement of the body, convinced the Earl that she was indeed a breathing creature; but, while he hesitated to advance, or how to address her, she sung, or rather murmured in a low broken voice, a kind of wild lilt, to which her young auditor listened with breathless attention, the words corresponding so perfectly with her extraordinary appearance."

Having ended her wild chant, an explanatory conversation takes place between the young man and his strange hostess,

"'Thou art then a courtier,' said the old woman, eyeing him more attentively. 'I, also, have known something of courts; yes, and Queened it too,—but that is long past.'

"She clasped her hands over her forehead, and seemed for some minutes to forget her guest; then suddenly arousing herself, she asked, 'Who reigns in England now?'

—I have seen many reigns, but all are away like unto a dream.—Oh ! young man, I have passed from a throne to a prison ; I have been steeped in the blood of those nearest and dearest ; I have sojourned on this earth one hundred and forty years : I have been a Queen ; I am a Beggar ; and thou comest to me to ask refuge from a storm.—Away ! away ! the Countess of Desmond has no shelter for such as thee.

“ The Countess of Desmond ! ” exclaimed the young nobleman, involuntarily bending his knee before her.

This venerable person is found to be that historical Countess of Desmond of whom every body has heard, and who, living to such extreme old age, became the subject of great vicissitudes of fortune. In this venerable lady the young nobleman discovers a maternal ancestress : an affecting dialogue ensues, which the Countess thus terminates :—

“ How can I look on thee, boy, or love thee ? when thou hearest the hated name of Saxon. Alas ! thou knowest not all the cause I have to hate that name ; my slaughtered kinsmen—my country drenched in blood—thy ancestors, young man, have done me fearful wrong ; but yet I forgive thee—their blood rests not on thy head—thy young hands are unstained. Yes, since thou hast feeling and sympathy for the race of Desmond, and since thou dost seem not insensible to my sorrows—thou shalt know all—all that thy fathers have inflicted upon me and mine.” The Countess signed to her attendant, an old Irish woman, to bring her a small coffer, from whence she drew a manuscript ; and presenting it to the Earl, said :

“ Read that, and it will teach thy light-hearted gaiety to weep for the sorrows of the forlorn and wretched—to weep for one who has outlived all—ay, almost even her own feelings.”

The young lord having fulfilled his mission at court, hastens to peruse the scroll, which tells him the sad history of the noble Desmonds and the unfortunate Geraldines. The story opens with a successful attempt at melo-dramatic effect, and, throughout, the author shows skill in grouping and in his backgrounds. Lord Leonard Grey, the commander of the English forces, now advancing hostilely to the towers of Desmond, is serenading the beautiful heiress of the rebel Earl, from a boat under her lattice. The unworthy English commander, while living in friendship with her father and her noble kinsman, has gained an interest in the heart of the gentle Elinor, denied to the nobler Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, her cousin, and from childhood her affianced bridegroom. Elinor, though her fondest affections are the insidious stranger's, resists his importunities to fly with him, and his warning of the dangers that menace her father. The interview is abruptly broken off by the sound of the trampling of horses and the clang of musical instruments, which announce the arrival of the Spanish ambassador, who visits the halls of Desmond as the envoy of one sovereign prince to another ; for the Earl of Desmond now openly disclaims the power of England. Elinor, her mind distracted between her English lover and her duties as a daughter and a kinswoman of the Geraldines, enters the banqueting hall, now arranged as an audience chamber. The scene is highly impressive and picturesque.

The Banqueting Hall in the Castle of Desmond, now arranged for the audience chamber, was an apartment of dimensions sufficient to contain four or five hundred persons ; but so low, that the heavily carved oak beams supporting the roof were blackened by the smoke of numbers of pine-wood torches, which, borne by long lines of Kenne, or Irish soldiers, ranged along the walls, threw a powerful, but strangely glaring light on the assemblage collected to witness the reception of the Spanish authorities.

At the upper end of the hall, on a dais, or raised floor, stood a massive and richly ornamented throne, occupied by the Earl and Countess of Desmond. The Earl, then but little past the prime of life, of tall stature and vigorous frame, seemed, by his proud countenance and hardy make, well calculated to endure all the violent storms of mental and personal, to which, from his situation as Chieftain, or leader of the Desmond, he was inevitably exposed. His temper was naturally as mild and

forbearing, as was his constancy firm and enduring. Born and brought up amidst the storms of war, he had no other idea of life, save a constant succession of sieges and battle, of violent incursion or midnight foray; of peace, he knew nothing, except in the tranquillity of his own temper, which disaster or adversity had never as yet ruffled, and which had enabled him hitherto to bear, with equal cheerfulness and equanimity, the blight of ill fortune, and the sunshine of prosperity.

"He wore a light cuirass, over a dress of quilted leather, richly ornamented with silver; a saffron-coloured mantle embroidered with the same, and clasped at the throat with a Dealg Fallainne, or brooch of jewels; this mantle of fine cloth was edged with a rich and heavy silver fringe; his buskins were inlaid with silver plates; on his head he wore a high Montero cap of the same cloth as the mantle; and a sword was suspended by his side, of a length and breadth which proved that it would require an arm of no common strength to wield.

"On his right hand sat the Countess; of slender make, but of a stature exceeding the usual height of woman; her features, although delicate and beautiful, were strongly marked, and her brow bore the impress of high intellectual superiority. Her dress was a rich brocade of cloth of gold, with sleeves reaching to the ground, but which were open in front high enough to allow her hands and wrists, bound with splendid bracelets, to be visible; her mantle also was clasped with jewels, and a superb diadem of precious stones, slightly circled without confining her long black hair, which flowed around her, descending almost to the knee.

"On the left of the throne, a step lower down, sat Elinor, their only and beloved child. Her fair and delicate brow, and her soft brown ringlets, were encircled with a bandeau of pearls. Her girdle, her sleeves, and the bosom of her dress, were covered with ornaments of the same kind; whilst a veil of the thinnest and most transparent texture, in the form of a Spanish mantilla, was passed lightly over the back part of her head, and wrapped round her arms, which were modestly folded across her bosom as she sat.

"On either side of the throne, and on a level with the rest of the floor, were ranged the bards of the Tanist, in long loose robes of various colours, girt around the middle with a leathern belt and silver buckle, and fastened at the throat and sleeves with massive ornaments of the same metal.

"On each side of the hall, and within the torch bearers, were the foot soldiers, Kearne and Gallowglasses, each armed with a light shirt of mail, a battle-axe, broad-sword, and small crooked bow, with a quiver of short arrows at their back.

"The centre of the hall was occupied by the tables, on which was spread a banquet almost too ample, even for the numbers who were to partake of it; and on either side of the tables was sufficient space for the train of the Spanish Ambassador, who now approached, preceded by a band of warlike and spirit-stirring music.

"Don Sebastian de Aquila, the Spanish Envoy, was a man considerably past the middle of life, of a graceful and soldier-like demeanour, whilst the vivacity of his piercing black eyes relieved the general gravity of his countenance. His dress was of the most splendid fashion and material then worn at the Court of Spain, and his gallant and proud followers were as nobly, although less richly attired."

The Envoy delivers his credentials, and tells that the reinforcements from Spain are now entering the Bay of Dingle: This diplomatic business concluded, the band strike up the grace chorus, and Don Sebastian leads the fair Countess of Desmond to the board. The solemn festival ends in a fray. In the midst of his gallant speeches, the Spaniard is startled by what he mistakes for the yelling of wild beasts.—

"Not so the Irish there assembled; no sooner had the distant sound, at first scarce heeded amidst their revelry, become distinctly audible, than it was answered by similar cries, but still more appalling from being nearer. In an instant every sword was in air; the torches were flung to the ground, and the bearers, joining in the general cry and warlike action, trampled them under their feet; and by the lurid and half extinguished fires and smoke with which the hall was filled, added to the horror of the scene.

"To the astonished Spaniards, the figures of the wild Irish, with their long hair, or colons, streaming around, and seen through the fire and smoke, appeared like demons broke loose from hell: but the continued and terrific war-cry, the waving of swords, and simultaneous rushing towards the entrance, soon made it manifest that all this confusion was the result of some hostile attack from without, not altogether unusual, since the sounds which announced it were so readily comprehended.

"The Earl was amongst the first to spring on his feet; and uttering the war-cry

of the Desmonds, to rush forwards with drawn sword to the contest; and Don Sebastian, recovering from his first astonishment, endeavoured to collect his yet more amazed followers; and whilst he, still through the fire and smoke, kept in view the tall figure of the Earl, bearing down all opposition, sprang into the thickest of the fray. Although from, to his own unpractised ear, the similarity of the cries, and to his confused vision, the exact resemblance of dress and appearance, he was unable to distinguish friends from foes.

"The hall was cleared of all save fire and smoke, the wreck of the overturned banquet, and the alarmed, although not surprised women; consisting of the Countess and her daughter, the foster mother and sister of the latter, and ten or a dozen young girls, tire-women, and hand-maidens, sprightly and courageous lasses, who pressed closely around the Countess and Elinor, not from any personal apprehensions of their own, but in order to protect the wife and daughter of their Chieftain from inconvenience or insult, in case the English should have any share in this attack; for from their own countrymen, even those most hostile to their clan, they had no idea of either; at least, no intentional inconvenience, and certainly no insult.

"*'Ah! Cush la ma chree, my princess of the world,'* cried Elinor's nurse, Alice; *'dont be afther spiling the beautiful eyes of ye wid crying, shure it's only thim thievin spalpeens the Butlers, an there'll be no harm done at all; my Rosy, jewel,'* addressing her daughter, *'myself wishes ye'd run an git ready some yerbs an plasters, for we'll hav a power o' cut heads to cure before mornin.'"*

"Rose, in obedience to her mother's order, quitting her place beside Elinor, opened a little postern door close to where the group were collected; but it required a powerful effort of her native courage to suppress a violent scream, on seeing a number of men in ambush without, whom the quick eye of the Irish lass, even by the flaring and unsteady light of the half-extinguished torches, at once discovered to be strangers; and, consequently, to them, enemies of a much more dangerous description than even the *'thieving Butlers,'*"

The castle is stormed: the Countess witnesses the bloody conflict raging without, hand to hand and man to man, till the Earl is finally wounded, overpowered and made prisoner, and her daughter carried off by Lord Grey. Between the captive Earl and Sir Edmund Butler, one of the Ormond family, who fights on the English side, the following conversation takes place. There is an old family quarrel between the Geraldines and the Ormonds: the speakers are travelling towards Kilkenny Castle, where Desmond is to be imprisoned and detained as a hostage, till the pleasure of King Henry is learned.

"*'The seditious spirit,'* said Sir Edmund, *'diffused by you and your adherents through the cities of the south, is more particularly galling and irritating to his Majesty the King, at this period; when the whole attention of his government is required to relieve the nation from those afflicting calamities which a series of wars and devastations have produced. Yet his Majesty, in his tender love and kindness towards his deluded subjects of the Anglo-Irish race, is willing to extend his mercy towards those who seek it by sincere penitence and submission—cease, then, these factious clamours.'*

"*'What call you factious clamours?'* interrupted the Earl. *'Our grievances have been frequently laid before the throne—but without redress or notice—treaties have been violated, submissions received, with a shameful and contemptuous disregard to the most solemn promises—our fortunes have been torn from us, our consciences have been enslaved; but our oppressors, not yet satiated, now prepare to exterminate the wretched natives who have presumed to assert their liberty; and thus to erect a tyrannical dominion, even over those who call themselves English subjects; and are so infatuated as not to discern that the present is the common cause of all.'*

"Here, exhausted by his own vehemence, the Earl sunk back upon his iron couch; and Sir Edmund, either not choosing to reply, or not having any argument ready, rode on in silence.

"A few hours more of march brought the whole party, now sufficiently weary, to a small village, where they were enabled to procure rest and refreshment, and some *for the wounded Earl.*"

In the evening, the Earl is joined by his wife, in despair for the loss of her only son, of whose fate she is ignorant, though suspicion points to the English commander. Here we leave them, to turn to the Earl of

Kildare, the father of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, the hero of the story. The Earl is now in London, making terms for his family at the court of Henry ; and is rumoured to have become so great a favourite, that he is even spoken of for Lord Deputy of the kingdom. Alan, Archbishop of Dublin, a crafty and ambitious priest, determines to frustrate this arrangement ; and his intrigues prove but too successful. In his pay is Paresse, the traitorous foster-brother of Lord Thomas, and the ready tool of the Archbishop. And now the scene changes to the Castle of Clontarf, where we are first introduced to the young chief of the Geraldines.

"He sat in a small apartment, richly furnished, and illuminated by a number of waxen tapers. Many papers lay scattered on the table before him, and from time to time he started from his seat, and paced the room with a hurried step and highly excited manner. His age did not appear to exceed one and twenty. Uncommonly tall and slender, he was yet so perfectly well formed, as to be eminently graceful in every movement : his dark hazel eyes were full of fire and vivacity ; his complexion, although extremely florid, was so sunburnt, that it would have been accounted dark, were it not for the whiteness of his ample forehead, which was graced by a profusion of brown curling hair ; and in the restless animation of his ever-varying countenance, it was easy to discover the rash and impatient temper common to his nation, but more peculiarly the lot of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald.

"During one of his sudden starts, pacing the floor of his apartment, the door was softly opened, and a man stood within, of an age not exceeding his own ; of low stature, and swarthy complexion. The unpleasant appearance of this person was increased by a sinister expression in his eyes, which were perpetually cast down, or wandering with a kind of stony glance from object to object, never directly meeting the looks of another, and more especially seeming to quail under those of Lord Thomas.

" 'What intelligence bringest thou, Paresse ?' said the young Lord, impatiently : 'thy countenance, man, forebodes evil—speak.'

" 'In sooth, my good Lord, it is most evil,' returned Paresse. 'Your noble father—'

" 'Proceed ; why dost thou pause ?' exclaimed Lord Thomas ; 'I am prepared.'

" 'No, my Lord,' replied Paresse, 'I doubt my tidings surpass even your apprehensions—your noble father, the Earl of Kildare, the Lord Deputy of Ireland, has been, by the English Government, brought to trial—condemned—and executed. Stand up, my Lord, you turn pale, you stagger—stand up, my Lord, you live—for vengeance.'

"Lord Thomas, with a heavy groan, covering his eyes with his hands, leaned against the wall of the apartment, unconscious of the efforts made by his foster-brother, Paresse, to arouse him ; but, after a few minutes, suddenly throwing him off with a wild cry, he sprang forwards, exclaiming,—

" 'To horse ! to horse ! let us not delay—my arms, Paresse,—be gone ! there is not an instant to lose.'

" 'Whither, my Lord, at this hour of the night ? For what purpose ? What can be done now ?'

" 'Much, Paresse, much may be done ; we must away to Dublin ; the Lords of the Council are now sitting in Saint Mary's Abbey—ere they break up this night will Thomas Fitzgerald inform them, that not in vain shall the blood of the murdered Kildare cry out for vengeance. Down with the tyrant !' he continued, striking his hand violently on the table ; 'dearly, dearly shall he rue this act.' "

The tempter has now done his office ; with a tumultuary band of his clansmen and followers, which his voice summoned from their carouse, or their slumbers, Lord Thomas rushes on to Dublin, and bursts upon the Council, then sitting. A violent scene follows ; yet he had nearly listened to the wise and temperate counsels of the virtuous Cromar, the Chancellor of the Kingdom, and his affectionate and paternal friend from childhood. But the songs of the Bards, who raise their harps among the clansmen without, and the shouts of the multitude, again madden his hot blood and roused passions ; and, from that moment, Lord Thomas is a rebel. That wild cry of *Chrom-a-boo !* the slogan of the Geraldines, sounds to his heart like a war trumpet. His standard is raised by his

kinsmen, chieftains of O'Conner and O'Carroll; and their first exploit is the surprisal, assault, and capture of the castle of Kilkenny, and the release of the Earl, whose warden, Sir Edmund Butler, is made prisoner in his stead. These scenes give opportunity for much beautiful description, and many romantic incidents, and picturesque situations, to which we cannot even advert. The conduct of the rash and sanguine young chief, who, impelled by so many generous motives, the temptings of a fiend, and the intrigues of a faction whose object it is to divide and govern, and his plans for uniting all the native Irish, of capturing the wily archbishop, and gaining possession of Dublin, most painfully recall the events of a later attempt at organization. The scheme of operation is, indeed, nearly the same.

While the chiefs, after the capture of Kilkenny Castle, return towards Dublin to attempt to rescue Elinor, and gain possession of the capital, the Countess of Desmond, escorted by a small party, and in charge of Redmond, a young chivalrous warrior of the tribe of O'Carroll, who worships her as a divinity, his secret idol, has many singular adventures; and at last, in the convent of St. Woolstan's, where she seeks shelter, encounters Lord Leonard Grey and the archbishop, and almost rejoices in the captivity into which she has been betrayed, from the hope of gaining tidings of her daughter. On the entrance of Lord Leonard Grey,—

"Clasping her hands together, she could only articulate the name of her daughter, when, overpowered by contending emotions, she sunk fainting at his feet.

"Lord Grey, surprised, and somewhat moved, raised her in his arms; and calling loudly for assistance, bore her himself to another apartment, and desired that her own woman should be summoned to attend her; however, ere Alice appeared, he withdrew, not choosing, at that moment, to listen to clamorous interrogations, which he was by no means prepared to answer.

"Returning to the Archbishop, he said:

"This Lady's nerves appear to be more easily affected than I had calculated—I believed her to be of a very different description from her daughter."

"Be not uneasy," replied the Archbishop; "she will shew nerve enough just now when she is put to the proof—I know something of this naughty lady, who has fallen so opportunely into our hands—I saw somewhat of her spirit, when she accompanied her husband in his imprisonment in the Tower of London—would they had both remained there—his most gracious Majesty was, in that instance, by much too lenient."

"Your Grace thinks then that this Lady will prove unmanageable?" said Lord Grey.

"Not altogether," rejoined Alan, sneeringly; "she is still a woman—but the blood of the Geraldines, which is rather of an inflammable nature, flows in her veins—however, I know her influence over her husband to be almost unbounded; and if by threats, or otherwise, we can induce her to exert it, we may get some hold over these traitors—they have mustered a force, and have shewn a degree of power which I did not wot of in that respect; Paresse rather misled me by his information—I misdoubt me of that villain, and wish I had him in hands—we have raised a hornet's nest about us, which it may not be easy to smother."

"I find in the Irish," said Lord Grey, pacing the apartment with folded arms, "an embarrassing, and not a very honourable enemy: instead of marching to the field, in all the pomp and pride of chivalry, and engaging in an open and regular battle, they dart upon us from inaccessible woods and morasses—to these they retire at the approach of the Royal army—from these they again issue upon any prospect of advantage; but before I can draw out my forces, they are already vanished, so as to keep me in perpetual perplexity, without permitting me to strike any decisive blow;—in this new kind of war, and in a strange country, little glory is to be acquired, and much damage to be apprehended."

"When you come to be opposed personally to Lord Thomas Fitzgerald," returned the Archbishop, "you will not have such a complaint to repeat; you will find him hot and rash enough when his blood is up, to dare a battle under any circumstances, but he has resources, on which I did not calculate. That arch-traitor, Kildare, before his departure for England, probably foreseeing what would happen, fortified his castles at Maynooth, Clontarf, and elsewhere, with the King's stores and artillery,



which this hopeful youth is now turning against his Majesty's liege subjects, but the vengeance of Parliament shall be extended to his adherents and kinsmen, of whom I have a long catalogue—all shall be attainted of high treason, so as to reduce this family, which has so long maintained the first rank in Ireland, to the lowest state of depression and disgrace."

" 'To secure the interests of the Crown,' replied Lord Grey, 'and to control the disaffected, it is absolutely necessary that none but men of English birth should be intrusted with the care of the principal places of strength, throughout the whole of the English settlements.'

" 'That,' returned Alan, 'is the principal cause of my present anxiety to reach England, in order to represent to my friend, the Cardinal; and, through him, to impress his Majesty with the absolute necessity of the most coercive measures with these discontented factions, the which can only be effectually done by placing all authority in English hands.' "

Next day the Countess, who has dismissed Redmond, too high spirited to permit a soldier to remain near her while his arm was wanted for his country, finds Lord Leonard gone, and is informed by the archbishop that Elinor is his wife, and in safety at the Abbey of Wicklow. There is in this intelligence something like consolation. While her husband, all her kinsmen of the Geraldines, and her beloved nephew Lord Thomas, are mustering their forces, her son-in-law, now appointed viceroy, returns to Wicklow to draw out the English troops to meet and attack them. The unhappy lady has now a long conversation with the archbishop, who endeavours, by warnings and threats, to alienate her from the cause of her country and her family. He informs her that the scaffold is the inevitable fate of the Earl and his rebel nephew; and deliberately recites the words of the act of attainder:

" 'What!' exclaimed the Countess, 'do those who are oppressed owe allegiance to the tyranny that grinds them? A people, conquered by force and fraud, held in subjection by the sword, and cruelly treated in their servitude, have nothing to consider but the means and season of resistance; the Earl of Desmond will never lay down his arms while there is misery on the one side and oppression on the other.'

" 'You speak boldly, Madam,' returned Alan; 'methinks you will change your manner when you see your husband led forth to the scaffold.'

We cannot follow the discourse between the high-spirited lady, and the ambitious and subtle tool of the English Government, who soon afterwards terminates his career of villany and dark intrigue under the hand of his coadjutor Parese. Nor can we follow the rapid course of military and political events, but to atone for this, shall treat our readers with a domestic scene, exhibiting the changed condition of the heiress of Desmond:—

" In her solitary apartment in the Abbey of Wicklow, Elinor awaited with feverish impatience the arrival of Lord Grey, who had been absent more than a fortnight, she knew not where. Even in the short space of time which had elapsed since the commencement of this history, care and anxiety had faded the roses on her cheek, and dimmed the lustre of her soft blue eye. She had never, since the night of their abrupt separation, learnt aught concerning her parents; she had exchanged the protection of those tender and indulgent friends, for the caprices of one, by turns a passionate and jealous lover, and a haughty and imperious tyrant. Gentle, amiable, endowed with beauty far beyond that which generally falls to the lot of woman, scarcely entered into her seventeenth year, she had already drawn her lot in life, and lost, and this, too, by her own act—she had chosen for herself, had rejected, for this man's sake, one who loved her far better than one human being merits to be loved by another, from her he had met with only indifference and ingratitude, and she, had she met with any thing more than her conduct had deserved? Of this she was fully sensible; but did that lighten the pang! Ah, no, 'Fatal beauty!' she exclaimed, 'even had I been less fair, still Thomas would have loved me, and I should have escaped the notice of him who values only that beauty, treats me as a plaything for his idle hours, to be thrown aside when his mood is serious. Alas! I am not to be the friend, the companion of my husband, then am I, indeed, and

mother, you who possess every charm of mind as well as person, why are you not here, to teach your poor Elinor how to hold this wandering heart?"

"She dressed herself to receive him, arranging her ornaments with the utmost care, and in the most becoming manner.

"If my looks please him not, I have no other attraction." She wept, and thereby increased the evil which she apprehended; her smiles would have had a better chance, for those brilliant smiles had formed her principal charm, beyond even the perfection of her form and features; it was the life, the light, the radiance of her vivacity, which had held him ever at her side, a delighted listener to her playful trifling. Lord Grey was a selfish man, and required amusement; her joyous laugh was wont ever to put him in good humour with himself and others—the scene was now changed for both. Elinor, an only and idolized child, had been accustomed from infancy to have her every wish regarded as a law: with a less gentle disposition, this might have made her imperious; on her temper it produced the effect of pettishness, and the impossibility of bearing contradiction. In her new situation, circumstances unavoidably occurred to cross her, which, instead of being thrown off lightly, or borne with firmness, were met with tears and lamentations.

"Lord Grey's conduct, with respect to the attack on Desmond Castle, and the capture of the Earl, had lowered her opinion of him; and she had the indiscretion to let him see the effect so produced. This was sufficient to cause dissension; the charm of union once destroyed, and his temper ruffled, angry and mortifying words succeeded; then fresh tears and complaints; and all the illusion of love was dispelled. Touched by the spear of Thuriel, each started up in their proper form before the eyes of the other; he beheld, instead of a divinity, a weak-spirited and spoiled child, whose personal loveliness was insufficient to influence him; once he thought that she wanted good sense and good temper, but he was mistaken in some degree; she was not really deficient in either, except only in suffering him to perceive that she no longer regarded him as a hero.

"Late in the evening Lord Grey at length arrived; but before he approached Elinor's apartment, delayed a considerable time, giving directions to his officers respecting various alterations to be made in the fortifications and defences of the Town and Castle; and when he did enter, he walked for some minutes up and down the room without speaking; his brow was contracted and he looked harassed.

"Thou art fatigued, Leonard," she said tenderly. "Yes," he replied, after a pause; "thy kinsman gave me but little rest or respite, the curse of anarchy seems to be on this country; would I had never seen it; the King has appointed me Lord Deputy, also, to increase my difficulties—thou wilt now be, at least, a temporary Queen, Elinor," he continued in a kinder tone, "and reign, for a time, over more civilized subjects than those of thy father in the wilds of Munster."

"The mention of her father brought the ever ready tears into the eyes of Elinor. Lord Grey observed them, and the cause: his brow became again contracted, and she dared not ask if he could give her tidings of that dear Father, of that much loved Mother.

"Thy kinsman, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald," continued Lord Grey, "I am credibly informed, means to attempt forcing my intrenchments here. I only hope he may pursue such intention—that is a kind of warfare, in which, I trust, I am more than a match for this inexperienced boy. I love not playing at hide and seek amongst swamps and wildernesses; but I would I were once hand to hand with him. What blanches thy cheek, fair Lady? fearest thou the weight of my arm for thy gentle Cousin?"

"What strange language, Leonard!" cried the terrified Elinor; "what thoughts are passing in thy mind?"

"Knowest thou not, my fair one," he replied, suddenly seizing her wrist with a force that pained her; "knowest thou not, that thy kinsman hath sworn by the Holy Cross, and pledged himself to his clan to make good his oath, that the widow of Lord Leonard Grey may yet be a fitting bride for the young leader of the Geraldines. Hast thou no confidant, no favourite maiden here, to whisper such tale in thine ear?"

"Oh, Leonard, Leonard!" cried Elinor, now giving way, without restraint, to the flood of tears which she had before struggled to suppress; "who or what can have poisoned thy mind with such strange, such degrading suspicions? Believe it not—Lord Thomas never could have sworn, or said aught resembling that disgraceful story, which has been imposed on thee by some cruel enemy to all—and for me," she continued, suddenly throwing herself at his feet, and wrapping her white arms around him, "have I not, too fatally, fondly, proved my love to thee?—have I not sacrificed all? parents, and, indeed, my good name; am I not disgraced, in the eyes of my clan,

by my marriage with an Englishman, their professed enemy?—and, probably, disowned by my beloved parents, for my ingratitude in forsaking them in their adversity—for thee, for thee, Leonard, have I not risked, have I not endured all this? and where are my thanks?’ she continued bowing her fair face on his knees; ‘oh, not in thine heart, not in thine heart; thou canst love me no longer; surely such cruel, such degrading suspicion is incompatible with love.’

“As she raised her imploring eyes to his, Lord Grey was softened; he lifted her from the ground, and kissing her forehead, said:

“‘Be composed, Elinor; I meant not all which I might in my irritation have said; I think no ill of thee, notwithstanding the regret thou hast even now expressed, for having sacrificed thy station, as daughter and heiress of the wild Chieftain of a still wilder clan, notwithstanding thy regret for having given up that savage grandeur, to be the wife of an English noble, and the Vice-Queen of a Court, something, I trust, more refined than the one to which thou hast been accustomed; still thou art my wife, and as such I will consider thee; and make others do so also; let me see no more tears now, I am weary of them.’

“‘Alas! alas!’ she exclaimed, ‘by what hand are those tears to be dried, if not by thine, my Lord, my husband, still beloved by me, although I have lost the power to charm?’

“‘Elinor,’ replied Lord Grey, sternly, ‘I love not reproaches;’ to-morrow I hold a court as Viceroy, preparatory to my triumphal entry into the capital, which I will effect ere long, and that over the bodies of the traitorous insurgents. (Elinor shuddered.) Do thou prepare thyself to grace that Court, as becomes my wife, and as thy high-spirited and Queen-like mother would, were she so placed. Let not thine eyes be dimmed with tears, lest men should say that Lord Grey’s choice had not even beauty to recommend her.’

“Elinor scarce heeded the implied affront to herself contained in these words, her ears were only caught by this, his first voluntary mention of her Mother, and that mention an encomium. Claspings her hands together, she exclaimed—

“‘My mother! Leonard, dear Leonard, tell me of my mother!’

“A slight pang of conscience smote Lord Grey, as he thought of the circumstances, and the relentless hands in which he had left that lady; putting Elinor away from him, but gently, he said:

“‘I have no leisure now for further converse; embarrassing and complicated business presses on me; I must council with my officers; retire thou to thine oratory, and pray for a more cheerful temper.’

“Elinor obeyed in silence; slowly, and with faltering steps, she withdrew from the presence of him, of whom she had so lately been the idol; and now,

“‘I have loved!’ she exclaimed, ‘and am chastened; my warm affections are chilled, and thrown back by an iron grasp. I am alone, alone, indeed; for me there is no hope; I am punished even by the fulfilment of my own wishes. Is this to be my future lot; are there none now to feel with, to comprehend me?—no, not one—there were, and I have myself rejected, abandoned, all who loved, all who valued me; and do I dare complain? Father of Heaven! forgive thine erring child!’ Flinging herself on her knees, she prayed in agony.”

From this painful interview Lord Grey proceeds to the council-table, at which appears O’Kelly, a low ruffian, but not a treacherous villain like the *un-Irish* Parese. His conduct and character, as an Irishman, is consistent and intelligible, for he is for some imagined private slight, the bitter and vengeful enemy of the Earl of Desmond. By his advice, the Lord Deputy resolves to follow the insurgents into the mountain fastnesses to which they had betaken themselves in some force. Their mountain camp in the valley of Glendalough is to be stormed in form, and on this wild expedition Elinor is compelled to follow her husband, and the troops who are destined to destroy her father, her kinsmen, and her countrymen. It is on Christmas Day this march is begun, and again the writer revels in the power of picturesque description, followed by scenes of intense interest. The tents are pitched for the night.

Elinor’s litter, which was carried in the rear-guard, did not arrive until every thing had been prepared for her accommodation; and she had nothing to complain of with respect to her personal comfort, as far as this day’s march was concerned, be-

ing removed at once from her litter, into a splendidly fitted up tent, lighted and warmed by a number of lamps, as well as by a stove placed in the centre.

"Feeling her spirits raised by this seeming attention on the part of Lord Grey, when the evening arrangements were completed, and the Officers assembled in their Vice-Queen's tent, she held her little court with a considerable share of her native vivacity, and graceful playfulness of manner,—a manner, which had so oft, in other days, fascinated him whom she still sought in vain to charm. Perhaps, if his mind had been more disengaged, he might, for a little while, have mingled with pleasure in the admiring crowd by which Elinor was surrounded; but since the hour when the advance guard had first halted, and arrangements for passing the night had been entered into, O'Kelly had disappeared, and no person could give the least account of him, or conjecture in which direction he had gone."

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"Shortly after Lord Grey had taken his station beside Elinor's chair, whose animation was increased by his presence, and who listened with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes to his approval of her well-intentioned efforts, a messenger from one of the advanced outposts arrived with information to the Commander-in-Chief, that a native Irish Harper, a blind old man, led by a boy, had demanded admission to the Camp, in order to be allowed to make trial of his skill in the presence of the Vice-Queen.

"On the first emotion, Lord Grey started up angrily, with the intention of ordering the insolent intruder to be detained prisoner, and severely punished for his presumption; but the next moment he smiled at his own folly, in supposing that any such person would really venture to present himself in that manner, thus risking life and liberty, in an enemy's Camp, for the sake of a few coins to be earned by his performance. It now appeared quite obvious to the Deputy, that this was a masquerading frolic of O'Kelly's.

"This conviction at once relieved all the unpleasant feelings and suspicions excited by the non-appearance of the Guide in the earlier part of the night; and giving orders for the immediate admission of the wandering Minstrel, he prepared himself to be infinitely pleased and amused with whatever should ensue; then, seeing Sir Stephen Drury look excessively surprised, he whispered to him a few words, bidding him set his mind at rest, as he himself felt his spirits much lightened, by having his strong apprehensions of treachery at once so agreeably removed.

"In pursuance of Lord Grey's order, the blind Harper and his youthful guide now presented themselves at the entrance of the tent; and highly as the Deputy had previously the gift of O'Kelly's powers of transmutation, still he experienced considerable surprise on beholding the figures which now appeared before him.

"As if by the power of magic, the square, thickset, vulgar, and clownlike O'Kelly, (if it could indeed be him,) was transformed into an extremely tall, slender, and graceful figure, graceful in defiance of the stoop of apparent old age. He was clothed in the long, loose robes worn by the native Irish Bards, a white beard descended to his girdle, and a profusion of long hair, of the same venerable hue, flowed over his shoulders; his eye-lids were partly closed over the seemingly sightless orbs; and holding in one hand a small Irish harp, he leant the other on the shoulder of a boy, in whose round, dimpled, and blushing cheeks, in the downcast glances of the sparkling, merry, yet modest eye, and the clustering curls of the bright chestnut hair, Elinor, with throbbing heart, thought she discovered a resemblance,—yes, more than a resemblance, it was identity; she felt that the Minstrel's childish-looking Guide, although in the garb of a boy, could be no other than her pretty little foster-sister Rose; how came she there? who then was that Harper, seemingly so old and blind, and yet—Elinor shivered with dread as she looked on the tall, graceful form, and thought who that Harper might be; he spoke a few words in the Irish language; the voice deep, full, and of a most peculiar tone, brought conviction at once to her mind: she could not be mistaken, and she dared not look around to read in the countenance of others, if there were any who had made the same discovery."

The interest of the scene deepens,—the harper sings a song of love and war, in the midst of which Lord Leonard is summoned forth. The minstrel, when invited by the attendants, refuses to touch the refreshments or to pledge the wine-cup of the English Lord Lieutenant. He retires, while his youthful attendant, kneeling to kiss the hem of the robe of the Lady Grey, places a billet beneath the cushion which supports her feet. Alarm is given by the awakened suspicions of the English

commander ; scenes of confusion follow each other rapidly ; the false harper is made prisoner, and, removing his disguise, the eyes of Lord Grey are blasted by the stately form and haughty brow of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald. The chief of Geraldine is sent off a prisoner to the castle of Wicklow, and the English hold themselves in readiness to attack next morning, should an enemy dare to appear after the capture of their leader.

With the dawn they recommence their march.

" ' But into what strange wild place hast thou led me ? ' cried Lord Grey, suddenly halting, as the heavy clouds, which had before obscured his view, rolling slowly upwards, revealed the tremendous black mountains enclosing the Valley of Glendalough on three sides, whilst, in the narrow pass by which they were entering, the broken ground, partly marsh from the overflowing of the river, and every where encumbered with rocks, embarrassed the march of the harassed and wearied troops to such a degree, that deep murmurs passed from man to man ; numbers had dropped exhausted by the way, and nothing but the strong habit of discipline, joined to threats, enabled the subordinate officers to keep the most vigorous on foot ; and those means would have failed of even their temporary effect, had not the promises so liberally made by O'Kelly, respecting the immense quantity of gold and precious stones, to be found in those mountains, by exciting the cupidity of the soldiers, blinding them at first to the desperate measures which their wrongly advised commander was so madly pursuing.

" ' Turn, my Lord, I implore you, whilst it is yet time, ' exclaimed Sir Stephen Drury ; ' enter no further into this gloomy vale—not a man amongst all the soldiers is capable of action—every step they advance encumbers them more and more—all order of march is lost—one half are sunk helpless in the yielding soil, and the remainder are scattered clambering over the rocks. '

" Lord Grey, hesitating, looked back upon the confusion and distress of his army, and saw, also, that if he persisted to advance, it must be alone—that none were either able, or willing to follow, or fitted for action if they did ; without staying to consider how far he was himself to blame, he turned fiercely on O'Kelly ; and shaking his drawn sword over the head of the shrinking Guide, began, in a loud and furious tone, the most vehement reproaches ; but ere three words had passed his lips, ' Shanet a boo, ' the well-known war cry of the Desmonds, burst forth on every side, in one wild and prolonged yell—which, taken up by the various mountain echoes, seemed to multiply the thousands of human voices into millions.

" The already dark and cloudy atmosphere was totally obscured by flights of arrows, pouring like a hail storm from summit to base of every surrounding mountain ; whilst the guiding hands by which they were impelled continued invisible.

" This destructive storm issued from heath and copsewood, that rendered the assailers completely impervious to the irregular and confused return of arrows and musketry which the astonished English vainly endeavoured to bring to bear on their hidden foes ; their ammunition, mostly wet, injured by rain, and the various bogs and morasses through which their march had been conducted, was, with a few exceptions, nearly useless, and the arrows shot into the air at random, rested amongst the trees, from whence they were gathered, and, with insulting shouts, returned to their owners, in hostile guise, accompanied by showers of stones, and often enormous rocks hurled on the heads of these devoted men, doing fearful execution on all those who had kept on the drier sides of the valley close to the mountain base.

" A retreat was sounded in vain—floundering in the bogs, stumbling over dead and dying, without path and without guide, the scene became not a rout, but absolute slaughter ; when the Kearne and Gallowglasses, breaking from their covert, and pouring in countless thousands from the mountains, rushed like an overwhelming torrent upon the English soldiers ; who, despairing of quarter from the infuriated Irish, and not knowing even the language in which to demand it, fought with gallantry and desperation to the very last—few escaped to tell the dreadful tale ; Lord Grey, severely wounded at the beginning of the rout, had been seized by O'Kelly, who dragged him, in defiance of his resistance, into the covert of some thick bushes, from whence he led him by a path, known only to himself, into a cave, where binding his wound as well as circumstances and materials would permit, and wrapping him in his own mantle, he covered him with withered leaves and heath ; then placing himself on a stone near the entrance, he smeared his face and clothes with the blood of his un-

fortunate commander, and prepared to act the part of a wounded person belonging to the Irish party, in case any stragglers should pass that way.

"They continued in this concealment for some hours, O'Kelly intending to conduct the despairing and half-distracted Lord Grey, after night fall, towards the place where they had left the encampment; if, indeed, it yet remained.

"'Miserable man,' cried Lord Grey, when the agony of contending feelings could find vent in words; 'miserable man, what fiend tempted thee to decoy me into this fatal place? I thank thee not for the life thou hast now preserved; better, far better to have fallen honourably with my slaughtered soldiers; but thus! never, oh, never more may Leonard Grey behold the face of man; death I could have borne with firmness, but not disgrace.'"

Elinor is now with her victorious father and his countrymen; and next day a broken band of English soldiers rally round Lord Grey, who reaches the gates of Dublin, and finds the city and the garrison still in the hands of his friends.

To relieve Lord Thomas from durance, and to find out the Countess, still mysteriously hid about the Convent of St. Woolstan's, is the first duty thought of by the Earl of Desmond. By the help of the devoted Redmond, the prison of the lady is found; and after a train of incidents highly romantic, but somewhat tedious withal, her deliverance is effected. We then follow the fortunes of Lord Thomas, who has braved many perils and escaped from his castle and prison. He is making his way back across the country, self-upbraided for the rashness with which he had exposed himself to the enemy, and brought his followers into peril, when, resting at the mouth of a cave, in the winter's sun, to recruit from excessive fatigue, his ears are greeted with the beloved sound of *chrom-a-boo*!

The insurgent leaders, again united, once more form a plan of operations, and retire to Maynooth, but after another desperate attempt to surprise Dublin. This again is a part of the tale which revives many sad memories of recent events and times. We could have wished to give the whole scene, which is exceedingly animated, but must rest content with a very brief extract.

"Two hours before day-break, on the morning of the 18th of January, all within the Irish Camp was in movement: Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, at the head of his Clan, prepared to lead the assault.

"'Friends, countrymen, fellow soldiers,' he addressed them, 'and you, Geraldines, Clansmen of the murdered Kildare, his son invokes your aid; the choice is before you; to be a nation of freemen, led only by Chiefs of your own race, of your own blood, or the bondsmen and slaves of a foreign tyranny. Masters of the sea, reinforcements and provisions arrive every day for the support of the English Garrison; we have nothing to expect but from our own exertions, and our own valour. We are lost, if we do not save ourselves; for God and our country, for our homes, and for our hearths, do we struggle; our enemy for plunder, and to become, by our extermination, undisturbed possessors of this our beautiful land. Let the motive sanctify the means; come on, my brothers, follow me to victory; the Capital of your country is before you, in the hand of a foreign foe; let us wrest it from his grasp, and we are once more the Lords of our own soil.'

"The only answer to this address was the wild and terrific war-cry; the Irish rushed to the assault, headed by their gallant Chieftain."

The insurgents are now concentrated in the fortress of Maynooth, in which also are the Countess and Elinor. The town is betrayed by the arch-villain Parese, and they are drawn into snares; but he now pays for his crimes with his life. The scene of the death of Parese, though of much less interest than many of those of the siege, is short enough to be extracted; we shall give it. Parese is doing some of his treacherous errands in Dublin, and is thus questioned by the Lord Deputy, to whose evil passions a furious jealousy is now added:—

" 'The Lady Grey,' returned Paresse for once, in his life speaking the truth, 'was very constant in her attendance on the Earl of Desmond, both by day and night; but I saw her not beside Lord Thomas.'

" 'Thou sawest her not, I make little doubt,' cried Lord Grey; 'but dost thou presume to assert, that she *was* never by his couch—no, not even when his life was in the greatest danger.'

" 'No, my Lord,' replied Paresse, 'I do not think she was.'

" 'Liar!' exclaimed Lord Grey, furiously; 'what avails this paltry equivocation?—thinkest thou to save the fair fame of those whom thou hast already betrayed—whose lives thou hast given over to their direst foe-man? Judas, thou hast sold thy Master, and now hesitate to betray his love secrets—thou needest not be so cautious—thou canst injure him no more—nor her—no! nor even thyself, villain as thou art;' he added, advancing close to the trembling wretch, whose terrors increasing every moment, now sunk on his knees before the exasperated Deputy, whose rage appeared to him to be little less than madness.

"The Terrified Paresse would willingly have invented any story likely to pacify this sudden, and to him unaccountable irritation."

The wretched traitor, being first paid the price of his villany, is directed to a window, and thus addressed:

"Wail not—shriek not—stand up, miscreant, and thank the mercy of him, who, valuing thee no more than a cur dog, only condemns thee to die like one—look," he continued, seizing the almost fainting and prostrate wretch by the arm, and dragging him towards a window, which gave on the Castle yard—"look there!—if thou art to die the death of a dog, yet shalt thou be more exalted than ever yet was mongrel hound—look at that lofty gallows, erected solely for thy use—by thy friends and admirers I trow, I gave no such magnificent order—perhaps they thought that as thy crime deprived the world of an exalted individual, so should thy punishment be in proportion—halloo!—halloo! come forth, ministers of justice—come forth, servants of the law—take this scoundrel living wretch, and deprive him of the little breath which his dastard fears have left him."

"Spare me, Lord Grey," shrieked the unhappy man; 'spare me, if you have human feelings—spare my sinful soul—I have committed too many crimes to die—let me have a Priest, oh Christ! let me have a Priest!' he continued, with fearful cries, whilst those legal ruffians, the Sheriff's Officers, dragged him down the staircase. 'Oh give me time, Lord Grey, give me time to repent—do not destroy my wretched soul.'

"So much time as thou gavest to the aged Archbishop," thundered Lord Grey, 'so much time shalt thou have for shrift and repentance—no more—away with him.'

"And was there none to compassionate the miserable victim of this awful act of justice?—no, not one."

By another train of the writer's exhaustless inventions, the besieged, having displayed the utmost gallantry and heroism, and suffered the extremities of famine and hardship, find a wild way of escape, after a series of Radcliffean adventures, and are about to retire to Kilkenny Castle, which is still in the hands of their friends, when they are tracked, and betrayed in their night march, by the spy O'Kelly, and fall into an ambush of the English. In the skirmish, Desmond is desperately wounded,\* and believed to be dead. Elinor is deceived and carried back to Dublin by O'Kelly, and the clansmen raise the Ullaloo for the fall of the young chieftain of the Geraldines. It would be idle to attempt to give any account of these lively and bustling scenes through which we are now hurried. Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, on recovering the use of his senses, finds himself a prisoner in Dublin Castle, under the roof of his cousin Elinor, the wife of his and his country's deadliest enemy. He is visited by Cromar, now the primate, and informed that his father still lives, and of the snares laid, and the arts employed for his own ruin and for driving him into rebellion. The only enlightened and reasonable friend of

Ireland at this crisis is the virtuous and enlightened Cromar. He argues as her best friends still do.

"He argued, that if the Irish were treated in the kindest possible manner by the English Government, that would be the best security for their loyalty and firm allegiance, since they would then have no interest in, and no benefit to receive from a change.

" 'It is not,' he thought, and often endeavoured to persuade Lord Grey and others 'by stripes and coercion that this high-spirited people can be rendered submissive, and tame; on the contrary, although they rise to resist the oppression which they, and every liberal-minded person must consider as injustice, the same disposition, prompt to avenge injury or insult, would render them grateful, not merely for benefits conferred, but for the simple allowance of those equal rights, which one human being always does, and always ought to expect from another.'

" 'But,' said their opponents, they have always been turbulent and disturbed; it is their nature; they would never be satisfied, do whatever you would for their advantage.'

"Cromar quietly answered, 'Was it ever tried? Had they ever fair measure dealt to them?—they are a vivacious, and, therefore, a turbulent people—but have they not ever had a good excuse for such turbulence? even if it does afford them pleasure—have they not ever been a proscribed race, by those very Conquerors who, in taking forcible possession of the soil, ought certainly, in good policy, for their own sakes, if not for the love of justice, have endeavoured, by means of equal laws and privileges extended to all, to have incorporated the Victors and Vanquished together as one people—if the sway was equally kind and paternal, if there was no cause for complaint, is it not probable that the wild Irish Kearn would care little whether the King, or Chief Governor who ruled him, was native of this side of the Channel or of that—but when he finds himself a proscribed and marked man, considered by those who have obtruded their sway, unasked and unpermitted, as of another and more degraded caste; not merely brow-beaten by his conquerors, but his individual property, the maintenance and patrimony of his children, forcibly wrung from him, for the advantage of those, from whom he receives not benefits, but injuries in return?'

" 'Who can reasonably expect loyalty and submission to the Government from men so treated?—they might not be better off, you say, under Chiefs of their own appointing—possibly they might not—but that they naturally think, remains to be tried—they could scarcely be worse off under any rulers; and the best way of reconciling them to the English yoke, would be to leave them nothing of which to complain.'

"Thus argued the mild and benevolent Cromar; but his arguments were as vain, as have been those of many an equally well-intentioned man in later times. The same system was pursued then, and has been pursued since—with the result hitherto, the world is sufficiently well acquainted—but as the conciliating plan of the good Primate has never yet been tried, the knowledge of what success it might possibly have, remains in the womb of Fate."

The Primate is unable to bring Lord Thomas to the state of mind he wishes, but he cannot abandon him who, from childhood, had held so strongly on his warmest affections; and all his efforts are turned to procure delay, if not mitigation, of his punishment. In the meanwhile, under the impression that he must speedily die, the young chief employs the night in writing to his ever-beloved cousin Elinor, whose interest in his fate advances at the same pace with the insatiable desire for his blood which now stimulates her husband to many acts of cruelty and tyranny. Her horror, and her alienation from Lord Leonard, reach their height when she is compelled to preside as vice-queen at a banquet in Dublin Castle, to which her four uncles of the house of Geraldine are invited, and, on a signal, murdered in her presence in cold blood. This bloody banquet is a scene of great power. The interest of the tale, in both its leading threads, is now wrought up to the highest pitch. But to the fate of the Earl of Desmond, who falls the victim of the ruffian O'Kelly, we cannot advert; though it possesses what many will feel an interest of a more



subdued and touching kind than the tumultuary closing scenes in Dublin, and a tender beauty of description unequalled in any other portion of the work. A variety of events hasten the period of the execution of the chief of the Geraldines; the Lord Deputy secretly afraid that the royal mercy might snatch from him the victim for whose blood he thirsted. The Ormonds, the hereditary enemies of the Geraldines, had employed their interest in obtaining a remission of the sentence of Lord Thomas. An English vessel had come late into the bay, which was supposed to have on board dispatches which might either contain a reprieve or a pardon. A signal had been made for a pilot. On this ship the hopes of the excellent Primate were now placed. He had previously used every means of saving his young friend, to whom, with the feelings of a father, he gave the name of son, and after the bloody banquet, losing all respect for the tyrant Lord Deputy, he had endeavoured to favour his escape. It is but a feeble idea that we can give of the deep agitation and thrilling suspense which ushers in the scene we now present to our readers:—

“Those who saw Elinor on that fatal morning, could scarcely recognize in her that brilliant beauty, who had, so short a space before, graced the Vice-Royal Court.

“Pale as marble, with dishevelled hair, and disordered dress, she was dragged, rather than led, to a magnificent and elevated seat, from whence it was intended that she should witness the closing scene of her ill-fated lover’s misfortunes.

“The rising sun glanced brightly from helm and hauberk, and played over polished lance head, and gilded banner—as reining in his proud war-steed to a measured pace, Sir William Brereton led forth the whole of the troops, both horse and foot, then composing the garrison of Dublin; and drew them in a belt around the field, which had been marked out as the theatre of Lord Grey’s vengeance.

“This military force, considerable in itself, was paraded with all of display and pomp, which the fine appearance of the men, the splendour of their apparel, and the gay caparison of their horses, rendered likely to impress an exaggerated idea of their strength on any part of the populace there assembled, who might be native Irish.

“However of those, although considerable crowds had collected, long before day-break, it was quite uncertain whether any were aboriginal natives—since the most part, both of the commercial, as well as of the lower orders, dwelling in the metropolis, were Danish settlers (Ostmen,) and their descendants; and these people had shown themselves adverse to the cause of the Geraldines a few months before, when they had shut the City Gates on the party of Irish, admitted by treaty to besiege the Castle.

“But of whatever race or description might be the thousands congregating from all quarters, both from within and from without the City, they appeared most formidable in the eyes of Sir William Brereton—who was, by this time, pretty well experienced in the uncertainty of Irish warfare, which had so frequently baffled all regular military calculation; and whilst the wary General, in order to intimidate, ordered some light pieces of artillery to be wheeled on the ground, he secretly marvelled, if the Deputy really intended to hurry on the execution, ere the vessel bearing the King’s orders had arrived: since it was now well known to all, that she was actually lying without the bar, with signals flying, and ready to enter the harbour with the rising tide.

“The field in which this strange pageant was in preparation sloped towards the east, and commanded a splendid view of the beautiful and unequalled Bay of Dublin; where, softly undulating on the bosom of the smooth and now sparkling waters, lay the vessel in question, the English flag gaily streaming from the mast head; and as Sir William Brereton gazed attentively, he could distinctly see, notwithstanding the distance, and the level rays of the rising sun dazzling his eyes, a small boat shoot from her side, and cut its way towards the shore with astonishing rapidity.

“Had telescopes been as much in use in those days as they have subsequently become, he might, by such aid, have discerned in that boat the aged Primate, urging the six rowers to still greater exertions, and clapping to his bosom the royal despatches, which his trembling hands had scarcely strength to hold.

“If the rigid, although humane General, had been able to distinguish this, he might have been less apprehensive, lest any proceeding, so irregular, so illegal, and

so disgraceful to the British name, should take place, as a condemnation and execution, unsanctioned by the royal authority. Even, as it was, he felt in some degree satisfied, on seeing the boat from the vessel proceeding so rapidly towards the shore; since he had no doubt but that it had been despatched by the Viceroy, and that he would act according to the orders thereby obtained.

"Under this impression, therefore, Sir William Brereton proceeded to marshal forth his men at arms, drawing them in close files several ranks deep—compromising, within their circle, the canopied throne of the unhappy Elinor; and scarcely more melancholy in its object, although so different in outward form, the scaffold, arrayed in funeral pomp. Over the head of the former waved the English flag, in its 'pride of place;' and at the foot of the latter, lay the prostrate banner of the Geraldines.

"Beyond this military screen the plain was crowded, even to the remotest distance which the eye could reach, with the silent and expectant populace.

"The arguments were complete—a pause ensued, during which the attendants, who supported Elinor, could almost hear the pulsations of her heart, which beat thick and fast, seemingly beyond the power of her delicate frame to endure.

"This awful silence was at length broken by a sudden flourish of wind instruments—a spirited and martial music, which immediately preceded the arrival of the Lord Deputy, who, surrounded by the officers of his household, now rode into the centre of the enclosed space—his countenance was deadly pale, and his lips compressed, as if suffering under some violent internal struggle; but as he rode along the lines, he received and returned the military salute with his usual grace and urbanity of manner.

"That ceremony concluded, without casting a glance towards his unhappy wife, he drew up his horse opposite to the scaffold; and his personal attendants closing around him, all waited with a strange feeling of doubt and awe, what was next to ensue.

"The martial music which had preceded and accompanied Lord Grey, was hushed—and another strain was now heard from a distance.

"A long procession of bare-footed friars, clothed in black, walking two and two, advanced slowly from the City Gate, bearing a large crucifix in front, and moving onwards towards the plain.

"They chanted in chorus the 'De Profundis,' and in the stillness of the early morning, not a breeze arose to disturb or disperse the tones of their deep and sonorous voices; nor did any other sound break on the solemn anthem, save only as they neared the military screen, the voice of Sir William Brereton, in one short command, gave the order, which was immediately followed by the clash of arms, and soldiers fell back to form a vista for the admission of the mournful procession.

"That momentary interruption past, the funeral chant was alone heard as the friars proceeded onwards to the scaffold.

"Immediately following these holy men, came a band of battle-axe guards on foot, and, in the centre of this group, a single horseman.

"His countenance was pale, but fearless; he gazed boldly and proudly, and with an expression somewhat resembling scorn, on all this needless pomp—the splendour of all this public display, which, although it might be supposed to be in honour of his rank, he rather felt had probably been adopted, in the vain hope of forcing that heart to quail, for which death, however accompanied, had no terrors.

"His bearing was high and haughty—his eye was undimmed as he gazed around, taking one last look of his native land, adorned with all the loveliness of the early spring; fresh, green, and breathing incense. Once, and once only, he changed colour, when his eye caught the canopied throne, and its apparently dying occupant. His cheek, at that moment, flushed a deep crimson, which hue it retained unaltered, as, with a firm step, he ascended the steps leading to the scaffold; gracefully, and with dignity, saluting those spectators who were without the screen, and passing unheeded over those who were within; nor suffering his eye to rest again on her, who had been there placed in order to inflict on him a last pang, beyond that of the parting of soul and body.

"At the mute salutation of the young chieftain, the hitherto repressed feelings of the multitude burst forth simultaneously in a shout, which 'made the welkin ring,' and which was returned in a thousand echoes, from mountain and valley, from wood and shore; and which, as it died slowly away, left a feeling of pride, almost of pleasure, on the heart of him thus greeted, and sent something like doubt and dismay to that of the Lord Deputy.

"To Sir William Brereton, also, it gave a sensation by no means agreeable; and,

spurring his horse up beside Lord Grey, he entered into a long and whispered conference, during which many were the glances, although very different in expression, directed by both towards Lord Thomas Fitzgerald; who, now endeavouring to shake off his last earthly feeling, gave his whole and undivided attention to the reverend priest, who stood beside him ready to administer the last consolations of religion—nor did he deem it too worldly or intrusive a thought, to breathe one sigh of regret, for the, to him, unaccountable absence at that solemn moment, of his first, his earliest, and truest friend, the Primate.”

The remon-trance of Sir William Brereton had no effect with the Lord Deputy. The former reins up his horse beside Sir Edmund Butler, who, in a low voice, informs the Englishman how matters stand.

“The speech of Sir Edmund was interrupted by a tremendous shout from the assembled multitude—not now, however, as before, in the tumultuous but sorrowful greeting to the victim, for whose release they believed no human effort could avail; now, it was with triumphant cries and deafening clamour, that they hailed the approach of the Primate, who, raised on the shoulders of his attendants, was borne forward with rapid steps—whilst their delighted cries, of a ‘Reprieve, a pardon,’ were repeated from man to man, until it rung from the united voices like thunder in the ears of the Deputy.

“With a faint cry, Elinor, repeating the word, sprang from the arms of her ladies in waiting, and rushed wildly towards Cromar. The soldiers involuntarily drew back, and opened a way for the unhappy lady to pass; one glance at this sudden and strange movement, told to Lord Grey her object and her aim, of which she was in fact herself unconscious. Drawing forth a white handkerchief, he waved it in the air, at the same moment in which the frantic Elinor reached the Primate, from whose trembling hands she caught the important paper, and, holding it aloft, flew, with fawn-like speed, amidst the joyous shouts of the multitude, crying, ‘A pardon, a pardon.’ She was too late. As she arrived at the fatal spot, the executioner, who had instantly acted upon the concerted signal given by the Lord Deputy, held up, by the dark and glossy ringlets, the bleeding and still beautiful head; proclaiming aloud, ‘This is the head of a traitor.’

“Then there was seen, in the remote distance, a man on horseback approaching, with such desperate speed, as if he likewise had come on the same vain errand. The impatient crowd opened gradually, and suffered him to pass through; as he neared the English soldiers they also fell back, but in wild terror and confusion, on the sight of the never-to-be-forgotten horse on which he was mounted; it was the same that very same coal black, fiend-like steed, which they had left to perish in the moment into which he had plunged both himself and Lord Grey. He was not to be mistaken; his vast size, the fiery eye, the open scarlet nostril, from which his breath ascended in clouds of vapour—and, above all, his more than mortal speed—it was, it could be no other, than the terrible Brien.”

“The rider was a slight, delicate-looking, fair-haired boy; from his appearance totally inadequate to control this fierce animal, which, indeed, he scarcely seemed to hold; riding, with more of reckless indifference to the horse’s movements, than with skill. His course was direct for the scaffold, and none stayed to impede his progress; all fled in terror at the apparition of the sorcerer steed; even the executioner dropt the bleeding head, which he had, a moment before, displayed with savage triumph, and hastily retreated like the rest.

“Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, the youthful horseman, checking his rapid course, gazed for an instant on the terrible spectacle before him; lifting up the fair head, he pressed his lips sadly to the palid brow, then, suddenly stooping, flung his arms around the body, laying it across the horse’s neck. Without taking up the reins, his whole attention seeming absorbed in the mournful prize, of which he had thus so strangely possessed himself, he struck his spurs into the flanks of his wild steed, and departed with the same furious speed with which he had arrived; vanishing from the eyes of the astonished spectators, ere any had summoned courage to advance and interrupt him.”

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\* Brien Boru, the heroic steed of the murdered chieftain, which shares his perils and glory in war and in deeds of humanity, in the course of the tale.

To those of our readers who have taken any interest in the fortunes of the aged Countess of Desmond whom we encounter at the opening of the tale, one backward glance is necessary. It was noticed that the wounded and enfeebled chief fell by the hand of the ruffian O'Kelly, "The Earl turned his dying eyes upon his murderer, who cried out,— 'Hould that look still, my Lord of Desmond, 'twill become yer face mightily when it is sticking upon the top o' Temple Bar in the city of London.' And as he spoke

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One long wild cry broke from the lips of the Countess ! A cry, so dreadful and appalling, that years after, when on his dying bed, the until then relentless O'Kelly heard it with terrible agonies."

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"That shriek which he had been destined never to forget ! In vain he entreated to be moved from room to room—from house to house ; that sound still pursued him, and rung in his ears like a fearful warning, to awaken his guilty conscience !

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"That cry, the only sound which the Countess had uttered since the appearance of O'Kelly, was also the last evidence of sense or feeling breathed by her for many years."

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Disjointed and mutilated as are the extracts we have given from the *Siege of Maynooth*, they must have enabled the reader to form some idea of the character of this romance. If we have succeeded in imparting any feeling of the admiration with which it has inspired us, we shall be gratified at having performed an act of simple justice, in drawing attention to the talents of a writer whose name we never heard and never may hear. Nor shall we deny that "it is the cause" which inspires us with a strong predisposition in his favour ; not that there is either vehemence or exaggeration in the nationality of the spirit which pervades the work, and the spirit is more Irish than the style. The dialogues among the subordinate personages have little of the breadth or richness of Irish humour ; their dialect is meagre, and somewhat old and modern for the age in which they are supposed to live and act. There are, moreover, few traits of ancient manners, and some of the principal characters are rather romantic and historical personages, than natural and individualized human characters. But with, or in spite of, all these drawbacks, this romance, by the spirit of its action, the variety of incident, the brilliance and contrast of its rapidly shifting lights and shadows, and, above all, by the lively and growing interest which the narrative keeps awake in the mind from first to last, is fully entitled to all the praise we have bestowed upon it. Even now that Scott, Godwin, and Maturin have ceased to write, there may be historical romances of higher pretension, but none which the reader will not be able more readily to lay aside till a more convenient season. *The Siege of Maynooth* is a tale to begin with at the beginning, and read straight-forward to the end.

## THE WORKING OF THE BILL—PUBLIC EXPENDITURE.\*

THE most hopeful circumstance of our political condition, is the firmness with which the People look their worst evils in the face, and the earnest and thorough-going way in which, through a body of efficient representatives, they are about to enter on the task of a root-and-branch Reform. There are persons interested in the preservation of every existing abuse, who, after offering all the opposition in their power to that first great step, Parliamentary Reform, were besotted enough to imagine that the People were to rest satisfied with the naked Bill, the print and paper, as a wrestler does with the trophy stuck in his bonnet; or that it was to be regarded as a charm or amulet, which, without farther effort, might be hung round our necks and work by magic; and which, without obtaining a single tangible benefit, was, in some occult way, to make us all prosperous and contented. These sages are disappointed, and those of them who were graciously willing to concede something, are not a little indignant that the ungrateful monster the mob, having extorted its plaything, is not now satisfied and thankful. They are enraged to find that if there be one principle more distinctly recognised, and clung to by the nation than another, it is that the Reform in the representation, wrested from the oligarchy at the knife's point, is *but the means to an end*. With out this principle kept steadily in view, the Reform Bill were of as much worth as so much waste paper, sent up to the moon at the tail of a paper kite, to inform the lunar population what simpletons the men of Great Britain are. But we have, thank Heaven and our own endeavours, the instrument of political regeneration at last securely in our grasp; and the immediate consideration is, where we may first and best apply the new power gained, how much may be undertaken at once, and where it is wisest to commence operations, and with most advantage enter the wedge. *The Spectator's Key to Political Knowledge* appears in good time; and is an intelligent and trustworthy guide.—It begins at the foundation. No. I. is spent in clearing the floor of the House of Commons for freedom of future operations. The clumsy, tardy, unwieldy working of the House, as it is at present constituted, is thoroughly exposed, and the necessity insisted upon, of simplifying, and regulating its movements, and getting it into immediate working trim. But we shall here employ the words of the *Key*.

"The people are entitled to hope great things from this change. They are entitled to hope that a House of Commons, consisting of the men of their choice, will labour zealously, ably, and efficiently, for the public interest. If they are disappointed in the extent of the improvement, there had almost better have been no Reform at all. If the business of Parliament is conducted only a *little better* than it is at present—if profusion is only a *little* checked—if legislation is only a *little* more enlightened—if only a *little* more activity, and a *little* more deliberate attention, are bestowed upon the complicated interests of this vast empire—the disappointment will be deep, and the indignation bitter. The people will either be incited to tear in pieces a constitution which does them so little good, after all the mending bestowed upon it, or will sink into indifference; and, not caring how they exercise a franchise so useless to them, will allow every abuse of the old system again to take root and flourish as rank as ever."

It thus becomes the question how the Representatives of the people, are, with most effect and despatch, to perform functions which have become somewhat different from the old, lounging, idling, speechifying, mistifying, and huddling up the scene by voting enormous supplies, or unjust imposts, and passing unwise or ignorant enactments, of which two-thirds of their whole number thought not at all, and for which the remaining part cared nothing. The House of Commons is a range too wide for our space. We recommend the *Spectator's exposé* both to electors, and to those who aspire to become representatives of the people. It is drawn up with great expense of labour; and it goes to the root, and traces all the ramifications of the evil. Nor can we doubt that, under this and other ministrations, by next February, the GREAT FREE AND EASY will, both in external decency of manners, and business-like habits, shew a very different face from what it exhibited "while only Gentlemen got into the House."

The *Spectator's* second number of the *Key*, is devoted to the PUBLIC EXPENDITURE—more correctly the Public Wastefulness. The same ground has been often travelled over, but the whole bearings of the case have never been exhibited in so compact a form as in this pamphlet. It also contains analyzed statements of the public accounts; that is as far as the national accounts are made public, or as it is possible for the most clear-headed adept in figures to comprehend what no human being actually does or can understand, and, least of all, those whose business, as guardians of the public purse, it is to check the Expenditure.

The Black Book, Cobbett and other journalists, and, coming closer home to us than all, the painful experience of diminishing capital among the middle classes, and pinching poverty among the lower, have already made the nation tolerably well aware of the thousand concealed and corrupt channels into which its wealth has been, and is drained. This *Magazine*, during its short career, has not neglected the duty of calling attention to the enormity of the Public Expenditure; and every one, save those who either fatten on the public, or have a prospective interest in maintaining "things as they are," is prepared for an instant searching into these abuses, and a rigorous cutting down, or extirpation in every branch of the Expense of Government. "This principle," says the *Key*, "it is quite plain, must be rigorously acted upon, at a time when, even after the public expenditure is pared down to the greatest practicable extent, the people will still be burdened beyond what they can bear without much suffering." But the principle is one which ought to be acted upon at all times. "Ce n'est point," says Montesquieu, "à ce que le peuple peut donner qu'il faut mesurer les revenus publics, mais à ce qu'il doit donner." Our legislators have always adopted the *peut* as their standard of exaction. The apparent reluctance of the present administration to consider any question of "paltry" economy which circumstances have thrust upon them, is another motive to the vigilance of the people, in searching out the causes of profuse public expenditure. This reluctance has been carried to a length which has shaken them more in public confidence than all their other questionable measures put together. "Oh, these shabby sums! mere candle-ends and cheese-parings!—unworthy the attention of a great nation." That salary (of the useless Governor of some more useless fortress) is so mere a trifle! The emoluments of such another sinecure office is so completely an old song—only a few hundreds—those diplomatic pensions, only a few thousands; and this spreads, till the hundreds become thousands, and the thousands tens of thousands, with a government all the

while affecting to study retrenchment. In the words of the *Key*, "it is often foolishly argued against any particular reductions of expenditure, that they are of no consequence, for that their benefit, when divided among the whole population, becomes imperceptible. Why so much anxiety to cut off L.150,000 from the expenditure? When divided among sixteen or twenty-four millions, it only amounts to two-pence, or three half-pence a-head." But those arguers forget, or would have us to forget, that by lopping off L.150,000 from the expenditure, *some entire tax*, that presses unduly on some particular class, or seriously injures some branch of industry, could be removed. Two-pence a-head on the population of Great Britain, is equal to the whole amount of the hop-duty; or take Britain and Ireland, one penny three farthings would give the commercial classes the benefit of advertisements duty-free. Four-pence halfpenny a-head would extinguish the odious newspaper tax." These are facts which it is the duty of journalists to keep constantly before the people, and with which to stop the mouths of those who sneer at "shabby savings," and "small abolitions" of useless salaries, pensions, and fees, and retired allowances, to men who never did their country one iota of service, and much more probably did it all the injury, an active instrument, or truckling tool of misrule, could accomplish. The only question of revenue and expenditure, in which there exists any difference of opinion among Reformers, is the Debt. But this very difference should unite them, on the principle that retrenchment of the expenditure is become a paramount object. Those who would hold absolute faith with the national creditors, must save all that is possible out of the three-sevenths, if they would fully discharge what in interest consumes the other four-sevenths of the entire revenue. Those who contend for equitable adjustment are equally bound to economy, that even the dividend, they allow to be just, may be forthcoming; while, with one accord, all demand such retrenchment as may, so far as it is practicable, relieve the people of the most galling of their burdens, and set free the springs of industry.

The question next arises, in what departments may economy of expenditure be most readily or beneficially effected, holding sacred, meanwhile, the claims of the public creditor, or what all the people owe to a great part of the people. The expenditure of the year is calculated at above fifty millions, of which nearly twenty-nine is interest of the Debt, in one form or other. The other part, or above twenty-one millions, is under the control of Parliament—of the House of Commons as the *Guardians of the Public Purse*. We shall select but a few items of this immense sum for animadversion. There is first the *Civil List*, somewhat reduced, but still amounting to £435,000, granted to their Majesties. With that we shall not interfere. There is next, in pensions to the Royal Family, married and unmarried, legitimate and illegitimate, £218,822, of which the Duke of Cumberland receives £17,250, and his son Prince George £6000. The military pensions may come next; and of these we have £37,389, of which the Duke of Wellington receives £8,889. But this is nothing in amount, though a great deal in reality, to the whole of the military *dead weight*, that is, the *non-effective*, i. e. the useless military expenditure, which amounts to £2,669,697. We have again the *naval dead-weight*, which gives us in return two pensioned or paid admirals, and four surgeons, for every ship, and costs us £1,229,341. Next we have the *civil dead-weight*;—sums paid to retired or superannuated officers of customs, stamps, &c., &c., &c., often useless when in nominal employment, always overpaid, and retiring

to leave a burden on the country of £982,370. The expense of the actual army and navy,—the former above £5,000,000, the latter, though reduced considerably by the late alterations made by Sir James Graham, still above four millions,—we shall, for the present, lay aside, together with the expense of the Colonial management, the executive, the three millions for collecting the revenue, the large sums paid to the Bank of England for managing the debt and using the public money. But some of the *civil* pensions call aloud for notice, not so much for their amount as their shamelessness. £2000 a-year to Mr. Goulburn, for example; £1500 to Mr. Croker; £1000 to Mr. H. Hobhouse; £1500 to Mr. Joseph Planta; £3000 to the family of Mr. Canning; £3000 to Lord Sidmouth; £3090 to Mrs. Jane Carr, late Perceval, and so forth;—all for *civil* services to the nation, the nature of which the nation is not likely to forget; and for which, had any been performed, the functionaries were far overpaid by their salaries of office. “Thus, Mr. Croker, after receiving £3000 a-year, for many years, for doing mischief, gets £1500 for doing nothing,” save all the mischief he can. To the noblemen and gentlemen alone, who have been kind enough to visit the Ottoman Porte for us, we are now paying £14,000 a-year. The husband of Mrs. Harriet Arbuthnot receives £2,500 of this, to eke out the pittance of £938, 10s., granted for her services. And can we wonder to see discontent among the paying class? In some departments of the army, the expense has actually increased during seventeen years of peace. The ordnance expenditure has increased one-fifth. In 1817 it was £242,742; but last spring, the ordnance estimates were voted at £293,231—voted, too, in a grant of supply, amounting to a million and a half, among thirty-four other items of supply, and huddled over by the Guardians of the Public Purse, after midnight; and on a night when fifty-nine separate pieces of business had been before the House, besides the ordinary consumption of time in routine matters, receiving petitions, &c. The way in which *real* business is done may be inferred from this. A few more unconnected facts may be thrown out, as subjects of rumination; for, when the amount of expenditure is seen, the more readily will modes of retrenchment be suggested in the various departments. *Law and Justice* cost the country above £723,805. And this is exclusive of the legal pensions, amounting to £53,654, of which £4000 is paid to Lord Eldon. Another £4000 may be claimed, as soon as he pleases, by that pure patriot and consistent judge or statesman, or statesman and judge, Lord Lyndhurst, and will be claimed the moment he ceases to draw something better from the office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, so prudently bestowed upon him. Of this, £53,654, Sir Samuel Shepherd draws £3000, and Mr. James Abercromby £2000; one late Lord of Session, (Monypenny,) £2,400; and another, (Sir A. Campbell,) £1,950; and three others £1,500 each; so that Scotland enjoys her fair share of the legal pensions. For *unknown services* we pay in pensions £53,642, of which the servants of George IV. get £13,832, and those of Queen Charlotte £9,681. Pensions to retired ambassadors and consuls cost us £63,423 a-year; and the expense of actual diplomacy is £264,616: the COLONIAL DEPARTMENT is not quite so much, only £220,357. The EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT is charged at £261,900. Legislation, that is, the expenses of the House of Lords and the Commons, including clerks, Speaker's salaries, stationery, printing, &c. £244,772;—enough to allow a remuneration of nearly £400 per annum to every member of the Commons, and thus throw open its doors to the talent and honesty excluded by the present system. For *LAW and JUSTICE* in the three kingdoms the coun-



try pays, as we stated, £723,805 in judges' salaries, &c. &c.; but this is exclusive of immense sums levied off the public, which never go into the public coffers at all, in the name of fees, of which no one can calculate the amount. It may lead to a shrewd guess of the total when it is mentioned, that in fees for law and justice, those unfortunate persons in Scotland seeking such high-priced commodities, pay our late city member alone, Mr Dundas, to wit, between six and seven thousand a-year, besides liberally remunerating those who do his business.

We might go on multiplying instances, but here is work enough for a reformed Parliament for one Session; and the member who shall either delay it, or flinch from it, is no true representative of the people. Instead of one Joseph Hume and a single Sir Henry Parnell, hundreds are demanded for this gigantic labour. There must be searching and severe scrutiny, indefatigable industry, unremitting perseverance, and a pertinacious hanging in the skirts of officious indolence, till every retrenchment practicable is obtained. For this task, neither great oratorical powers, nor flashy talents of any kind are required. Such attainments would rather act as hindrance. Zeal, industry, the economizing of time, and a firm determination to do their duty, are all that is wanting in the representatives who would set themselves, as a first duty, to curtail that enormous and shameful expenditure—which insults the people whom it grinds—and, in all time coming, to check, in their earliest symptoms, the lavish propensities of that great spendthrift, the State. Nor is the mere money, the means of bare life extracted from the poor, and of comfort and well-being from the middle class, to raise a fraction of the community into luxury, the whole of the evil. An excessive public expenditure is twice-cursed—nay it is thrice-cursed, first in the general impoverishment it occasions, next in the public corruption which it engenders and fosters, and thirdly, as it almost uniformly re-acts on the mass of the community, in demoralizing examples of the profligate personal expense of official men, dissolute living, and the many frivolities, and insolences, which operate to the debasement of society through all its inferior grades, and of which the first impulse, and most glaring and influential exhibitions are given by those who fatten and revel on the public purse. Who are “the observed of all observers,” the leaders of every idle fashion, the instigators in every pernicious pursuit? Those who either actually live on the public, or who have risen to dangerous influence and notoriety by means of the profligate expenditure of public money. It would be a curious, and might not be an unedifying investigation, to trace the moral effects produced on society, by the State expenditure by Lord Ellenborough's sinecure of L.13,000, or Lord Lyndhurst's enormous salary as a judge, or the Duke of Cumberland's immense pension, or the smaller one of Mrs. Harriet Arbuthnot, and such like. The profligate extravagance of the court of Louis XV. was less culpable from the embarrassment and ruin it caused in the national finances, than from the gross corruption it spread throughout the kingdom, and the pernicious and seducing example of unblushing vice, and triumphant villany, which it enabled princes, courtiers, and their minions, to set to France and Europe. Had the money taken from the oppressed people, for the purposes of infamous expenditure, been sunk in the sea, the effect would have been comparatively harmless. As it was, the price of the bread which should have sustained their lives, was wrung from the people, to be spent in debasing, and vitiating the public morals and taste. And this will always be the case, where national expenditure is unrestrained by the vigilance of the people, acting through efficient and freely chosen representatives.

## MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR JAMES EDWARD SMITH.\*

LAST month we named this a delightful book. A more careful perusal deepens this agreeable impression. In moral tendency, it is a work to be classed with the *Memoirs and Letters of Cowper and Heber*, of *Collingwood*, *Sir Thomas Munro*, and *Dr. Edward Clarke*, or of such old English worthies as *More and Penn.* It is consequently, in our estimation, among the books which, from their moral beauty alone, are to be regarded as the most precious treasures of literature. Such works are too few in number, and they are almost peculiar to England. They are quiet, truthful, domestic pictures of her best and greatest men, and of the sound and virtuous heart of her worthiest society; often making the power and charm of the hidden and enduring worth of the English character, be suddenly felt when it was feared all was hastening to vanity and demoralization. They are images of a kind of life on which no one can look with feeling, and in earnest, without a softening and moulding of the whole man into some faint resemblance of their pure and serene beauty. The appearance of works of this character in these troublous times, gives them double value. They are as the bow in the blackened and stormy heavens, giving promise of serene weather, and telling of all the peace and loveliness that is hid behind the gathered clouds. Though we rank this memoir with those manuals of humanity which, through the affections, teach youth how to grow unto virtue, and to live with honour and usefulness, we do not mean to say that their excellent and amiable subject, a man of accomplishment and information, a man of science also—and, in one branch of natural science, enthusiastic and eminent—was either a *Cowper* or a *Heber*, although we may assert that the record of his early life will be perused with nearly equal pleasure, and with at least equal advantage, as their memoirs. *Sir James Edward Smith* is here but one of an English family group. He is the most prominent figure, but some of those by whom he is surrounded are, to our taste, quite as captivating.

The life of *Sir James Edward Smith* is chiefly unfolded by his own correspondence; though the book is edited by his widow, with the intuitive delicacy and fineness of perception, inspired by a warm and refined affection, and an unreserved, though dignified devotion to the memory of her husband, which beget a cordial sympathy in her readers. If there is fault to be found, it is with the almost overweening modesty which makes *Lady Smith* draw herself so completely into the shade, that we only obtain a transient glimpse of her through the lights reflected from the object of her proud affection. They must be stern critics who will think it a blemish in her book, that details, which indifferent readers may regard as trivial and tiresome, assume, in her sight, an immense importance from their connexion with her husband; for this is not only a feeling which does honour to her, but is the true temper in which biography should be written, if it is to be felt. It is but heartless work to compile the memoirs of a man whom one does not both love and honour. To this may be imputed the failure of several recent ambitious memoirs.

To us the early days of *Sir James Smith* are by far the most delight-

ful portion of his history ; and we are not sure but that we like the father quite as well as the son. Lady Smith labours with sufficient zeal to trace the high maternal ancestry of her husband ; so we may conclude that his sensible and excellent father had little to boast of in this way, on his side of the house. We are not told, but are led to infer, that the elder Smith, whose letters, besides proving the warmth and goodness of his heart, and the vigour of his understanding, display very considerable literary cultivation, was some sort of Norwich merchant, or tradesman. Sir James, his eldest, and for some years his only child, was born in Norwich in 1759 ; he was a delicate and sensitive child, peculiarly susceptible, both in mental and physical constitution ; diffident, timid, and, as an augury of the future botanist, fond of flowers. In after life, we are told, he seldom saw the blue flowers of the wild-succory without remembering how he had loved them in infancy. This is not quite the passionate memory of his admired Rousseau, the "*voilà le perrenche !*" but is among the connecting links which we, like to gather between the childhood and manhood of a botanist. The delicate boy was left much with his mother ; his parents seem to have been dissenters, though we do not learn of what particular denomination. They were, in all things, an estimable and well-assorted pair, in the middle ranks of the humble and yet lofty class and days of England's

Plain living and high thinking.

To their son, their first lessons were the encouragement of free independent inquiry, and the habit of exercising his judgment in the examination of every opinion, and of thinking for himself. In after life, he often expressed himself deeply indebted to his parents for cautioning him against the implicit or blind reception of unsifted opinions.

Sir James was not sent to school. At home, he acquired a correct knowledge of French and Italian, and made some progress in mathematics, though he was very backward in his Latin studies. He was, in fact, intended by his father for business, and the old gentleman had himself no particular respect for Latin prosody, or hammering at hexameters. Nor did he admire public schools ; and Lady Smith remarks, and we pray British mothers to lay it to heart,—

"In the society of well-informed, sensible parents, those hours which in a public school are frequently grievous, or unavoidably wasted, those domestic evenings which expand the heart with the understanding, and 'leave us leisure to be good,' were devoted to reading, or lessons rendered pleasing by the associations connected with them."

His father's love of reading history stole upon the boy, and, at the age of eleven or twelve, he showed a precocious power of invention, in composing a fabulous history of two races of Scottish kings. On this juvenile performance, Lady Smith dwells with amiable fondness.

"The writer is not ashamed to acknowledge, that reading the history of this ideal court, its ladies, servants, and dependents, and the satirical verses and pasquinades upon some members belonging to it, has occasionally beguiled a winter's evening very agreeably, when the company of some young friend has been the occasion of introducing the '*Paper People*,' as they were called, upon the tea-table : and at the same time his own painful recurrence to the scenes of his youthful happiness produced an enjoyment which will never return."

About the age of eighteen, the love of flowers, which young Smith had always indulged, grew into a passion for botany. The following coincidence is remarkable :—On the 9th January, 1778, he obtained the first treatise he had yet seen upon botany, Berkenhout's *Hudson's Flora* ; and on the 11th, with infinite delight, began to examine plants

scientifically. The common furze was the only plant then in flower. In examining it, "I first comprehended," he says, "the nature of systematic arrangement, and the Linnæan principles, little aware, that at that instant the world was losing the great genius who was to be my future guide; for Linnæus died on the same night."—"In an age of astrologic faith," Lady Smith remarks, "such a coincidence would have excited superstitious reflections, and the polar star of the great northern philosopher might have been supposed to shed its dying influence on his young disciple." Mr. Smith now wished his son to settle to business, as an importer of raw silk; but his love of science, and the interposition of friends, prevailed to change his destiny; and, in October 1781, his affectionate father escorted him part of the way to Edinburgh, where he commenced the study of medicine. The interest and value of these memoirs commence, and are nearly spent in the Correspondence regularly maintained between this exemplary son and his amiable family, during his residence in Edinburgh, and in his subsequent course of study and travel. The young student wrote frequently home, describing the progress of his studies, his pursuits, his friends, and amusements; beginning his epistles with the stately "Honoured Sir," sanctioned, or rather prescribed, by old-fashioned manners. "The picture of a student at our university fifty years since, becomes curious now. Dr. Hope, the Professor of Botany, was Smith's chief friend and counsellor; but he had letters of introduction to several respectable and fashionable families. He began to study Latin with Dr. Adam, paying at the rate of eight guineas a-year for private lessons, though the customary fee was a guinea a-month.

"I hope," says the young man, "you will not grudge this expense, as it is quite necessary, and you may depend on my frugality in every case where I can save money without missing any thing of real importance. Dr. Hope thinks that, with the utmost economy, I cannot spend less than £120 a-year; but I don't see how it can amount to near that." At Dr. Hope's he met Lord Mounbodo, whom he describes as "a plain-dressing elderly man, with an ordinary grey coat, leather breeches, and coarse worsted stockings. He conversed with me," he adds, "with great affability, about various matters; spoke of the great decline of classical learning in Edinburgh, and mentioned the Norfolk husbandry." Upon this the affectionate father, connecting himself, through his paternal sympathies, with whatever concerned his son, reads Lord Mounbodo's works, and makes this sensible observation: "It is amusing to see to what great heights the imaginations of some contemplative persons will carry them in fanciful hypotheses, which the Abbé Buffier aptly calls philosophical romances. In this respect, metaphysicians are a sort of knights-errant in literature, who sally out in quest of adventures in fancy's regions." What follows is still better said:—"My dear, I cannot disapprove of any expense that is useful to your pursuits, therefore I have no objection to a Latin master. Latin and Greek are necessary to your profession, in more respects than being keys to the doors of science, into any of which you may enter if you have those keys; and I should wish you to have as good ones as any body else. They should have no advantage of me in that respect; though I believe, between ourselves, there is a great deal in the parade of it besides the use. The men of learning have agreed to stamp a high value upon classical learning: it sets them out of reach of the vulgar, and of those who are their superiors in every other worldly advantage; yet I do not think it at all

sterling worth, but a great deal of it imposition." Such were the opinions of a plain strong-minded English trader, fifty years since. How very long it sometimes is before men will act upon their convictions. After saying many kind and obliging things, and, on the study of medicine, much that is acute and profound, the good father continues thus,—And how much were it to be wished that every father could safely so address his son. "You say I may depend upon your frugality in every case. I know I may, my dear; but I would not have you cramp yourself, nor deny yourself either any enjoyment or advantage on that account. I am perfectly easy; satisfied that you would not wish for what I ought to refuse."

Old Mr. Smith seems to have been a good Whig in his generation, and sometimes he gives his son a little political news; and in one place quaintly observes, "I esteem the Scotch much for their zeal for the Protestant religion; yet I think two sermons at a time rather too much. I hope their Kirks are warmer than our Churches."

From the letters of young Smith, we see something of the fashionable society of Edinburgh, as well as of scientific institutions. There is an account of a *mourning* concert for the Earl of Kelly, at which all the company appeared in *mourning*; and St. Cecilia's Hall, in which it was held, is described as a most elegant room of an oval form! This compliment is paid to Scottish manners, in reply, probably, to some inquiry that does not appear, "I do not perceive that the better sort of people are less neat here than elsewhere. I am sure, in many places where I visit, the most exquisite neatness is apparent."

Young Smith had now acquired a good knowledge of Latin, and made some progress in Greek; but better and more valuable than these languages he considered the physiological lectures of Dr. Monro. "I know," he says, "no entertainment equal to them; his remarks are so ingenious, satisfactory, and curious, that we [the students] could never be tired with hearing them." This correspondence goes on in the same strain; and after young persons have been set for their improvement to peruse the letters of Cicero to Tyro, Chesterfield's and Chatham's letters, they may still, to our thinking, find much that is more instructive in the correspondence of this plain English trader with his beloved son. We cannot refrain from giving one specimen of it.

"Norwich, Feb. 25, 1782.

"My Dear Son,

"We are all much pleased that you spend your time so agreeably, and hope nothing I have said will convey the idea that I think you too profuse in your amusements: on the contrary, as you rightly say, it is a part of your education *de vous apprivoiser à la grande foule*; besides, I look upon diversions as useful, nay necessary, to relieve your mind and renew its vigour, to exhilarate the spirits and give a zest to life, for which end the beneficent Author of our nature has given us the capacity of an almost innumerable variety of enjoyments, which are all lawful when they are expedient, when they promote our happiness and that of our friends and connexions. I look upon the promotion or production of genuine true happiness to be the surest mark of virtue, if it is not *virtue itself*. Some philosophers call a mediocrity in all things, virtue; however, that be, *medio tutissimus ibis* is an excellent maxim, and I am in no fear you should transgress; on the contrary, I would rather urge you forward to take pleasure than restrain you, for I am not in the least afraid you should go beyond what will do you real good. So, my dear, go to as many diversions as you like, see everything you can, and push forward your acquaintance with genteel, valuable people; and be not under any concern whether you spend a few pounds more or less in the year. I would not have you neglect any advantages, nor deny yourself any proper gratification for fear of swelling your expenses. Solomon says, 'There is a time to scatter, and a time to gather;' do you scatter wisely, and I will

endeavour to gather carefully, and hope I shall so far succeed as to leave a comfortable subsistence to every one that depends upon me for support. I think you had better not fix a time to leave off your tutor; 'tis impossible to tell where you may be situated, or how; and scholarship will recommend in all parts of the world. And as you have the elegancies of French and Italian, the useful Latin, with a little Greek will be desirable. God be with you and bless you, my ever-dear child!

"Your affectionate Father,

"JAMES SMITH."

To his mother, young Smith writes thus:—

"My happiness, honoured madam, in my present situation, is completed by your expressing so much happiness in my prospects, as well as my father. I cannot help considering it, as you say, peculiarly directed by the Almighty, and therefore I recur immediately to him when any gloomy ideas present themselves; as I hope I have the most perfect confidence in Him, and trust He will preserve us all to be a blessing to each other. But if He thinks fit to separate us, I hope we could acquiesce; and we know that not a single kind thought can ever be lost, or lose its reward. I have met with a number of young playfellows, as you said I should. The children of Dr. Duncan are very pretty, and remarkably sensible; and here are a sweet little boy and girl, the children of Dr. Adam, whom I often play with. Mrs. Adam is a very beautiful polite woman, and the children in perfect order; the little lass told her mamma I was 'a bonny man.' 'Ay,' says her brother, 'and a good man too!'"

In April 1782, Mr. Smith tells his father that he, in connexion with some fellow-students, had formed a society for *Natural History*; and thus incidentally he notices Dr. Hutton.

"It is accidental my not having mentioned Dr. Hutton; who is one of my best and most agreeable acquaintances, a man of the most astonishing penetration and remarkable clearness of intellects, with the greatest good humour and frankness; in short, I cannot discover in what his oddity (of which I heard so much) consists. He is a bachelor, and lives with three maiden sisters; so you may be sure the house and every thing about it is in the nicest order. I step in when I like, and drink tea with them; and the Doctor and I sometimes walk together. He is an excellent mineralogist, and is very communicative, very clear, and of a candid, though quick temper; in short, I am quite charmed with him. He has a noble collection of fossils, which he likes to show:—by the way, I do not mean to prosecute this study any further than is necessary and proper for me to be acquainted with; it requires infinite attention and labour, and there are few certain conclusions to be found. I shall endeavour to get a general knowledge of every branch of literature as it falls in my way; but believe I shall find enough to employ me in the strict line of my profession, with the two first kingdoms of nature by way of relaxation; for I am fully persuaded that an intimate acquaintance with these is not only peculiarly ornamental, but highly necessary, to form an accomplished physician, as literature now stands; and am sure the benefit I have derived, wherever I have been, and am continually deriving, from the little knowledge of this kind which I am possessed of, is greater than could have been imagined,—I mean with respect to introducing me to the literary world; for if I had been without such an introduction, I might have drudged here perhaps a couple of years before I could have done anything to have signalized myself, or have been taken half the notice of which I now am.

"I promised to give you some account of my young acquaintances. The name of the one I have contracted most intimacy with is Batty; he comes from Kirby Lonsdale, in Westmoreland."

Mr. Smith's correspondence with this young friend, who left College before him, shews all the kindly glow of a young and a good heart. He grudges that he cannot have his friend to share his pleasures—the lectures to wit,—and speaks quite touchingly of running down Robertson's close, to see the gloomy lodging where his friend had resided, and which he had often visited with a cheerful step, when it contained Batty. These young letters should serve the memory of Sir James more than his presidency, and patent of knighthood; and when we are told that these pure affections, and this glow of feeling continued with him to the last, and, "that this unsuspicious simplicity was never obliterated," we

are disposed to give him our hearts as well as our admiration. In the summer of 1782, he made a pedestrian tour to the Highlands, with some young students and Dr. Hope's son, the Doctor having recommended and advised the journey. The Doctor now frugally calculated the expenses of the youths, if out for a month, at L.3 a-head—we like to be thus minute—but Smith, reckoned upon spending L.5 or L.6. This Highland tour forms an agreeable subject for a long letter home. Smith was charmed with the city of Glasgow, with the Clyde, and Loch Lomond; and describes the Highland scenery very prettily.

Sage and steady as Mr. Smith was, he was touched with the spirit of the time. In the winter of 1782-3, he attended the lectures of Browne. There is both sense and nonsense in the following extract:—He is writing to his father—

"I really believe medicine, if it deserves the name of science at all, in its present state, is in the most barbarous condition of any science, and only now emerging from the greatest darkness and absurdity. It is commonly declared, by all practitioners, that theory is nonsense, and that experience, that is empiricism, is everything. Cullen's theory is visibly going into the same state of contempt as Boerhaave's has been reduced to, and his lectures are by no means consistent with it, though admirable as mere practical lectures. These considerations and some other have induced me to attend Browne this winter; and I am happy to have done it, for his system and view of the human economy are certainly the most philosophic of any, and are gaining ground in a wonderful manner: perhaps, however, he may have only his day. He has many of the most respectable pupils, and behaves very well to us."

As president of the Natural History Society, to which the Earl of Bute had been admitted as an honorary member, Mr. Smith received a very characteristic letter from that nobleman, ending thus grandly:—

"I entreat of you, sir, to convey to your brethren the thanks of a member of the great Republic of Letters, who, at no advanced age, begins to grow old in the service of that community which seems to have adopted him more heartily than the other." This was the community of science and letters, of course—that other, the Scottish Peerage which had just refused to elect his lordship one of their sixteen representatives.

One or two other delightful preparatory letters are exchanged between the affectionate father and grateful son, who, after a residence of two years, left Edinburgh for his home, first visiting his friend Batty.

Lady Smith indulges in a retrospect at this first pause or stage in her husband's opening career of worth and eminence, which strikes us as being very beautiful in feeling and in diction. But as his own letters are her favourite mode of delineating his character, we adhere to them. After remaining for the summer months with his proud and affectionate parents, Mr. Smith repaired to London, to prosecute his medical studies under the Hunters and Dr. Pitcairn. He lodged in the same apartments with his friend and fellow-student Batty, and tells his father, that Mr. Baillie, (the late Sir Matthew,) "is very civil to us; but we are charmed with John Hunter; he alone is worth coming to live in London for." As in Edinburgh Sir James here gained the friendship of his medical teachers, though Natural History seems to have engaged, even then, much more of his affections than medicine. He frequented the house of Sir Joseph Banks; and hearing that the son of Linnæus having recently died, his father's collection and library were to be disposed of, he anxiously applied to his generous parent to make the purchase for him, which was to be the foundation of fame and fortune. The price was fixed at 1000 guineas. Sorry we are that we cannot transcribe the whole

of the sensible and affectionate letter of the kind but thoughtful father to this eager appeal of his enthusiastic son. "Had I but you," he says, "I had not hesitated one moment; every shilling of mine should be at your devotion, to serve any good purpose, and your dear mother would be as contented as I could be to live upon the moderate income of our real estate, till it pleased Providence to withdraw us from the world." The young man ultimately succeeded; and the purchase, which proved in every way advantageous, was happily completed. The history of it is somewhat prolix; but this was an important era in the life of her husband, and Lady Smith naturally lingers on a transaction which so powerfully influenced his future life. He hired apartments in Paradise Row, Chelsea, where he deposited his magnificent acquisition, and was assisted by Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Dryander in arranging it. From this time, it may be said, that Sir James gave himself up to Botany, and began to compose his Botanical works; but he also went to Leyden, instead of Edinburgh, to continue his general studies.

From this place, besides writing to his parents, he corresponded with several newly acquired friends, lovers of Natural History; and among others, Dr. Goodenough, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, with whom a friendship, cemented by their common attachment to botany and natural science, continued unabated till death divided them. In the Bishop's correspondence we find nothing of much interest; and, for our own part, we could easily have spared full three-fourths of the letters. The Doctor's humility, after attaining episcopal honours, and the pains he takes to set his friend at ease, by assuring him that these dignities have not inordinately puffed him up, nor impaired their ancient friendship, are amusing. These epistles answer another purpose. They shew what an easy, comfortable office is that of a Bishop of the 19th century. The mitre gave Dr. Goodenough, who certainly was a respectable, and even liberal dignitary, more leisure to watch plants and collect insects. Of the fatigues of legislation he complains moderately, of late hours, and of being pent up in the smoke of London, during the sitting of Parliament. Some persons will think it advisable to relieve the bishops from such incongruous toils and fatiguing duties.

Sir James, after leaving Leyden, made a long tour on the Continent, an account of which he published on his return, under the title of "Sketch of a Tour on the Continent." He had previously published "Dissertation on the Sexes of Plants," and "Reflections on the Studies of Nature." His picture, sent to his father, of the Court of Versailles, in 1786, is not very remarkable in any way. He does not seem to have viewed anything there *en beau*. The King, he saw; the Queen was in bed. The daubing of the ladies' cheeks, in the most refined court of the world, he describes as a European traveller might the ornaments and personal decorations of the beauties of an African or Otaheitean royal circle. But comparison would be a libel on the natural good taste of the islanders. "Nature," he says, "is quite out of the question." So indeed it was in many things there besides cheek-daubing. "Old hags," (thus the young Englishman speaks of the *élite* of the Court, and of the Fauxbourg St. Germain,)—"old hags, ugly beyond what you can conceive, for we have a very inadequate idea of what an ugly woman is in England, are dressed like girls in the most tawdry colours, and have on each cheek a broad daub of the highest pink crayon, or something like it. The King is a pretty good person; rather fat, his countenance agreeable. He had some prodigiously fine diamonds. \* \* \* \* \* In a little shabby



apartment in the Benedictines Anglois, lies poor James II., under a rusty black pall and tattered escutcheon, waiting to be carried back to England! So very deplorable a spectacle softened my contempt into pity." The most agreeable of Sir James's Continental letters is one in which the traveller gives a lady an account of his visit to the tomb of Rousseau. It will be read with great interest even now. It places the character of Rousseau in a fairer, and, we have no doubt, a truer light, than most contemporary accounts of his latter years and days, and disproves the story of his suicide, so zealously spread by the enemies of this extraordinary and misrepresented man. Sir James first visited Chantilly, and thence, he says, he and his companion had a romantic ride of eight miles, through the forest, to Ermenonville.

"We arrived about dusk, and put up at a little inn, where the present Emperor, and the King of Sweden had been accommodated before us. The landlord knew Rousseau, and spoke of him with the greatest esteem. The day of his death this man saw him about seven o'clock botanizing; he complained of having had a sleepless night, from the headach. Before ten he was dead. Water was found collected in his head. Our landlord preserves his snuff-box, and the shoes in which he died; they have wooden soles and straw tops. One of his admirers has written something on the box; and another has written on the shoes, that he was proud to inscribe his name *sur la simple chaussure d'un homme qui ne marchoit jamais que dans le sentier de la vertu.*"

"The next morning being very fine, we rose at six, and had a most enchanting ramble through the gardens of Monsieur le Marquis de Girardin, which form a striking contrast with those of Chantilly, being laid out in the most romantic style, what the French call à l'Angloise. They consist of about eight hundred acres, a great part of which are wild woods, and rocky hills and dales, as wild as the highlands of Scotland. We first passed a beautiful cascade, and went along a winding path through a wood by the side of the lake, from time to time meeting with inscriptions disposed with great judgment. We took a boat to go to the Island of Poplars, honoured with the ashes of Rousseau. His tomb is elegantly simple, of white stone; on one side is a piece of sculpture representing a mother of a family reading *Emilius*, with other emblems; the other is inscribed '*L'homme de la Nature et de la Verité.*' He desired to be buried in the garden, and the Marquis chose this spot. I shall not attempt to describe to you what I felt on seeing and touching this tomb. I brought away some moss from its top for you."

"In another Island near it is a lesser monument, over a German who taught the Marquis's children drawing; and being a Protestant, could not be buried in consecrated ground. Hence we passed by some inscriptions in honour of Virgil, Thomson, Shenstone, and some others, to the Temple of Modern Philosophy, an unfinished building; on each of the pillars already erected is inscribed the name of some great man, with a word expressive of what he excelled in: thus to Voltaire is given, *ridicule*; to Rousseau, *nature*; to Priestly, *air*; to Franklin, *thunder*, &c. &c. On an unfinished column is written in Latin, 'Who will complete this?' This temple overlooks the lake; near it is an hermitage embosomed in a wood. From this spot we went to some simple wooden buildings, where every Sunday the Marquis and his lady amuse themselves with having the neighbouring peasants dance, &c., on the plan described in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. The woods around them are very fine; and after passing through them we came to a solitary elm-tree, on which the Marquis has written, '*Le voici cet orme heureux où ma Louise a regu ma foi.*' From hence is an immense prospect, finely varied with fields, woods, and water. Descending the hill among heath and juniper, we came to two charming Italian inscriptions by the Marquis, which lead to a rock on which Rousseau has engraven, with his own knife, '*Julie.*' I have some moss for you from this very rock. Ascending another hill we came to the House of Rousseau, a little hut so called, in which he wrote several verses; for he often used to visit it during the short time of his residing here, which was only six weeks before his death, although he often used to come to Ermenonville with the Marquis's family before. Of his dwelling-house I shall speak hereafter. Within this hut is written, '*Jean Jacques est immortel.*' From it is another fine view; it stands among craggy rocks."

"Descending into another valley, we went by the water side through groves and across a meadow to the tower of *la belle Gabrielle d'Estrees*, who was mistress to

Henry IV. Tradition says this garden was their first place of rendezvous, which occasioned the Marquis to build this tower; it is in the Gothic style, and ornamented with trophies and verses. Among the rest is the very armour which belonged to a faithful follower of Henry IV., whose name I forget, and who passing through the street where that prince was murdered, a few days after that event, fell down in an agony of grief, and died the next day.

"Passing by a pretty grotto, by the side of a bubbling fountain of the finest water I ever saw, we at length arrived at Rousseau's garden, one of the sweetest spots I ever beheld, quite sequestered, and planted in the most romantic style; it chiefly consists of an irregular lawn, surrounded with a variety of trees and shrubs, and ornamented with flowers, but apparently all in a state of nature; nor is the hand of art to be traced at all, except in the beautiful velvet of the turf. On a tree is an inscription, signifying that there Jean Jacques used, often to retire, to admire the works of nature, to feed his favourite birds, and play with the Marquis's children. Near this spot is a house intended for his dwelling, but he died before it was finished; 'tis a comfortable cottage, with a little garden of flowers before it, and is embosomed in apple-trees, vines, &c. In a small arched building, near it, the Marquis at first intended to have buried Rousseau, but changed his mind. From this place we soon reached the front of the house opposite to that whence we set out, and our delightful tour was at an end.

"I think you will not be displeased at my giving you so particular an account of it, so I make no apology for the length of my letter; but I have more to tell you,

"Hearing that the widow of Rousseau was living at a place not far out of our road to Paris, and that many strangers visited her, we felt a strong desire to do the same; but had some fears lest we should discover something in her which might excite disagreeable sensations, and even perhaps lessen our veneration for her husband; for we heard that she had been his servant, and after having lived with him in that capacity ten years, he said to her '*Ma bonne amie*, I am satisfied with your fidelity, and wish I could make you an adequate return.' I have nothing to give you but my heart. If you think that worth having, it is yours.' They were married; and lived to other sixteen years afterwards very comfortably. She was several years younger than her husband. At last curiosity prevailed, and we went to see her. She received us with the greatest politeness, and appeared much pleased with our visit; spoke in the most becoming manner of her husband, and readily answered every question I put to her. What I principally learned from her was as follows:—The character of Julia was drawn from Madame Bois de la Tour of Lyons, a lady still living, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Rousseau often spent a great deal of time; she has a large family, and is the admiration of all who know her. The story of Julia has not, however, any connexion with hers. How far that is founded in truth, Mr. Rousseau said, was only known to its author. The idea that Ermenouville was the scene of it, or that the real father of Julia lived there, is without foundation. She assured me that the Confessions of Rousseau were really all of his own writing. She confided the manuscript to the Marquis de Glandieu, who expunged several names and anecdotes relating to people still living, but against her consent; for she thought the whole ought to have been published as the author left it. I think more ought to have been expunged, at least the name of Madame de Wapens ought to have been kept secret.

"We asked her which was the best portrait of Rousseau. She showed us a plaster bust, which was cast from his face a few hours after death, and which, she said, resembled him exactly. The expression of the face, as well as its form, is vastly superior to that of any likeness of him I ever saw. There is great serenity in the countenance, and much sensibility. The mouth is uncommonly beautiful."

This is a very different account of Rousseau and Therese from many of those we have been accustomed to receive; and it should be remembered that the writer was upon the spot, and the death of the *Man of Nature* and of *Truth* then very recent.

The tourist continued his journey through the South of France, and went by sea from Marseilles to Genoa. His letters, addressed alternately to his father or mother, continue the narrative of his tour through the principal Italian cities. His introductions from London and Paris procured him the acquaintance of the principal literary and scientific men in the places he visited, and of most of them he speaks with warm esteem. He was at Rome during the Carnival, saw the Pretender there, and at Naples, saw that other old lion, Sir William Hamilton. The replies

these letters draw from home might, on many points, have been written yesterday. His father tells him of the Norwich election, and the rivalry of the two Whig candidates, Mr. Hobart and Mr. Beevor. What follows is among those transparent truths, which people who tuck their head under their wings, are so often astonished to see other folks have discovered. "As the dispute was not upon the ground of political principles, for both candidates professed the same, that is, Whiggism, and an attachment to the present Ministry, I wondered to see them so eager; but as it was for power and interest, and which of the two factions should rule, I ought to have known that the corruption of the present age would be as zealous as the principles of the last. \* \* \* \* The day that was to terminate the dispute proved good weather, and every room in the market was filled with well-dressed ladies, fluttering their white handkerchiefs out of the windows, with a favour in the corner." The political opinions of the worthy old gentleman himself were of a good school. It is delightful to find him reading such histories or books of travels as enabled him to track his son across the Alps, and among the many objects of art and antiquity which Sir James visited; and yet more satisfactory to hear him say;—"I am reading Milton, (the prose works,) with great reverence and pleasure. \* \* \* I never met so nervous an opposer of temporal and spiritual tyranny, as far as I have yet gone in the books. \* \* \* The work is an invaluable gem in your library. As to the people of England, what with factions, plundering and being plundered, and luxury, they seem dead to their true interests, nay, to their safety."

Sir James made a short visit to Switzerland, and returned, through Savoy, to Paris, from whence he came home, and in the following year, published his tour, which his lady believes, and justly, is less known than it deserves to be. She says, "she feels she shall be treated with indulgence, if she speaks with enthusiasm of the volumes which first disclosed to her knowledge the taste and character of their author;" and the feeling is too amiable and sacred to be lightly regarded, although it rested on a slighter foundation than the refinement which pervaded the character of her husband, "and gave a charm to his domestic habits, and social pleasures, which stood in place of the luxuries of fortune, and surpassed them."

Early in 1788, Sir James removed from Chelsea to London, to commence medical practitioner in the Metropolis, saying to his father, at the same time,—"You may depend on it, natural history will always be the main object of my life, and; I doubt not, you will be thankful that I have so noble a one. I rely on this to give me real lasting honour, and to make me useful to mankind, through ages when I am no more." These were noble aspirations with which to begin life. And now we must again revert to the father, conceiving the illustration which these volumes afford of the ties of blood and affection, rightly understood, and manfully and generously acted upon, as their highest merit. At this new and momentous era in his professional life, his father thus addresses him:—

"I am proud of the light you stand in; and every advance you make to fame lifts my heart with transport, and I want only to give you an independent fortune to make me perfectly happy: but as I cannot do that, nor any thing like it, I must repeat, my dear James, that a determination to depend upon yourself and to be your own master is so consonant to my own disposition, that it gives me great pleasure. I believe it springs from a better principle than pride in both of us, the love of dear

Liberty, which is the birth-right of every individual of mankind, and has my strongest affection. I wish to see her universally enjoyed, and therefore must most earnestly desire it may be the portion of each of my dear children. Would to God I may be able to leave every one of them in a condition to possess it in a rational, virtuous degree!"

Sir James, at last, realized his fondest desires, by the establishment of a Linnæan society, of which he was chosen president, his treasures forming its wealth. Its first meeting was held at his house on the 8th April, 1788. "Thus," says his affectionate editor, "Sir James cheerfully abandoned the promise of a lucrative professional life to become the leader of a band of naturalists, who should follow in the steps of the immortal Linnaeus." He gave regular lectures on botany and zoology, and was well and fashionably attended.

After his return to London, and when he had, for some time, been a fashionable lecturer, Sir James, by an accidental circumstance, or an opportune introduction, obtained the honour of—*conversing*, is the term—with Queen Charlotte and her daughters, on the elements of botany and zoology—and was highly flattered by a distinction which he soon forfeited. In one of Miss Edgeworth's novels, a young, low-born aspirant for the honour of an introduction to her Majesty's drawing-room, forfeits or impedes her chances, so dexterously manœuvred for by her courtier patroness, from unfortunately subscribing for a Whig pamphlet, and having her name on the obnoxious list; but Sir James was guilty of deeper offence, and forfeited his high privilege of *conversing* with Majesty about insects and flowers, in a very simple way. More and more charmed "by the benignity and cultivated understandings of the principal personages," Sir James was in the way of becoming as much of a courtier as a philosopher need be, when he seems to have abruptly received his *congé*. Some unlucky passage in his *Tout* had been represented as "injurious, in these times, to crowned heads." It was now 1791. "A passage, in which he eulogized Rousseau, was regarded as hostile to religion, virtue, and loyalty." Sir James was deeply concerned at the Royal wrath; and assuredly went far enough, when he represented what he says of Rousseau "rather as an *apology* than *eulogium*." What he said offensively of Marie Antoinette, he manfully vindicates, as the most favourable apology consistent with the regard due to truth, and the sacred interests of virtue, that he could make.\* One epithet he regretted,—he had called the Queen by the ugly name of Messalina, which the Court of the Prince Regent and of George IV. afterwards delighted to hear applied to the daughter-in-law of Queen Charlotte. Sir James had caught the spirit of the liberals of the time, and too readily credited the brutal calumnies propagated against the private character of the Queen of France, who committed great and dangerous political faults, though she was certainly free of the gross vices imputed to her.\*

\* In the MEMOIRS OF LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH, which are about to appear, and which are said to have been written by the King himself, that Prince sagaciously says, or is made to say, that there was no reason either for the infatuation or calumny of which his sister-in-law was alternately the object. He means, we presume, that the Austrian Princess, with a strong temper, and a *mediocre* understanding, was no more the fitting subject of the chivalrous raptures of Burke, than of the brutal and obscene slanders, which, he asserts, were traced home to the courtiers themselves. The libellers of the Queen were neither the People nor the Men of Letters. They were, according to Louis XVIII., the Dukes d'Aiguillon and St. Florentin, the Rohans, and the Noailles, and other angry and disappointed persons around the unhappy Queen.

It is but justice to the memory of Sir James Smith to give at full length the obnoxious passages in his *Tour*, which lost him the grace and patronage of Queen Charlotte.

"Of her political faults during her prosperity, I presume not to form an idea; for who could dive into the intricacies of one of the most intriguing of all courts? Her subsequent conduct, her plots, as they are called, her *treason* against her oppressors, none that can put themselves into her situation will wonder at or blame. Her private faults I will not palliate. They were but too well known, when she was in a situation that might be supposed out of the reach of all justice, except the divine; but they will not fail now to be blackened, no doubt, where that can be done. Let it, however, be remembered, that the state prisons revealed no secrets to the dishonour of this unfortunate Queen, no victims of her jealousy or resentment, though they were often filled with these of the worthless mistresses of former kings. The canting Madam Maintenon spared no pains to entrap and to confine for life a Dutch bookseller, who had exposed her character: but Marie Antoinette took not the least vengeance of the most lucrative things, written and published by persons within her own power.

"With respect to the character of Rousseau, about which the opinion of the world is so much divided, I have found it improve on a near examination. Every one who knew him speaks of him with the most affectionate esteem, as the most friendly, unaffected and modest of men, and the most unassuming in conversation. Enthusiastically fond of the study of Nature, and of Linnaeus as the best interpreter of her works, he was always warmly attached to those who agreed with him in this taste. The amiable and accomplished Lady\* to whom his letters on Botany were addressed, concurs in this account, and holds his memory in the highest veneration. I have ventured to ask her opinion upon some unaccountable actions in his life, and especially about those misanthropic horrors and suspicions which embittered his latter days. She seemed to think the last not entirely groundless; but still, for the most part, to be attributed to a something not quite right in his mind, for which he was to be pitied, not censured. Her charming daughter showed me a collection of dried plants, made and presented to her by Rousseau, neatly pasted on small writing-paper, and accompanied with their Linnaean names and other particulars.

"Botany seems to have been his most favourite amusement in the latter part of life; and his feelings with respect to this pursuit are expressed with that energy and grace so peculiarly his own, in his letter to Linnaeus, the original of which I preserve as an inestimable relic. I need offer no apology to the candid and well-informed reader for this minuteness of anecdote concerning so celebrated a character. Those who have only partial notions of Rousseau, may perhaps wonder to hear that his memory is cherished by any well-disposed minds. To such I beg leave to observe, that I hold in a very subordinate light that beauty of style and language, those golden passages, which will immortalize his writings; and a faint resemblance of which is the only merit of some of his enemies. I respect him as a writer eminently favourable on the whole to the interests of humanity, reason, and religion. Wherever he goes counter to any of these, I as freely dissent from him; but do not on that account throw all his works into the fire. As the best and most religious persons of my acquaintances are among his warmest admirers, I may perhaps be biased in my judgment; but it is certainly more amiable to be misled by the fair parts of a character, than to make its imperfections a pretence for not admiring or profiting by its beauties. Nor can any defects or inconsistencies in the private character of Rousseau depreciate the refined moral and religious principles with which his works abound. Truth is truth wherever it comes from. No imperfections of humanity can discredit a noble cause; and it would be madness to reject Christianity, for instance, either because Peter denied Christ, or Judas betrayed him.

"It will be hard to meet with a more edifying or more consolatory lecture on religion than the death-bed of Julia. Her character is evidently intended as a model in this respect. By that, then, we should judge of its author, and not by fretful doubts and petulant expressions, the sad fruits of unjust persecution, and of good intentions misconstrued.

"Nor would it be difficult to produce, from the works of Rousseau, a vast majority of passages directly in support of Christianity itself, compared with what are supposed hostile to it. It is notorious that he incurred the ridicule of Voltaire, for ex-

\* Madame de Lescart.

alting the character and death of Jesus above that of Socrates. 'But he was insidious, and he disbelieved miracles,' says his opponents. If he believed Christianity without the assistance of miracles to support his faith, is it a proof of his infidelity? If he was insidious, that is his own concern. • I have nothing to do with hidden meanings or mystical explanations of any book, certainly not of the writings of so ingenious and perspicuous an author as Rousseau. Unfortunately for him, the whole tenour of those writings has been too hostile to the prevailing opinions, or at least to the darling interests of those in authority among whom he lived; for Scribes and Pharisees are never wanting to depress every attempt at improving or instructing the world, and the greatest heresy and most unpardonable offence is always that of *being* in the right. For this cause, having had the honour of feeling the vengeance of all ranks of tyrants and bigots, from a king or bishop of France, to a paltry magistrate of Berne, or a Swiss pastor, he was obliged to take refuge in England. Here he was received with open arms, being justly considered as the martyr of that spirit of investigation and liberty which is the basis of our constitution, and on which alone our reformed religion depends. He was caressed and entertained by the best and most accomplished people, and experienced in a particular manner the bounty of our present amiable sovereign.

"One cannot but lament, that one of the most eminent, and I believe virtuous, public characters of that day, should of late have vainly enough attempted to compliment the same sovereign, by telling him he came to the crown in contempt of his people, should have held up a Messalina for public veneration, and become the calumniator of Rousseau!

"It is, indeed, true, that a certain morbid degree of sensibility and delicacy, added to the inequalities of a temper broken down by persecution and ill health, made Rousseau often receive apparently well-meant attentions with a very bad grace. Yet, from most of the complaints of this Lind, which I have heard from the parties immediately concerned, I very much suspect he was not unfrequently in the right. But supposing him to have been to blame in all these instances, they occurred posterior to his most celebrated publications. Was it not very unjust, therefore, for those who had patronized and extolled him for those publications, to vent their animosity against *them* for any thing in *his* conduct afterwards?

"Far be it from me, however, to attempt a full justification of his writings. I only contend for the generally good intention of their author. The works themselves must be judged by impartial posterity. I merely offer my own sentiments; but I offer them freely, scornng to disguise my opinion, either because infidels have praised Rousseau into their service, or because the un candid and the dishonest have traduced him falsely, not daring to declare the real cause of their aversion,—his virtuous sincerity."

Though his Tour lost Sir James the favour of Queen Charlotte, it gained him some valuable friends. Among these was Colonel Johnes of Hafod, a name familiar in the gossiping literary history of the last thirty years, and distinguished as, that of the translator of Froissart. The visits of Sir James to Hafod, and his descriptions of that splendid place and its inmates, make an agreeable section of his memoirs. His first visit was made in 1795; and in the following year, a second was undertaken, in company with Lady Smith, then, we presume, newly married. She was charmed with the beauty of this romantic seat, and with its preiding genius.

In the previous year, Sir James lost his excellent father, of whom he justly says, "There never was a more honest, sensible, judicious man, or excellent parent." In the church of St. Peter's, Norwich, his inscription to the memory of this affectionate father may now be seen. His mother survived till 1820, when, in a letter to his friend, Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, he mentions, that "She fell asleep so happily as never to have known what death was: nor did she ever know the fear of it. Her religion was of the most cheerful kind; no gloom, no uncharitableness, had any share in it. I had been in the habit of almost daily calls, to chat a minute or two with her, and I miss her with a degree of sadness I did not expect."

Among the most agreeable of the correspondents of Sir James, is a young Swiss gentleman, Mr. Davall of Orbe, enthusiastic in his love of botany, and nature, and of their high priest in England. His letters are highly pleasing.

Lecturing, composing his works, and extending his scientific correspondence, the life of Sir James passed smoothly on. One of his works was dedicated to the Marchioness of Rockingham, and a *Most Honourable* letter is received from her, delicately expressive of her alarm at some terrible blunder in the style of address, lest offence be given to noble Duchesses by an infringement of their exclusive honours and rights. Lady Smith has been over-anxious for the preservation and promulgation of these testimonials of the nobility; nor can we help noticing, to the credit of his tact, that Sir James seems to have known the full value of female patronage.

After his marriage, he removed to Hammersmith to be near the nurseries, but spent the greater part of every year in Norwich, going to London to deliver his lectures. He also lectured on botany in other large towns in England, still going on with his own periodical works, and his contributions to those published by different booksellers.

By 1811, Sir James had so far overcome the bad odour of his Tour of 1788, that he received the honour of knighthood.

The miscellaneous correspondence which occupies so much of these volumes, would bear to be sifted and much diminished; yet there are interspersed many agreeable letters from Roscoe, from a warm-hearted Irish friend, named Caldwell, and from other persons eminent in science or in rank. Among the best of the letters of the remaining part of the work, is one from himself to Mrs. Cobbold, vindicating Mrs. Barbauld's poem, entitled "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven," which gave so much offence in certain High-Church and High-Tory quarters, that we believe, a Scottish literary lady was moved to put her pen in shaft against the Barbauld heresies. Mrs. Cobbold was indignant at the praises lavished upon America by the poetess, a subject on which no Tory can keep his temper quietly; and, at the deprecation of the war. Sir James vindicates the poetess with energy and fervour, and, it is very probable, shared her views. He, however, concludes very kindly; "Now, my dear friend, forget all party, and be (not a *false*, but) a *true* Christian philosopher, take this excellent woman to your heart as a congenial spirit; for if you knew her as well as I do, I will do you the justice to believe you would love and admire her as much."

In 1818 Sir James was induced to offer himself a candidate for the botanical chair of Cambridge, though neither a member of the University, nor of the Church of England, and though holding opinions materially opposed to the Church creed. His peculiar tenets may be given in his own words, and those of his editor, for we are rather at a loss how to designate them. They were those:—

"That a man can be no Christian, *as to faith*, who does not judge for himself; nor, *as to practice*, who does not allow others to do so without presuming to censure or to hinder them.

"His opinions were formed from the same source whence many, with equal sincerity, derive very different ones. His creed was the New Testament, and he read it as a celebrated divine recommends; that is, 'as a man would read a letter from a friend, in the which he doth only seek after what was his friend's mind and meaning, not what he can put upon his words.'

"He was a firm believer in the divine mission of Jesus Christ; and, in maintaining the doctrine of the strict unity of God, as one of the truths our great Master was commissioned to teach, he considered his opinion truly apostolical.

" 'I look up,' he says, in a letter to a friend, 'to one God, and delight in referring all my hopes and wishes to him; I consider the doctrine and example of Christ as the greatest blessing God has given us, and that his character is the most perfect and lovely we ever knew, except that of God himself. This is my religion; I hope it is not unsound.'

"Let it not be supposed that Sir James was indifferent to opinions, and considered all systems equally good; on the contrary, he preserved his own through good report and evil report, and no temptation of interest ever made him swerve one moment from the maintenance and vindication of those he had adopted: but among these, the first was *charity*; exclusiveness he considered as the very characteristic of Antichrist and pride. There was no sect of Christians, among the good and sincere, with whom he could not worship the Great Spirit to whom all look up, enter into their views, excuse what he might consider as their prejudices, and respect their piety; and whether it were in the pope's chapel, or the parish church, he felt the social glow,

'To gaw, together to the kirk,  
And altogether pray;  
Where each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay.'

The affection he thus felt for others, he in general had the happiness of finding reciprocal, 'for love must owe its origin to love.' No one had less of a sectarian spirit: nor did he ever attempt to make converts, except to Christian charity."

After this it is almost unnecessary to say that his attempt to obtain the botanical chair at Cambridge was unsuccessful. This good and amiable man died in March 1828, after the illness of a single day. His character is summed up by Lady Smith, with the natural leanings of affection; and it is impossible it should be otherwise, though nothing is said that is not warranted by the whole tenor of the life of her husband, and by the documents and correspondence placed before us. And her estimate is exceeded by the praises of his other friends. We shall give but one sample, and in her own words. "Of the poor and humble it gave him heartfelt pleasure to enter into their scanty pleasures, their little vanity, or even weakness; but the knowledge of the sacrifices they made to humanity and duty, of their kindnesses to each other, their fortitude in distress, melted his heart, and willingly would he have wiped all tears from their eyes. He truly felt that "God hath made of one blood all the families of the earth;" and his benevolent sympathies extended to the whole human race.

Having so high an opinion of the moral tendency of the early memoirs of Sir James Edward Smith, and being so much pleased with the amiable and tender spirit, in which his editor, has fulfilled her task, it may seem ungracious to whisper, at parting, that the work is far too bulky, that it contains much that is of little importance, and a great deal that is of none whatever. Nor is the arrangement what it might be, nor the narrative clearly developed. We should certainly also have liked to have seen a little more of the fire-side of a man, who at college, filled us with so much interest of a familiar and domestic kind. The youth who wrote so delightfully *home*, and to Kindersley his cousin, and Batty his friend, could not all at once lose this faculty. If the modesty of the writer has kept back letters, because addressed to herself, we are sorry for it. A few more of Sir James' own familiar letters were worth all the complimentary epistles in the volumes, and of these we have scarce one after his return to England in 1787. Still we owe Lady Smith thanks and gratitude for having given us so much that is instructive, and of most winning example; in the history of her husband, and in the character of his parents.



## ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DANDO, THE OSTRACIDE.

The subject of the following verses having become "better known than *trusted*," among the proprietors of coffee-shops and eating-houses in the metropolis, was fain to make a predatory excursion, a few months before his death, into Kent; and to gratify his *taste* for ocean delicacies, confined his esurient researches to the principal towns along the coast. Here the fresh sea-breezes gave a keener edge (if possible) to his inordinate appetite,—by the *unlawful* indulgence of which he frequently committed himself, and was as *frequently committed* by the civil magistrates,—until at length he was *arrested*, once for all, in his career of gastronomical glory, by the unrelenting bailiff who makes his caption at the suit of nature, and whose prison is the grave. To this circumstance alone we may ascribe the preservation of the *native tribes* (of oysters!) from total extinction.

"Ever eating, never cloying,  
All-devouring, all-destroying."

Dando was won't to exclaim, with ancient Pistol,—“The world's mine oyster,” &c.—and oysters indeed to him were the *dearest* objects to him in the world; albeit he contrived to obtain *for nothing* the enormous quantities he consumed of them. But since he has paid the debt of nature, although unable to discharge any other of his debts, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

Oh, death! what havoc in this world you make!  
From kings to cobblers,—nay below the last,—  
Now from his throne an emperor you shake,  
Anon a beggar sinks before the blast;  
What though of health incessant care we take,  
And bleed, or blister, physic, feed, or fast;  
’Tis all the same to you, who cut us short all,  
For I suspect that even *I* am mortal!

Dando’s defunct,—the chief of sponging caitiffs,—  
How will the cook-shop keepers all *deplore*!  
Who saw him oft astonish so the *natives*—  
Scores upon scores,—and never pay his *score*:  
An idler,—yet the first of oper-atives,—  
Who, when his work was done, still long’d for more—  
To plunge in pepper, vinegar, and mustard,  
Then *bolt*—as would an alderman a custard!

Yet though his thoughts were always on his belly,  
Dando, at times, evinced *poetic taste*,—  
Lamb he devour’d, and his delight was *Shelley*,  
Gloated on *Crabbe*, and sometimes *Sprat* embraced:  
Though little versed in *rhymes* of L. E. L., he  
Could give his L. O. U.—for that I’ve traced—  
And when he’d banqueted on sweetest *soles*,  
He always loved to wash them down with *Bowles*!

Milton to him was aye an honour’d name,—  
But there are *Milton oysters*,—which explains it;  
*Chaucer* he thought well merited his fame;  
And *Cowley* had the charm that always gains it;  
*Boileau*, though French, put forth a potent claim,  
But Doctor *Kitchener’s* (and who arraigns it?)  
Still was the spell that made the rest seem *flummery*;  
He *dress’d a devil*—better than *Montgomery*!

“Say, what is *taste*?”—he said, with *aching side*, †  
When to his straining optics once appear’d,—  
In a snug cook-shop, which hot joints supplied,—  
A dish that brought the water o’er his beard,  
“Say what is *taste*?—I’ll try,—though scallions chide”—  
So in he popp’d, and his intestines cheer’d;  
But when he’d pick’d the bone, off ran the glutton,  
And gave but *leg-bail* for the *leg of mutton*!

Yet seldom this impunity he found,—  
When thus to break his fast he broke the law,—  
Has been, for eating lobsters, in *Lob’s pound*; ‡  
Though sometimes he got off, and with a *claw*! (clat.)

\* Author of “Satan,” a poem.

† Akenaic.

‡ A subsidiary limb, for the damned poor!

By magistrates in gaol he hath been bound,  
Because a *maw*-solemn was his *maw*,—  
Entombing fish, flesh, fowl, in spacious rooms,  
Within his paunch's boundless catacombs !

In vain would prudence with his craving cope,—  
A satisfied appearance he could sham ill ;  
Nor would he *fast* for Perceval,—if Pope,—  
Whenever he could break through hunger's trammel :  
He ne'er believed that *Pleasures dwell with Hope*,  
And, sooner than such lays, he'd bolt a *camel*,—  
Old Sherry's dramas,—though beneath the turf he's,—  
Not much could move him, but he relish'd *Murphy's*.\*

Though not a *great* philosopher he was,  
He'd heard of *comets*, and a monstrous *tale* he  
Had deem'd our sages' theories and laws,—  
Fictitious, though sublime, like songs of Bayley :  
Yet he was always *making out the cause* !  
Add when his face I saw, I thought 'twas *Paley* ;  
But he abhor'd a *Lock(e)*, or I'm mistaken,  
Near any library that held *his Bacon* !<sup>†</sup>

'Tis true, he thought but little of philosophy ;  
Piscivorous was his craving, and he sought  
(I do not mean to offer an apology)  
Where he might batten on a feast unbought :  
Perhaps he then was studying conchology,  
And oyster-eating was a *help*,—he thought ;  
But this I know, he had not vow'd in cloisters  
To lead a life austere, eschewing oysters.

Oh, it would cheer the *cockles* of his heart,  
And set the *muscles* of his jaws in motion,  
To see as many as might fill a cart  
Of those delicious denizens of ocean !  
When once set down, he knew not to depart,  
Nor had he of repletion the least notion,  
Devouring all he saw,—'twas really cruel,—  
But oysters to his appetite were fuel.

Yes, oysters ever were his fav'rite fare,  
Of which for lunch, 'tis doubtful, if a dollar a  
Sufficiency could purchase for this spare,  
Gaunt epicure, whose stomach so intolerable  
Would demand a barrel for his share,  
And stuff in stern defiance of the cholera !  
His thoughts were constantly, and eke his wishes,—  
Just like a statesman's,—on the loaves and fishes !

Rejoice, testaceous tremblers ! ope your lips,  
And show the shining pearls that lie between ;  
Whose snowy lustre can so far eclipse  
The dental masticators of a queen :  
No more your foe shall take his coastwise trip,—  
With maw insatiate,—yet with looks so lean,—  
To banquet on six bushels, for a meal,  
At Hythe or *Dover*,—where he ate a *Deal* !

I've often grieved to think how many fears  
Disturb'd your oozy rest beneath the waters,  
Which rose, like spring-tides, with your *bring* tides,  
Anticipating Dando's daily slaughters :  
But hush your apprehensions, little dears !  
The *gourmand's* gone,—with stomach like an otter's,—  
So (of his yarn since Atropos the threads  
Hath cut) you may *sleep easy on your beds* !

\* Query—Murphy's Plays, or *Murphics*, à la *potatoes*.<sup>†</sup>

## THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND.

BEFORE this article reaches our readers, the result of nearly all the Irish elections will have been known, and conjecture as to the effective strength of the various parties will therefore have been superseded by certainty. A short statement, however, of the nature, objects, and means of those parties will not be useless. While it forms a necessary preparation for any future observations on Ireland, it will have its value even for the past. The ground occupied by the contending armies during the elections will be understood, and many perplexities and apparent contradictions will be cleared up, as soon as the position of each is delineated.

There are at present in Ireland three great parties—the Conservative-Orange ; the Government, or *Juste Milieu* ; and the People. The object of the first, however absurd it may appear, is the recovery of their ancient ascendancy. For this they sometimes praise, and for this they always oppose the Government. According as they perceive the Government incline towards themselves, or, staggered by the weight of public opinion, adopt a more rational and honourable policy, their organs flatter or denounce it. When the Yeomanry were armed, when the tithe war commenced, when a county was placed under the *Peace Preservation Act*, as it is wittily termed, they were soothed into a sort of sullen approval ; but when any symptoms of deference to general opinion appear, when any attempt is made to heal ancient party divisions, they stun Heaven with clamour, and pour every sort of abuse upon the devoted heads of the Ministers. It is not, however, to be imagined, that in their most cordial moods of gratitude they would not dash out the brains of the present government. On the contrary, their hatred knows no ebb. Instinct tells them that a Whig government must often bow to the declared sense of the nation, and that the very support they receive from it is in the teeth of all its principles and professions for the last fifty years. While, therefore, they accept favours from it, all their force, either secretly or openly, is directed to its overthrow. Reform never can be forgiven ; but the very announcement of a real revision of the Church Establishment has driven them nearly frantic. “ War to the knife,” is their motto at present,—“ Overthrow the government at all hazards, —the Tories must come in, and then farewell reform,” expresses the sole object of the Conservative Club at *Tims’s*. This party has been shaken, first, by the *slight* absurdity (for the conviction is gradually making way) of expecting that Protestant Ascendancy can be restored by any government,—that the Catholics can be stripped of property, of education, and the elective franchise, all of which, the very notion of ascendancy, implies : and, secondly, by the advancing distress amidst the lower and middling classes of Orangemen, which is driving them into the ranks of repeal, slowly indeed in the country, but in a more decided manner in the towns.

The Government party, besides those who in all countries lick the hand that dispenses for the time being the public money, includes those who are opposed to Repeal ; some from conscientious motives, no doubt ; some because they fear the name of agitator, and therefore require, that before they join Repeal, the country should be so completely beyond recovery, that the most timid would acknowledge it was time to attempt a cure ; but the majority, because they are already so rich, that no increase of general prosperity could be expected to add anything to their

personal comforts or gratifications. "Let well alone," is their principle. "The country is happy," "its exports increasing," and if there be distress, it is only the unavoidable inequality of condition; some must be poor; the misery of the lower classes is part of the scheme of Providence. "The looped and windowed raggedness" of the tradesman, to the philosophical eye, gives the pleasure of contrast to the surface of society, and by its simplicity relieves the glare and gorgeousness of opulence. Without misery, charity could not exist. The finest feelings of the heart would be dead or paralyzed for want of practice. Moreover, if you make the lower orders content with their situation, they become turbulent at once. If they can earn a sufficient livelihood by their daily labour, they give the night to plans of insurrection and Whiteboyism. Distress preserves the national dependence of society. With low wages incendiarism disappears, and a seditious spirit varies directly as the comfort of a people. A man whose belly is full fears nothing; put him in danger of starving, and *there* is one great element of terror. Juvenal held, that a man has no fancy for horrors while he is "thunderstruck" about getting a dinner or a blanket. The lower orders, after a year of good wages, are ripe for anything.

This party, about two years since, issued a manifesto against Repeal, and (certainly with much prudence) at the same time declared, that prompt measures for the relief of Ireland were necessary; that, in short, there must be a total change of system; meaning, it is to be presumed, that the old detestable scheme of division and force must be abandoned, and that Government must be conducted in accordance with the interests and feelings of the community. Let us very briefly examine how far the Whigs have followed the advice of this great body of their supporters. Let us review their measures and see what they have done to heal divisions, how have they advanced the prosperity, or consulted the feelings of the people.

They revived the Orange yeomanry, and told them they were revived for their exclusive loyalty. They put arms into the hands of 30,000 men, naturally violent, but then exasperated by what they considered as defeat, and told them they did so in order to coerce the people. They appointed a known, open, avowed Conservative as their Attorney General; a man, whom the Duke of Wellington, if he had ousted Lord Grey, would have cheerfully retained—a man whom the Conservative press, while it denounced and opposed reform in all modes, loaded with praise; and they have made him run a career of Special Commissions, of prosecutions of the press, of title arrests, and attachments and prosecutions, unexampled in the same duration of Tory power, and which has thrown the country into the terrible ferment we see, from one end of it to the other. What has been the consequence of this policy?—Read it in the Conservative Club at Tim's—in the struggles for Protestant Ascendency—in the strenuous efforts to overthrow the government—in the elections—in the £2000 subscribed to throw the Irish Solicitor General, and Lord Grey's relation, Mr. Ponsonby, out of Dublin College;—read it, in short, in the deadly hostility of the Conservatives to that Government which has provoked their passions without the means of gratifying them, and tantalized them with the prospect of enjoyment, while reform has rendered it impossible.

Pass over the conduct of the Whigs upon Repeal; grant that, circumstanced as Ireland is, irritable, suspicious, perhaps ferocious, from a continued system of coercion, violent measures were the fittest to check

it; let the policy of treating it as an overt-act of rebellion be conceded; although, this day that we write, 67 Repealers are announced in the *Times* as candidates for Irish counties and boroughs, all pledged to this treasonable project: whisper nothing of the employment of the statute conferring such monstrous powers on the Lord Lieutenant; a statute which Lord Anglesey and Mr. Stanley, (see Hansard's Parliamentary Debates for 1829,) were the most conspicuous in denouncing, for which, coupled even as it was with emancipation, Henry Brougham declined voting; and take the Ministry on the only important measure they have attempted—Tithes Reform. In this, Mr. Stanley has equally disregarded the interests and the feelings of the people. A course as remote from justice, as from policy, has been pursued. To enforce a tax upon the consciences of men—a tax, which from religious, political, and economical motives, is hateful to them,—the country has been filled with massacres and assassinations. To make law respected it has been converted into an instrument of injustice: life and property have been wasted alike under it. Let his measures speak for themselves. The simple recapitulation of the results is sufficient. The names of Newtownbarry, Carrickshough, Wallstown, Carrigeen, Dunmanway, with the assassinations that reply to them in such frightful numbers, pronounce the heaviest condemnation on the course he has taken. Will the country be tranquillized by the shedding of so much blood? Will peace, or morality, or law, be promoted by these dreadful measures? Will the people trust to laws and tribunals for protection, when they know the one by military executions, and the other by the vexations of legal processes in a cause they abhor? Were tithes undeniably just, and useful in their application, surely it should still be considered, whether they ought to be enforced at the expense of so much life and money.

There are many scenes in this great piece of Mr. Stanley's. Not the least worthy of remark is the war against the press. Observe the dignity that marks it, and the felicitous manner in which the distinction between an Irish and English paper is made obvious to the most unreflecting. The *Tipperary Free Press* has had three prosecutions against it—for what?—for publishing Advertising Resolutions on the subject of tithes, those advertisements being signed by the chairman and secretary of the meeting at which they were passed! The *Freeman's Journal* has been prosecuted twice—one prosecution being for copying Mr. O'Connell's letter from the *True Sun*, while that journal passes free! The *Kilkenny Journal* has been prosecuted once; and, at the last notice we saw of the subject, two more prosecutions were understood to be in progress against it. The *Dublin Comet* has been prosecuted at least twice. One conviction was effected in the following ingenious manner, without the troublesome intervention of a jury:—The proprietors were brought before the *Judges*, on a charge of endeavouring to prejudice the public mind on some approaching tithe-trials, and were sentenced by them to fine and imprisonment forthwith. In the second case, which was for a libel on the clergy of the Established Church, the Irish Solicitor-General, a Whig, defined libel, according to Holt, thus:—"A malicious defamation, expressed in writing or signs, for the purpose of bringing an individual into hatred, contempt, or ridicule, or intended to blacken the character of the dead, or injure the reputation of the living." Not a syllable about the truth or falsehood of the charges against a public body! That is quite immaterial. The *Pilot*, also, has been prosecuted—once at least; and even the *Penny Caricature Journal* (Dub-

lin,) has not escaped. The miserable proprietors—poor men! were required to give enormous bail, and, in default, were committed.

The next striking feature is the cloud of attachments issued at the suit of Government, in some cases for sums incredibly small. Under these, arrests and seizures were, and are still making, through the country. The circumstances attending them are often well calculated to increase respect for law. On the 23d of October last, the persons whose names are subscribed to the following address were arrested. This masterly document will explain their feelings:—

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

We, the undersigned, now prisoners in the gaol of Carlow, under a process issued against our persons at the suit of his Majesty's Attorney General, on account of arrears of tithes alleged to be due of us, adopt this mode of protesting before Heaven and the nations of the earth against the punishment inflicted on us, and of appealing to you for sympathy in our confinement, whilst we pray you to *imitate* our obedience to the constituted authorities, our constancy in trial, and our legal opposition even unto chains and prisons, to those claims which our conscience, the voice of nature, and the judgment of the whole civilized world proclaim to be unjust.

We have heard, with sorrow of heart, of the blood of our countrymen shed in struggles produced by the enforcement of tithes. May we hope, that from the depth of a prison our voice may be heard, imploring our fellow-subjects and fellow-sufferers to oppose no resistance but such as is legal and constitutional, and such as we have given to those agents of power who execute against us laws which we detest. Our strength is in suffering, and not in opposing our naked breasts or excited passions to the armed force which is arrayed against us. By patiently submitting to the loss of our goods, or imprisonment of our persons, we will expose the injustice of the laws which oppress us; we will collect and strengthen the indignation of three whole nations—England, Ireland, and Scotland; and direct it through Parliament to the destruction of that old iniquity, which, in the name of Christ, deprives us of our peace and of our property, and repays us with stripes and insult.

But what fills us with affliction, and adds peculiar pain to our confinement is, that we suffer at the suit of a government to whose support we contribute some thousands of pounds sterling annually—to a government whose measures and stability we maintained with all our strength and mind against the very men who sought its overthrow, and factiously opposed, and still oppose, all their measures; but whose alleged claims *this same Government have adopted*, and have now enforced by the imprisonment of our persons.

Our pain in this respect is no way alleviated by the specious but uncandid allegation, that a government is obliged to uphold existing laws: for the law under which we suffer was introduced into Parliament by the Government itself, and instead of being called for by the country, was denounced, in and out of Parliament, as injurious to all the feelings and interests of the people of Ireland. From our prison we protest against this law; we blame the Government which introduced it, and we believe that no friend to Ireland consented to its enactment, or shares in its execution.

We therefore conjure our countrymen who are fellow-bondsmen with us, or likely to become so, to submit patiently, as we have done, to the loss of goods, and even to incarceration of their persons; and to protest aloud and unceasingly, but at the same time constitutionally, legally, and peaceably, against the injustice exercised against us—to deprecate the Government from warring against their own subjects—from oppressing those who would be their friends; and to petition, with one voice, the Legislature utterly to abolish tithes, and apply the residue of what is called church-property to those purposes of religion and charity which the wisdom of Parliament can so easily discover.

The Very Rev. Dr. FITZGERALD, President of Catlow College.

Mr. J. HANLON, Proprietor, Coffey's Hotel.

Mr. J. COFFEY, 80 years of age, and the richest trader in Carlow.

Mr. J. HAUGHTON, of the Society of Friends, and Distiller in Carlow.

Mr. R. PAUL, Brewer.

Mr. R. IVERS, Shopkeeper.

Mr. J. LENNON, Farmer.

Mr. J. BEEHAN, Farmer.

Mr. J. D'ARCY, Farmer.

The third great party is the people ; and it is manifest to all that they are for repeal. In the fourth number of this magazine it was stated that six out of eight millions support it ; and there are few who will not now feel that this view was perfectly correct. This is the first year that a repeal pledge has been demanded ; and sixty-seven have given it already ! In the cities and boroughs (speaking generally) the question is triumphant. The recorder, with the power of the corporation at his back, and extensive personal interest, has fled from the city of Dublin. Mr. Wise has lost Tipperary. Mr. Wallace, a very popular member, has lost Drogheda, and Lord Killeen is jeopardied in Meath, because they refused the pledge. In Limerick, it is notorious that two repealers can be returned unless the popular strength be mismanaged : For Galway two repealers are candidates ; but perhaps the most remarkable sign of the times, and the prodigious progress the question has made, is to be found in the adhesion of a man of such splendid and various abilities as Mr. Shiel. In the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune, and other tenderer requisites to domestic happiness, he stood aloof from agitation, determined to try the Government by its actions. The last year, the complete surrender of Ireland to Mr. Stanley, the rigid policy pursued by that gentleman, in contempt of the feelings and interests of the country, and the apathy of English members, or their worse readiness to vote for any measure proposed by Ministers,\* have convinced him " that the people of Ireland can never be happy or prosperous until the repeal of the union is passed into a law." In fact, as has been elsewhere observed, there are not repealers enough. It is not constituencies but candidates that are wanting. The mass of the people is devoted to repeal. The trunk of the kingdom, the middle and lower classes, are entirely for it ;—the rich are next to be tried, for it is there the opposition is centred.

It behoves men to prepare themselves for the consideration of this question of repeal. Whether the number of repealers returned be small or large, considering the mere infancy of the subject, is a matter of little consequence, the extraordinary number of candidates who rest their pretensions on the advocacy of it, is the circumstance that compels reflection. And in examining it this caution should be strictly impressed—not to confound repeal with separation. To do so, in policy, is unwise, in fact, is erroneous, in argument is sophistical. The union is but thirty-two years old. It was resisted by Mr. Fox, Lord Grey, Lord Plunket, the present Irish Chief Justice :—*they* were not rebels, they did not desire the dismemberment of the empire :—let not, therefore, such designs be now imputed to the persons who would merely restore things to the state in which those able men struggled to keep them. Whether a repeal of the union would, in remote consequences, lead to separation, is a subject for parliamentary and national discussion ; but to attribute the direct design to men, to treat them, therefore, as little better than rebels, and let loose a pack of ferocious laws upon them, is imprudent and unjust. Such conduct has contributed in the degree next to Mr. Stanley's policy, to give repeal that mighty impulse we see it has received.

\* The writer has heard certain Irish members, men whose gentle manners gave an additional charm to the firmness of their political principles, complain that English members who had not heard a word of the debate used to crowd in before the divisions on the tithe bills, and vote for Mr. Stanley on every thing.

It is not difficult to perceive that the repeal party possesses in itself a principle of growth which is not to be found in the others. It is the people; and whatever has once taken root there is not easily eradicated:—Creeds of all kinds, by a wise and noble dispensation, spread upwards from it. Besides, the cause is congenial to the spirit of the nation: it rests on the glory of the past and the hopes of the future: the most splendid period in Irish history is associated with it; and the nation, which, under a superficial levity, possesses a wild untameable obstinacy of character, is led on by men conscious of great powers, and flushed by recent victories. From this party there will be no defections. From the other they are unavoidable. It is in the nature of things. There is contagion in the consent of a people—there is a magic in national honour. No Irishman speaks of eighty-two without faltering in his voice, and what many will think of equal consequence with the sentiment of national honour, there is a strong bond in national distress. Men are forced together by its advancing waves, and new combinations of party are produced. The dreams of the Conservatives must have an end. The idea of Ascendancy is obsolete by a full century already. A gulf yawns between it and the spirit of men and the policy of nations. The prejudices, the haughty superiority, the misconceptions that keep them aloof from the people, will be washed away in a short time. They must perceive that it is only as Irishmen they can be known; and that they will grow great and dignified in the eyes of the world, only as Ireland is elevated by her children. Were their abilities and wisdom doubled, they could not still raise themselves to eminence. They are not the people;—but nothing can supply the place of the *corpus regni*, the body of the nation. No, no expedient whatever. This cessation of party spirit is not far distant; and whatever brings it—whatever be the merits or demerits of Repeal—is a blessing.

The other party, viz. the declarationists, have been much shaken by the conduct of Government. The conditions of their adhesion have not been fulfilled. The tithe war is not the change of system they desired. The prosecutions of the press,—the attachments, descending like clouds of locusts on the country,—the vexatious arrests of respectable men at midnight, and the hauling them from their homes at that hour to jail—the converting the country into a huge monster between a prison and a barrack—these make them reflect, and doubt the wisdom of their support. There is still a fourth party, which has hitherto been undetermined—the Presbyterians of the North,—Mr. Stanley has probably gone some length in convincing them. This,—a numerous, intelligent, powerful party, slow to move, and slow to leave off,—has not, as a body, been enemies to repeal, but rather to the time of agitating it. They thought the question was premature by three years; that men should have been allowed to rest after emancipation, and the country to forget its feuds, defeats, and victories. Mr. O'Connell, who is disposed to think as well of his own notions as any other man's, entertained a different opinion; and would probably refer to the formidable catalogue of repealing candidates as proof of its soundness: but it is evident that the junction of such a party, differing only as to time, is not very remote.

We have now shewn the real magnitude of this question—its present and probable supporters—and the only wish we express is, that it be fairly discussed, that its merits and demerits be stated, and the ultimate decision be according to the preponderance of one or the other.



## THE ANNUALS.

It is to the ANNUALS that we are mainly indebted for those delightful works of graphic art, which monthly, almost weekly, spring into birth; and for this we owe to them a debt of deep gratitude. The beautiful prints, which, year after year, have been scattered among their pages, are, it is well understood, the great, indeed the only attraction,—the “letter-press” being too insignificant, in a literary point of view, to provoke much notice, and received only with much the same feeling, that prompts a tolerating smile to the pompous and rapid chaperone, who introduces to us some fair creature of surpassing brightness. The original speculation was a bold, and for the first two or three years, a highly profitable adventure; but, unluckily, the returns have been diminishing with each succeeding year; and we sincerely grieve to say, that for “success,” we must now write “succiduous.” It is not, however, of the Annuals we are about to speak. We allude to them only as a noble origin, and to express our regret at the termination, that, in another year or two, will, in all probability, be put to publications from which such valuable results have followed.

To those who remember the pitiable productions that figured away illustratively, in the volumes of our literature thirty years ago,—the change that has been wrought, seems more like the mighty work of enchantment, than the effects of plodding labour, the drudgery of manual employment. In those days, engraving, as an art, was confined to exalted limits only; the labourers were few, their productions expensive, and the circulation restricted to the wealthy. Not that the same appetite, and as much real taste did not then as now generally exist; but the commodity chanced to be of too sorry, or too costly a nature to produce a demand;—and the modern science of political economy cannot have a neater illustration of one of its most striking principles than this fact. The well-directed application of human industry, as certainly ensures a profitable return, as the natural objects of its employment are inexhaustible; and he who out of the abundance of such materials can create a want, may make a fortune. Another among the many wants of cultivated life—and one more innocent, more delightful, it were difficult to conceive—has, by the efforts of industry and talent, been thus luckily created; and while a class of artificers in head and hand, which then scarcely had existence, are now called into activity, a means of honourable and lucrative employment devised for numbers, who else might have rejoiced in the calling of insolvent cheese-mongers, or half starved haberdashers, and the development of genius effected, which else had been hidden in the obscurity of neglect,—society at large has been benefited, a new enjoyment opened up, and the great moral good which ever results to a civilized community from the cultivation, diffusion, and encouragement of the arts and sciences, is silently but surely spreading its blessings “about us, and about us.”

The very excellence of any work of art tends to give to it an immense circulation; and this circulation in return, reflects back a retributive advantage. Such an amount of remuneration to the labourers is afforded, in the first instance, as repays them for the expenditure of their industry and the exercise of their talent; a goodly crop of competitors is then in consequence raised, by which the article becomes reduced to a just and marketable sale price; and what primarily was a luxury, which wealth

alone could purchase, gradually falls, by reason of its easy attainment, (still flourishing in vigour and excellence, like a flower that is not the less lovely because it is common,) into a homely necessary of civilized existence.

In an age like this, where art and science march (all things intellectual now-a-days *march*) hand in hand with commerce, it was sure enough to occur to some long-headed man of trade, that the beautiful might as well expend its treasures on the useful, as waste them upon the trashy effusions of hired nonsense writers; and, instead of adorning some tale, "spun by a Countess and by folly weaved,"—some "Poem" of half-a-dozen couplets long, or some nothing so somethingized, that the talent of the skilful might be profitably devoted to a tangible good, and do the state of literature some service. The fund was inexhaustible, and standard modern productions were fertile in scenery, events, incidents, forms and faces, all of which might be "illustrated" with benefit alike to the author, the reader, the artist, and the publisher! Thus cities and countries became, one after another, "illustrated;" Great Britain was illustrated; France was illustrated; Italy, that land of loveliness, laziness, —ziness, languor, and lazzaroni: Germany, Switzerland, every spot of European earth that had a charm for the eye, or a claim upon the heart, became severally illustrated. Dry, pictureless Itineraries had had their day; prosy description was a drug in the market, and the type ceased to typify what the vision yearned to behold. Then, up started at once, and of course, the works of Scott and of Byron, and put in their claim for illustration. Both depictees of real, as well as of ideal, life, their writings abounding in glorious imagery; the things, the scenes, and the personages they immortalized, were to the popular reader an "unreal mockery," existing at best but in the deformity of a confused, impoverished, and untutored conception, crude in proportion as thought was circumscribed by limited vision. (For say what one will, the mind of man is made up from the objects of the material world by which he is surrounded, and which are made manifest to him by the aid of his five simple senses, of which sight is, without question, the field-marshal and commander-in-chief; and where these prime quintupal organs have been little exercised, fertility of mind is not apt to be over conspicuous: he who has been domiciled all his days in beastly Barbican, can, we modestly presume, form but an imperfect notion of the Lago Maggiore, or the Highlands of braid an' honest Scotland.)

Thus has the natural craving, to test all things by the perception of the senses, begun to be abundantly gratified; and an "enlightened public" is at length made wise in matters, whereof they were in a state of most villanous ignorance. If the eye of the book-read man have not glanced discursively upon the actual scenes, with which words did their best to make him familiar, it is now the fault of his own indolence; and he may be no longer sore wroth, for he is at liberty, if so it chooseth him, to luxuriate upon their portraiture, secure in the faith of its exceeding truth, for the mere gazing upon sundry slips of manufactured rag, stitched in a cover. Of no localities need he be longer unacquainted; the proclamation of his ignorance in such particular were the proclamation of his own exceeding shame. There is scarcely a region famous in history, a spot remarkable from past or present circumstances, a town, a mountain, a lake, a palace, rivers, tombs, castles, cottages, Alps, valleys, roads, monuments, all, every thing *en masse*, or in detail, of which the sem-

blance is not cut on copper for his use. Left no longer in the darkness of his bewildered wonder, the images of memorable things as they are, or have been, are presented to him with a fidelity which the wand of a fairy could scarcely make more clear. No more need he deplore the obstacles of space which intervene betwixt them and his own curiosity ; no more need he sigh to behold scenes from which wastes of waters or countless leagues of land divide him ; no more need he screw his courage to the sticking place, and be prepared to brave untold dangers, to explore Nature's wildest horrors or break-neck extravagancies ; the impossibilities have been achieved, the inaccessible attained for him. No longer need he peril his sacred person, or hazard his health or his pocket in search of the picturesque ; dozens of dashing dogs, pencil in hand, and eager for the sketch, are scouring the world for his behoof, and taking note of all that is wonderful on its surface, for his especial gratification. That which was wont to cost months of labour and exhaustion, and many, very many, respectable pounds sterling, gone for life, ere it could be encompassed, may now, for a few shillings, be comfortably and fatiguelessly had over the counter of the first printseller's shop he passes. Or, if he be foggy in mind, or of conception dim, and so unable to figure forth the goodly personages, whose deeds, real or imaginary, have been sung or said, in these or in other days, here again may he be made easy ; for, if they have lived in the actual flesh, their heads, like King Charles', shall be neatly executed, from portraits in the possession of somebody ; and if they have lived but in the imagination of the tale-teller, the imagination of the artist shall embody them out for him, and they shall be subditiously engraven upon steel, or scratched upon stone, for the edification of his stultified comprehension.

To such a pitch has this branch of the Fine Arts come ! and if it proceeded as it has begun, if it be fostered, and encouraged and patronized as it ought to be, the — ; but we abominate predictions.

## THE ELECTIONS.

WE are free ! It is true that one or two constituencies have betrayed their trust, and that the result of a few elections shew the necessity of adding some more boroughs to the list in schedule A, to say nothing at present of an extension of the franchise and the ballot ; but, on the whole, the results of the general election are glorious. The Tories are crushed, and party, of all kinds and denominations, lies on its death-bed.

ENGLAND.—The first blow was struck in the metropolis. In the cities of London and Westminster, and in the districts enfranchised by the Reform Act, the electors gave a plumper for reform. Not one anti-reformer has been able to poke his nose in. The most triumphant return was that of Mr. Grote, whose unblenching liberalism, splendid talents, and extensive knowledge of business, entitle us to expect much from his parliamentary career. Mr. Tennyson was supported in a manner that must have been gratifying to his feelings, and was meted out by his principles, by the electors of Lambeth. Sir Stephen Lushington has been sent by the men of the Tower Hamlets ; and his knowledge of international law renders him an important acquisition to any Parliament.

Sir John Cam Hobhouse, though not defeated, has been shrewdly shaken in Westminster, and will not offend again with impunity. The counties, in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis have likewise done their duty. Lord Henley, shamed with the crime of bearing false witness against his neighbour, and galled by the consciousness that he has sinned without his guerdon, has ignominiously retreated from Middlesex, leaving the field free for Mr. Hume. Turning to our great manufacturing and commercial marts, the returns are likewise satisfactory on the whole. Birmingham has returned the ostensible leader of its Union, and one of his most unflinching co-adjutors. Manchester has not made quite so satisfactory a choice. Mr. Poulett Thomson is no bad selection, but why the conformer Lloyd? To make amends, Leeds has carried Marshall and Mayhew high over the head of poor canting Saddler Worcester has returned two bill men. Coventry is true to her reformers. And although underhand means have gained Sandon the tarnished honour of a re-election for Liverpool, Ewart headed him, and Thornely run him hard. Bristol has acted equivocally; but Hull, Newcastle, and most parts of consequence, have stood true to their faith. Brighton and Windsor, illustrative of the feelings entertained towards a Court and irresponsible Aristocracy, by those who see them most nearly, return Radicals. And Bath, in despite of the undue influence of the least worthy part of the present Ministry, has rejected the Secretary at War's Tory brother, and accepted the able and fearless services of Mr. Roebuck. It is in vain to dream of recapitulating every triumph. The result of the first two hundred returns, was one hundred and sixty tried friends of reform, in opposition to forty enemies, or hollow allies. The partial triumphs, too, of the Conservatives, are of a nature to ensure their final damnation. Bribery, of the most unblushing kind, has secured them a victory in Norwich, and brute violence another at Stamford. But all in vain; these reckless and unprincipled efforts but precipitate the triumph of ballot, and then the Tories are extinguished for ever. Two or three of their minor lights have already gone out,—prophetic harbingers of their approaching darkness. Sugden and Wetherell have been rejected at Oxford and Cambridge cities. Mister Praed has sighed his last at St. Ives, and John Wilson Croker is reported “missing.” On the whole, we do not look upon the new English members as a body of Catos and Lyncurguses; nevertheless, they are a set of sturdy honest fellows, representing at times the stupidity fully as much as the intelligence of John Bull. Where, however, there is a will, there is a way. Time will enlighten both the representatives and constituents, giving them a clearness and precision of vision, of which they have at present no idea. Both have yet to learn that aimless bartering differs from deliberate progression, and that there is at times more danger in timorous hesitation, than even in undue precipitancy.

SCOTLAND.—It is no reformed representation that has been achieved in Scotland: it is the grant of a representation where nothing of the kind had ever before existed. The more curious and interesting is it to observe the working of this new constitution. The first decided electoral triumph was obtained in Edinburgh. Mr. Aytoun had withdrawn, and not only an immense majority of the reformers rallied round the two liberal candidates, but the affections of every grade of the population were conciliated by the feeling that they were the only representatives of the people, as opposed to the old dominant faction. The conservatives still continued to put a bold face on the matter, although their

increasing spite showed a growing sense of their own weakness. On the first day of the election, the High Street was densely crowded, from the Tron Church to far above the Royal Exchange, long before the hour fixed for the ceremony of nomination. Every window was thronged with spectators. A short time before twelve, the Lord Advocate and Mr. Abercromby, preceded by a band of music and two banners, and accompanied by their committee, threw themselves, without any previous arrangement with any class of spectators, among the crowding multitude, and proceeded, amid loud huzzas, to the hustings. The measures of the Conservatives were more guarded. It was with the utmost reluctance that they acquiesced in the erection of hustings, or agreed to exhibit themselves or their candidate upon them. Early in the morning a stout guard of hired porters, commanded by the most young and able-bodied of their party, had been stationed in front of that portion of the hustings they proposed to occupy. The special constables, to a man Tory factionaries, were assembled in the body, and on the roof of St. Giles's church. The Lord Provost had assembled a numerous body of Tory claqueurs on the leads of the low range of buildings which constitute the front of the Royal Exchange. All these arrangements having been made, Mr. Blair, accompanied by a very few gentlemen, and some of the most courageous of the workers of the party's dirty work, marched, without beat of drum, from the Royal Exchange, and glided, with the silent and stealthy pace of spectres, to the hustings. Their appearance was greeted by cheers from their hirelings, which called forth a rushing sound of groans and hisses from the surrounding multitude. The citizens of Edinburgh had at last, after two long years of labour and excitement, succeeded in unkennelling the foxes of the Council Chamber. The hunt was up; the view hollo was given in a tone of determined hostility, unmingled with violence or ferocity. The nomination of the liberal candidates was received with exultant jubilee; that of the gentleman thrust forward by the Tories, with yells of scorn. The laugh of unmitigated contempt with which the efforts of the Conservatives to affect a tone of liberality and independence, was received, stirred up the venom within them till they looked purple. At the demand of the Sheriff, whether the Lord Advocate and Mr Abercromby should be declared Members for the city, a huge dense forest of hands sprung up from the Town-market to the Netherbow. To the name of Mr. Blair no such response was made, except on the part of his body guard. A poll was accordingly demanded on the part of the Tories, which commenced the next morning. So determined were the citizens, that out of a constituency consisting of more than 6000 electors, upwards of two-thirds had voted before the close of the first day's poll, and the return of the liberal candidates had by that time been placed beyond a doubt. The final result at the close of the second day's poll was:

For the Lord Advocate 4052  
 ——— Mr Abercromby 3865  
 ——— Mr Blair 1519

and this triumphant, this annihilating majority was achieved in despite of the most unprincipled threats, and the most barefaced addresses to the selfish interests of every individual of the poorer classes. The victory, too, has been achieved without the occurrence of one scene of violence, or even extraordinary noise. A few police officers, and a few guides of their commissioners, were more than was required. The people of Edinburgh, in the exultation of victory, have excused their new

franchise with enthusiasm, but with an order and decency, which never could be preserved even by the small assemblages of ~~the~~ ex-masters. The Tories have been beaten from their strongest citadel. The spiders have been crushed in the inmost web of their machinations. The party has not been defeated but annihilated. Before the termination of the Edinburgh Election, Mr J. A. Murray was returned for Leith, his antagonist's heart dying within him at the sight of the assembled electors. In Glasgow the utmost efforts of the Tories, joined to the silly dissensions of the Reformers, were yet able to do no more than return a Reformer, who, for old acquaintance sake, was less unpalatable to the oppressors than men who had through life been opposed to them. In Dundee, Mr Kinloch of Kinloch received the reward of his long and fearless services. The St. Andrews, Kirkcaldy, Stirling, Ayr, Kilmarnock, and Dumfries districts, have all returned Reforming Members. Mid-Lothian, at the period at which we write, is all but secure; although Haddingtonshire is likely to remain in the hands of the Tories. Sad mismanagement renders the result of the Linlithgowshire Election more than doubtful. But elsewhere, the Tories are—

“ Drooping as the leaves do,  
To die in December.”

The result of the Irish Elections remains uncertain, up to the time of our going to press. From what is already known, the Ministry will have a tremendous hold on the new House of Commons; and it cannot be denied, that that House will represent most accurately, the sentiments of the middle classes throughout the country. We see the promotion of several eldest sons of Peers to the Upper House announced, which looks as if Ministers were about to bestir themselves. The fate of the country is in their hands, or more properly speaking, in the hands of that Parliament which is to hold them up. Our only ground of fear, is their want of boldness. If they unhesitatingly carry through such trenchant measures of Reform, as are enough to convince the labouring, and, in a great measure, unenfranchised classes, that they are in earnest, all will be well; if not, we are still at sea. We invite the attention of our new Legislature to the following important questions:—The Ballot, Triennial Parliaments, paid Members of Parliament, and partial extension of the Suffrage.—Equalization of all Christian communities in the eye of the law, and diminution of Church Burdens.—Abolition of Corporations in England, and the Old Burgh System in Scotland.—Commutation of Tithes, Abolition of Hop and Malt Tax, and of the Corn Laws.—Abolition of the Entails, and the Law of Primogeniture.—Abolition of all Restrictions upon Trade.—Introduction of a graduated Property-Tax.

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## THE TROUBADOUR.

## SPECIMEN OF AN UNPUBLISHED METRICAL ROMANCE.

'Twas prime of noon, and Branston's lord,  
 The gayest of his festal board,  
 Joy beaming in his clear blue eye,  
 Sat on the dais of honour high,  
 O'erlooking all the princely hall,  
 Where knights and ladies, dight in pall,  
 Rained largesse on the Bard that sung  
 The glories of De Vere the young;  
 But aye bright Guy Fitzhaubert's strain  
 Was sweetest of the minstrel train.  
 Much did he sing of knightly glory,  
 Yblent with Love's endearing story:  
 And thus flowed forth the parting hour  
 Of Annet and her Troubadour:—

Gay spring budded on field and tree, the bloom was on the flower,  
 And silver light shone on the sea, at matin's dewy hour,  
 When Eric sang, with harp in hand, before his lady's bower,  
 The last song of his native land,—the gallant Troubadour!

"My sword is belted to my side, my casque is on my brow;  
 And lo! to cleave the yielding tide, yon galley turns her prow.  
 My squires muster on the strand, the silver trumpets bray,  
 And I must to the Holy Land, my hege lord leads the way;  
 Yet ere upon the battle plain, the gallant legions pour,  
 O, ladye love, do not disdain to bless thy Troubadour!

"Although no blazoned shield I boast, nor far-descended name,  
 My sword amidst the Paynim host shall carve a deathless fame;  
 And in the thickest of the fight, where proudest warriors die,  
 Both Moslem chief and Christian knight shall hear my battle-cry.  
 Thy name shall echo through the plain in danger's darkest hour;  
 Then, ladye love, do not disdain to bless thy Troubadour!

"When far on blood-stained Gallilee, the red-cross warriors roam,  
 Haply some favoured minstrel's glee will waft their thoughts to home.  
 Amidst the sterile, desert sands, and 'neath the blazing skies,  
 The verdure of their native land, her streams and vales arise,  
 My harp shall wake for thee the strain, at noon-tide's burning hour;  
 Then, ladye love, do not disdain to bless thy Troubadour!"

Whilst Eric sung, entranced he gazed, in ecstasy divine;  
 When, lo! a hand the lattice raised, and spread the trellissed vine;  
 And then a snow-white scarf was flung from his dear lady's bower;  
 And thus the blushing Annet sung to bless her Troubadour:—

"Go, warrior, go! if maiden's love, her faith and constancy,  
 Can ere the soldier's solace prove, thou hast them all from me.  
 My silent vows were ever thine, though ne'er before confessed,  
 I swear it by the holy sign that glitters on thy breast;  
 And may its blessings from me flee, at my uprising hour,  
 If ever I prove false to thee, my gallant Troubadour!"

"Within yon pious hermit's cell, till daily will I mourn,  
 Like cloistered nuns thy beads I'll tell, and pray for thy return;  
 And in our convent's chapel, at eve and matin hours,  
 I'll weep, every saint for thee, my gallant Troubadour!"

"Then go; and may St. Elmo's light, thy bark in safety guide,  
 From storm by day, and rocks by night, through yon dark rolling tide.  
 And well I know, our Lady's aid, amidst the tempest's field,  
 Ay, and thine own good battle-axe, will be thy safest shield.  
 But, hark!—my sire!—our parting kiss rings through my lady's bower;  
 He calls me—oh! farewell, farewell, my faithful Troubadour!"

## TAIT'S COMMONPLACE BOOK:

**ST. STEPHEN AND "THE BARRY."**—John Gully, Esq. of Ackworth Park," ex-pugilist, and disty-cuff champion of all England, is about to represent the ancient and loyal borough of Pontefract in the reformed Parliament. There is nothing like fighting one's way through the world after all. It is hard to tell on what subject Jack is ambitious to legislate, or what odds he would give on his race as a senator. They say that as an orator he is quite a "fancy" man; though prone to argue in a circle, his remarks are of the most striking description, and generally smashers. John is a horrid Radical; and the Conservatives could not expect to be one of the severest blows the Constitution ever received.

**MERCY OF THE LONDON POLICE.**—A piece of humbug is running the rounds of the papers, about the respite of a ruffian named Sutton, condemned to death for a brutal assault upon one of the new police, at whose merciful intercession (backed by a declaration that the commutation of the sentence would be "agreeable to the feelings of the whole body!") his life is to be spared. This is a sorry trick to make palatable to the Cockneys, the new police force, which is in terrible *mauvaise odeur*. A schoolboy could see through the clumsy device, and it will fail. The police will take nothing for their generosity, and a desperado is spared to society whom society would be mightily pleased to spare. Who was the deep dog that originated this transparent manoeuvre?

**CORPORATE MEATINGS.**—We are told by one of the Sunday prints that "the Corporation of London had a *meeting* last week!" "Whether this felicitous misprint was accidental, or designed by some chuckling wag of a compositor, it is difficult to decide; inferring analogically from past events, however, in which *Meetings* invariably terminate in MEATINGS, we are disposed strongly to recommend the new orthography for especial adoption by the Corporation of London, as indicative of the two-fold purpose uniformly implied by their summonses of convocation.

**COURT CIRCULARS.**—The greater part of the paragraphs which the newspapers quote from the "Court Circular," are often a disgrace to their columns, their readers, and the very age we live in. For what object (*reason* is out of the question) they are concocted by the parties or personages whose names figure away therein, it is impossible to conceive: it cannot be to "keep them before the public," because the drivelling sickening absurdity of the announcements would heap such a mass of shame upon them, as the warmest aspirant after notoriety would hardly find it his ambition to covet. At the expense of a little contempt, we might forgive the impertinence which informs us that "the Right Honourable Fum Fitz-fuspos visited the Admiralty yesterday," on the score of the hollow empty-headed vanity, which it is Fum's pleasure to display before a gaping nation; but why Royalty should be so over-fond of parading their titles and their names to the lazy loyalty of this most thinking people, is indeed a marvel. Who, for instance, cares to be told that "in consequence of the rain and wind which blew from the N.E. yesterday noon, the Princess Augusta was prevented taking her usual promenade," or that "Prince George of Cumberland, attended by his tutor, the Rev. Mr. Jelf, visited the Park on Thursday, and blew his royal nose with considerable energy?" It is useless to multiply quotations; we heartily wish the absurdity done away—it brings into contempt the names of persons which bear grace an honourable privacy, and answers no purpose but to raise one's bile.

**THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.**—Never, surely, has war been accompanied by more of odium, fury, and wickedness, than that bloody farce which is now being acted before Antwerp. It makes the flesh creep to think upon that murderous, sanguinary, extravagant absurdity. Thousands of lives have already been lost, and hundreds of human beings are still doomed to slow torture of the most abominable folies, surely, that the history ever had to record. It is not for the possession of a city that the struggle is made,—that is gained; it is not for the chances of mastery that the Citadel is attacked,—none exist; the particular object is sure to be obtained, and by a given



time. The two generals write notes to one another, determining the points of attack and resistance in the most courteous imaginable manner, devising schemes for the least possible loss of life, and destruction to the habitations; and conveying, like gentlemen well bred and punctilious, the assurance of the high consideration with which each has the honour to be the mortal enemy of the other. The letter bearers who deliver their packages, are sent back with the answer—and, pop! both go to work again like Trojans good and true. And the result of all this murder is as well and confidently known to both, of their countries, government, and to the surrounding states, as though it had actually taken place; and yet it is allowed, and honour, and valour, and loyalty, and chivalry, is breathed about as flippanantly as if it was the holiest contest that ever engaged the anger of the oppressed. Detestable as is the very name of war, the thing might perhaps be tolerated if there were a chance, a possibility, however remote, of ultimate, effectual resistance; but here is none, literally, positively, undeniably, none; and yet men consent to be battered down, and sent for the pleasure (!) of the thing. The cold-blooded butchery, this enormous waste of life, for the obstinacy of one man, is enough to make one blush for his very nature.

**WANTS AND CAPABILITIES.**—We are ever so much tempted to moralize as after a perusal of the advertising columns of the *Times*. There is not one want "which frail humanity is heir to," that has not its counterpart a power of assuaging its smart existing in the person of some other human being. The mischief is, that even the bland whispers of the Brobdingnagian go-between we have named, do not always succeed in making patient and physician aware of each other's existence. There is something intensely pathetic in many of the sighs which exhale from the damp surface of that broadsheet. What hope can be held out to a "respectable young woman without followers?" who is so unreasonable as to desire a situation "as *marry-maid* where there is *no infant*?" Or, to a "respectable strong youth," who will only be satisfied with the office of "light porter?" Both must pine unheeded, unless they agree to meet and sigh to each other. They are, indeed, "two for a pair." The following we are inclined to think rather suspicious:—"A lady of 30 years of age, desirous of meeting with a situation as *useful companion*. She is naturally delicate, and to an invalid, flatters herself she would be an acquisition."—Dear creature, who could find in his heart to shut the door in her face? We fear, however, she has no chance against the experience of a widow. "Wanted, by a respectable widow, age about 36, and free from every incumbrance, a situation to superintend the equities of a widower. To one who has a family, she flatters herself she would be an acquisition," &c. Who doubts it? We will back the widow for a rump and dozen they are man and wife in a month. These widows! Here is another—"A widow lady, of most respectable connexions, wishes for a situation to manage the domestic establishment of a widower or single gentleman. She feels confident of giving satisfaction." This is plain enough; but there is another still plainer. The noose matrimonial dangles in every sentence. "A widow, respectably connected, wishes a situation as housekeeper to a *single gentleman* or *widower*. She flatters herself she would be found an acquisition, as she is competent, and would not object, to superintend the education of the *young gentlemen of his family*." What not of the "*single gentleman's*?" Oh, *he*!

**POSTHUMOUS GARRULITY.**—We remember to have read, in some gossiping anecdotic work,—Walpole, Wraxall, or St. Simon,—of the lying estate of a French Princess, arranged, according to the prevailing custom of the times, in full court dress, long white gloves, &c. &c. in the course of which lugubrious ceremonial, the royal corpse was conveyed from time to time to lift up its dead hand, and blow its dead nose. It appears that the Royal Highness having died of an imposthume in the head, it was found inadvisable that a lady of the bedchamber should conceal herself behind the curtain, and so minister to this mortal necessity. The crowd admitted to view the funeral pomp, ignorant of this arrangement, were, however, naturally surprised at the posthumous activity of the Princess. A number of Byronic friends (acquainted with his taciturnity on certain subjects) and his contempt of *ladies and procreancy* are amazed at the amount of his activity now pouring forth under his name. They do not give sufficient credit to the activity of the lady of the bedchamber concealed behind the illustrious dead.

**UTIMUS ROMANORUM.**—The star of the ascendant of departed Majesty, the *real Georgium Sidus*, has set for ever. Still, the immortal Stultz! the Hungary tailor,

as he was baptized by Brummel,—the Baron von Göthenberg, as he was heraldized by the Emperor,—STULTZ is no more! He who led a *pattern life* whose measures were unimpeachable, whose operations were at once *sitting and becoming*, has fallen beneath the shears of destiny. Scarcely an ornament of the Georgian era now survives, and the Baron von Stultz may be regarded as the “Last Man” of the world of Carlton House. It would be scandalous to pass over ~~his~~ death in silence, who, during his lifetime, received all but divine honours. The Roman Emperor made a Consul of his horse: it was reserved for an Austrian one to ennoble a tailor!

GREAT MEN.—“A great man,” says Montesquieu, in his *Lettres Persannes*, “is one who sees the King, is familiar with ministers, has ancestors and debts, a pension or a place. If, in addition to all this, he can manage to conceal his inertness by an officious air, and his ennui by affected gaiety, he is a lucky man as well as a great one.” This description is intended to depict the *Parisian* nobleman of 1718!

LITERARY SENATORS.—*Il faut opter!*—We have long been of opinion that the career of the literary man, and the career of the politician, are parallel, and incapable of junction; and accordingly reverence the firmness and candour with which the great Irish lyricist has rejected the mantle thrust upon him by his worshippers. Many great statesmen, it is true, have written books;—but it is not by their books they are remembered; nor can we recall an instance of any voluminous author having made a figure in Parliament. The bloom of his spirit is shed elsewhere; and though Prior was a diplomatist, Addison, a Secretary of State, Waller and Steele, Senators, we do not conceive that the country was ever much the better for their political labours. There is an essential distinction of faculty between the minds of our men of letters and our Conscript Fathers; many qualities indispensable to a legislator, are unavailing to the calm, contemplative, deliberative, plodding, prying, correcting, polishing man of type and printer's ink. The first object with an author, who has generated a brilliant or original idea, is to wrap the handling in the choicest robes, adorn it with a coral and bells, and parade it about for the admiration of the world. The first point to a politician who conceives a new opinion, is, on the contrary, to divest it of all flaunting drapery, strip it naked, and examine it with jealous scrutiny; lest, under the deceptive garb of Mentor, he should admit some artful goddess into his confidence. A man who has once coquetted with the favour of the public upon hot-pressed paper, seldom surmounts the fever fit of vanity occasioned by the excitement; and even in the gravest debate, the notion of himself, the notion of the sufferings he has to conciliate, of the press, the clubs, the coteries, the universe,—clips his wings, qualifies his opinions, and perplexes his better judgment. So great is he in his own conceit, that the shadow of himself eclipses the subject before him. A great legislator never thinks of himself. If he attempts to produce a strong sensation in the house, it is for the sake of his country,—for the triumph of the cause to which he has bound himself. Like the Brahmins who conceal themselves under the car of Juggernaut to roll forward the stupendous machine, they are careful to remain out of sight, that the triumph of the deity they serve, may be all in all. Your author, on the contrary, arrays himself in the embroidered raiment of the Catholic priest, and by fantastic convolutions and incense-offerings, renders himself as ostensible as possible. This authorship is always uppermost in his mind; and he is anxious to reflect upon his books, the extinction of his parliamentary triumphs, rather than impressed with a becoming sense of the mighty, enduring, and most responsible trust delegated to his guardianship. Instead of exclaiming with the Moor,

“It is the cause—it is the cause, my soul!”

he smiles, like Malvolio, in the fondness of his self-conceit.

THE RADICALS.—“Free and fair discussion of every topic of political faith, however bold or speculative, characterises the Press at the present eventful period. Proscriptions, gags, and other instruments of intimidation, must now class with the things which were,—with the burning of witches or the “divine right” of Monarchs. The force of public opinion may be said, in the first instance, to bring about events; but it is evident that the latter again work upon public opinion, giving it consistency, and strength, and boldness.” In these latter days, the Radicals, formerly an insignificant and isolated body, have taken a bold and prominent place in the ranks of political sectarians. Their numbers have increased to an extraordinary extent; and, of course, their weight and importance has been proportionably augmented. If they do not surpass the Whigs or Tories in wealth and talent, we are inclined to concede

that they do so in the multitude of miscellaneous recruits who will be found to have lately mounted their facings and insignia. The name, by which they are distinguished, from being one of reproach, has become respected; and we now generally associate with it something like moral daring and political courage. Ten or twelve years ago, if a Radical were spoken of in genteel society, a feeling of horror, combined with pity and commiseration, immediately seized upon the minds of the company; while fancy shadowed forth, as a fair specimen of the body, some squalid Paisley weaver, whom sharp misery had worn to the bones—his desperate hand armed with a sithe or pike, and haply entrenched behind a “dry stane dyke” awaiting the attack of Mr. ———’s dragoons. Look upon that picture, and then upon this—where, in the foreground, you will see Mr. Attwood addressing a multitude of respectable well-dressed tradesmen, who occupy a measureless perspective before him. Such is the change which a few years have produced. They are now a mighty and a resolute body, destined for great good—or evil.”—*Caledonian Mercury*.

For good, we have no doubt. The grand principle of the Radical or Independent Reformers is, “The greatest happiness of the greatest number.” How can such a principle, steadily kept in view, lead to any thing but good?

Let us consider who the champions of Radical Reform are. Whose political writings have most completely developed the true principle of social order? Those of the father of Radicalism, the illustrious Bentham. What great writer of the present day is most distinguished for high moral and political principle? The Editor of the *Examiner*,—a gifted apostle of Radicalism. Who, among the patriots of the day, has laboured with most zeal and success, in the arena of Parliament, for the true interests of his country? Joseph Hume,—another apostle of Radicalism. Who will say that these men and their disciples work for evil? The *Quarterly Review*, with a felicity of idea worthy of Castlereagh, who talked of men turning their backs upon themselves, declares that it is necessary to *protect the people from themselves*. But the *Quarterly* may rest satisfied that the Radical Reformers, that is the people, will not act contrary to their own interests. There have been many instances of the people not understanding their real interests, or being wholly neglectful of them; but there are no instances of their rulers acting better for them than they would do for themselves. The population of a few townships or districts may, for a short time, lend too willing an ear to local teachers of a false doctrine; but small harm can result from such a cause. In the first place, the people of those places will not receive a merely specious but deceptive doctrine from any but men whom they believe to be honest in their intentions towards all ranks, as well as zealous for the people’s interest. To say that any large class of the people would listen to any thing which they perceive to be unjust, is a gross calumny. 2dly, Besides its being necessary, that the false doctrine, to delude any, should come from a man believed to be honest, and should have the appearance, to the minds of the people, of being just; if it is to endure for any length of time even in its own district, it must be able to stand the attack of the press, the pulpit, and all the intelligence of the place, the discussions of public assemblies, meetings of the different parishes, of the several crafts; and also, that continual discussion in private circles, which every doctrine of importance is sure to receive before being generally received by the population of a town or district. Lastly, the false doctrine has to encounter the attack of all the intelligence of the other towns or districts, and must overcome it all, ere the error can be so extensively received as to be productive of danger. This last security can scarcely be supposed to fail, in a country where brutal ignorance does not prevail. Of the safety of the great body of our working population from false doctrines, we feel perfectly assured, even at present; and when the taxes on knowledge shall be removed, it will be impossible for false doctrines, either to spread abroad to other districts, or to maintain their existence in those places where they have arisen. In our present state of comparative darkness, what harm has Attwood’s currency doctrine done? Only a part of the population of Birmingham has been for a time led to believe in them, coming from so worthy a man, while everywhere else these doctrines have been exposed and fallen harmless. Instead of support from other Unions, the Birmingham Union has, in this instance, met with nothing but ridicule. Cobbett’s Equitable Adjustment has had a still better reception; because it is a much better way of doing the same thing. But there is not one town in Scotland, and we doubt if there are three in England, where the Equitable Adjustment would be carried by the votes of the working classes. Through out the whole country the scheme would be rejected as it deserves; were there any thought of its being carried into effect. Cobbett’s attacks on sinecures, pensions, &c. were most effective during his late progress through Scotland, while his argu-

ments against paper money, or rather his abuse of it, made not the slightest impression.

The Radical Reformers are not a *party*, in the usual sense of the word; they are no set of men of the same opinions, united for the common purpose of ousting the party in power from their places, and obtaining power and place themselves, as well as currency for their particular opinions. They are too numerous, being in fact the *people*, to form a party; and their views and doctrines are, in many respects dissimilar. In only one important point they agree,—that the good of the people, the just, and the true, is to be sought, and every thing inconsistent with these objects rejected. They support a Reforming Government, by supporting Reform; and do not profess to support Reform only by supporting a Reforming Government. Every man sincerely attached to the principle of Reform, for its own sake, and not for the sake of a party or set of men, is a Radical Reformer. From Reformers of such a description, much good is to be expected; from such men no evil is to be dreaded.

The *Times* has given the independent Reformers a new title. After describing them, with all its usual force of language and carelessness of truth, as the friends of anarchy and spoliation, it has bestowed on them the emphatic title of "Destructives." The object of the independent Reformers is, with much fury, declared to be the destruction of the institutions of the country, the demolition of the Constitution. Of late years, we have heard much of the destruction of the Constitution. We should be sorry to believe the Constitution so very rickety as it is represented by many of those who pretend to be its best friends. These gentry remind us of an impostor steward, in one of Mrs Centlivre's plays, who gave a false account of a feeble old gentleman's sudden death, adding, "that he was very subject to it." The Constitution is always dying, it would appear. According to Tory notions, it was destroyed by Catholic Emancipation; by the repeal of Test and Corporation Acts; and, a third time by the Reform Bill. It is plain, from each of these Acts having been described by the Tories as destructive of the Constitution, that "the Constitution" must, with them, have meant, Protestant and Prelatic ascendancy, and the Rotten Burghs. When the *Times* uses the Tory cry of "the destruction of the Constitution," we wish it would tell us plainly what it means. The Radical Reformers do not threaten to destroy the House of Commons, nor Royalty, nor even the House of Lords. It cannot, therefore, be what is vulgarly understood by the *Constitution* that the *Times* means by that term. The Radical Reformers insist for the destruction of Monopolies. Can the Constitution, with the *Times*, mean Monopolies? The Radicals call for the destruction of Pensions and Sinecures. Are Pensions and Sinecures the Constitution? They ask the Ballot and Short Parliaments. Are the Septennial Act and compulsory voting (or, as it is falsely termed, the *influence* of property,) the Constitution? The Independent Reformers ask for equality, not toleration, of religious rights. Is the supremacy of one church out of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Catholic, to say nothing of the many other forms of Christian worship, and the compulsory payment by one man for another man's spiritual teacher, the Constitution? The same honest Reformers demand the abolition of the Taxes on Knowledge. Is the ignorance of the people the Constitution? Which of these things is the Constitution which the *Times* says, the Radicals wish to destroy? Is it any, or all of them?

THE MINISTRY AND THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE. It has been proved by the issue of the Elections, that the Whig Ministry has the support of a vast majority of the middle classes of England and Scotland, if not of Ireland. Few Tories have got into Parliament; and still fewer avowed Radical Reformers; although not a few of those members, who call themselves Whigs, and profess to support the present Ministry, are in reality Independent or Radical Reformers, and will only support those acts of the Ministry, which they shall think right. But even making allowance for these, the Ministry will have a decided majority of the House of Commons to support any question they may chuse to make a Ministerial one. It will be impossible for them to plead the want of power to carry any good measure, which they are known seriously to wish carried. The country has, therefore, a right to expect that they will proceed with vigour in those reforms for which alone a Reform in the Representation was desired. There is one measure, which, if they will give quickly, we shall, for our own parts, allow the Ministry credit for a sincere desire to give, in due time, every other Reform, which the true interest of the people shall dictate; we allude to the Abolition of the Taxes on Knowledge. Let the light of political knowledge shine freely upon all classes, and no abuse, no fallacy, can long exist. Knowledge is to the health of the popular mind, what free air is to the health of the body. Those who wish the people to possess the means of political instruction, must intend to govern them by the conviction of their understandings, and not by force or improper influences; and that Ministry which excludes knowledge from the poor, must as certainly mean to govern for their own interest, and not that of the nation. By this infallible test we shall try the patriotism of Ministers.

# MONTHLY REGISTER.

## POLITICAL HISTORY.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

PARLIAMENT was dissolved on the 3d of December, and the writs for the election of the members of the New Parliament are returnable on the 29th of January. The last of the boroughmonger Parliaments is thus brought to an end, and a new era opens on the country with the commencement of the present year. Public attention has been almost solely directed to the general election, but the early period at which we must go to press, prevents us from recording the result. As far as we can judge from the elections which have already taken place, we may anticipate a great victory for the friends of liberty and order. In London, the whole sixteen members are liberal, not a single Tory being returned. Many of the new members are pledged to support the vote by ballot, and the shortening of the duration of Parliament; measures which are absolutely necessary to complete the reform in the Parliamentary representation.

IRELAND.—All proceedings for the recovery of tithes have been suspended during the general election. The prosecutions which have hitherto taken place, have had very little effect in enforcing the payment of tithes. A change of policy in the management of Ireland is loudly required, for the proceedings of Mr. Stanley have all but driven the country into rebellion. The question of the repeal of the union daily gains supporters; and it is not wonderful, considering that Ireland has been so long treated rather like a conquered country, than as an integral part of the British dominions. That the repeal is a measure fraught with evil to all the three kingdoms, but more especially to Ireland, we cannot doubt. There is little chance of a British and Irish Parliament going on for any considerable time without serious collisions, which will ultimately result in a separation of the countries.

### THE CONTINENT.

FRANCE.—The French ministry are much stronger than was anticipated. The address at the opening of the Chamber of Deputies was carried by a triumphant majority of 233 to 114. An attempt was made to assassinate the king on his way to the Chamber on the 19th ult.; at least a pistol was fired at him, but whether it contained a ball or not is uncertain; and many entertain strong suspicions that the whole affair was got up by the police. The supposed assassin has not yet been apprehended. The expedition against the Dutch is popular in France.

SPAIN.—The Queen's party has great difficulty in keeping head against the Carlists; and the death of the King, who still continues in a weak state of health, will, in all probability, be the signal for a civil war. A serious conspiracy, which was to have been attempted in Madrid in favour of Don Carlos on the 5th of November, was fortunately discovered in time to prevent it being carried into effect. The conspirators were supported by the body guards, and the scheme embraced nothing less than the assassination of the King, Queen, and Infantas, and all who had declared for the new system of government. The Spanish Liberals are, in general, unwilling to avail themselves of the late amnesty offered them, fearing that its protection would be at an end whenever either of the contending factions obtained a decided superiority.

PORTUGAL.—The Marquis Palmella has returned to this country with the view of endeavouring to prevail on our Ministry to recognise the government of Donna Maria. He has not, however, succeeded in this object, though great exertions are making by the French government to induce our government to take this step. Don Pedro is at present completely shut up at Oporto. He has been long blockaded by the Miguelites on the land side; and by means of a fort erected by them at the mouth

of the Douro, they have completely cut off his communications by sea. Several vessels which went from this country with provisions and reinforcements have in consequence been forced to return. A vessel which sailed from the Clyde for Oporto with about 450 recruits, was wrecked off the coast of Galway, and all on board perished.

**BELGIUM and HOLLAND.**—General Chassé, the Dutch commandant of the Citadel of Antwerp, having refused to surrender the Citadel when summoned, in name of Britain and France, on the 30th November, commenced the same day firing on the French in the trenches, which they had begun on the night of the 29th November. The French did not return the fire seriously until the 4th ultimo. They continue to push on the siege with much vigour; and it is now certain that the Dutch will defend themselves to the last extremity. The fire on both sides is tremendous. The city has hitherto been spared the horrors of bombardment, but how long it may escape is a matter of uncertainty. The Dutch army, though in great force in the immediate neighbourhood, has made no attempt to raise the siege, and no hostilities have yet taken place between the

French and Dutch armies. Prussia still maintains a powerful force on the Dutch and Belgian frontier, but does not seem prepared to take active measures against France. The state of the finances of Russia, and the failure of the attempt to raise a loan in London, as well as the season of the year, prevent her assisting the Dutch; though little doubt is entertained, that the proceedings of the British and French governments on the Dutch question, are most galling to her government.

**TURKEY and EGYPT.**—It appears by news from Constantinople of the 10th November, that Ibrahim Pacha, after giving his army nearly two months' rest, has resumed offensive operations. He commenced by taking possession of the defiles of Cilicia, and, having dispersed a corps of Turks assembled to oppose him at Ereckli, entered Koniah on the 1st November.—Koniah (the ancient Iconium) is half way between the frontiers of Syria and Constantinople. This news is said to have hastened the departure of the Grand Vizier for the army. The Turkish fleet entered the Hellespont on the 5th ult. The Egyptian fleet had returned to the harbour of Suda. The ravages of the plague at Constantinople were on the decline.

## STATE OF COMMERCE, MANUFACTURES, AND AGRICULTURE.

DECEMBER, 1832.

It is pleasing to observe that the true principles of commerce continue to gain ground, notwithstanding all the efforts of the supporters of the system of protections.—The progress of just and liberal sentiments in France is most cheering. The merchants and manufacturers of Lyons have earnestly expressed their conviction, that the protecting system, injurious as it needs must be to all, is yet far more so to the party which inflicts it, than to those against whom it is in execution directed. Their petition to the Chambers, praying for a relaxation of duties on foreign, and especially British articles of manufacture, breathes a spirit as wise as it is benevolent.

**THE COTTON MANUFACTURERS** are well employed, and the large demand which they now have for the home market is clearing off the heavy stock of goods they had accumulated. They also find their payments come in punctually; which speaks well for the situation of the drapers. The foreign trade is improving.

The wages are, however, low at Glasgow. A weaver may work industriously from fourteen to sixteen hours each day, and yet earn no more than five shillings a week.

**THE FLANNEL TRADE** in the West of England is brisk. Fine pieces meet with a ready sale, and low-priced goods are also in demand. A slight advance has taken place in dyed goods.

**IN WOOLLEN CLOTHS** there is a declension of the demand. Some orders for army cloth have been received, but the prices offered are so extremely low that it is difficult to find clothiers to undertake the working of them. There is some demand for merinos and the finer qualities of stuff goods; but with regard to low-priced articles, the market is extremely flat.

**THE WORSTED STUFF TRADE** continues in a very good state; all the mills are fully employed, and the markets are regularly brisk.

**SILK TRADE.**—The silk-weaving in

the neighbouring towns round Manchester is moderately brisk; fancy weavers particularly inquired for; very few of the sarcenet weavers have to wait for work, although wages are uncommonly low. The sarcenet weaver cannot earn, on an average, more than 8s. per week; the fancy weaver may earn about 12s. At Paisley, though blue dresses are rather dull, flushed trimmings continue brisk.

The turn-out of the weavers at Macclesfield, has been accommodated by the masters agreeing to a rise in the wages of the workmen.

**THE LEATHER TRADE.**—This trade has been extremely flat and depressed for the last twelve months, and prices have been so low, as in many cases not to leave the tanners a profit. It now, however, appears that prices have passed their lowest ebb, and that the tanners have again the prospect of realizing a fair return for their capital.—The stock of leather at present on hand is very limited, as compared with that of last year at this season; a good deal of leather has been sold of late, and some articles are becoming scarce, and looking up in prices. Stout foreign backs are now scarce, and have advanced considerably in prices. Good calf-skins, Spanish and German horse hides, are also scarce, and advanced in prices. Crops are getting in short supply also, and looking upwards. Shaved hides are now the duller article in the market; but when other articles have improved in prices, they may naturally be expected to follow soon.

**WHALE OIL.**—It appears from an account of the Davis' Straits and Greenland whale fishery for 1832, that 81 ships had been employed, of which five were lost. The produce of this fishery has been 12,578 tons of 252 gallons each, and the quantity of whalebone was about 670 tons weight, valued at about L.100,000. The value of the oil was L.250,000. The number of seamen employed was nearly 4000.

**EAST INDIA COMPANY'S TEA SALE.**—On the 3d ult., the East India Company's December sale of teas commenced at the India House. The total quantity of the several descriptions of teas declared for the present quarterly sale, was 8,300,000, consisting of the following descriptions:—viz., 1,900,000lbs. of Bohea; 4,900,000lbs. of Congou, Campoe, Pekoe, and Sou-chong; 1,120,000lbs. of Twankay; and 300,000lbs. of Hyson. As compared with the last sale, the present declaration shows

a deficiency of 100,000lbs.; the decrease in the two first qualities being 100,000lbs. in each, while in Twankays there is an increase of 100,000lbs. The sale was fully attended, and the biddings were animated. The first breaks of Boheas realized from 1s. 11½d. to 1s. 11¾d. per pound, which will render them liable only to the 96 per cent duty. The prices obtained averaged rather higher than those obtained at the September sale.

**AGRICULTURE.**—The weather has continued on the whole favourable for the sowing of wheat, and there are few years in which the seed has been put in the ground under more favourable circumstances. Little variation has taken place on the Grain Market, although the tendency on the whole is upwards. The price of cattle, which had risen considerably in the month of November, sunk a little in the beginning of last month, and the dealers who sold the cattle they had purchased at Donne Fair in the Border markets lost considerably. Markets have, however, again revived, and the demand for fat cattle is on the increase. The horse markets have been rather brisk. At Newtonstewart horse market, on the 21th November, five-year-old farm-horses brought about L.40, three and four-year-old horses about L.35, and two-year-old horses L.30. At Castle Douglas fair, on the 4th December, the demand for horses, of a fair quality, was good, and the business was great. There were nearly 600 horses exposed. The best pair of draught horses brought L.80, and the highest price for a carriage mare was L.50.

Nothing is so difficult to sell at present as Landed Estates. The impending change in the Corn Laws prevents speculation or the investment of money in land. Many good judges consider the present a favourable time for purchasing land, being convinced that no change in the Corn Laws can materially depress corn below the prices of late years. The rapid increase of the population of Europe, as well as of this country, is the great preventative of a permanent low price of agricultural produce, for it is improbable that any improvements in agriculture can keep pace with the population. Over Europe, therefore, recourse must yearly be had to soils of constantly decreasing fertility, and hence, the amount of labour of the agriculturist to produce the same quantity of grain must inevitably augment.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE literary increase of the last month exceeds all ordinary limits. The biographers muster strong, the young poets come forth singing in bands, the novelists are in formidable force, and the class *miscellaneous* exceeds calculation. To our regret and disappointment, a bare dry notice is all we can accord to the merits of some, and a mere intimation of existence must supply what we should have liked to say of others.

MEMOIRS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY W. WEIR, ADVOCATE.\* Besides the maxim, that "fools and bairns should not see half-done work," we have an objection to thrusting the first published Memoir of the first man of his age and country, into a nook of this Magazine. Ampler space is required to do justice to both the writer and the subject. The former, who already enjoys a considerable local reputation, if he be not in very truth "the rose and expectancy of our literary state," comes forward avowing his name, and staking his reputation upon his work. All, therefore, that we propose doing, till the book be completed, is to notice that it is in course of publication, and excites a great sensation in our literary circles. The Part published, relates to the childhood, boyhood, and youth of Sir Walter. It is full of interest and beauty.

SELECTIONS FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT. BY S. AUSTIN.† In this volume, which is introduced by a very modest preface, the Hebrew Scriptures are, without in the least disturbing the literal text, so arranged as to form separate books, sections, and lessons of some length, illustrative of Scripture doctrines and precepts. The plan will be at once understood, when we mention that one book is devoted to the attributes of God, another to the condition, duties, and destinies of man; and that under the last one, there are such sections, as *Duties of Children, Humanity, Humility, &c.* This is a useful and loving labour for the young and the uninstructed, and should be so received by parents, and all who have the religious interests of their humbler fellow-creatures at heart.

MR. KNOWLES' TALES.‡ Mr. Knowles has done himself the justice, and the public the kindness, to collect his strays and waifs into the penfold of one small volume, instead of permitting them to ramble where few could see them, through Magazines and Annuals. The Tales bear uni-

mated traces of the author of the *Hunchback*, but cannot add much to his reputation. Our favourites are *Love and Authorship*; and the story of the Bastille.

THE AMULET.\*—The *Amulet* is, so to speak, a religious annual, *par excellence*. If not told this on the title-page, we should conclude the present volume to be much like its less professing contemporaries. The *Amulet* contains some pretty, a few good, and a great many so-so pieces, and the usual number of engravings; of which the *The Gentle Student*, *The Evening Star*, *The English Mother*, and perhaps the *Duchess of Richmond*, are *pretending*; while *The Theft of the Cap*, *The Young Navigators*, and the vignette, *The Golden Age*, are really beautiful. There is, besides, a portrait of John Kemble, in the character of Cato, painted by Sir T. Lawrence, and beautifully engraved. But altogether, there is too much Lawrence. *Grace Huntly* is a pleasing tale, by Mrs. Hall; and the *Wonders of the Lane*, are verses in the best manner of the author of *Corn Law Rhymes*. There are several things, but none very noticeable, by L. F. L., and a slight sketch, *Soldiers' Wives*, by the Rev. Charles Tayler, much to our mind. Every thing the pen and burin of the annuals could do to please and attract, has been done for the *Amulet*.

THE JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT.† —Our manhood and literary taste apart, we should not scruple to confess that we generally like the *annuals* of the juveniles, much better than those *got up* for the ancients or the *adolescents*. This of Ackerman's is always a charming one, and was never more so than for 1833. The ladies who contribute so much to these pretty volumes, seem to feel more at home and at their ease in the nursery, than when striving to minister to the caprices of the over-grown, spoiled children on the floor below. Yes the floor below; for every body knows that it is the custom of England to send the children to the attics, and keep the best rooms sacred to the bronzes, or-molu ornaments, and China, and other gregarious monsters, dead and alive. Miss Landon contributes some sweet verses for a print, (the *Grandmother*, a clever picture by Fraser,) and a pretty and fanciful, if not very probable, *Indian Tale*. Mary Howitt writes the *Sailor's Wife*; and her verses are much better than so gawky looking a Sailor's wife deserves. *The First Sad Lesson*, by Miss Bowles, is the finest thing in the volume; full of pathos and beauty.

\* Ireland, Junior, Edinburgh. Part I. With Portrait of Sir Walter. Pp. 99.

† Eppingham Wilson, London. Pp. 304.

‡ Moxon, London. Pp. 6.

\* Westly and Davis, London.

† Ackerman, London.



**POEMS, NARRATIVE AND LYRICAL. BY M. MOTHERWELL.\*** The public has, in this instance, forestalled critical judgments. Its testimony is applausive and unanimous. Mr. Motherwell's stray pieces, which already enjoy a most extensive and genial kind of popularity, are here collected into a handsome small volume, well fitted to occupy an honoured place in any select modern cabinet collection of favourite authors. It is needless to say how well we conceive this volume entitled to a distinguished nook.

**POEMS BY ALFRED TENNYSON.†** Mr. Tennyson's new volume contains many good and a few beautiful pieces; but it scarcely comes up to our high-raised expectations of the author of the *Poems chiefly Lyrical*. We must return to it more at leisure.

**THE BROKEN HEART, A METRICAL TALE.‡** This is a rather unlucky subject, redeemed by much that it is beautiful in thought, feeling, and language; though, as an entire poem, the production is more distinguished by elegance and careful elaboration, than force of imagination, or the simplicity of conscious power.

**THE WANDERING BARD AND OTHER POEMS.§** This is one of those poems of which a certain number appear every year, and the average of which has of late years prodigiously increased. In the *Wandering Bard*, there is a thread of story; but the poem is chiefly sentimental and contemplative. The writer is more eminent in the spirit than in the sleight of his craft. He assuredly wants the organ of tune, if he possesses the ordinary number of fingers, which might partly have supplied its place, and spared us many rugged lines.

**MEMOIRS OF DR. BURNLEY, BY HIS DAUGHTER, MADAME D'ARBLAY.||** Those—and they are many—with whom the authoress of *Evelina* and *Camilla*, is a love and a memory of youth, will eagerly open these volumes, be, perhaps, at first somewhat disappointed, but again return to their perusal, and find some true, though sadly faded images of what was once so delightful. Among the many volumes of reminiscences we have lately had, these are entitled to hold a high place, all eminence being comparative. But with something to interest and instruct, there is certainly a good deal that is tedious, and a prodigious deal that is *de trop*. If it were not felt becoming in critics to look reverentially at Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs of her father through

the veil of Miss Burney's early fame, there would be knitting of brows, if not decided marks of languor, and disapprobation of much of her books. It has always struck us that Mrs. Thrale's *coterie*, and, still worse, the small place in the court of Queen Charlotte, spoiled and chilled our originally charming, natural, and lively Miss Burney. When Burke, on the appearance of her second novel, said, "Die to-night, Miss Burney!" he spoke as the true prophet of her literary reputation, which was crowned by Camilla, and thenceforth declined and fell.

**MEMOIRS OF THE LATE JOHN MASON GOOD. BY OLINTHUS GREGORY.\*** The life of this truly excellent man forms the seventh volume of the *Select Library*. The first section, containing the Life, is of interest. The second, which is a review of his publications, is occasionally prolix.

**THE BUCCANEER, BY MRS. HALL.†** This romance comes under the class historical, we presume, from Cromwell and Milton being occasionally introduced, and the former, with his family, mixed up with the narrative. It is a work in character somewhere between the romances of the American Cooper, and those of Mr. Horace Smith; and the agents are, as in those cases, bravos, knaves, ruffians, odd people of the olden time, wild beldames, and daring outlaws. The story possesses considerable interest from the progress of the plot, but more from the descriptions and characters. There is a heroic and devoted Constance, contrasted with a lively Lady Frances, a daughter of the Protector; but these ladies are neither so rich nor rare as a certain charming Barbara, the waiting damsel of the former. She is the daughter of the Buccaneer, and a true and original woman, delineated with feminine delicacy and grace. A very delightful chapter, referring to a period of ten years subsequent to the events which close the tale, concludes the work most happily.

**• OTTERBOURNE, A ROMANCE.‡** This, which is a tale of the chivalry of the Borders, is not, in our judgment, among the most successful of Mr. James's romances; or perhaps we are getting tired of the thing altogether. The story relates to the state of the Borders, and of the kingdoms of England and Scotland previously to the battle from which the romance takes its name. Save mannerism and rigid truth of costume, there is nothing remarkable in the book. The author is more happy in catching, not the language, not the idiom, but the queer words of the age he depicts, than its spirit; and with human

\* Robertson, Glasgow. Pp. 232.

† Moxon, London. Pp. 183.

‡ Tait, Edinburgh. Pp. 147.

§ Anderson, Junior, Edinburgh. Pp. 135.

|| In 3 vols. 8vo. Moxon, London.

\* Fisher, and Fisher and Jackson, London.

Pp. 308.

† Bentley, London. 3 vols.

‡ Bentley, London. 3 vols.

nature at large, his characters have small concern. There are two fair cousins, a bluish and a pale rose, and a sweet and a dignified maiden; there are domineering and ferocious chiefs, and a gallant squire of low degree, who deserves to win, and does win his spurs, and a fair lady and her broad lands; and there is also Harry Hotspur himself, and battles, captures, and escapes in large abundance, and still there is much wanting to make even a tolerably good imitation of Sir Walter; which in the historical romance is all that any one now looks for.

**TALES OF THE MANSE.\*** We are to have more *Tales of the Manse*, and the second series is to be about the *Fortunes and Misfortunes of Charles Cranston*. The present is a romance or legend of *St. Kentigern*, the scene of which is laid in the Upper Ward of Clydesdale during the sixth century. It might as well have been entitled the fast of the Druids. The choice of the subject shows knowledge and power of imagination, but whether directed in the way most likely to be generally popular, is a matter of grave doubt. The tale is introduced by a lively editor's preface, connecting it with the *Manse*, and by a second preface, introducing the story which restores the rites of Baal, and the wild superstitions of Druid worship, in times when Drumsech the Plump, and Lidel the Lank were the chieftains of Strathclyde, instead of Mr. Hamilton of Dalzell and Lord Corehouse. The writer shews considerable power of description, and of simple pathos, as in the dying scene of the poor dwarf, the faithful tried servant of Prince Rederec, for such was the high style of the great Westland lairds 1200 years ago. The lesser ones loved "nappy ale," and caroused o' nights much as at the present day; and very pleasant it is to us to hear about them in *St. KENTIGERN*.

**THE EXCITEMENT†** is a neat small volume of selections, published annually, and intended to excite young persons to read, and thus gain information; and also with the farther object, or hope, that if the faculty of attention be awakened to any one object, it may easily be directed to another more valuable. The selections are judiciously adapted to this beneficial purpose; and, besides this, the *Excitement* makes a pleasing miscellaneous compilation of facts, wonders, and adventures.

**THE INFANT ANNUAL,‡** Unless reading and writing do come by nature, it is not likely that the *INFANT ANNUAL* can be otherwise than a sealed book. The *Infant Annual* is, nevertheless, a nice, neat, pretty nursery tome, for childhood, if not

for infancy. Some of its little stories are really touching. "*My own Infancy*, in spite of the Evil One," is one of these; and another is *Poor Bessy*, and a third, *My Brothers and Sisters*. But the *Frosty Day* is not so right; and mamma should not tell her darling, with the 'tippet and cloak, and shoes and stockings, that the poor little girls sliding on the ice barefooted are "quite happy," with "their little pink feet and toes, just like pigeons' toes," and that "they don't feel it, because they are accustomed to it." We can assure the "little darlings" that the poor boys and girls do feel it, and that it will be the duty of the children with the shoes and tippets, if they are good children, as soon as possible, to think how they may best contribute to obtaining for the pink-toed children, comforts which are equally necessary or agreeable to all children; and, in order to do this, they must not be brought up in the belief that though the poor bear, they do not feel, hardship. The cook, when she flayed the eels alive, believed they were used to it, and did not feel it; but she was mistaken. The moral of all this is, that children's books are most difficult compositions.

**EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY, Vol. X.\*** *Humboldt's Travels*. By Mr. Macgillivray. It is next to miraculous that this rich mine was left untouched, until it suited the convenience of Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, to lay open its wealth to the public. They have done so in another of their neat, well-executed, compendious volumes; and, in one word, have given us the substance of the collected treasures of the first of modern travellers, Humboldt for five shillings! We give them thanks for the enterprise; nor do we forget that, unless there were, as in this case, talented Mr. Macgillivrays, to give effect to such literary speculations, and to set in motion the printing-presses, we could have no such publications. To both author and publisher we, therefore, give the honour due, and warmly recommend their joint labours for the amusement and information of mankind.

**NIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE; OR, STORIES OF AUNT JANE AND HER FRIENDS.** By the Author of the "*The Diversions of Hollycot*," "*Clan-Albin*," "*Elizabeth de Bruce*," &c. Second Series.\*—The first series of this delightful work is too generally and favourably known to require more at our hands than a simple reference to it. The tone of the second is slightly different from that of its predecessor. There is none of the glowing richness of "*The Three Westminster Boys*," or the intimacy

\* Blackie and Son, Glasgow. Pp. 378.

† Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh.

‡ *Ibid.*

\* Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

† *Ibid.*

with the dazzling and fantastic passions of the rich exhibited in "The Two Janes." In return, we have more impressive pictures of the gentle power of self-control, and the rich treasures of household affection. "The Quaker Family" is the most beautifully elaborated picture we have seen of the folly of excessive restraint of the playful emotions. "The Two Scotch Williams" is a tale which is at once similar and dissimilar to that of the Westminster Boys. It traces the progress of the fortunes of two bold and original minds, through an adverse world. The heroes have neither the dark glossy grandeur of Hastings, nor the glittering raciness of Thurlow, nor the plaintive wildness of Cowper; but, in return, they have a strength of purpose, a truth of feeling, and a loftiness of aim, that impresses us with the sense of a simpler and sublimer greatness. "The little Ferryman" displays eminently the author's powers of embuing, with depth of sentiment, the plain pictures of every-day reality. The talents developed in this volume are, in short, different from those displayed in its predecessor, in kind, not in degree. As a mere work of taste, it is eminently delightful; as a work with a moral, it assumes the true station on the confines of the land of imagination and sound judgment. In one word, the author's morals are fitted to advance the pure and practical creed of the citizens of a free island.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

MR. MURRAY is preparing for publication a new Monthly Work, illustrative of the pages of Holy Writ, consisting of Views of the most remarkable places mentioned in the Bible. It will appear in the month of February next, and will be called "Landscape Illustrations of the Old and New Testaments." The Drawings, exclusively made by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. are copied from *original and authentic* Sketches taken on the spot by Artists and Travellers—the utmost regard being paid to the fidelity of the views. The Plates will be engraved by William and Edward Finden, and other eminent artists under their superintendence. They will be executed in the best style of the art, and sold at a very moderate price. A detailed Prospectus and a Specimen Plate will be issued immediately.

DR. BOOZ is preparing for publication, in two octavo volumes, to be published in January, a Memoir of the Life and Medical Opinions of Dr. Armstrong, late Physician of the Fever Institution of London, and author of Practical Illustrations of Typhus and Scarlet Fever; to which will be added, an Inquiry into the Facts connected with those Forms of Fever attributed to Malaria and Marsh Effluvia.

MR. HURST is preparing for publication, in Monthly Volumes, 'The Dramatic Library,' comprising all the Standard Dramas in the English Language. Illustrated with Remarks Critical and Biographical, forming a complete History of the English Stage during its most interesting periods. The first volume will be published on the 1st of January, 1833.

THE Dramatised Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., uniform with the Dramatic Library, is also preparing for publication, and will be ready for delivery on the 15th of January next.

MR. TAYLOR has a Life of Cowper nearly ready for publication, which will contain a more complete view of the Poet's religious character than has hitherto been given to the public; together with a variety of interesting information respecting some parts of his personal history, not before generally known or correctly appreciated. To be comprised in one volume, demy 8vo.

THE First Number of the Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction, forming a monthly series of highly useful and interesting reading for young people, will appear in a few days. This attractive work will be published at such a moderate price, as to be within the reach of all classes of the community.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING (the oldest but one of the English Annals) has this season added the talent and interest of the Winter's Wreath to its other attractions,—the latter work being now combined with it. It retains its usual style of elegant binding, and grand array of highly finished engravings by the first Artists, while its carefully selected literature comprise contributions from the most popular and eminent writers, thus maintaining the high character of excellence for which this Annual has always been distinguished.

THE Comic Offering, edited by Miss Sheridan, bound in an embossed Morocco cover, is embellished with upwards of sixty most humorous designs by various comic artists, and enriched with facetious contributions by the principal female and other talented writers of the day.

WE understand that the new volume of the Continental Annual will this season appear with attractions which no other Annual can possibly exceed, not only in the superiority of its embellishments, which are being engraved in the highest style of the art, from original drawings and paintings by Roberts and Parris, but in its literature, which is exclusively contributed by the talented author of Pelham, Eugene Aram, &c. The New and beautiful style of the binding will also be in accordance with its other attractions.

CAPT. HEAD'S Overland Journey from India is now nearly ready for publication, in large folio, with elegant plates, illustrative of India, Arabian and Egyptian scenery, and accompanied by accurate plans and maps. This work will not only form a complete and highly interesting guide-book to the traveller from Bombay to Alexandria, but will gratify the merchant and the politician by showing the practicability and expe-

diency of having, by the Red-Sea, a steam communication with our Eastern possessions, and the consequent means of defending them from Russian invasion to which they are at present exposed.

A VERY excellent work is now at press, entitled *The Scripture Manual*; or, a Guide to the proper Study and Elucidation of the Holy Scriptures, by a new and corrected arrangement of all those corresponding passages, dispersed throughout the Bible, which relate to the most important subjects, classed under appropriate heads, and in alphabetical order. Designed to set forth, in the pure language of Scripture, the Rule of Faith and Practice, and to afford assistance to family and private devotion.

THE Third Part of the Byron Gallery has engravings by Wm. Finden, Bacon, Goodyear, &c., after original designs by Howard, E. C. Wood, Richter, and Corbould. These, we understand, surpass the former numbers of this splendid publication.

M<sup>r</sup>. STEPHEN, the author of *The History of the Reformation*, has just completed his new work, entitled "*The Book of the Constitution, with the Reform Bills abridged*,"—embracing, amongst a variety of interesting information, our Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, Civil and Military States, The Revenue, National Debt, Courts, Feudal System, Poor Laws, Tithes, &c. &c.

A DESCRIPTION of the Chanonry, Cathedral and King's College of Old Aberdeen, in the years 1724-5, illustrated with plates, is nearly ready, in demy 12mo.

ON the 1st of January, the first Monthly Volume of a cheap series of Original Novels and Romances, by the most popular authors of Europe and America, conducted by Leitch Ritchie, and Thomas Roscoe; comprising "*Schinderhannes, the Robber of the Rhine*," by Leitch Ritchie, author of the "*Romance of French History*," "*Heath's Picturesque Annual*," "*Turner's (J. M. W.) Annual Tour*," (forthcoming,) &c. &c. Banim, Fraser, (Kuzilbash) Victor Hugo, Galt, and other writers of the first eminence will immediately follow.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Simeon's Works, 2d Portion, 2l. 10s.  
The Waning Church, 12mo, 6s.  
Hayward's Tenterden's Acts, with New Orders, 5s.  
Sprague on Revivals of Religion, 12mo, 6s. 6d.  
Powell on Optics, 8vo, 10s.  
Currie's Burns, diamond edition, royal 24mo, 7s. 6d.  
Otterbourne, a story of the English Marches, 3 vols., 8vo, 31s. 6d.  
Chambers' History of Scotland, 2 vols., 15s.  
Memoirs of Louis XVIII. 2 vols., post 8vo, 21s.  
Heath's Book of Beauty, 1833, 21s.  
Nicolas's Report of Claim to the Earldom of Devon, 12s.  
Hansard's Debates, vol. 12, 3d series, 1l. 10s.

Arnold's Thucydides, vol. 2, 8vo, 14s.  
Guernsey's Sermons and Prayers, 18mo, 1s. 6d.  
Morrison's Portraiture of Modern Scepticism, royal 18mo, 4s.  
Nights of the Round Table, 12mo, 2nd series, 5s.  
Edinburgh Cabinet Library, (Humboldt's Travels,) vol. 10. 5s.  
Paris, or the Book of the Hundred and One, 3 vols. 8vo, 1l. 8s. 6d.  
Tales and Conversations, by Emily Cooper, 3s.  
Lanzi's History of Painting, 6 vols., 8vo, 1l. 11s., 6d.  
Anstice's Greek Choric Poetry post, 8vo, 8s. 6d.  
Peter Parley's Talks, 280 cuts, 12mo, 5s.  
Anatomy of the Horse, 1l. 12s. 6d.  
Draper's Life of Penn, royal 32mo, 3s. 6d.  
Pickering's Statutes, 8vo, 2 & 3 William IV. 1l. 4s. 6d.  
Valpy's Classical Library, vol. 36, 4s. 6d.  
Valpy's Shakespeare, vol. 2, 5s.  
Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. 37, 6s.  
Brodie on the Urinary Organs, 8vo, 8s.  
Alderson on Cholera at Hull, 8vo, 5s.  
Edgeworth's Novels, vol. 8, 5s.  
Arrowsmith's Grammar of Modern Geography, 12mo, 6s.  
Arrowsmith's Modern Atlas, 8vo, 7s.  
Moral Life, 8vo, 15s.  
The Buceannear, 3 vols., 1l., 11s. 6d.  
Album Wreath for 1833, 4to, 1l. 4s.  
Four Lectures on the Study and Practice of Medicine, 5s.  
Poems by the author of Corn Law Rhymes, 5s.  
The Broken Heart, a Poem, 5s.  
Bellegarde, the Adopted Indian, 3 vols., post 8vo, 1l. 10s.  
Magazine of Natural History, vol. 5, 8vo, 1l. 8s.  
Cole's Renegade, and other Poems, 6s.]  
Philips on the Urethra, &c., 8vo, 8s.  
Rogerson on Inflammation, vol. 1, 8vo, 18s.  
Britton's Picture of London, with Maps, 6s.  
Lloyd's Winter Lectures, 8vo, 12s.  
Letters of Sir Walter Scott to the Rev. R. Polwhele, &c., post 8vo, 4s.  
Select Library, vol. 7.  
Memoir of Dr. Mason Good, 6s.  
Jones's Biographical Sketches of the Reform Ministers, 8vo, 18s.  
Austin's Selections from the Old Testament, royal 12mo, 5s.  
Count Pecchio's Observations on England, 8vo, 10s. 6d.  
Gesenius's Hebrew Lexicon, 8vo, 1l. 5s.  
Principles of Population, 10s.  
Year of Liberation, 2 vols., 8vo, 18s.  
Sir A. B. Faulkner's Visit to Germany, 2 vols., post 8vo, 1l. 1s.  
Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes, vol. 4, 8vo, 14s.  
Biblical Cabinet, 5s.  
Girdlestone's Commentary on the New Testament, 8s.  
Tennyson's Poems, 6s.  
Shelley's Masque of Anarchy, 2s. 6d.  
Mrs Marcet's Stories for Young Children, 18mo, 2s.

The Happy Week, 18mo, 4s. 6d.

Brown's Zoological Text Book, 2 vols., royal 18mo, bds.

Mudie's Guide to the Observation of Nature, 3s. 6d.

Brown's Taxidermist's Manual, 12mo, bds., 4s. 6d.

Fleetwood; Standard Novels, 6s.

Bell on the Liver, 8vo, bds. 6s.

Selections from the Old Testament, or the Religion, Morality, and Poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures, arranged under Heads. By Sarah Austin.

America: a Moral and Political Sketch. By Achilles Murat, son of the late King of the two Sicilies.

Goethe, drawn from near, personal intercourse. A posthumous work of Johanne Talk. Translated by Sarah Austin.

The Nautical Magazine, vol. 1, containing the most authentic information relating to Maritime Affairs in general, in bds., 11s. 6d.

Atkinson on the Marketable Tithes, 8vo, 12. 4s.

Shelford on the Law of Lunatics, 8vo, 12. 8s.

Outlines of Pathology, 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Outlines of Physiology and Pathology, 8vo, 12. 1s.

Turner's Annual Tour of Views on the Loire, 21 plates, royal 8vo, 24. 2s.

Records of Travels in Turkey and Greece, &c., in the years 1829-30-31, 2 vols., 8vo, 12. 11s. 6d.

East India Register and Directory for 1833, 10s.

Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern, 8vo, 12s.

Coventry on the Stamp Laws, 8vo, 15s.

Lodge's Genealogy of British Peerages, post 8vo, 10s.

Mainwaring's Instructive Gleanings, &c., from Writers on Painting, &c., 8vo, 6s.

Vale of Light and Vale of Death, 18mo, 1s. 6d.

Rev. R. Hall's Works, vol. 6, 16s.

Lights and Shadows of German Life, 2 vols., post 8vo, 12. 1s.

A Harmony of the Four Gospels, 8vo, 12s.

Historical, Geographical, and Pictorial Chart of the Gospel, 32. 13s. 6d.

Lodge's New Peerage for 1833, post 8vo, 16s.

Tales of the Manse, 12mo, 6s.

Pigott's Johanna, 8vo, 6s.

Fifty-One Original Fables and Morals, with 85 designs by R. Cruikshank, 8vo, 12s.,

Mrs Child's Mother's Story Book, 8s.

The Wandering Bard, a Poem, 6s.

## FINE ARTS.

FINDEN'S LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF BYRON.—PART 9.\* No work that ever issued from the press more thoroughly fulfilled the professed objects of the publishers, or realized the expectations raised by the first number than this. Each "Part" is excellent, and, depending upon its own intrinsic merits, needs no complimentary contrast, or estimation by degrees of comparison with its predecessor. The contents of the present number are: 1. Cape Leucadia—Copley Fielding. 2. Venice—Harding, from a Sketch by Lady Scott. 3. Cork Convent, Cintra—Stanfield. 4. Castle of Ferrara—Prout. 5. Ianthe—Westall. 6. Petrarch's Tomb—Cattermole. 7. Seville—E. Finden. Fielding has made a beautiful drawing of the Cape, and the Lover's Leap; the water in the foreground is liquidity itself. Harding's Venice is a charming picture. Prout, that living panorama, in his Castle of Ferrara, is as square as usual. Finden's Seville, is a sweet little vignette; ditto, Petrarch's Tomb by Cattermole. The extraordinary pictures of this extraordinary and curiously-named man, must, we should think, well nigh defy engraving altogether. Every figure and every outline, thanks to Mr Finden, is *here distinct*; we should like to see the

original. It is good that we are old in age, and withered of substance, else how should we mouth and babble about *Ianthe*, thou pattern of excellent sweetness! Truly, Mr Westall, you must have made the young blood of many a fiery-mooded boy leap in his very veins at this face of yours; she is,

—"But words are wanting to say what—  
Think what a girl should be, and she is that."

It is a pleasure, however, to find fault with what we cannot enjoy,—the outline of the nose is unlovely;—confident we are right!

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. No. 9. (No. 8, lost, mislaid, or not received.) This pleasing little work continues to 'hold on the even tenor of its way;' and those who originally patronized it as a fitting illustration to the possessed productions of the most popular author of our times, have no reason to be dissatisfied with the manner in which the task is proceeding. *Fast Castle*, representing the residence of the Master of Ravenswood, is an appalling place to look upon: desolation, dim, dark, and dismal, reigns throughout the scene. The other scenes—the Links of Eyemouth, Dunstaffnage, Inverary Pier, are pretty drawings. "Miss Wardour, in silent terror, took up the letter," says the quotation from the Antiquary;

and Mr Wright has illustrated the passage, by the portrait of a sweet placid-faced child, beaming out innocence and undisquieted adolescence.—But who will regard its inaptitude!

MEMORIALS OF OXFORD, &c. No. 2. The plates in this number are the "Interior of Christ Church Cathedral, and the Exterior of the Library;" together with five wood-cuts, all clever and all creditable. When completed, if completed as it commences, the work will be a very acceptable addition to the library of the historian.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MODERN SCULPTURE. Part. 2.\*—When first we stumble upon the happy thoughts of clever people, we are always surprised that they never occurred before, or to ourselves; and accordingly, when first were placed before us these illustrations, we could not, for the soul of us, conceive how this glorious mine of the rich and the beautiful should have so long remained unwrought and even unthought of. Compared with the sister arts, sculpture has been hitherto confined to the admiration of the few; for few have had the opportunities of appreciating its true value, which the advantage of multiplied representations would have afforded. The obscuring curtain, however, is now drawn aside, and the vision of all that is noble in form and excellent in conception—the palpable embodiment of the essential soul in its loftiest flights, and its holiest exercises, displayed in the imagined perfection of human configuration, is now in progress of being disclosed; and very particularly done. We thank and congratulate you, Mr. Hervey, upon the task you have so creditably and chivalrously undertaken.

The work now before us, in its *second* number, justifies the high encomium we passed upon the *first*, considered as the splendid precursor of a publication which we deemed eminently calculated to elevate sculpture to its proper position among the Fine Arts, in the estimation of all classes. From the cordial welcome with which the periodical press has re-

ceived it, and the influence which the unqualified commendation of persons of cultivated taste is sure to have on the public mind, we have fair reason for believing the object of the publishers will be fully attained, and their efforts correspondingly rewarded. The choicest conceptions of the great minds of Canova, Thorwaldsen, Chantrey, Flaxman, Westmacott, and other noble spirits thus made beautifully manifest on paper, and enriched (it is hardly too extravagant a word) by the gentle effusions of Mr. Hervey's muse, cannot fail to make way.

The subjects of the present number are—1. CHANTREY'S *Resignation*.—2. BAILY'S well-remembered group of a mother and child, here called *Maternal Love*; and 3d. The *Hebe* of THORWALDSEN, "a name which disputed the palm with Canova, during that great artist's life, and has no Continental rival since his death." A non-extensive circulation for such a work as this would be a disgraceful stain upon the national taste.

We have just glanced at the *Land-scape Annual*, and TURNER'S *Annual Tour*: they both appear to be rich in all that is delightful to the eye, and excellent in art; but the latter, on a rapid survey, seems certainly a production of extraordinary beauty and extraordinary merit. Year after year have we been supposing that the works of this description had reached their climax of perfection, that the lovely in nature had been fairly wrought dry, and that human skill could go no farther; yet, strange to see, every succeeding year throws into comparative shade those which preceded them. Truly nature and art are both exhaustless!

WINTER EXHIBITIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—The Society's rooms in Suffolk Street have been opened for the winter season; they contain a very excellent selection from the works of Reynolds, Lawrence, Northcote, and other distinguished artists, which will well repay the connoisseur, and be meat for the minds of young aspirants for digesting.

A similar Exhibition is opened at *Exeter Hall*. We have not yet visited it, but report speaks very favourably of the selection.

\* Relfe and Unwin.

## THE DRAMA.

EDINBURGH.—At the THEATRE ROYAL, EDINBURGH, we have had De Begnis' Italian Company, performing for some weeks the best Operas, to full houses. We are glad that the reputation of this Company of excellent performers has been

such as they deserved. Since the departure of the Italians, we have had Rob Roy, and our other standard Dramas, performed by the Edinburgh Company to comparatively empty benches. By and by, however, we expect to see the Theatre

alied in every part with merry faces, expanding with glee at the drolleries of an excellent Christmas Pantomime. Murray gets up these things well.

LONDON.—We regret to say that the non-arrival of our London correspondent's remarks on the theatrical events of the month till the last moment allowed us for going to press, prevents our doing more than abstracting the gist of them. At Drury Lane, OTHELLO has been several times repeated, with a success which the resuscitation of Kean's original powers, and the excellent acting of Macready were sure to command. Don Telesforo de Trueba has had the distinguished gratification of bringing out a Drama, which has been very heartily damned every night of its performance; and of being accused of plagiarisms therein, in terms

which must have raised the Hidalgo's blood several degrees beyond the boiling point. Other things have been dragged forth, which, like bubbles on stagnant water, have risen and burst, leaving the surface stagnant still. At Covent Garden, Mr Knowles has been playing his own William Tell and Virginus to full audiences, and creditably to his rising reputation as an actor. Miss Kelly is engaged at this house, and her powers are undiminished; she is unquestionably the best actress on the English stage. The *Ballet* of "Masaniello" has been got up gorgeously, and has attracted houses "full to overflowing." These matters, as we have said, we are compelled to divest of their amplitude; and the MIXONS must be content with our simple assertion, that they deserve the patronage they receive.

## MUSIC.

THE OVERTURE AND INTRODUCTION TO THE OPERA OF ROBERT LE DIABLE. G. MEYERBEER.  
 THE PAS DE LA BOUGUETIERE, Danced by Mlle. Taglioni. G. MEYERBEER.  
 SOUVENIRS OF MEYERBEER'S CELEBRATED OPERA, &c. arranged for two Performers, by W. WATTS. Book II. SCHAPPEL.

To those who had the good fortune to witness the production of this delightful Opera last season at the King's Theatre, these pieces will be received not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous! It would be something supererogatory to enter just now into a disquisition upon the merits of a composition, after the very able critiques which were elaborated on the occasion of its first introduction; and

we will spare our readers and ourselves the infliction of a repetition. The overture is arranged for the piano with a flute and violin accompaniment. This and the *pas* will be found to contain some stiff but very instructive practice; the grand and imposing style of the one, and the delightful measure of the other, are very beautiful exemplifications of the composer's genius.

The Souvenirs of the present book contain the chorus of "Nous sommes tous flattés," "O Fortune," and "Malheur sans egal." They are very cleverly arranged for two performers on the piano; and while they reflect great credit on the ability of Mr. Watts, their simplicity and *contrivance* will render them, there is little doubt, very popular.

# TAIT'S

## EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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### FINALITY: OR THE CEDES ALTHORPIANÆ.

WITH SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE GRAVE CONSIDERATION OF MINISTERS.

THERE are some things respecting which we do not very well know what to think of our present Ministers. They seem to be assorted like ninepins; if one be impinged upon, it commonly knocks down the others. In this sense, and in this alone it is, that they seem disposed to stand or fall together. They have no common mind, no community of sentiment or opinion, no determinate principles of action, no recognised or coherent system of policy; and hence each does precisely that which seemeth good in his own eyes, without regard to the position of his colleagues, or the consistency and stability of the general government. Every one appears to act for himself; no one seems to concern himself about what may have been said or done by his official *confrères*. In the West, Lord John Russell menaces the Conservatives with the ballot, and an extension of the franchise; in the midland and eastern counties, Lord Althorp, Mr. Stanley, and Sir James Graham respectively volunteer declarations that the Reform Bill is to be considered as a *final* measure. According to the former, Reform is only in its infancy; according to the latter, it is full-grown, matured, and incapable of any further increase. By what fell from Lord John Russell, it would appear that the Movement is only beginning; but were any weight to be attached to the ultroneous declarations of the Ministerial triumvirate above named, we should be led to believe that it had already ended. Indulgence must, no doubt, be shown, and due allowances made, for the excitement and license of electioneering harangues; and some may not unreasonably think that such unpremeditated sallies ought not to be construed *ad pedem litteræ*. But still some degree of self-restraint and caution is usually expected in a Minister of the Crown; every word uttered by whom will necessarily have importance attached to it; and, certainly, if ever there was a time when the Members of the Government ought most anxiously



to abstain from committing themselves by rash or ill-considered declarations, involving pledges as to the future policy of the State, the present is that time. Contraries cannot be believed. It cannot possibly be true that, while the Government are prepared to entertain projects of further and more effectual Reform, they have at the same time agreed to hold the late measure as a *final* and conclusive settlement. Somebody must be terribly committed.

But let us attend for a little to the spontaneous declarations of the Ministerial trio above named: they are all-important at the present moment. The Reform Bill, say the triumvirate, is to be considered as a *final* settlement; and young Stanley is particularly fierce in yelping out this dogma. Now, what right had they, or any one of them, to make such a declaration? Have they the presumption to imagine that they can dictate to a Reformed House of Commons? Do they really fancy that they will be permitted to lay under interdict that great branch of legislation, which most immediately concerns the political rights and interests of the People? Or, are they, in their ineffable presumption, preparing an *Index Expurgatorius* for the new Parliament, in which are to be inserted all those questions which they chuse to consider as *finally* settled? One of two things must be true: Either they regard the Reform Acts as so perfect in their first concoction that human wisdom and experience cannot improve them; or they hold that enough has already been conceded to the country, that the people are in danger of becoming too powerful, and that henceforth they must abandon the Movement, and make common cause with the Conservative party.

Now, first, as to the supposed perfection of the late Reform measure, we affirm that, however excellent in principle, it is, in many respects, abominably vicious in its details; and that of these not a few seem to have been devised for the express purpose of defeating its professed objects. Can any thing be imagined more preposterous or incongruous, for example, than to enfranchise tenants at will, without at the same time providing for them some protection against the corrupt influences to which every one must have foreseen that they would be exposed? The man spoken of in the parable, who said to the naked and the hungry, Be ye clothed and be ye fed, without, however, contributing a farthing towards the relief of their necessities, did not act with more insulting cruelty than the statesman who said to the tenants at will, Be ye enfranchised, and yet neglected to make any provision for enabling them to exercise, in a free and independent manner, the rights conferred upon them. The privilege thus bestowed upon them was not a boon but a curse; it was a snare to the conscience, as well as an insult to the understanding; and, even when viewed in the most favourable light, could only be regarded as a power held in trust for behoof of the landlord, and to be exercised just as he might chuse to prescribe. If it be asked, what has been the consequence? Enquire of Mr. Western, and he will tell. That gentleman, on some erroneous theory or conception of his own, voted for the Chandos clause, and has been made its victim. He has paid the penalty of his fatal mistake, and been displaced to make room for a man who, every thing by starts and nothing long has rendered his name a synonyme for slipperiness and tergiversation. Counties formerly independent have been reduced to the state of nomination burghs; the constituency has been at once degraded and demoralized; all the worst influences of the most corrupt periods of the constitution have been strengthened; and a *bonus* has been offered for reducing the whole

yeomanry of England to the condition of serfs, abjectly dependent on the sovereign will and pleasure of their landlords. Again, look to the qualification clause, and the limitations with which it is clogged; examine it by itself, and then attend to the results which it has practically led to. Devised, indeed, it must have been, not in the spirit of enfranchisement, but disfranchisement; for how else could the payment of an impost, against which the country at large raised its voice, and which, in spite of all opposition, must ere long be repealed—how could this have been adjoined as an indispensable condition of being admitted to the exercise of an undoubted political right? Had not the tax-gatherer sufficient security before? Was not the unlimited power of distraining sufficient for him? And why, then, were persons a few days more in arrears with him than their neighbours interdicted from claiming and obtaining a right constituted on grounds with which he had no earthly concern? Was not this a shocking hardship, as well as a disgraceful anomaly? How could it be viewed in any light, except as an expedient—and a most effectual one, too—for preventing the enfranchisement of numbers, who were otherwise as well entitled, and as well qualified, to exercise the franchise as any of those more fortunate individuals who had satisfied the tax-gatherer by the statutory day, and, moreover, escaped the entanglements of pettifoggery and chicanery?

With these glaring iniquities stamped on its very front, with defects innumerable in its provisions, with omissions not less glaring than its defects, with its arbitrary schedules and its multiplied anomalies, this, then, is the *bauche*, as rude in execution as it is undeniably excellent in design, which is to be held as a *final* measure, and which, like a law of the Medes and Persians, is never to be touched by the hand of improvement! The first rough, hastily-sketched draught is to be accepted as a finished piece, and as such is to be framed and suspended in the *Edes Althorpianæ* of modern legislation. We are to hold that as perfected which has only been commenced, and, in deference to ignorance, presumption, or insincerity, to assume that we have got to the end while we are only at the beginning. This is what is gravely required of us by some of those men whom Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom, has raised to be rulers in this great, powerful, and enlightened kingdom. But, happily, we live in an age when such insolent and intolerable nonsense is certain to meet with the scorn which it deserves; and when a doctrine which would have dishonoured the fourteenth century cannot be promulgated with impunity. No man possessed of any understanding, and desirous of being thought capable of combining two ideas together, would, at this time of day, so far impeach his own claim to rationality as to pronounce any effort of the human mind, however anxiously elaborated, *final*. For who can set limits to the expansive powers of the understanding, when stimulated to vigorous exertion, and afforded full scope for their activity? Who can pretend to stay the onward march of improvement, or to roll back the mighty current of knowledge and opinion, which is every hour gaining additional strength and force, and setting in strongly in a forward direction? Is there any man vain, shallow, or presumptuous enough to imagine that he can anticipate all that experience may hereafter teach, and, with the partial knowledge of the present, legislate with certainty or safety for the future? If we cannot tell what a day may bring forth, and if the profoundest sagacity may be as easily baffled as the most confined and narrow perceptions, how can we, without an excess of folly and absurdity, pretend to fix the destinies

of generations yet unborn, to provide for wants which we cannot know, and to meet necessities which we are utterly unable to foresee? But if all this be true generally, it holds *a fortiori* in regard to the Reform Bill. Little as is the experience we have yet had of its operation, that experience has been sufficient to indicate flagrant, nay, monstrous defects in this so-called *final* measure. Have we not seen that it has created a constituency which, unless protected in the exercise of the right conferred upon them, must become instrumental in effecting the destruction of the very measure to which they owe their political existence? Have we not seen that the right, which ought to have been freely bestowed because justly due, has been clogged with disfranchising conditions, founded on an intolerable oppression? Have we not seen the scope which has been given for, and witnessed the mischief which has been produced by, the jugglery and chicanery of legal construction applied to its ill-conceived and incuriously-worded provisions? Have not thousands been thus excluded from the exercise of rights to which their natural title was as good as that of any who were fortunate enough to be enfranchised? Has there been no intimidation practised against voters? no undue influence exerted? no open and unblushing corruption employed? Yes, all this, and more, has fallen under our observation, and that of every man, besides, who paid any attention to the events which marked the course of the late elections; yet, because the Whigs think they have obtained a decided majority, and because, under the powerful excitement produced by a variety of concurring causes, the country, upon the whole, has done its duty well, we are to be told that there is no remedy for these monstrous and intolerable evils, and that we must be content to receive the Reform Act as a *final* measure!

But, perhaps, there is more in this than meets either the eye or the ear; perhaps these noble and right honourable personages hold that enough has already been conceded to the country, that more would render the people too powerful, and that henceforth Aristocratic Reformers must abandon the Movement, and make common cause with the Conservative party. As much, indeed, has been hinted at in various quarters; and from what we know of the character and temper of Whiggery, we are prepared to believe that many of that party would now willingly break up the alliance with the people if they durst, and endeavour to resume their ancient haughty position. But they dare not even make the attempt. They love not the people, we know; but it is now too late to desert them. "Defective and mischievous as it is in many respects, the Bill has worked too well for *that*. Our safety consists in the constitution of the new House of Commons, acted upon, as it will be, in the most powerful manner, by the extrinsic agencies of the public, the Press, and the Political Unions, which the very first symptom of treachery, or even of retrogression, would call into a state of tremendous activity. The same men, as formerly, have, it is true, been, in very many instances, returned to Parliament, because sufficient time was not afforded the people to seek out more suitable or less objectionable representatives. But, then, they are the same men only in their personal identity, and stand, all of them, in a new relation to those by whom they have been elected. In the reciprocation and interchange of opinions, as well as in the professions which they were called upon to make, they have also, most of them, become, either directly or indirectly, pledged to facilitate the progress of Reform in all its branches; and we have as yet heard of none who has managed to secure his return without making

several steps in advance of the position which he formerly occupied. Even the Ministerialists, therefore, are no longer the Ministerialists of the last Parliament, but in some measure a new class, who, however reluctant to advance *pari passu* with the Movement, dare not lag very far behind it. The *Standum super vias antiquas* has been completely effaced from their banners, and *Non progredi est regredi* written in its stead. They must, therefore, go forward even in spite of themselves; and although their rate of advancement will naturally be as slow as possible, we trust to the impelling power behind to accelerate their progress. But our hopes of the future, and our anticipations of further improvement rest upon much surer grounds than these. The Ministerialists, strictly so considered, will not probably much exceed a third of the new House of Commons, the remainder of which will consist of Independents, Repealers, Radicals, Conformers or Trimmers, and Conservatives or Tories. Now, while the Government keeps faith with the people, remains true to the principles it has professed, and honestly devotes itself to the completion of the work of Reform, which, upon the whole, has been so auspiciously commenced, it may calculate upon the united support of Independents, Repealers, Radicals, and perhaps a few Conformers, as well as Ministerialists: but let it once forfeit the confidence of the country, and its doom is sealed: for, to effect its destruction, and secure the benefit of the chances consequent thereupon, the Tories would willingly lend a hand to their mortal enemies, and rejoice in the opportunity of at once consummating their own vengeance, and the ruin of that government by which their power has been overthrown. The idea of a coalition between the Whigs and Conservatives is at once ridiculous and impossible. Men like Lord Althorp, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Stanley, may contemplate such an event, or even desire it as a sort of protection for their own half-way-house system of policy; but the terms of such an alliance would involve, on the part of the Ministerialists, a perfidy so enormous, or on that of the Conservatives, an apostacy so suicidal, that lax as the morality of public men has become, it ought not to be regarded as a possible occurrence; and, even, if our calculations were disappointed, a confederacy so monstrous would only end in the ruin of those who had enrolled themselves in its ranks. Let not our Whig Government therefore deceive themselves. They are powerful for good, but powerless for evil. They may distrust, or even dread the people, in whose might alone they have stood: that some of them actually do so, is very unequivocally avowed: but they dare not attempt to dissolve the fraternization which they themselves sought, and in the strength of which only they have been strong. The demands of the people are neither unreasonable nor dangerous; there is no Utopianism intermingled with their opinions and wishes. What they seek for is regeneration, not revolution; consolidation, not destruction; freedom, without anarchy; economy, without meanness or injustice; and the reform of all abuses without trenching on the security or stability of those principles on which the foundations of society rest. But when they ask for bread, they will not receive a stone; and we be to him who would thus try to mock or make sport of their just demands!

The native genius of Whiggery is presumptuous, aristocratical, and exclusive. It is allied to much that is admirable in principle, but it is ever prone, unless counteracted, to run riot in practice. It is a sort of *mezzo termine* between antagonist categories and castes; and where an option is allowed, it would rather fall back upon "the order." than ad-

vance forward to the embraces of the people. This predisposing tendency or elective attraction it has recently evinced in no equivocal manner. Miscalculating its own strength, and mistaking for inherent power the might with which it has been armed by the people, it has begun to develope somewhat of its natural arrogance, and to evince a disposition to recede from the alliance with the nation at large. This has been significantly indicated by variety of circumstances ; and by none more than the affected contempt so ostentatiously expressed for those who are called Radicals, but who ought simply to be denominated Reformers. The result of the elections, triumphant and satisfactory as it undoubtedly is, when viewed in a proper light, appears to be regarded by the Ministers and their immediate dependents as their own peculiar achievement ; and they are unable to discern in it any thing but the firm establishment of the Whigs in power. They seem to think the party of the Government omnipotent, and, in the blindness of their exultation, to confound their multitudinous allies with the old coterie of partisans ; while they crow, like so many chanticleers, over the fewness and feebleness of that sect of politicians to which alone they give the name of Radicals. But they should moderate their ovation, and pause a little to bethink themselves, how and by whom the victory has been achieved. What *were* the Whigs before they threw themselves upon the country ? Nothing ; his Majesty's Opposition ; a mere congregation of talkers seated on the left hand of the chair in the House of Commons. What did they become when they made common cause with the people ? Every thing ; his Majesty's Ministers, the occupants of the Treasury benches, the dominant party in the state. What sustained them in office ? what rendered them more powerful than ever when momentarily forced to abandon the helm during the nundinal interregnum ? and what, in spite of King, clique, coterie, and court, bore them back again in triumph to the lofty stations from which they had so recently before been driven, compelling the proud hereditary peerage of England to quail under their ascendancy ? The united support of a mighty people. Lastly, what has gotten them their "crowning mercy" in the elections, and prodigiously enlarged the foundations of their power, if justly and wisely exercised ? We answer once more, the support of the people, of Reformers in all parts of the country, of moderate Radicals ; of men who are *not* Whigs, but who, for the sake of a great common cause, enlisted themselves for the time under the Whig banners. A few fanatical separatists, intoxicated with the first copious draught of political liberty, which seems to have fired their blood and maddened in their brain, ran wild in a momentary fit of excitement ; but the sound and staid mind of the country was in no degree disordered by the dose which wrought such effects on a few ardent and inflammable spirits ; and it would be a prodigious error indeed to suppose that these honest but *exalted* enthusiasts are the only class who look to Reform as but the first step in the mighty march or progression of improvement. If Ministers, therefore, instead of exalting their horn, and laying the flattering unction to their souls that their own right hand has gotten them the victory ; if, instead of this, they would analyze their own majorities, and compare the Whig party, as it mustered four years ago, with the noble army of Reformers who are for the present marshalled under their banners, they would arrive at useful conclusions, and learn some necessary lessons.

Upon the whole, it is not more certain that the course of nature will continue unchanged than that the progression of which we have spoken

cannot be stopped. In a state of society where the general mind has been powerfully agitated, where the dominion of old prejudices has been subverted, where the free spirit has penetrated throughout the whole mass, (*mens agitat molem,*) and where all are instinct with the activity inspired by a new and redundant vitality, its coherence and its safety can alone be secured by means of those safety-valves which prevent the pressure on any part from becoming greater than its framework is able to withstand. And what, we would ask, are these but continual improvement and amelioration,—positive as well as negative, extensory as well as corrective, corroborative as well as remedial? It is madness and worse, therefore, to talk of an initial, and, in some sort, experimental measure, as *final*; or to pretend to disconnect the means from the end. This would be like arming a woodman with an axe, and sending him to the forest, with a positive prohibition, however, not to hew down a rotten tree, nor even to lop off a decayed branch. Reform in the representation is of no use or value whatsoever, except as an instrument for procuring other reforms; or, in other words, as the means of obtaining good and cheap government. This is the great end of all reform; and it never can be compassed while the means are inadequate, or so long as the exercise of the elective franchise is liable to be perverted by corrupt and demoralizing influences. If we desire the stream to flow limpid and clear, we must commence by purifying the fountain. And this, as appears to us, can only be done by the ballot; against which some of our Whig ministers have conceived such mortal aversion, from no cause that we can imagine, but because they are not in their hearts friendly to the full, free, and unconstrained operation of the measure which, through their co-operation, has at length become law. They admit, indeed, as a general proposition, that the constituencies ought to be protected in the exercise of the franchise conferred upon them: they even grant that, in point of fact, the voters actually stand in need of protection; but when a method is proposed for effecting this all-important object,—a method which the united experience of America and France has proved to be effectual,—they recoil horror-stricken, as if the head of Medusa, armed with all its terrors, had been exhibited to their view. Does this look like sincerity? A great evil is allowed to exist; but we are told that we must not think of a remedy.—They will think better of the matter, however, when they come to face a Parliament,—the first Parliament chosen by the people; and if they *do* what is right, we shall easily forget all the imprudencies they have *said*, and continue, as heretofore, to support them. Poulett Thomson's speech at Manchester promises well, and is honourable to him both as a statesman and an honest man. It is a fair, frank, full, and manly exposition of sentiment and opinion, meeting and refuting some of the extravagances on which we have touched, and giving good hope that sense and reason will regain their ascendancy in the Cabinet, when the heats produced by the elections have subsided, and when Ministers have time to survey calmly the position which they now occupy with relation to the country.

## TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

## SECOND SERIES.\*

It will go hard if the Irish do not beguile or flatter their fellow-subjects into some knowledge of Ireland at last. They had pleaded, argued, expostulated, yelled, shouted, clamoured, fought, burnt and slain, wept and sung to small purpose. Little was the permanent attention they were able to gain from the people of Great Britain, till the happy device was hit upon of throwing open the castle gates, and the cabin doors, and inviting the Scotch and English to enter, hear stories tragic and mirthful, and be *amused*. Of the many native writers of ability who have recently assumed this filial office for Ireland, and beneficial service to humanity, there is none who lets us more freely and completely into the heart of the land than the author of the *Traits and Stories*. He is every inch an Irishman, with the farther advantage of towering so far above his fellows, as to command a sweeping view of their peculiarities and distinctive national features. While his head is a cosmopolitan, his heart remains thoroughly and warmly Irish. To these qualifications for his task, he adds a familiar and minute acquaintance with the daily on-goings of human life in his own country; a vivid and piercing conception of character; a most sagacious apprehension of the ordinary complicated motives and the hidden springs of action in common minds; and a power of verisimilitude which is so remarkable, as often, by its intensity, to *idealize* his most homely realities. These gifts presuppose the playful natural humour, which forms so striking a trait of the Irish character, alternating with pathos and tenderness. And these our author possesses in no stinted degree, together with considerable descriptive power, and skill in delineating the sweet and varied play of the natural affections in humble life, and in untutored minds. This, indeed, forms the charm of his work. Nor with their vehement kindness, their impulsive generosity, their love of fun, frolic, and all manner of *extravaganza*, have the darker shades of the Irish character been neglected by him, though here his outline is less precise and definite, and his intermingling shadows are less adroitly managed. With all this, the present series of tales makes a huge stride ahead of its predecessor, though it is cumbered by the same heavinesses, and liable to the same objections. The writer has tried to hold a tight rein over his inborn antipathy to Catholicism; but still it breaks forth, not ill-naturedly,—for his is not the rancorous, virulent hatred of an Orangeman, breathing blood and extermination,—but in such a fixed and steady jealousy of the influence of the priesthood, and rational disapprobation of the genius of the Catholic faith, as in the times when the Roman was the wealthy and powerful *State Church*, might have done honour to an enlightened Protestant Reformer, but is somewhat misdirected now, and carried the length of prejudice, tending to narrow-mindedness and undue alarm. It cannot be said that the descriptions given are either libels or caricatures of the Catholic clergy and devotees; but the pictures the writer delights to present are either those of subjects naturally deformed, or of very ungainly specimens. Another great fault of this work is the extreme length,

amounting to wire-drawing, of many of the stories. The author is not, however, prolix in the ordinary fashion of that besetting sin ; a word must be coined to convey a true idea of his offences against *time* and ordinary *patience*. He is intolerably *repetitive*. Goethe supposed that Sir Walter Scott employed some inferior hand to supply the chaff to his wheat ; and till the public have the discrimination to accept the ingredients in literary composition, served up separately concocted, bulk, we acknowledge, must often supply the place of quality, if authors would live, and booksellers thrive. Our author has another fault, which amounts to sin against his own better genius. Having started a good original idea, he is not contented with running it handsomely down, but actually exhausts, worries, tears it to pieces, and then against all rules of sport, sets it up a-new for a fresh bout. His first stroke is lusty and vigorous, and *tells* ; but he reiterates the blow, loses wind, and sinks into mere child's play at last. Our final objection to these admirable stories, extends to nearly all contemporary Irish fictions. It is to their *jargon* and uncouth orthography, and tiresome parrot-like repetition of some bald Irish word or phrase, regularly explained at the bottom of the page, till the pages look more like *mis-pronouncing* dictionaries, than compositions intended to be made descriptive or racy by the use of piquant phrases and picturesque native words, illustrating the genius of a people through their language. We humbly submit that there is neither wit, humour, nor feeling in lots of superfluous *h'es*, in *g's* lopped away, or double *ees* broadened into *a's*. Miss Edgeworth was the first sinner in this sort. Mr. Banim is by far the most flagrant. Ignorant of the spoken language of the lower classes of Ireland and Scotland, every word to which Miss Edgeworth was unaccustomed, struck her ear and her fancy as something original and wonderful ; and a stray Scotch word or phrase, as *forenent*, *childre*, *sorrow one* ! &c., &c., is as carefully set down by her, and as elaborately explained, as if two-thirds of the people of Britain were not as familiar with them as with any other words of our spoken language. It is not to national idioms we object, and still less to the strong and peculiar language in which the men of different countries, by embodying their deepest and most lively feelings, give us a sure clew to national distinctions of character, but to the corrupt and absurd orthography which overloads whole pages, and often gives an absolutely ludicrous effect to the most pathetic passages in the Irish tales. In the Scotch novels a *language* is spoken. We have real Scotch or English words, not barbarisms and distortions forming an unintelligible jargon. Every body knows that the Irish, like the Welsh, Bretons, and Scotch Highlanders, heave up most words of Saxon origin from the depths of their throats, as if a mill-stone were pressed upon their stomachs ; and this knowledge is surely sufficient of itself without signifying the fact, by inundations of *h's* and of *sk'ters*, *stranghers*, *mis-thresses*, *d'ry* bitterness, &c. &c. &c. to the intolerable tedium of the reader, to say nothing of the corruption of the King's English. But these are venial transgressions, which must correct themselves shortly, were it only by the facility of imitation. There are few writers can give us Irish fictions of the same excellence as the author of *Crohoore*, the *Nowlans*, and the *Traits and Stories* ; but thousands who very successfully copy the *ivs* and *uds*, and broad *a's*, and lopped and superfluous letters that are substituted for wit and humour, in the vulgar, slang Irish tales with which literature is at present overloaded. It is time, however, that we were at the business on hand.



The three thick volumes of this new series, contain eleven stories, of which there are some deeply serious or tragic. The others exhibit the alternate play of the cloud and sunshine of Irish life, and in general illustrate some trait of national character. The first, the *Midnight Mass*, paints revenge, implacable and treacherous, as it is too frequently exhibited in Ireland. The moral depravity of the villain hero, is traced to his connexion with secret societies, and unlawful combinations. But his frank unsuspecting victim is also a member of these societies, and his sworn brother White-boy.

We do not observe that this writer, who so eloquently and successfully points out the danger and guilt of those atrocious associations which are the fruitful root of much of the depravity, and many of the worst miseries of Ireland, ever once mentions with approbation the grand moral and political regeneration which O'Connell has attempted, by converting the secret Ribbonman, the midnight incendiary and murderer, into the peaceful citizen, acting calmly and openly, but like a man resolutely determined to obtain and to preserve his rights. The late organizations appear truly formidable as political instruments, but how much more majestic, when considered as moral agencies and influences, which, if well directed, may produce the happiest effects, and which, in the worst event, must be an improvement on the anarchy and disorder that has constantly prevailed in Ireland. As we cannot enter into the story, which, like all the other tales, is more rich in character and description than incidents, we give as a specimen the observation of *Midnight Mass*.

"The night in question was very dark, for the moon had long disappeared; and as the inhabitants of the whole parish were to meet in one spot, it may be supposed that the difficulty was very great of traversing, in the darkness of midnight, the space between their respective residences and the place appointed by the priest for the celebration of mass. This difficulty they contrived to surmount. From about eleven at night till twelve or one o'clock, the parish presented a scene singularly picturesque, and, to a person unacquainted with its causes, altogether mysterious. Over the surface of the surrounding country were scattered myriads of blazing torches, all converging to one point; whilst at a distance, in the central part of the parish, which lay in a valley, might be seen a broad focus of red light, quite stationary, with which one or more of the torches that moved across the fields mingled every moment. These torches were of bog-fir, dried and split for the occasion; all persons were accordingly furnished with them, and by their blaze contrived to make way across the country with comparative ease. This Mass having been especially associated with festivity and enjoyment, was always attended by such excessive numbers, that the ceremony was in most parishes celebrated in the open air, if the weather were at all favourable. Altogether, as we have said, the appearance of the country at this dead hour of the night, was wild and impressive. Being Christmas, every heart was up, and every pocket replenished with money, if it could at all be procured. This general elevation of spirits was no where more remarkable than in contemplating the thousands of both sexes, old and young, each furnished, as before said, with a blazing flambeau of bog-fir, all streaming down the mountain sides, along the roads, or across the fields, and settling at last into one broad sheet of fire. Many a loud laugh might then be heard ringing the night echo into reverberation; mirthful was the gabble in hard guttural Irish; and now and then a song from some one whose potations had been rather copious, would rise on the night breeze, to which a chorus was subjoined by a dozen voices from the neighbouring groups."

"When they had arrived at the cross-roads beside which the chapel was situated, the first object that presented itself so prominently as to attract observation was Darby More, dressed out in all his paraphernalia of blanket and horn, in addition to which he held in his hand an immense torch, formed into the figure of a cross. He was seated upon a stone, surrounded by a ring of old men and women, to whom he sang and sold a variety of Christmas carols, many of them rare curiosities in their way, inasmuch as they were his own composition. A little beyond them stood Mike Reillaghan and Peggy Gartland, towards both of whom he cast from time to time a glance of latent humour and triumph. He did not simply confine himself to singing

his carols ; but, during the pauses of the melody, addressed the wondering and attentive crowd as follows :—

“ ‘ Good Christians—This is the day—howandiver, it’s night now, glory be to God—that the angel Lucifer appeared to Shud’orth, Meeshach, an’ To-bed-we-go, in the village of Constantinople, near Jerouslem. The heavens be praised for it, ’twas a blessed an’ holy night, an’ remains so from that day to this—Oxis doxis gloriouis, Amin ! Well ; the sarra one of him but appeared to thim at the hour o’ midnight, but they were asleep at the time, you see, and didn’t persave him. So wid that he pulled out a horn like mine—an’, by the same token, it’s lucky to wear horns about one, from that day to this—an’ he put it to his lips, an’ *tuck* a good dacent—I mane, gave a good dacent blast that soon roused them. ‘ Are yees asleep ? ’ says he, when they awoke : ‘ why then, bud-an-age ! ’ says he, ‘ isn’t it a burnin’ shame for able stout fellows like yees to be asleep at the hour o’ midnight of all hours o’ the night. ‘Tare-an-age ! ’ says he, ‘ get up wid yees, you dirty spalpeens ! There’s St. Patrick in Jerouslem beyant ; the Pope’s signin’ his mittimus to Ireland, to bless it in regard that neither corn, nor barley, nor phaties will grow an the land in quensequence of a set of varmint that ates it up ; an’ there’s not a glass o’ whiskey to be had in Ireland for love or money,’ says Lucifer. ‘ Get up wid yees,’ says he, ‘ an’ go in an’ get his blessin’ ; sure there’s not a Catholic in the country, barrin’ Swaddlers, but’s in the town by this,’ says he ; ‘ ay, an’ many of the Protestants themselves, and the black-mouths, an’ blue-bellies, are gone in to get a share of it. And now,’ says he, ‘ bekase you wor so heavy-headed, I ordher it from this out, that the present night is to be obsarved in the Catholic church all over the world, an’ must be kep holy ; an’ no thrue Catholic ever will miss from this period an opportunity of bein’ awake at midnight,’ says he, ‘ glory be to God ! ’ ‘ An’ now, good Christians, you have an account o’ the blessed carol I was singin’ for yees. They’re but hapuns a-piece ; an’ any body that has the grace to keep one o’ these about them, will never meet wid sudden deaths or accidents, sich as hangin’ or drownin’ or bein’ taken suddenly wid a configuration inwardly.’ ”

This Darby More, the main agent in the plot, is so exquisite a rogue, that we must shew the reader a little more of him. We have met with something reminding us of him in sundry heroes,—in Gil Blas pious friend the hermit, in Edie Ochiltree, and even in Sir John Falstaff ; yet is Darby More, every inch an original Irish Gaberlunzie and roteen ; somewhat sensual, it must be owned, but more *arch* than sly ; roguish rather than knavish ; flattering and friendly, though fond of power obtained by trick, stratagem, and address ; a kind of Irish personification of *Simmie and his Brother*, and altogether an inimitable fellow. But here, at full length, we have *Darby More*.

Darby More, whose person, naturally large, was increased to an enormous size by the number of coats, blankets, and bags, with which he was encumbered. A large belt, buckled round his body, contained within its girth much more of money, meal, and whiskey than ever met the eye ; his hat was exceedingly low in the crown ; his legs were cased in at least three pairs of stockings ; and in his hand he carried a long *cant*, spiked at the lower end, with which he slung himself over small rivers and dikes, and kept dogs at bay. He was a devotee, too, notwithstanding the whiskey horn under his arm ; attended wakes, christenings, and weddings ; rubbed for the *rose* and king’s evil, (for the varlet insisted that he was a seventh son,) cured tooth-aches, cholics, and head-aches by charms ; but made most money by a knack which he possessed of tattooing into the naked breast the representation of Christ upon the cross. This was a secret of considerable value, for many of the superstitious people believed that by having this stained in upon them, they would escape unnatural deaths, and be almost sure of heaven.

“ When Darby approached Reillaghan’s house, he was considering the propriety of disclosing to his son the fact of his having left his rival with Peggy Gartland. He ultimately determined that it would be proper to do so ; for he was shrewd enough to suspect that the wish Frank had expressed of seeing him before he left the country, was but a *ruse* to purchase his silence touching his appearance in the village. In this, however, he was mistaken.

“ ‘ God save the house ! ’ exclaimed Darby, on entering—‘ God save the house, an’ all that’s in it ! God save it to the north ! ’ and he formed the sign of the cross in

that direction; 'God save it to the south! X to the aiste! X and to the waiste! X Save it upwards! X and save it downwards! X Save it backwards! X and save it forwards! X Save it right! X and save it left! X Save it by night! X save it by day! X Save it here! X save it there! X Save it this way! X an' save it that way! X Save it atin'! X X X an' save it drinkin'! X X X X X X X X. Oxis Daxis Glorioxis—Amin. An' now that I've blessed the place, in the name of the nine Patriarchs, how are yees all, man, woman, and child? An' a merry Christmas to yees, says Darby More!

"Darby, in the usual spirit of Irish hospitality, received a sincere welcome, was placed up near the fire, a plate filled with the best food on the table laid before him, and requested to want nothing for the asking.

" 'Why Darby,' said Reillaghan, 'we expected you long ago; why didn't you come sooner?'

" 'The Lord's will be done! for ev'ry man has his throubles,' replied Darby, stuffing himself in the corner like an Epicure; 'an' why should a sinner like me, or the likes o' me, be widout thin? 'Twas a dhrame I had last night that kep me. They say, indeed, that dhramas go by contraries, but not always, to my own knowledge.'

" 'An' what was the dhrame about, Darby?' inquired Reillaghan's wife.

" 'Why, Ma'am, about some that I see on this hearth, well, an' in good health; may they long live to be so! Oxis Daxis Glorioxis—Amin! X X X

" 'Blessed Virgin! Darby, sure it would be nothin' bad that's to happen? Would it Darby?'

" 'Keep yourself asy on that head. I have widin my own mind the power of makin' it come out for good—I know the prayer for it. Oxis Daxis!' X X

" 'God be praised for that, Darby: sure it would be a terrible business, all out, if any thing was to happen. Here's Mike that was born on Whistle Monday, of all days in the year, an' you know they say that any child born on that day is to die an unnatural death. We named Mike after St. Michael, that he might puerct him.'

" 'Make yourself asy, I say; don't I tell you I have the prayer to keep it back—hach! hach!—why, there's a bit stuck in my throath, some way! *Wurrah dheelish*, what's this! Maybe, you could give me a sup o' dhrink—wather, or any thing to moisten the morsel I'm atin'? *Wurrah*, Ma'am dear, make haste, it's goin' agin the breath wid me!'

" 'Oh, the sorra taste o' wather, Darby,' said Owen; 'sure this is Christmas Eve, you know; so you see, Darby, for ould acquaintance sake, an' that you may put up an odd prayer now an' thin for us, jist be thryin' this.'

Darby honoured the gift by immediate acceptance.

" 'Well, Owen Reillaghan,' said he, 'you make me take more o' this stuff nor any man I know; and particularly by rason that bein' given,—wid a blessin', to the rauns, an' prayers, an' holy charms—I don't think it so good; barrin', indeed, as Father Danuellan towld me, when the wind, by long fastin', gets into my stomach, as was the case to-day, I'm often throubled, God help me, wid a configuration in the—hugh! ugh!—and thin it's good for me—a little of it.'

" 'This would make a brave powdher-horn, Darby More,' observed one of Reillaghan's sons, 'if it wasn't so big. What do you keep in it, Darby?'

" 'Why, a *rillish*, nothin' indeed, but a sup o' Father Donnellan's holy wather, that they say by all accounts it costs him great trouble to produce, by rason that he must fast a long time, and pray by the day, afore he gets himself holy enough to consecrate it.'

" 'It smells like whiskey, Darby,' said the boy, without any intention, however of offending him: it smells very like poteen.'

" 'Hould your tongue, Risthard,' said the elder Reillaghan; 'what 'ud make the honest man have whiskey in it? Didn't he tell you what's in it?'

" 'The gorsoon's right enough,' replied Darby; 'I got the horn from Barny Dalton a couple o' days ago; 'twas whiskey he had in it, an' it smells of it sure enough, an' will, indeed, for some time longer. Och, och! the heavens be praised, I've made a good dinner! May they never know want that gave it to me! Oxis Daxis Glorioxis—Amin! X X X

" 'Darby, thry this agin,' said Reillaghan, offering him another bumper.

" 'Throth, an' I will, thin, for I find myself a great dale the better of the one I tuck. Well, here's health an' happiness to us, an' may we all meet in heaven! Risthard, hand me that horn till I be goin' out to the barn, in order to do somethin' for my sowl. The holy wather's a good thing to have about one.'

" 'But the dhrame, Darby?' inquired Mrs. Reillaghan. 'Won't you tell it to us?'

The *dhrame* is Darby's cunning way of giving warning of approaching mischief. We have him here again making the murderer submit to the popular ordeal.

"Don't say a word. We'll take him by surprise; I'll call upon him to *TOP ON THE CORPSE*. Make them women—an' och its hard to expect it—make them stop clappin' their hands, an' cryin'; an' let there be a dead silence, if you can."

"I say amin to that," replied Darby: '*Oris Doris Glorioris!* So far, that's right, if the blood of him's not an you. But there's one thing more to be done; will you walk over, *undher the eye of God*, AN' TOUCH THE CORPSE? Hould back, neighbours, an' let him come over alone. I an' Owen Reillaghan will stand here wid the lights, to see if the corpse bleeds.'

"Give me, too, a light," said M'Kenna's father, 'my son must get fair play, any way: I must be a witness myself to it, an' will, too.'

"It's but rasonable," said Owen Reillaghan; 'come over beside Darby an' myself: I'm willin' that your son should stand or fall by what'll happen.'

"Frank's father, with a taper in his hand, immediately went, with a pale face and trembling steps, to the place appointed for him beside the corpse, where he took his stand.

"When young M'Kenna heard Darby's last question, he seemed as if seized by an inward spasm: the start which he gave, and his gaspings for breath were visible to all present. Had he seen the spirit of the murdered man before him, his horror could not have been greater; for this ceremony had been considered a most decisive test in cases of suspicion of murder—an ordeal, indeed, to which few murderers wished to submit themselves. In addition to this we may observe, that Darby's knowledge of the young man's character was correct: with all his crimes, he was weak-minded and superstitious.

He stood silent for some time after the ordeal had been proposed to him; his hair became literally erect with the dread of this formidable scrutiny; his cheeks turned white, and the cold perspiration fell from him in large drops. All his strength appeared to have departed from him; he stood, as if hesitating, and even the energy necessary to stand seemed to be the result of an effort.

"Remember," said Darby, pulling out the large crucifix which was attached to his beads, 'that the eye of God is upon you. If you've committed the murder, thrimble; if not, Frank, you've little to fear in touchin' the corpse.'

He immediately walked towards the corpse, and stooping down, touched the body with one hand, holding the gun in the other. The interest of that moment was intense, and all eyes were strained towards the spot. Behind the corpse, at each shoulder—for the body lay against a small snow wreath, in a recumbent position—stood the father of the deceased, and the father of the accused, each wound up by feelings of a directly opposite character to a pitch of dreadful excitement. Over them, in his fantastic dress, and white beard, stood the tall mendicant, who held up his crucifix to Frank, with an awful mien upon his strongly marked countenance. At a little distance to the left of the body stood the other men who were assembled, having their torches held aloft in their hands, and their forms bent towards the corpse, their faces indicating expectation, dread and horror. The female relations of the deceased stood nearest his remains, their torches extended in the same direction, their visages exhibiting the passions of despair and grief in their wildest characters, but as if arrested by some supernatural object, immediately before their eyes, that produced a new and more awful feeling than grief. When the body was touched, Frank stood as if himself bound by a spell to the spot. At length he turned his eyes to the mendicant, who stood silent and motionless with the crucifix still extended in his hand.

"Are you satisfied *now*?" said he.

"That's wan'st," said the pilgrim: 'you're to touch it three times.'

Frank hesitated a moment, but immediately stooped again, and touched it twice in succession; but it remained still and unchanged as before. His father broke the silence by a fervent ejaculation of thanksgiving to God for the vindication of his son's character which he had just witnessed.

"Now!" exclaimed M'Kenna, in a loud exulting tone, 'you all see that I did *not* murder him!'

"You did!" said a voice, which was immediately recognised to be that of the deceased.

It would be absolute injustice to this story to rifle it farther. The *Pig Driver* is a felicitous sketch of Paddy's power of blarneying and *coming over* the complacent self-conceit of John Bull. It is not in the least probable, and yet *true*. We forbear quoting the French apophthegm of the *time* and the *true-like*. The *Essay on Irish Swearing* is a clever dissertation, after the manner of Miss Edgeworth's on *Irish Bulls*; the *Geography of an Irish oath*, is one of the best stories of the series. Its merits comprehend excellence of all kinds; shrewdness, humour, pathos, and an exquisite discrimination of commonplace character. Peter Connell, a good-natured, honest, industrious *boy*, though not of the brightest parts, has the good luck to marry a *shrewd*, sensible woman, and a *really* excellent manager, who, in the course of a long life, is guilty of no greater offence against prudence than marrying Peter, the keeper of a *shebeen* house, when only twenty guineas, the exhaustless fortune of an Irish labourer, has been "put to the fore." Peter had been the confidential servant of an illicit distiller, and had become an adept in knowledge of the process, and in cheating gaugers. Let us take a view of this family party towards the close of the honey-moon.

"'Pether,' said Ellish, 'its like a dhrame to me that you're neglecting your business, alanna.'

"'Is it, you beauty? but, maybe, you'd first point out to me what business, barrin' buttherin' up yourself, I have to mind, you phanix bright?'

"'Quit yourself, Pether! it's time for you to give up your ould ways; you caught one bird wid them, an' that's enough. What do you intind to do? It's full time for you to be lookin' about you.'

"'Lookin' about me! What do you mane, Ellish?'

"'The dickens a bit o' me thought of it," replied the wife, laughing at the unintentional allusion to the circumspect character of Peter's eyes,—'upon my faix, I did'nt—ha, ha, ha!'

"'Why, thin, but you're full o' your fun, sure enough, if that's what you're at. Maybe, avourneen, if I had looked right afore me, as I ought to do, it's Katty Murray an' her snug farm I'd have, instead of'——"

"Peter hesitated. The rapid feelings of a woman and an Irishwoman, quick and tender, had come forth and subdued him. She had *not* voluntarily alluded to his eyes; but she immediately expressed that sorrow and submission which are most powerful when accompanied by innocence, and when meekly assumed to pacify rather than to convince. A tear started to her eye, and with a voice melted into unaffected tenderness, she addressed him, but he scarcely gave her time to speak.

"'No, avourneen, no, I won't say what I was goin' to minton. I won't, indeed, Ellish, dear; an' forgive me for voundin' your feelin's, *alanna dhas*. Hell resave her and her farm! I dunna what put her into my head at all; but I thought you wor jokin' me about my eyes; an' sure if you war, *accushla*, that's no reason that I'd not allow you to do that and more wid your own Pether. Give me a *slewesther*,<sup>\*</sup> agraph—a sweet one, now!'

"He then laid his mouth to hers, and immediately a sound nearly resembling a pistol shot was heard through every part of the house. It was, in fact, a kiss upon a scale of such magnitude and magnificence, that the Emperor of Morocco might not blush to be charged with it. A reconciliation took place, and in due time it was determined, that Peter, as he understood potcen, should open a shebeen-house.

"The moment this resolution was made, the wife kept coaxing him, until he took a small house at the cross-roads before alluded to, where, in the course of a short time, he was established, if not in his own line, yet in a mode of life approximating to it as nearly as the inclination of Ellish would permit. The cabin which they occupied had a kitchen in the middle, and a room at each end of it, in one of which was their own humble chaff bed, with its blue quilted dragget cover; in the other, stood a couple of small tables, some stools, a short form, and one chair, being a present from his father-in-law. These constituted Peter's whole establishment, so far as it defied the gauger. To this we must add a five-gallon keg of spirits hid in the garden, and a roll of smuggled tobacco."

\* A kiss of fondness.

In what follows, we have an amusing exemplification of the feminine white arts and powers of persuasion, which finally made a man of Peter Connell.

"When they had been about two or three years thus employed, Peter, at the solicitation of the wife, took a small farm.

"'You're stout an' able,' said she; 'an' as I can manage the house widout you, wouldn't it be a good plan to take a bit o' ground—nine or ten acres, suppose—an' thry your hand at it? Sure you wor wanst the greatest man in the parish about a farm. Surely that 'ud be dacenter nor to be *slungein'* about, invintin' truth and lies for other people, when they're at their work, to make them laugh, an' you doin' nothin' but standin' over thim, wid your hands down to the bottom o' your pockets? Do, Pether, thry it, avick, an' you'll see it prosper wid us, plase God.'

"'Faix, I'm ladin' an easier life, Ellish.'

"'But are you ladin' a dacinter or a more becominer life?'

"'Why, I think, widout doubt, that it's more becominer to walk about like a gentleman, nor to be workin' like a slave.'

"'Gentleman! Musha, is it to the fair you're bringin' yourself? Why, you great big bosthoon, is'nt it both a sin an' a shame to see you sailin' about among the neighbours, like a shtray turkey, widout a hand's turn to do? But, any way, take my advice, a villish—will you, aroon?—an' faix you'll see how rich we'll get, wid a blessin'!'

"'Ellish, you're a deludher!'

"'Well, an' what suppose? To be sure I am. 'Uesen't you to be followin' me, like a calf afther the finger?—ha, ha, ha!—Will you do my biddin', Pether darlin'!'

"Peter gave her a shrewd, significant wink, in contradiction to what he considered the degrading comparison she had just made.

"'Ellish, you're beside the mark, you beauty; always put the saddle on the right horse, woman alive! Did'nt you often and often swear to me, upon two green ribbons acress one another, that you liked a red head best, an' that the redder it was, you liked it the better.'

"'An' it was thruth, too; an' sure, by the same a token, where could I get one half so red as your own? Faix, I knew what I was about! I would't give you yet for e'er a young man in the parish, if I was a widow to-morrow. Will you take the land?'

"'So thin, afther all, if the head had'nt been an me, I would'nt be a favourite wid you?—ha, ha, ha!'

"'Get out wid you, an' spake sinse. Throth, if you don't say either ay or no, I'll give myself no more bother about it. There we are now, wid some guineas together, an'—Faix, Pether, you're vexin' me!'

"'Do you want an answer?'

"'Why, if it's plasin' to *your honour*, I'd have no objection.'

"'Well, will you have my new big coat made agin *Shraft*?'

"'Ay will I, in case you do what I say; but if you dan't the sarra stitch of it'll go to your back this twelvemonth, maybe, if you vex me! Now!'

"'Well, I'll tell you what: my mind's made up—I *will* take the land; an' I'll shew the neighbours what Pether Connell can do yit.'

"'Augh! augh! mavourneen that you wor! Throth, I'll fry a bit o' the bacon for our dinner to-day, on the head o' that, although I did'nt intind to touch it till Sunday. Ay, faix, an' a pair o' stockin's, too, along wid the coat; an' somethin' else, that you did'nt hear of yit!'

"'Ellish, in fact, was a perfect mistress of the science of wheedling; but as it appears instinctive in the sex, this is not to be wondered at.'

Our next extract explains some of the *uses* to which stories of this character may be turned. Peter took his small farm, and exerted himself so manfully in its cultivation, that Ellish, determined not to be outdone in the race of industry, with her odd savings purchased a load of crockery, which as taken from the car, she piled in proud array before the astonished Peter. This appearance of thrift, and the mending prospects of the family, arising from the sagacity, enterprise, and industry

of the wife, might have affected a Scotch or an English husband, much in the same agreeable manner that they did honest Peter Connell; but the conjugal scene of banter, gaiety, and rustic badinage that ensues, is rich in the flavour of the sod, and could only, at least after some years of the sobering state of matrimony, have been enacted by an Irish couple, and in Ireland.

"I knew, said she, 'I'd take a start out o', you. Faix, Pether, you'll see how I'll do, never fear, wid the help o' Heaven? I'll be off to the market in the mornin', please God, where I'll sell rings round me o' them crocks an' pitchers. An' now, Pether, the sarra one o' me would do this, good or bad, only bekase you're managin' the farm so cleverly. Tady Gormley's goin' to bring home his meal from the mill, and has promised to lave these in the market for me, an' never fear but I'll get some o' the neighbours to bring them home, so that there's car-hire saved. Faix, Pether, there's nothin' like givin' the people sweet words, any way; sure they come chape."

"Faith, an' I'll back you for the sweet words, agin any woman in the three kingdoms, Ellish, you darlin'. But don't you know the proverb, *sweet words butther no parsnips*."

"In throth the same proverb's a lyin' one, and ever was; but its not parsnips I'll butther wid 'em, you gommoch."

"Sowl, you butthered me wid 'em long enough, you deludher—devil a lie in it; but then, as you say, sure enough, I was no parsnip—not so soft as that aither, you phanix!"

"No? Thin I sildom seen your beautiful head widout thinkin' of a carrot, an' it's well known they're related—ha, ha, ha! Behave, Pether—behave, I say—Pether, Pether—ha, ha, ha!—let me alone! Katty Hacket, take him away from me—ha, ha, ha!"

"Will ever you, you shaver wid the tongue that you are? Will ever you, I say? Will ever you make delusion to my head agin—eh?"

"Oh, never, never; but let me go, an' me so full o' tickles: O, Pether avourneen, don't, you'll hurt me, an' me in the way I'm in—quit, avillish!"

"Bedad, if you don't let my head alone, I'll—will ever you?"

"Never, never. There now—ha, ha, ha!—oh, but I'm as wake as wather wid what I laughed. Well, now, Pether, didn't I manage bravely—didn't I?"

"Wait till we see the profits first, Ellish—crockery's very tindher goods."

"Ay!—jist wait, an' I'll engage, I'll turn the penny. The family's risin' wid us—"

"Very thrue," replied Peter, giving a sly wink at the wife—"no doubt of it."

"Risin' wid us—I tell you to have sinse, Pether; an' its our duty to have something for the crathurs when they grow up."

"Well, that's thruth—sure I'm not sayin' aginst it."

"I know that; but what I say is, if we hould an we may make money. Every thing, for so far, has thruv wid us, God be praised for it! There's another thing in my mind, that I'll be tel in' you some o' these days."

"I believe, Ellish, you dhrame about makin' money."

"Well, an' I might do worse; when I'm dhramin' about it, I'm doin' no sin to any one. But, listen, you must keep the house to-morrow while I'm at the market. Won't you, Pether?"

"An' who's to open the dhrein in the bottom below?"

"That can be done the day after. Won't you, abouchal?"

"Ellish, you're a deludher, I tell you. Sweet words! sowl, you'd smooth a furze bush wid sweet words. How-an'-ever, I will keep the house to-morrow, till we see the great things you'll do wid your crockery."

We must follow Ellish to the market, with her wares and her short red petticoat, blue stockings, strong brogues, blue cloak, and man's hat fastened below her chin with a ribbon; a proper virago, with a kind word and a joke for every customer, her healthy cheek in full bloom, and her blue-grey eye beaming with an expression of fun and good nature, "a favourite not the less that she was as ready to meet her rivals in business with a blow as with a joke." The scene which we now extract, proves what few persons above the rank of Ellish, and, in particular, few women, would ever believe out of book,—that an Irish char-

woman, huxter, or costermonger, though ready of her tongue, and not slack of her hand, may, notwithstanding these little faults, be an affectionate and discreet wife, a fond mother, and, in her own rank, a most valuable member of society. While such delineations of character impart knowledge, they teach charity, and are thus a most valuable kind of book-learning. Ellish, by her independent exertions, effectually stimulated the pride of Peter, and urged him to keener industry. He had originally dug his potato ground wholly with his spade, and harrowed in the seed of his little field with a thorn bush; but Ellish had now (in two years) bought him a horse, and he had got "a plough and tackle."

"The sarra one o' you, Pether," she exclaimed to him one day, 'but's batin' me out an' out. Why, you're the very dickens at the farmin', so you are. Faix, I suppose, if you go an this way much longer, that you'll be thinkin' of another farm, in regard that we have some guineas together. Pether, did you ever think of it, abouchal?"

"To be sure I did, you beauty; an' amn't I in fifty notions to take Harry Neil's land, that jist lies along side of our own."

"Faix, an' you're right, maybe; but if its sthrivin' agin me you are, you may give it over: I tell you, I'll have more money made afore this time twelvemonth than you will."

"Arrah, is it jokin' you are? More money? Would you advise me to take Harry's land? Tell me *that* first, you phanix, an' thin I'm your man!"

"Faix, take your own course, avourneen. If you get a lase of it at a fair rint, I'll buy another horse, anyhow. Is't but that doin' the thing decent?"

"More power to you, Ellish! I'll hould you a crown, I pay you the price o' the horse afore this time twelvemonth."

"Done! The sarra be off me, but done! an' here's Barny Dillon an' Katty Hacket to bear witness."

"Sure enough we will," said Barny, the servant.

"I'll back the mistress, any money," replied the maid.

"Two to one on the mather," said the man. "Whoo! our side o' the house for ever! Come, Pether, hould up your head, there's money bid for you!"

"Ellish, I'll fight for you, ancle deep," said Katty—depend you're life an me."

"In the name o' goodness, thin, it's a bargain," said Ellish; an' at the end o' the year, if we're spared, we'll see what we'll see. We'll have among ourselves a little sup o' tay, plase Goodness, an' we'll be comfortable. Now, Barny, go an' draw home thim phatics from the pits while the day's fine; and, Katty, a colleen, bring in some wather, till we get the pig killed and scalded—it'll hardly have time to be good bacon for the big markets at Christmas. I don't wish," she continued, 'to keep it back from them that we have a thrifle o' money. One always does better when it's known that they're not strugglin'. There's Nelly Cummins,—an' her customers is lavin' her, an' dalin' wid me, bekase she's goin' down in business. Ay, an' Pether, a hagar, it's the way o' the world!"

"Well, but Ellish, don't you be givin' Nelly Cummins the harsh word, or *lavin'* too heavily upon her, the crathur, merely in regard that she *is* goin' down. Do you hear, a colleen?"

"Indeed I don't do it, Pether; but you know she has a tongue like a razor at times, and whin it gets loose she'd provoke St. Pether himself. Thin she's takin' to the drink, too, the poor misfortunate vagabone!"

"Well, well, that's no affair o' yours, nor mine either—only dont be risin' ructions and norrations wid her. You *thrown* a jug at her the last day you war out, an' hot the poor ould Potticary as he was passin'. You see I hard that, though you kep it close from me!—ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!—why you'd split, if you had seen the crathur whin he fell into Pether White's brogue-creels, wid hie heels up. But what right had she to be sthrivin' to bring away my customers afore my face? Ailey Dogherty was buyin' a crock wid me, an' Nelly shouts over to her from where she sot like a prince on her stool, 'Ailey,' says she, 'here's a better one for three fardens less, an' another farden 'ill get you a penn'orth o' salt.' An', indeed, Ailey walks over, manely enough, an' tuck her at her word. Why, flesh an' blood couldn't bear it!"

"Indeed, an' you're *raa* flesh an' blood, Ellish, if that bes thrus."

"Well, but consarnin' what I mintioned awhile ago—hut! the poor mad cra-



thur, let us have no more discourse about her—I say, that no one ever thrives so well as when the world sees that they are gettin' an, an' prosperin'; but if there's not an appearance, how will any one know whether we are prosperin' or not, barrin' they see some sign of it about us; I mane, in a quiet reasonable way, widout show or extravagance. In the name o' Goodness, thin, let us get the house brushed up, an' the out-houses dashed. A bushel or two of lime 'ill make this as white as an egg widin, an' a very small expinse will get it plastered an whitewashed widout. Wouldn't you like it, avourneen? Eh, Pether?"

"To be sure I'd like it. It'll give a respectful look to the house an' place."

"Ay, an' it'll bring customers, that's the main thing. People always like to come to a snug comfortable place. An', please God, I'm thinkin' of another plan that I'll soon mintion."

"An' what may that be, you skamer?"

We cannot follow the fortunes of this family till Ellish acquires great wealth, marries a son to the niece, and a daughter to the nephew of the priest, and settles all her children respectably in life. In the death-bed of this well-principled and clear-headed, though now worldly-minded woman, the struggles of the ruling passion, and the influences of long confirmed habit, are depicted with dramatic skill and force, which would do honour to any writer. The author, however, falls into his habitual error, and by repetitions and lengthened description, labours but too successfully to diminish the powerful impression he makes. The burial of Ellish, the wild grief of Peter, with its interludes of most melancholy mirth and maudlin gaiety, are inimitable in their kind, and as truly Irish as any thing in the volumes. *The Lianhan Shee* is composed in a more ambitious style. The story, it seems, is a true one; but there is not much to recommend it to the writer of popular and useful fictions, nor to atone for the horror of the catastrophe. *Going to Maynooth*, with a good deal of quaint humour, is meagre of incident, and not very consistent; and falls into a very natural, but most tame and impotent conclusion. *Phe-lin O'Toole's courtship* presents us with the birth, training, and end of a thorough-paced rustic blackguard, interspersed with much that is curious in the manners of the Irish peasantry; but as a whole, it is an unpleasing story. The hero is too degraded and worthless either "to point a moral or adorn a tale." *Tubber Derg* is far more successful. It is, indeed, one of the most delightful tales which this writer has yet produced. It is a narrative of humble life tried by severe suffering, and sustained and sweetened by the strength and tenderness of the domestic affections. It opens with a clear and beautiful description of the scenery around an Irish high-lying farm in a remote part of the country, and of the fountain from which the farm was named. Owen Macarthy, the young farmer, and his wife, are worthy of their charming abode; they are of the best order of the Irish people, uniting with the national warmth and vivacity of temperament, the steady habits and firm moral principle which are sometimes found defective among their compatriots. They are, moreover, of a good stock, and have some distant claims of lineage, which inspired the honest pride of not disgracing it. Industrious, affectionate, kindly, and benevolent; the best husband, father, and neighbour in his district; sober and steady, Owen already enjoyed the fullest domestic happiness, and bade fair for worldly prosperity, when, by the depression of agriculture which followed the peace, the carelessness of his absentee landlord, and the villany of an agent, he is ruined and sent adrift. The declining circumstances and gradual falling off of poor Owen are painted with the truth and minute fidelity of Crabbe. We are placed at once in the midst of the entanglements and difficulties with which he maintains a hopeless struggle, and under which disease at last prostrates

the patient and meek-minded man. And here we shall quote a passage which strikes at the root of the worst of Ireland's galling miseries.

"On rising from his bed of sickness, the prospect before him required his utmost fortitude to bear. He was now wasted in energy both of mind and body, reduced to utter poverty, with a large family of children, too young to assist him, without means of retrieving his circumstances, his wife and himself gaunt skeletons, his farm neglected, his house wrecked, and his offices falling to ruin, yet every day bringing the half-year's term nearer! Oh, ye who riot on the miseries of such men—ye who roll round the easy circle of fashionable life, think upon this picture! Ye vile and heartless landlords, who see not, hear not, know not those to whose heart-breaking toil ye owe the only merit ye possess—that of rank in society—come and contemplate this virtuous man, as unfriended, unassisted, and uncheered by those who are bound by a strong moral duty to protect and aid him, he looks shuddering into the dark cheerless future! Is it to be wondered at that he, and such as he, should, in the misery of his despair, join the nightly meetings, be lured to associate himself with the incendiary, or seduced to grasp, in the stupid apathy of wretchedness, the weapon of the murderer? By neglecting the people, by draining them, with merciless rapacity of the means of life; by goading them on under a cruel system of rack rents, ye become not their natural benefactors, but curses and scourges, nearly as much in reality as ye are in their opinion.

"When Owen rose, he was driven by hunger, direct and immediate, to sell his best cow; and having purchased some oat meal at an enormous price, from a well known devotee in the parish, who hoarded up his commodity for a 'dear summer,' he laid his plans for the future, with as much judgment as any man could display. One morning after breakfast he addressed the wife as follows:—

"Kathleen, mavournen, I want to consult wid you about what we ought to do; things are low wid us, ashore; and except our Heavenly Father puts it into the heart of them I'm goin' to mention, I don't know what we'll do, nor what 'ill become of these poor crathurs that's naked and hungry about us. God pity them, they don't know—and maybe that same's some comfort—the hardships that's before them. Poor crathurs, see how quiet and sorrowful they sit about their little play, passin' the time for themselves as well as they can! Alley, acushla machree, come over to me. Your hair is bright and fair, Alley, and curls so pertily that the finest lady in the land might envy it, but acushla, your colour's gone, your little hands are wasted away, too; that sickness was sore upon you, a *colleen machree*, and he that 'ud spend his heart's blood for you darlin', can do nothing to help you!"

"He looked at the child as he spoke, and a slight motion in the muscles of his face was barely perceptible, but it passed away; and, after kissing her, he proceeded:—

"Ay, ye crathurs—you and I, Kathleen, could earn our bread for ourselves yet, but these can't do it. This last stroke, darlin', has laid us at the door of both poverty and sickness, but blessed be the Mother of Heaven for it, they are all left wid us; and sure that's a blessin' we've to be thankful for—glory be to God!"

"Ay, poor things, it's well to have them spared, Owen dear; sure I'd rather a thousand times beg from door to door, and have my childher to look at, than be in comfort widout them."

To go forth and beg is the only resource, averse as it is to the honest pride of the descendant of Macarthy More. Led by the wild hope of reaching the *Head Landlord*, and of making their distress known to him, and moving his compassion or his sense of justice, Owen makes a long journey. On his return to his family from this bootless errand, he finds his favourite child dead, and his wife and little ones driven to the shelter of a kind neighbour's barn. His farm was not yet taken, for that the threats of the thoughtless combinations who execute "wild justice" in Ireland, prevented; though Owen had no part in their proceedings.

"We did not," says the author, "write this story for effect. Our object was to relate facts that occurred. In Ireland there is much blame justly attached to landlords for their neglect and severity, in such depressed times, towards their tenants. There is also much that is not only indefensible but atrocious on the part of the tenants. But can the landed proprietors of Ireland plead ignorance or want of education for their neglect and rapacity, whilst the crimes of the tenants, on the contrary, may in general be ascribed to both! He who lives, as perhaps his forefathers have done, upon any man's property, and fails, from unavoidable calamity, as just and clear

a right to assistance from the landlord, as if the amount of that aid were a bonded debt. Common policy, common sense, and common justice, should induce the Irish landlords to lower their rents according to the market for agricultural produce, otherwise poverty, famine, crime, and vague political speculations, founded upon idle hopes of a general transfer of property, will spread over and convulse the kingdom. Any man who looks into our poverty, may see that our landlords ought to reduce their rents to a standard suitable to the times, and to the ability of the tenant.'

We cannot forbear copying the scene which precedes the departure of this virtuous family on the mendicant wanderings, of late years so frequent in Ireland even among decent people:

"One Saturday night he and the family found themselves without food; they had not tasted a morsel for twenty-four hours. There were murmurings and tears, and finally, a low conversation among them, as if they held a conference upon some subject which filled them with both grief and satisfaction. In this alternation of feeling did they pass the time until the sharp gnawing of hunger was relieved by sleep. A keen December wind blew with a bitter blast on the following morning; the rain was borne along upon it with violence, and the cold was chill and piercing. Owen, his wife, and their six children, issued at day-break out of the barn in which, ever since their removal from Tubber Derg, they had lived until then; their miserable fragments of bed clothes were tied in a bundle to keep them dry; their pace was slow, need we say sorrowful; all were in tears. Owen and Kathleen went first, with a child upon the back, and another in the hand, of each. Their route lay by their former dwelling, the door of which was open, for it had not been inhabited. On passing it they stood a moment; then with a simultaneous impulse both approached—entered—and took one last look of a spot to which their hearts clung with enduring attachment. They then returned; and as they passed, Owen put forth his hand, picked a few small pebbles out of the wall, and put them in his pocket.

"'Farewell!' said he, 'and may the blessin' of God rest upon you! We now lave you for ever! We're goin' at last to beg our bread through the world wide, where none will know of the happy days we passed widin your walls! We *must* lave you; but glory be to the Almighty, we are goin' wid a clear conscience: we took no revenge into our own hands, but left everything to God above us. We are poor, but there is neither blood, nor murder, nor dishonesty upon our heads. Don't cry, Kathleen—don't cry, childer; there is still a good God above, who can and may do something for us *yet*, glory be to his name.'

"He then passed on with his family, which, including himself, made, in all, eight paupers, being an additional burden upon the country, which might easily have been avoided. His land was about two years waste, and when it was ultimately taken, the house was a ruin, and the money allowed by the landlord for building a new one, together with the loss of two years' rent, would, if humanely directed, have enabled Owen McCarthy to remain a solvent tenant."

The writer, like every man who is possessed of feeling as well as thought, is friendly to poor laws for Ireland. Indignation must mingle strongly in every British heart, with the pity inspired by perusing the subjoined remarks:—

"Indeed it is astonishing how any man can, for a moment, hesitate to form his opinion upon the subject of poor laws. The English and Scotch gentry know something about the middle and lower classes of their respective countries, and, of course, they have a fixed system of provision for the poor in each. The ignorance of the Irish gentry, upon almost every subject connected with the real good of the people, is only in keeping with the ignorance of the people themselves. It is to be feared, however, that their disinclination to introduce poor laws arises less from actual ignorance, than from an illiberal selfishness. The facts of the case are these:—In Ireland the whole support of the inconceivable multitude of paupers, who swarm like locusts over the surface of the country, rests upon the middle and lower classes, or rather upon the latter, for there is scarcely such a thing in this unhappy country as a middle class. In not one out of a thousand instances do the gentry contribute to the mendicant poor. In the first place, a vast proportion of our landlords are absentees, who squander upon their own pleasures or vices, in the theatres, saloons, or gaming-houses of France, or in the softer profligacies of Italy, that which ought to return in some shape to stand in the place of duties so shamefully neglected.

These persons contribute nothing to the poor, except the various evils which their absence entails upon them.

"On the other hand, the *resident* gentry never, in any case, assist a beggar, even in the remote parts of the country, where there are no Mendicity Institutions. Nor do the beggars ever think of applying to them. They know that his Honour's dogs would be slipped at them; or that the whip might be laid, perhaps, to the shoulders of a broken-hearted father, with his brood of helpless children wanting food; perhaps, upon the emaciated person of a miserable widow, who begs for her orphans, only because the hands that supported, and would have defended, both her and them, are mouldered into dust."

But this is speculation; what follows is reality:—

"Any person conversant with the Irish people must frequently have heard such dialogues as the following, during the application of a beggar for alms;—

"*Mendicant*—'We're axin your charity, for God's sake!'

"*Poor Tenant*—'Whethen for His sake you would get it, poor crathur, if we had it; but it's nôt for you widlin the four corners of the house. It 'ud be well for us if we had now all we gave away in charity *durin' the whole year*; we wouldn't have to be buyin' for ourselves at three prices. Why don't you go up to the Big House? *They're* rich an' can afford it.'

"*Mendicant*, with a shrug, which sets all his coats and bags in motion—'Och! och! The Big House, inagh! Musha, do you want me, an' the childhre here, to be torn to pieces wid the dogs? or lashed wid a whip by one o' the sarwints? No, no, avourneen! (with a hopeless shake of the head.) That 'ud be a blue look-up, like a clear evenin.'

"*Poor Tenant*—'Then, indeed, we haven't it to help you now, poor man. We're buyin' ourselves.'

"*Mendicant*—'Thin, throth, that's lucky, so it is! I've as purty a grain o' male here, as you'd wish to thicken wather wid, that I sthruv to get together, in hopes to be able to buy a quarther o' tobaccy, along wid a pair o' new bades an' a scapular for myself. I'm suspicious that there's about a stone ov it altogether. You can have it anunder the market price, for I'm frettin' at not havin' the scapular an me. Sure the Lord will send me an' the childhre a bit an' sup some way else—glory to his name!—besides a lock o' praties in the corner o' the bag here, that'll do us for this day, any way.'

"The bargain is immediately struck, and the poor tenant is glad to purchase, even from a beggar, his stone of meal, in consequence of getting it a few pence under market price. Such scenes as this, which are of frequent occurrence in the country parts of Ireland, need no comment.

"This, certainly, is not a state of things which should be permitted to exist. Every man ought to be compelled to support the poor of his native parish according to his means. It is an indelible disgrace to the legislature so long to have neglected the paupers of Ireland. Is it to be thought of with common patience, that a person rolling in wealth shall feed upon his turtle, his venison, and his costly luxuries of every description, for which he will not scruple to pay the highest price—that this heartless and selfish man, whether he reside at home or abroad, shall thus unconscionably pamper himself with viands purchased by the toil of the people, and yet not contribute to their miseries, when poverty, sickness, or age, throws them upon the scanty support of casual charity?

"Shall this man be permitted to batten in luxury in a foreign land, or, at home, to whip our paupers from his carriage, or hunt them, like beasts of prey, from his grounds, whilst the lower classes—the gradually decaying poor—are compelled to groan under the burden of their support in addition to their other burdens? Surely it is not a question which admits of argument. This subject has been darkened and made difficult by fine-spun and unintelligible theories, when the only knowledge necessary to understand it may be gained by spending a few weeks in some poor village in the interior of the country. As for Parliamentary Committees upon this or any other subject, they are, with reverence be it spoken, thoroughly contemptible. They will summon and examine witnesses who, for the most part, know little about the habits or distresses of the poor; public money will be wasted in defraying their expenses and in printing reports; resolutions will be passed; something will be said about it in the House of Commons; and, in a few weeks, after resolving and re-resolving, it is as little thought of, as if it had never been the subject of investigation."

Copious as our extracts have been, we cannot forbear the pathetic

scene of the first alms-asking. It is, we think, touchingly tender and beautiful, and overflows with the milky generosity of the native character of the Irish. This conversation takes place on the highway :—

“ ‘Kathleen, asthore,’ said Owen, ‘I can’t bid you not to cry; bear up, acushla machree; bear up: sure, as I said when we came out this mornin’, there’s a good God above us, that can still turn over the good lafe for us, if we put our hopes in him.’ ”

“ ‘Owen,’ said his sinking wife, ‘it’s not altogether becase we’re brought to this, that I’m cryin. No indeed.’ ”

“ ‘Thin what ails you, Kathleen darlin?’ ”

“ The wife hesitated, and evaded the question for some time; but at length upon his pressing her for an answer, with a fresh gush of sorrow, she replied,

“ ‘Owen, since you *must* know—oh, may God pity us!—since you must know, its wid hunger—*wid hunger!* I kept, unknowunst, a little bit of bread to give the childre this mornin’, an’ that was part of it I gave you yesterday early—I’m near two days fastin.’ ”

“ ‘Kathleen! Kathleen! Oeh! sure I know your worth, avillish. You were too good a wife, an’ too good a mother, amost! God forgive me, Kathleen! I fretted about beggin’, dear; but as my heavenly Father’s above me, I’m now happier to beg wid you by my side, nor if I war in the best house in the province widout you; Hould up, avournern, for a while. Come on, childhre, darlins, an, the first house we meet we’ll ax their char—, their assistance. Come on, darlins, all of yees. Why my heart’s asier, so it is. Sure we have your mother, childhre, safe wid us, an’ what signifies any thing so long as *she’s* left to us.’ ”

“ He then raised his wife tenderly, for she had been compelled to sit from weakness, and they bent their steps to a decent farm-house, that stood a few perches off the road, about a quarter of a mile before them.

“ As they approached the door, the husband hesitated a moment; his face got paler than usual, and his lip quivered, as he said—‘Kathleen—’ ”

“ ‘I know what you’re goin’ to say, Owen. No, acushla, *you* won’t; *I’ll* ax it myself.’ ”

“ ‘Do,’ said Owen, with difficulty; ‘I can’t do it; but I’ll overcome my pride afore long, I hope. It’s thyrin’ to me, Kathleen, an’ you know it is—for you know how little I ever expected to be brought to this.’ ”

“ ‘Husht, avillish! We’ll thry, then, in the name o’ God.’ ”

“ As she spoke, the children, herself, and her husband, entered, to beg for the first time in their lives a morsel of food. Yes! timidly—with a blush of shame, red even to crimson, upon the pallid features of Kathleen—with grief acute and piercing—they entered the house together.

“ For some minutes they stood and spoke not. The unhappy woman, unaccustomed to the language of supplication, scarcely knew in what terms to crave assistance. Owen, himself, stood back, uncovered, his fine but much changed features overcast with an expression of deep affliction. Kathleen cast a single glance at him as if for encouragement. Their eyes met; she saw the upright man—the last remnant of the McCarthy—himself once the friend of the poor, of the unhappy, of the afflicted—standing crushed and broken down by misfortunes which he had not deserved, waiting with patience for a morsel of charity. Owen, too, had his remembrances. He recollected the days when he sought and gained the pure and fond affections of his Kathleen; when beauty, and youth, and innocence encircled her with their light and their grace, as she spoke or moved; he saw her a happy wife and mother in her own home, kind and benevolent to all who required her good word or her good office; and now she was homeless. He remembered, too, how she used to plead with himself for the afflicted. It was but a moment; yet when their eyes met, that moment was crowded by remembrances that flashed across their minds with a keen sense of a lot so bitter and wretched as theirs. Kathleen could not speak, although she tried; her sobs denied her utterance; and Owen involuntarily sat upon a chair, and covered his face with his hand.

“ To an observing eye it is never difficult to detect the cant of imposture, or to perceive distress when it is real. The good woman of the house, as is usual in Ireland, was in the act of approaching them, unsolicited, with a double handful of meal—that is what the Scotch and northern Irish call a *goupen*—or as much as both hands locked together can contain—when noticing their distress, she paused a moment, eyed them more closely, and exclaimed—

“ ‘What’s this? Why there’s something wrong wid you, good people! But first

an' foremost take this, in the name an' honour of God.\*

" ' May the blessin' of the same Man\* rest upon yees ! " replied Kathleen. ' This is a sorrowful thrial to us ; for its our first day to be upon the world ; an' this is the first help of the kind we ever axed for, or ever got ; an' indeed now I find we haven't even a place to carry it in. g'l've no—b—b—cloth, or any thing to hold it.' "

" ' Your first, is it ? ' said the good woman. ' Your first ! May the marcfal queen o' heaven look down upon yees, but it's a bittther day yees war driven out on ! Sit down, there, you poor crathur. God pity you, I pray this day, for you *have* a heart-broken look ! ' Sit down awhile, near the fire, you an' the childhre ! Come over, darlins, an' warm yourselves ! Och, oh ! but it's the thousand pities to see sich fine childhre—handsome an' good lookin', even as they are, brought to this ! Come over, good man ; get near the fire, for you're wet an' could all of yees. Brian, *ludher* them two lazy thieves o' dogs out o' that. *Eiree suas, a wadhee bradagh, agus go mah a shin !*—be off wid yees, ye lazy divils, that's not worth you feedin.' Come over, honest man.' "

" Owen an his family were placed near the fire ; the poor man's heart was full, and he sighed heavily.

" ' May he that it plased to thry us,' he exclaimed, ' reward you for this ! We are,' he continued, ' a poor an' a sufferin' family ; but it's the will of God that we should be so, an' sure we can't complain widout committin' sin. All we ax now is, that it may be plasin' to him that brought us low, to enable us to bear up undher our thrials. We would take it to our choice to beg, an' be honest, sooner nor to be wealthy an' wicked ! We have our failins an' our sins, God help us ; but still there's nothin' dark or heavy on our consciences. Glory be to the name o' God for it ! ' "

" ' Throth, I believe you,' replied the farmer's wife ; ' there's thruth an' honesty in your face ; one may easily see the remains of dacency about yees all. Musha, throw your little things aside, an' stay where yees are to-day : you can't bring out the childhre undher the teem of rain an' sleet that's in it. Wurrah dheelish, but it's the bittther day all out ! Faix, Paddy will get a dhrookin, so he will, at that weary fair wid the stirks, poor bouchal—a son of ours that's gone to Ballyboulteen to sell some cattle, an' he'll not be worth three hapuns afore he comes back.' "

It would be a more pleasing task to follow the gradual rise of this poor family, and their subsequent happy restoration to *Tubber Derg*. But on that we cannot venture. *Wildgoose Lodge* is a tale of horror, not the less revolting that it is based in facts. It is not composed in the tender, easy, or humorous vein, in which this writer is generally so successful ; and in the melo-dramatic scenes of the chapel, violates everything like probability. We notice the *Poor Scholar*, one of the longest and best of the stories, merely to introduce the following exquisite exemplification of Paddy's powers of blarneying and *doing* his betters. The *Poor Scholar*, far from home and friends, is, by the inhumanity of his pedagogue, turned out of doors, while suffering under typhus fever. He is found in a ditch by a few mowers, who usually made their dining parlour in the same convenient place. Their horror of fever, the dreadful scourge of the country, strong as it is, cannot overcome their compassion. The first impulse was to draw back, when the lad explained the nature of his illness ; but then,—

" ' Thundher an' turf, what's to be done ? ' exclaimed one of them, thrusting his spread fingers into his hair. " Is the poor boy to die widout help among Christyens like uz ? ' "

" ' But hasn't he the sickness ? ' exclaimed another : ' an' in that case, Pether, what's to be done ? ' "

" ' Why, you gommoch, isn't that what I'm wantin' to know ? You wor ever an always a dam' ass, Paddy, except before you wor born, an' thin you wor like Major

\* God is sometimes thus termed in Ireland. By " Man " here is meant person or being. He is also called the " Man above ; " although this must be intended for, and often is applied, to Christ only.

M'Curragh, worse nor nothin.' Why the sarra do you be spakin' about the sickness, the Lord protect us, whin you know I'm so timersome of it ?'

" ' But consider, ' said another, edging off from Jemmy, however, ' that he's a poor scholar, an' that there's a grent blessin' to thim that assists the likes of him. '

" ' Ay is there that, sure enough, Dan ; but you see—blur-an-age, what's to be done ? He can't die this a-way, wid nobody wid him but himself. '

" Irishmen, however, are not just that description of persons who can pursue their usual avocations, and see a fellow-creature die, without such attentions as they can afford him ; not precisely so bad as that, gentle reader ! Jemmy had not been two hours on his straw, when a second shed much larger than his own, was raised within a dozen yards of it. In this a fire was lit ; a small pot was then procured, milk was sent in, and such other little comforts brought together, as they supposed necessary for the sick boy. Having accomplished these matters, a kind of guard was set to watch and nurse-tend him ; a pitchfork was got, on the prongs of which they intended to reach him bread across the ditch ; and a long-shafted shovel was borrowed, on which to furnish him drink with safety to themselves. That extinguishable vein of humour, which in Ireland mingles even with death and calamity, was also visible here. The ragged half-starved creatures laughed heartily at the oddity of their own inventions, and enjoyed the ingenuity with which they made shift to meet the exigencies of the occasion, without in the slightest degree having their sympathy and concern for the afflicted youth lessened.

" When their arrangements were completed, one of them (he of the scythe) made a little whey, which, in lieu of spoon, he stirred with the end of his tobacco knife ; he then extended it across the ditch upon a shovel, after having put it in a tin porringer.

" ' Do you want a taste o' whay, avourneen ?'

" ' Oh, I do, ' replied Jemmy ; ' give me a drink for God's sake. '

" ' There it is, a bouchal, on the shovel. Musha if myself rightly knows what side you're lyin' an, or I'd put it as near your lips as I could. Come, man, be stout, don't be cast down at all at all ; sure, bud-an'-age, we're shovellin' the whay to you, any how. '

" ' I have it, ' replied the boy—' oh, I have it. May God never forget this to you whoever you are. '

In this way the working hours are spent, and now comes the cream of the jest :—

" When the hour of closing the day's labour arrived, Major —— came down to inspect the progress which his mowers had made, and the goodness of his crop upon his meadows. No sooner was he perceived at a distance, than the scythes were instantly resumed, and the mowers pursued their employment with an appearance of zeal and honesty that could not be suspected.

" On arriving at the meadows, however, he was evidently startled at the miserable day's work they had performed.

" ' Why, Connor, ' said he, addressing the nurse-tender, ' how is this ? I protest you have not performed half a day's labour ! This is miserable and shameful. '

" ' Bedad, Major, it's thrue for your honour, sure enough. It's a poor day's work, the never a doubt of it. But be all the books that never was opened or shut, busier men nor we wor since mornin' couldn't be had for love or money. You see, Major, these meadows—bad luck to them !—God pardon me for cursin' the harmless crathurs, for sure 't isn't their fau't. Sir ; but you see, Major, I'll insine you into it. Now look here, your honour. Did you ever see deeper meadow, nor that same, since you war foal—hem—since you war born, your honour ? Maybe, your honour Major, 'ud just take the scythe an' sthrive to cut a swaythe ?'

" ' Nonsense, Connor ; don't you know I cannot. '

" ' Thin, be Gorra, Sir, I wisht you could thry it. I'd kiss the book, we did more labour, an' worked harder this day, nor any day for the last fortnight. If it was light grass, Sir—see here, Major, here's a light bit—now, look at how the scythe runs through it ! Thin look at here agin—jist observe this, Major—why murder alive, don't you see how slow she goes through *that* where the grass is *heavy* ! Bedad, Major, you'll be made up this sason wid your hay, any how. Divil carry the *finer* meadow ever I put scythe in nor the same meadow, God bless it !'

" ' Yes, I see it, Connor. I agree with you as to its goodness. But the reason of that is, Connor, that I always direct my steward myself in laying it down for grass. Yes, you're right, Connor ; if the meadow were light, you could certainly mow comparatively a greater space in a day. '

" ' Be the livin' farmer, God pardon me for swearin', it's a pleasure to have dalins wid a gentleman like you, that knows things as cute as if you war a mower yourself, your honour. Bedad, I'll go bail, Sir, it wouldn't be hard to tache you that same."

" ' Why, to tell you the truth, Connor, you have hit me off pretty well. I'm beginning to get a taste for agriculture."

" ' But,' said Connor, scratching his head, ' won't your honour allow us the price of a glass, or a pint o' porther, for our hard day's work. Bad cess to me, Sir, but this meadow, 'ill play the puck wid us afore we get it finished. Atween ourselves, Sir—if it wouldn't be takin' freedoms—if you'd look to *your own farmin' yourself*. The steward, Sir, is a dacent kind of a man, but, sowl, he couldn't hould a candle to your honour in seein' to the best way of doing a thing, Sir. Won't you allow us glasses a-piece, your honour? Faix, we're kilt entirely, so we are."

" ' Here is half-a-crown among you, Connor; but don't get drunk."

" ' Dhrunk! Musha, long may you reign, Sir! Be the scythe in my hand, I'd rather—och, faix you're one o' the ould sort, Sir—the raal Irish gentleman, your honour. An' sure you're name's far an' near for that, any how."

" Connor's face would have done the heart of Brooke or Cruickshank good, had either of them been it charged with humour so rich as that which beamed from it, when the Major left them to enjoy their own comments upon what had happened."

" ' Oh, be the livin' farmer,' said Connor, ' are we alive at all after *doin'* the Major! Oh, thin, the curse o' the crows upon you, Major darlin' but you are a *Manus*! The damn' rip o' the world, that wouldn't give the breath he breathes to the poor for God's sake, an' he'll *threwn* a man half-a-crown that'll blarney him for farmin', an' him doesn't know the differ atween a Cork red an' a Yellow leg!"

" ' Faith he's the boy that knows how to make a Judy of himself, any way, Pether,' exclaimed another. ' The devil a hapurth asier nor to give these Quality the bag to hould, so there isn't—an' they think themselves so cute, too!"

" ' Augh! ' said a third, ' couldn't a man find the soft side o' them, as asy as make out the way to his own nose widout bein' led to it. Devil a sin it is to *do them* any way. Sure he thinks we wor tooth an' nail at the meadow all day; an' me thought I'd never recover it, to see Pether here—the rise he tuck out of him! Ha, ha, ha—och, och—murder, oh?"

" ' Faith,' exclaimed Connor, ' 'twas good, you see, to help the poor scholar; only for it we couldn't get shkamin' the half crown out of him. I think we ought to give the crathur half of it, an' him so sick—he will be wantin' it worse nor ourselves."

" ' Oh, be Gorra, he's fairly entitled to that. I vote him fifteen pince."

" ' Surely! they exclaimed unanimously—' tunder-an'-turf, wasn't he the manes of gettin' it for us?"

" ' Jemmy, a bouchal,' said Connor, across the ditch to M'Evo, ' are you sleepin'?"

" ' Sleepin'! Oh, no,' replied Jemmy, ' I'd give the wide world for one wink of asy sleep."

" ' Well, aroon, here's fifteen pince for you, that we shkam—will I tell him how we got it?"

" ' No don't,' replied his neighbours, ' the boy's given to devotion, an', maybe, might scruple to take it."

" ' Here's fifteen pince, avourneen, on the shovel, that were givin' you *for God's sake*. If you *over* \* this, won't you offer up a prayer for us? Won't you, avick?"

" ' I can never forget your kindness,' replied Jemmy; ' I will always pray for you, an' may God for ever bless you an' yours."

" ' Poor crathur! May the heavens above have postration on him. Upon my sowl, it's good to have his blessin' an' his prayer. Now don't fret, Jemmy; we're lavin' you wid a lot o' neighbours here. They'll watch you time about, so that whin you want any thing, call, avourneen, an' there'll still be some one here to answer. God bless you, an' restore you, till we come wid the milk we'll stale for you, wid the help o' God. Bad cess to me, but it 'ud be a mortal sin, so it would, to let the poor boy die widout help. For, as the Catechiz says, ' There is but one Faith, one Church, and one Baptism!' Well, the readin' that's in that Catechiz is mighty improvin', glory be to God!"

With this nursing, the *Poor Scholar* recovers; but, in the meanwhile, his nurse-tenders undergo a cross examination, out of which they extri-

\* That is, to get over, to survive.



cate themselves handsomely. Two gentlemen in black are riding past the hospital ditch, who thus interrogate Connor:—

“ ‘How did you provide him with drink at such a distance from any human habitation?’

“ ‘Throth, hard enough we found it, Sir, to do that same; but sure, whether or not my Lord, we couldn’t be such nagers as to let him die all out, for wint o’ somethin’ to moisten his throath wid.’

“ ‘I hope,’ inquired the other, ‘you had nothing to do in the milk-stealing which has produced such an outcry in this immediate neighbourhood?’

“ ‘Milk-stalin’! Oh, bedad, Sir, there never was the likes known afore in the country. The Lord forgive them that did it! Be Gorra, Sir, the wickedness o’ the people’s mighty improvin’, if one ’ud take warnin’ by it, glory be to God!’

“ ‘Many of the farmer’s cows have been milked at night, Connor,—perfectly drained—even my own cows have not escaped; and we who have suffered are certainly determined, if possible, to ascertain those who have committed the theft. I, for my part, have gone even beyond my ability in relieving the wants of the poor, during this period of sickness and famine; I therefore deserved this the less.’

“ ‘By the powdriers, your honour, if any gentleman desarved to have his cows *unmilked*, it’s yourself. But, as I said this minute, there’s no end to the wickedness o’ the people, so there’s not, although the Catechiz is against them—for, says it, ‘there is but one Faith, one Church, an’ one Baptism.’ Now, Sir, isn’t it quare that people, wid such words in the book afore them, won’t be guided by it? I suppose they thought it only a *white* sin, Sir, to take the milk, the thieves o’ the world.’

“ ‘Maybe, your honour,’ said another, ‘that it was only to keep the life in some poor sick crathur that wanted it more nor you or the faumers, that they did it. There’s some o’ the same farmers desarve worse, for they’re keepin’ up the prices o’ their male an’ praties upon the poor, an’ did so all along, that they might make money by our outhier distitution.’

“ ‘That is no justification for theft,’ observed the graver of the two. ‘Does any one among you suspect those who committed it in this instance? If you do, I command you, as your Bishop, to mention them.’

“ ‘How, for instance,’ added the other, ‘were you able to supply this sick boy with whey during his illness?’

“ ‘Oh thin, gintlemen,’ replied Connor, ‘bit it’s a mighty improvin’ thing to see our own Bishop,—God spare his Lord-hip to us!—an’ the Protestant mininster o’ the parish joinin’ together to relieve an’ give good advice to the poor! Bedad, it’s settin’ a fine example, so it is, to the Quality, if they’d take pattrern by it.’”

The length of our account of this collection of national tales, manifests the esteem in which we hold their general purpose, and our admiration of the talent and happy humour in which that excellent object is accomplished. In no portraiture of Irish character and manners have we met greater fidelity, or more trustworthy resemblance. Nor is this their highest merit. While laying bare before us the hearts and lives of our fellow-subjects, the writer indirectly, but powerfully, teaches us self-distrust; with indulgence for the errors, and esteem and affection for the many amiable and ill-appreciated qualities of a people more sinned against than sinning. In the beginning of the century it was thought a good stroke of policy for the different countries to exchange their militia. This was to soften national antipathies, remove prejudices, and amalgamate Irish, English, and Scots, into one true brotherhood. Next to this, or it may be before it, is the exchange of truthful fictions, faithfully embodying national character and condition. We have sent the Irish our Scotch novels, and thank them sincerely for their national tales, among which the *Traits and Stories*, though last, are assuredly not least in our good love.

## A VISION OF THE OLD YEAR.

— φίγγος ἵτερον  
 "Ἐστὶν αἰῶνα  
 Καὶ μοῖμαν \* \* \*  
 Χαῖρε μοι φίλον φάος.

It was in the first dumb hour that creeps  
 From midnight towards the dawn,  
 When closest o'er the eye that sleeps,  
 The dream-embroidered veil is drawn ;  
 I slumbered, with the choral swell  
 Of distant carols in my ear,  
 While, pealing slow, the minster-bell  
 Awoke a new-born year.

And visions seized my winged sense,  
 Even at the porch of sleep,  
 Like mighty winds, and bore me thence  
 Away—away—with breathless sweep !  
 Earth's voice was lost amidst the whirl  
 Of stars that gleamed athwart the blue ;  
 And comets, from their trains of pearl,  
 Shook meteors as we flew.

The spheres were pass'd, and Space grew bare,  
 Starless, and vague, and pale ;—  
 Dark columns, through the desert air,  
 Like billows in an Arctic gale,  
 Wavered, and blent their meeting shade  
 In circling piles of vaulted gloom,  
 Girdling the dun expanse,—and made  
 A dim, stupendous dome.

Around its sweep, in upward rings,  
 Each in his place of state,  
 A sea of shades, like phantom-kings,  
 In myriads, grey and moveless, sate :—  
 Some frowning stern,—with radiance starred  
 The robes of others gleamed : of some  
 The brows were darkened, withen, or scarred :  
 Some veil'd, and all were dumb.

Below, in ranges infinite  
 Unpeopled circles roll'd,  
 Descending from the dubious light  
 To depths of nether gloom untold.  
 High in the midst, sublime, alone,  
 A broad-winged shadow, hoary-browed,  
 Looked coldly from his giant throne  
 Down on the silent crowd.

Anon, with wide wings darkening air,  
 I saw the phantom rise ;  
 The mute assemblage gathered there  
 Unclosed their dull, reluctant eyes.—  
 Then, shrilling like a clarion-blast,  
 Was heard a voice,—“ Departed Year,  
 Come to thy brethren of the Past ;  
 Thy task is done—Appear !”

And from the soundless gloom beneath  
 Uprose a shrouded form,  
 Like one whose lips but lately Death  
 Hath kissed, and still the blood is warm :  
 Before the throne it stayed : “ To Time,”  
 The ruler spake—“ dead Year, declare  
 Thine earthly works of good or crime,—  
 Then join the voiceless there !”

Slow answer gave the bidden corse,  
 With tuneless accents cold,  
 As wanderers in their sleep discourse,  
 Unconscious, passionless, unsouled :—  
 “ Around my birth were Fear and Strife,  
 Around my bier were Wrath and blood,—  
 The ancient feud of life with life,  
 And Evil stifling Good.  
 “ Rich harvests to thy follower, Death,  
 On earth my sickle threw :—  
 The cold plague from my poisoned breath  
 Rained on her shivering crowds, and slew.  
 Man shall not soon my name forget  
 Amidst the rush of coming years ;  
 The traces of my feet are wet  
 With streams of bitter tears !  
 “ I saw where, unavenged of Heaven,  
 A race of heroes fell,  
 By Satrap slaves, the iron driven  
 Through godlike hearts—the Scythian’s yell  
 Rang through the land ;—his trampling hoofs  
 With virgins’ gore were dabbled red ;  
 O’er wasted fields and blazing roofs,  
 Night howled as Freedom bled !  
 “ Afar, her Island-throne beneath,  
 She raised her fettered hands ;  
 I passed—and with my sudden breath  
 The chain was burst, like flaxen bands  
 Fire-scorched :—the growth of rooted wrongs  
 Fell, withered by my bright career ;—  
 The triumph of ten million tongues  
 Pealed in my dying ear !  
 “ I quenched, within a sickly frame,  
 Paired with a sluggish mind,  
 The mockery of a giant’s name,  
 Who shook the world he could not bind.  
 And errant monarchs made me sport,—  
 Some grasping at a bandit’s sway,  
 Some wandering with an outlawed court,  
 Some banished, some at bay.  
 “ From mind’s high temples, on my breast,  
 The stately and the strong  
 Have laid their radiant heads to rest :—  
 The lords of heaven-descended song,  
 That brightened nations at my birth,  
 And hailed me with a loving vow,  
 I folded in the grave ; and earth  
 Wails o’er their ashes now !  
 “ Of all the change of wo and weal  
 I taught the sons of care,—  
 The million pangs I bade them feel,  
 The fitting joys, the keen despair ;  
 The wreck of many a loving heart,  
 The shade or sun of many a lot,  
 The bliss, the grief consumed apart,—  
 Of such thou askest not !  
 “ My course is run : Be thine to write  
 Above my place of rest,  
 The words of judgment, dark or bright,  
 Inscribed o’er every silent guest  
 In this thy realm. To join my sires,  
 Thy weary slave, O Time ! release,—  
 My foot is worn, my cold lip tires,  
 I fain would be at peace !”

## THE DESTRUCTIVES.

TIME was when *Whigs* called themselves *Whigs*, and *Tories* called themselves *Tories*, and both condensed all oburgation in the term RADICAL. The word Radical covered all conceivable sins ; expressed all possible contempt and abomination ; implied imputation of vulgarity, ignorant prejudice, and low associations. Now it has come to pass that the *Whigs* call themselves Reformers, and the *Tories* call themselves *Conservatives*, and both call the Radicals Destructives. The change is full of significance. The *Whigs* found their name a little spotted, and thought it as well to take another, without actually flinging away their old one ; but the *Tories* had made their name so foul and filthy—so offensive to the senses—of so pestilent an odour, that they were per force compelled to cast it from them, and abjure it. There it lies in the highway, and no one will pick it up and make it his own, or acknowledge to have worn it. Let the town-crier, taking it with a pair of tongs, hold it up and call upon him to whom it belonged to come forward and claim it ; and men will put their handkerchiefs to their noses, and spit, and turn away their heads, and protest they never wore such a thing in their lives, or could conceive any human being of habits so foul, as to have brought it to its loathsome pickle. One says, “ I think I have seen you in some thing very much like it ; that button with the crown on it, and the motto, ‘ *Church and State*,’ I have surely seen on a blue coat with red facing, of which you used to be not a little proud when it was styled the Pitt uniform ? ” “ Indeed you are mistaken,” replies the questioned party ; “ I was never a Tory, I was always for seasonable and reasonable reformations, consistent with the genius of our constitution. I could never go the lengths of Castlereagh and Eldon, or Wellington ; in short, sir, I would have you to know that I am a Conservative—a Conservative, which you will find in the Dictionary to mean one opposed to injury.” “ But did you not,” asks the interrogator, “ approve the Manchester massacre, so injurious to human bodies ; and the system of profuse expenditure, so injurious to property ; and can you find apter clothing for such political judgments than that in the tongs ? ” “ Oh, the circumstances were peculiar ! ” rejoins our Conservative. “ The Radicals—some few ragged folks of no sort of consequence—mechanics, and that sort of people—unwashed artisans—were destroyed, to prevent them from destroying Heaven knows what. And as for the expenditure, it could not be retrenched without injury to vested interests, expectations, reversionary claims, the dignity of the crown, and all those important and paramount considerations. No, no ; you must find some one else to fit that fool’s livery ; it never was mine. I was no Tory ; but always open to reason, and a good Conservative.”

In a year’s time this name (“ new-fangled,” as the *Tories* should call it from their own vocabulary) will be as foul, and in as vile odour as the other.

Meanwhile, how has the Radical worn his name ? The *Whig* looks at his spotted name ; the Tory at his disgraced and discarded one ; and they turn to the Radical and find that he has made respectable the appellation which they cast upon him as a stigma ! He is not ashamed to avow himself RADICAL, and no reproach is conveyed in the description of him as such. In this case, the enemy must give him a new bad name, for our enemy has no other weapon than vituperation : and the Radical is called

DESTRUCTIVE. The Radical is not uneasy under this description. He turns foul to fair, as his adversaries turn fair to foul. He accepts the name in good part, and declares himself destructive of all ill things.

"On m'assassine!" cried the thief under the whip of the executioner. "They destroy," cries the Conservative, when abuse is threatened with extinction. The French army before Antwerp were Destructives, and the barbarian Chassé made loud complaints of the destruction of the works he had turned against the laws of humanity and civilized warfare. The French shelled the citadel with true Radical effect; and, after all the bluster, when it came to the point of peril, the roar of Chassé's complaints of rough usage, was heard, instead of the roar of his artillery. Here was Conservation illustrated. Our Chassés would hold out the citadel of abuses against the besieging force, and console themselves by calling destructive, the righteous powers they vainly endeavour to resist.

Never did political animosity run so high, as that of the Whigs and Tories to the Radicals. The hatred is all on one side; for the Radical knows that Whigs and Tories are under the necessity of serving to his objects; and this knowledge softens the enmity he might otherwise feel. On the other hand, it is exasperating to the two parties to see that they cannot battle with each other without *malgré* lending themselves to the purposes of the Radicals; nor can they unite without infamizing themselves to such a pitch, as to set the whole country against them. The quarrel between the Whigs and Tories, was that of rivals of a trade; but their quarrel with the Radicals is a quarrel with enemies of the trade. The Whigs proposed to open a cheaper Government Shop than the Tories; but the Radicals are for abolishing the whole traffic in patronage, and breaking up all the engines of extortion and misrule. The Whig sentiment is, that no man's jobs are safe with the Radicals; and every Whig loves his own jobs, though he hates the Tory's jobs with the hatred of envy, which possession converts to love. Seconded by the Radicals, the Whigs thrust the Tory power out of Parliament, by the Reform act; in which measure they have found this remarkable convenience, that its sound parts are good against the Tories, and its rotten parts serve against the Radicals. Can we wonder then, if they have no wish for further organic improvement? We have a contented Ministry—men as happy as the mouse who made his hermitage in a Cheshire cheese. All their wishes are bounded by their offices; and they cry, "Here let us rest from our labour; here for ever be our repose." But like the mouse in the cheese, they will find they "must stir or cease to gnaw."—Of course, the mouse abominates the cat as a Destructive.

One cannot but laugh with scorn at the stupid presumption of these men. The hand-writing has been seen on the wall; the sentence has gone forth to the aristocracy, that their kingdom has departed. Incomplete as the constituency is, it has recorded the judgment of the middle classes against the aristocrats; yet Ministers think that, making common cause with them, they may arrest the tide of improvement. They imagine a vain thing. Radicalism, destruction of abuse and misrule, is in sure progress. The waves roll in and break, and the fool says, "It is but foam;" and they roll back, and he says, "Aha! the waters are retreating." But the tide is flowing; and each wave as it rolls in, advances farther than the wave before it; and each wave as it rolls back, recedes to a point short of the one before.

Where have the Radicals been beaten? where have they lost ground?

from what object proposed by them ~~has~~ opinion declined? There was a time when they were vilified for alleging defects in the Law. The necessity for Law Reform has been admitted, and the accomplishment of it *pretended*. There was a time when they were vilified for opposing Intolerance. Toleration has been granted by a Tory Ministry. There was a time when they were vilified for alleging the Corruption of Parliament. The Commons' House has been in part purified, and the representative system improved. There was a time when they were vilified for reprobating the Union of Church and State, and denouncing ecclesiastical abuses. The necessity for Church Reform is now acknowledged by all; and if the country were polled, the majority of the people would be found adverse to a National Church. But we need not recite instances which will readily occur to the minds of our readers. The truth of the representations of the Radicals has been tardily and reluctantly admitted, and acted upon in manifold measures of improvement, which have been signal triumphs of the popular cause; and is it not fair to suppose that the doctrines which remain disputed and traduced are as sound as those which, one by one, despite of desperate resistance, have been pushed to success? All are in course of success. Short Parliaments may be considered as gained; and conversions to the ballot are in steady and rapid progress. While any of these propositions remain in question, they are pronounced visionary, absurd, or revolutionary; and the Radicals are covered with abuse for advocating them; but when the justness of them is at last confessed, there is no retraction of the calumnies cast upon the early supporters,—no admission of the forethought and better intelligence of the traduced Reformers: and for the next object advanced by them, there is a repetition of the same insult and slanders.

The fate of Actæon is the fate of all early reformers: they penetrate mysteries, are aspersed by those whose secrets they have espied, and made to seem what they are not,—and persecuted and torn to pieces by the hounds who should lick their hands.—But Diana has lost her greatness; her aspersions have lost their force; her priests their credit. Demetrius has long been bankrupt; and Actæons of the present day make discoveries without danger, and follow them up successfully, notwithstanding some clamour, which no men of good heart and righteous purposes heed. All now is a question of time. To-day the man is hailed at as a Destructive who proposes a beneficial change; and to-morrow it is acknowledged Reform, and the Minister who devotes himself to it is called the Saviour of his Country.

## ODE

TO JOHN GULLEY, ESQ., EX-C. P. R., AND NOW M. P.\*

I've turn'd the matter in my mind,  
And still but this conclusion find,  
( 'Twill strike all hards the truth who can see )  
That of the Nine there's not one Muse  
To you her incense can refuse,  
Who rule, and long have ruled, "the Fancy,"

Brave Jack!  
I take that back:  
So—"Glorious John!"—  
But this is not the way I should get on—  
No—*Mister* Gully!  
And, if a prouder title you desire,  
I'll say—Newmarket Squire:

Or, to pronounce at once your top degree,  
Illustrious M. P.!

I hope that in the House you'll prove a Tully:  
Not like a nag of your's, (of which you've  
lost the knees)

Break down,  
When you should rise into renown,  
And rival your friend Fogo,† or Demos-  
thenes!

\* C. P. R., Champion of the Prize Ring.

† Jack Fogo, Poet Laureate, and Orator to the  
'Fancy,' a 'covey,' combining the powers of a  
Southey and a Cicero.

Since you have join'd the senatorial forces,  
It is expected you'll improve their *courses* :  
And, as in *horse-flesh* you possess some skill,  
Lest members' *hobbies* from the right course  
bolt, [colt,  
(Their *bills* I mean) each like an ill-tain'd  
Clap your own *rider* upon every bill.

The Secretary Foreign,  
And he engaged the *war* in  
By England's mighty champion must be  
awed :

And the *Home* Secretary  
Of one should still be wary,  
\* Who, with a 'tap,' can send him, 'all abroad.'  
As for the Chancellor of the Exchequer,

Our great financial Neckar,  
Who with his *Whig* airs,  
So largely *figures* ;  
And ne'er relaxes  
In his taxes ;  
But every quarter

(Wishing the period shorter)  
Presents his budget, with its vast amounts,  
—Do make him *fairly* cast up his accounts !

And if to haul you o'er the coals,  
Presume the Master of the *Rolls*,  
Get prim'd with gin, or brandy from a flasket,  
(For, as the winter nights grow colder,  
You should be your own *bottle*-holder,)  
And give the *cove* a *dig*—in the *bread*-*bas-*  
*ket*.

On breach of privilege as this may border,  
The Speaker grave will call to "order !" <sup>†</sup>  
But, since you've never been a *sneaker*,  
Quite *speechless* you can strike the *Speaker* !

And then they'll talk of sending you to *quod* ;  
But you've been educated at a *school*  
That taught you to be cool,  
Although at times a formidable rusher—

(A-la-Scroggins,  
Marking your number on opponents' *nog-*  
*gins*.)

And so you cannot fail to *floor* the *Usher*,  
And Deputy of the Black Rod !

Not me a doubt alarms [nob,  
But that in Chancery when you've got his  
To *fib* and *job*—

(And *fib*s and *j*-*obs* for Chancery have charms)  
While your undaunted "pluck" ex-  
I soon shall see  
(Rare fun to me !)

Just like an infant in your *hands*,  
The Sergeant at *Arms*.

Of Captain Gordon, and the Scottish Tories,  
O ! 'dowse the glims, and darken all their  
glories !

Give your 'one, two'—a 'fader,' or a 'topper,'  
Or 'upper cut,' to draw the 'claret-stopper,'  
Your 'tie up in the wind,'—like kick from  
*herse*,—

And send them speedily to 'dorse !' \*

A *fast*, again, should Perceval propose,  
Pray, set your face against it,—with the  
*noes* :

And if his *nose* you do not pull,  
At least spar with him for a *bellyful* ! †

The metaphors of Shiel, and eke Macaulay's,  
You well can *second*, with your mighty  
'*mauleys* !'

And, in support of sessions annual,  
Display the exercise call'd manual.

Can you, who laugh'd at Gregson's frown,  
And ne'er the 'crossing' system went,  
Allow yourself to be *knock'd down*  
By some slim dandy's argument ?

No ; he may "catch the Speaker's eye,"  
But yours to touch he must not try,  
Or,—sure as eggs are eggs,—  
If you but use the means you can,—  
The 'Honourable gentleman'  
Will soon be *off* his legs !  
And though he be a *single* 'cove,'  
You'll leave him 'doubled up,'—by Jove

And when,

Again,  
Daniel shall beard the lions in their den,—  
(I mean O'Connell, Erin's liberator,  
Whom Cockney Tories call an '*aged tater* ;  
Although great Dan is not so very old,  
Nor 'mighty like a *murphy*,'—I've been told,)  
Say, will you not assist the patriot then ?

And when his 'holy work' he shall be at,—  
Pluralities abolishing,  
And tithes demolishing.

And making churchmen thin, who've grown  
too fat,—  
Since you at least know something of the  
matter,—

For though on *Irish* subjects not quite *Pat*,  
I know that you can *come St. Giles's* patter,—  
Then lend a *hand* to lay corruption flat. \*

Some hopeful lordlings, hot from Crockford's  
hell,

May raise a discontented yell,  
And say you derogate from their gentility :  
Each swearing—pon his honour, or his soul,  
You make the Commons' House a *Gulley-*  
*hole*,

To *swamp* respectability.

Yet, let them find no gull in Gulley,  
Nor give them leave that fame to sully,  
Which round the 'Fancy Ring' rare lustre  
threw : [Peel,

And though you've often been inclined to  
Be now the champion of the commonweal,<sup>†</sup>  
And thump such knaves as Scarlett, black  
and blue.

At all events, no 'yokel' shall they catch,  
When you they meet,—

Whose 'science' is a perfect treat.

And who—but I must use despatch,—

For ah ! I'm now deserted by the Muses,  
And my old *pen* refuses

To come again, O Gulley ! to the *scratch*.

\* To sleep. The other 'flash' phrases employ-  
ed in this ode, although numerous, possess within  
themselves a brilliancy which must render any  
commentary superfluous.

† Notwithstanding the last note, it may be ne-  
cessary to state, that sparring for a bellyful is un-  
derstood by pugilists to mean a fight in downright  
earnest, save only that the combatants wear box-  
ing gloves throughout the fight.

## THE GHOST OF GLEADLESS.

## A SHEFFIELD TALE.

IN that year of our Lord which is distinguished in the annals of Sheffield by the arrival of the half-Jesuit Desfeuscin, who endeavoured, by French promises, to induce the file-smiths to abandon their comfortable English homes, there lived in the coal district of Gleadless, which is found on some high ground, a few miles eastward of the town, a man of many sorrows. He wandered to and fro, and reproach and shame followed; while his racked heart told him how vain was the opinion of the vulgar,—that a conscience untouched with crime ensured continual happiness and tranquillity to its possessor. Sometimes he would complain, that he was assailed with a grief which Satan was not permitted to wield against the ancient Job; and sometimes forgetting the submission to God which that man's most sublime history had taught him, he would with daring wickedness demand of Heaven, what he had done that he should be so tortured. "I am denounced to be a murderer!" he exclaimed, "yet is the boneless hand of a weak suckling not clearer of blood than my own. My sorrow is greater than I can bear. When the idle and the vicious point at me with scorn, I can say boldly, they know me not; but when the good and the wise shun me, or throw upon me their awful looks of abhorrence and condemnation, then is my soul riven, and I would be there—there—with the sweet clod of the valley, where 'the great and the small are, and the servant is free from his master.'"

Before the circumstances are narrated, which caused the chief person of this true tale to be numbered amongst "the virtuous few,"—the "good afflicted," whose constancy the poet of nature sought to celebrate and sustain, it may be well, as fiction nowadays promises fairly to drive out all true history from the memory and attention of men, to pronounce his name, and describe his humble station; and further, in a few words, let the suspicious reader into the true intent of inditing the story of the "Ghost of Gleadless."

There was, about the time before mentioned, a large and ancient coal-pit at Gleadless, called the Black Heading. The owner of it was some London lord, or very rich man; but it was managed by one Matthias, the unhappy being whose wrongs are about to be detailed. This Matthias lived in a cottage, placed at a convenient distance from the chief mouth of the pit. It was so large, and diverged in so many directions into the bowels of the hills, that it had many places of lateral entrance; and his business was to govern the half-human beings who laboured within it, and, by his skill, in what the colliers call "dialing," to direct the miners where to turn their picks in search of virgin seams of coal, or where, on the top ground, to sink tunnels for the supply of necessary air into the dark chambers beneath. Whether it was that the hideous vices of the people who were under his control, had made him more distinctly perceive the beauty of a spotless and holy life, or whether he had himself discerned the innate value of virtue, it is certain that Matthias was a just and upright man. Such he was; and he had a helpmate called Hester, who was his joy and pride, when the slander of the world had not scathed him, and who was his only refuge and comfort, yea, his



only stay, from the crime of self-destruction, when he was "broken with the tempest."

The course of this terrible tempest is described in the following pages, because its remembrance will please some old men now living, who have a lingering memory that their fathers once talked about it ;— because it very distinctly illustrates the debased habits, and blind superstitions, which, to this very hour, distinguish the lives of the colliers ; and, lastly, because it may shed a ray of hope and comfort into the dark bosoms of those who, in this world, are wrongfully punished, and shew them, that even here, though the wicked may for sometime "flourish like a green bay tree," yet a course of circumstances may arise, which will distribute moral justice and reward to all, according to their works.

This is the introduction—what follows is the story :—While Matthias was yet happy, and was feared, if not respected, by the turbulent community over which he ruled, a fellow whose name was Alan Tuttle, but who was generally called "Old King Harry," was a sort of headman over a gang of colliers. It is not exactly known how he obtained the title of the King of the Reformation, but it is certain, that he exhibited, in his person and conduct, many distant points of resemblance. His figure was huge, and his strength immense. His face was broad, and full of flesh ; and what with huge and pendent lips, and eyes which might be said to be immense, and to be ever rolling and gloating on some object or other, he presented a caricature of the "human face divine," which the blush of shame never tinged. The wives of the workmen fled at his approach ; but battles with their husbands, his fellow-labourers, said to arise from their complaints of his conduct towards them, were of frequent occurrence, and generally, owing to his great power, terminated in his favour. Between this bad man and his master, the good Matthias, many differences arose. "Old Harry" invented and taught the newest blasphemy,—trained the men to combine against the reasonable rules established for the government of the mines, and was, in fine, the "doer of all evil," which his demoniac mind suggested. Matthias had remonstrated with the man, had amerced him in fines, had discharged him from the works. But Alan could be silently sullen, or could, with open daring, threaten all who opposed him. "I will not," said he, on one occasion, "leave the Black Heading, until I hear my death knock. You, Master Matthias, dare not send me hence. I know every walk and fall-down in the pit. Drive me away :—at night-time, or happen in the day, for it's always night there, I will return, and bring the water-course upon you, or I will fire the fog, and blast you every one. Mark me, Master Matthias, if I am driven hence, here you shall cease to abide." Matthias knew the man's means of revenge, and privily he trembled at him. At the time referred to, there was no power in the police of the neighbouring town to seize one who threatened harm to life or limb, and bind him fast in prison until he found good surety for his peace ; and he feared to refuse him money for the weekly labour he insisted on performing. While the servant thus held in subjection the hand which paid and sustained him, a circumstance happened which changed his position.

Hester, the wife of Matthias, had a little garden and an apiary in one of the warm low vales that lie below the hills of Gleadless, which she was accustomed to visit at an early hour in the morning, before the morning and still drunken colliers arose to pursue their black toil. It was on one of these occasions, during that quarter of the changing year,

in which the sun looks over the eastern hills, about five hours after midnight, that Hester set out, alone, but in conscious security, to visit her flowers and bees, leaving her husband at his accustomed devotions.

Some time had elapsed, and Matthias was about to leave his cottage, when his wife appeared at the threshold—rushed towards him with impetuosity, and threw herself, wounded, bleeding, and swooning, into his arms! The terrified husband called to his aid the women neighbours; and as they ministered to her, and sought to call her back to life and sensibility, he stood leaning over, bewildered in grief and pity. “Happen this comes o’ Alan—the villain Harry,” muttered the oldest of the assistants, as she attempted to re-adjust, in comely beauty, the torn and scattered ringlets which fell from Hester’s pallid temples. At these words her face and bosom, which, but a minute before, were colourless as those of death, flushed with warm blood, and reddened with shame.—“It is—it is,” she murmured, “Alan Tuttle—Alan Tuttle!” and the tint of life again fled, and she sunk pale and motionless on the bed, on which she had before reclined. The women shrieked aloud: many of them had reason to loathe and detest “Old King Harry,” and not a few of them trembled at the name of a man who had contrived to bring them into a state of silent and mysterious subjection to him. Matthias, on the instant, seemed to put on a new nature. His benignant aspect passed away, and his hitherto gentle eyes flashed with indignation. “This—this is too much,” he exclaimed, and seizing an old military sword, which for years had hung undisturbed over the chimney, he drew it hastily from the scabbard, and rushed out of the house.

In a little while, Hester, finding herself alone with creatures of her own sex, began slowly to recover from the terror which assailed her, and was enabled to explain to those around, the nature and extent of the misfortunes which had befallen her. There was in her garden a little bower, covered so abundantly with creeping honeysuckles, and climbing peas, that it was almost impervious to light or rain. Into this bower had stepped the gentle Hester, and was about to repose herself within its partial gloom, when she was suddenly seized by the rude strong grasp of a man! She knew full well that Alan Tuttle had, long time before, not only looked upon her with unlawful passion, but had even assailed her ears with language which her pure heart shrunk from the knowledge of; yet insomuch did she partake of the fear of that danger which would surround her husband if he were made acquainted with the injuries she had received, that she had not breathed a syllable to him, or to any one, touching his conduct. The sensual villain had profited by this apprehension of evil which Hester shared in, common with the whole female community, and contemplated the commission of an enormity, which, like many of his past sins, would, as he believed, remain undivulged, and consequently unpunished. To this black end, he privily crept to the silent bower, and awaited the time when his victim would appear, to offer up her early and simple orisons. The wolf had secreted himself, and the lamb had entered—but the good shepherd who watcheth over all, beheld them together. They fought—the feeble woman struggled with her brawny enemy. As her strength was fast sinking, and she had scarcely power, by the uncertain hold, which, with both hands, she had taken of his shaggy hair, to keep his loathsome face from her own, she heard the wretch suddenly give a loud howl of anguish, felt him relax his grasp, and in a moment after saw

him depart. The manner of her deliverance was accidental, and in this wise. As her agile and slender fingers were clasped amongst his hair, now unloosed, and now seeking to assail again, one of them accidentally entered the orbit of Alan's left eye, and in the heat of the struggle, it was drawn back in such a manner, that the ball itself was thrown wounded and sightless on the bare cheek!

Matthias, bearing the naked sword before him, and uplifted waiting the moment of its mortal descent on the head of the guilty, found himself before the wretched hovel, in which Alan Tuttle, when he chose to sleep, sheltered himself like a savage and obscene beast alone in his lair. The door dropt in pieces on the first application of his foot, and one stride brought the enraged husband to the side of a foul black bed, upon which his ancient sabre fell with prodigious force. No sound, however, followed the blow, the edge of the weapon but divided the rags and patches of wool of which it was made up, and Matthias owned a shuddering joy, which filled his heart as he became suddenly sensible that he had been arrested in his fixed purpose to take the life of the man who had injured him. He looked again round the hovel, and as he assured himself that Alan was not within it, again did his bosom swell with self-gratification, and he rejoiced that when the spirit of revenge was upon him, a fortunate train of circumstances had rendered him incapable of the performance of his own purposes. "It is well," said the now somewhat soberer Matthias, "that I found him not, as I expected I should, else I had been his—his—executioner; yet," he continued, leaning on his sword, which he now permitted to point to the ground, "yet he shall hence, and this good blade shall drive him; the measure of his offences is full, and his presence shall no longer pain me." Thus determined, Matthias bent his steps to the mouth of the Black Heading, and throwing himself into the machine which awaited his commands, rapidly descended seventy fathoms below the surface of the hill, and alighted amongst the sombre chambers, where he expected to find his daring and wicked injurer. He still held in his clenched hand the instrument of punishment or defence; and his manner bearing signs of strong emotion, which even the stultified colliers could distinguish, the whole body of miners quickly gathered round him, and with gaping surprise awaited to hear the cause of their master's sudden and unexpected visit. "It is Alan Tuttle whom I seek," said Matthias sternly; "hath he descended?" Some of the men were silent, for many cared little to speak of any thing they knew, or were ignorant of, which concerned the powerful and vindictive "Harry;" others said he had not set foot in the *corve* since the night before; but one of the colliers, called Jervase, declared he was certain he had seen him about an hour before come from a distant and abandoned part of the mine, which was scrupulously shunned by every one but himself, and which was called "The Spirits' Seat." Matthias seized the lamp which burned the brightest, and, with determined resolution, pointing his sword towards the place described, quickly was lost to sight. The reasoning of the wondering colliers on what they had seen and heard was short and conclusive: Their master, Matthias, had, in the person of his wife, received an injury, which many also amongst themselves might complain of. He had drawn his sword to take Alan Tuttle's life; and would doubtless succeed in his purpose, if Alan Tuttle was really in the Spirits' Chamber, and the disturbed spirits themselves did not make forfeit the blood of one or both, for their most daring obtrusion on their dark and mysterious seat. Some

time passed away, and the colliers leaned upon their long picks, and placed their sooty cheeks close to the walls, straining earnestly, but silently, to catch the sound of footsteps or combat. Nothing was heard but the melancholy pattering of water as it fell in large drops from fissures in the roof; or, now and then, the more startling noise which was caused by the fall of heavy pieces of coal from the sides of the pit into deep shelvings, or almost interminable depths below. After the lapse of some time, however, Matthias was heard to strike against the sides of the way which he was traversing on his return, and in a moment afterwards he stood again in the midst of the workmen, pale, and seemingly exhausted. Some of them held up their flickering lamps, that they might better observe his face, and others passed them along the bright blade of his sword; but none of them ventured to ask what he had seen, and whereto he had penetrated. Matthias regained his confidence. "I have beheld strange things," said he to his expecting hearers; "whether they be spirits which inhabit the old mine, I know not; or whether he I seek keep them company, bodiless like themselves, I cannot tell; but sure I am that these eyes of mine have beheld Alan Tuttle, and that this arm, when within its certain reach, struck at him." After a pause, which the gaping colliers seemed little inclined to shorten, Matthias continued: "He vanished as doth the figure seen for a moment in a silver mirror; and at the instant he was lost to sight, my ears were assailed with a loud laugh, which presently seemed as if it were echoed by a hundred men, placed at different and distant parts of the old mine, purposely to repeat its mocking!" Another pause ensued, which was at length, like the former, broken by Matthias. Stepping into the common machine, which would quickly raise him again to the surface of the earth, in a mild, but most firm tone, he commanded the men to give him the earliest notice of Alan Tuttle's appearance in the pit, as he was determined,—this he said slowly and solemnly,—he should be no more seen amongst them. The colliers replied to him with a hoarse "hurrah!" and the revolving wheel presently brought him again within the region of the wholesome and illimited air.

Peace again blessed the hearth of Matthias. Hester became as tranquil, and, in the eyes of her husband, looked as lovely as ever; and he himself exchanged the burning thoughts of revenge and hatred, which he had once entertained, for the gentle and blessed emotion of pity, that a fellow man should so forget and abuse the divinity of his nature, as to imitate the rapacity, and confess the sensual appetites common only to unclean and perishing beasts! But the days of peace which rise on this sad earth are short.

The prime of the year had some time passed, and the cold and early nights of winter had begun, when Matthias and his wife sat by their smiling hearths, and rejoiced in the riddance of their enemy. They had, however, some small troubles; not a night passed but a bird was missed from the roost; or provender of some sort, which was left in the air unhoused, was stolen, wasted, or destroyed. Before mid-winter, the whole people of Gleadless were, in their turn, subject to the invisible free-booter. Whatever might be the vices of the workers in the mines, they had hitherto lived amongst each other without any suspicion that "Thou shalt not steal" was a necessary commandment. As is common to this day amongst the few, small, sequestered villages in England, which have a distant neighbourhood of the large towns, they had no idea of the usefulness or necessity of bars and lockers. Every hind slept with his

door only on the latch ; and his small live stock, his working implements, nay, even his clothes, lay within or without the house, on the garden hedge, or in the furrowed field, as chance or carelessness might have ordered. But now terror and suspicion filled every mind ; each morning made known some new depredation ; the women would not venture out, even while it was grey evening ; and at night time the men placed heavy bars of wood against the doors of their dwellings, and set up massy clubs, or other formidable weapons, within a convenient distance of the pallets on which they reposed.

The storms of the year came, and the nights howled through their dreary length. The men of Gleadless became sullen as the season—mysterious lights gleamed in the northern skies—when a man met his fellow, or the whole of a frightened family pressed together to join in the chat of night, tales of the Spirits' seat, in the Black Heading mine were exchanged ; and a terrible belief of the presence and agency of disembodied souls pervaded every mind, save those of the educated Matthias and his gentle wife.

But what to him were the opinions of the people round about ? One brought him word that the blue spirits' light had been seen for many an hour, flickering over the mouths of the pits ; another, that he had heard the death knock, and counted it, until he fell down in a swoon ; and a third, that he had seen, with his own eyes, a ghost, as it stood in his way, and, with a motion, which was certain to be understood and obeyed, warned him to take another path. Yet what was this to the pious Matthias ? He could but share in the lamentations of the good and wise, that evil and folly were punished to the sons of men ; and he knew not that any portion of the actions and thoughts of the superstitious people he employed had a peculiar reference to himself.

But something did happen, which quickened his pulse and shortened his rest. Hester, albeit he knew, and she asserted, that the miners' belief in apparitions and supernatural warnings, was by her utterly rejected, became weak and timid as the meanest of her sex. One night she returned home in a state of perturbation, and would not yield its cause to the dearest wooings of her husband. From this moment she abandoned all morning and evening walks ; and even in mid-day, she limited the course of her exercise to a few fields from which her habitation could be seen. Her bees perished for lack of care ; and her flowers, and the bloom which had heretofore brightened in her countenance, withered and passed away. The strength of Matthias was also shaken, yet he knew not why. He observed that his people, as he sometimes called the colliers, did not offer him, on meeting and parting, their awkward but customary greetings ; and he was vexed. Every day some fellow came to him, and sullenly demanded his discharge from the Black Heading, where he said he could *not* work ; and Matthias thereat was much angered. The tenor of his ways was obstructed, broken, and the economy of the works destroyed. When harassed at the inexplicable behaviour of all around him, he returned home, and sought shelter and peace on the bosom of Hester, he found there a heaving heart, which forbade his rest. They talked of the gross superstitions of the miners, and Hester smiled, but trembled as she did so ; and when he proposed to secrete himself in such a place, and at such a time, as, according to the popular belief, might enable him to see a ghost, and expose its fallacy to the people, she grasped his arm with a man's strength, and, pressing her wet cheek to his, implored him to abandon his dangerous purpose. Matthias

was beside himself; he felt that there was something unknown to him, which yet concerned him nearly; that there was an intelligence existing in the moral world about him, of which he alone was ignorant. In the meantime, the midnight plunderings continued; the doings of the "spirits" were more talked of, and the *burghaists*; the apparitions of those miners who had been, by accident, or some unknown operation during their dangerous employment, killed within the memory of the living, according to the testimony of many of them, were seen each nightfall, sitting on the cross rows and stiles round about, whistling their old tunes, or smoking tobacco, as they were wont when they lived on the earth in their proper flesh and blood.

Goodness and simplicity are commonly joined together; and the virtuous and unsuspecting Matthias was the only being in the district of Gleadless who was uninformed of the cause and objects of the fears and thoughts which governed its inhabitants. The very children whispered his name, and the men pronounced it, between their many curses; and Hester heard it spoken, coupled with words, which wellnigh made her swoon, when her unwilling ear took them in; yet the wisely simple Matthias lived on, in ignorance, but not in bliss.

On the morning of Sunday the 13th of April 1729, he arose weary and in pain, filled with a hot fever. During the previous day, the conduct of the people towards him had become really hostile; and what most wounded him was the fact, that some whom he had served by the forgiveness of faults or debts, and set up again in strong prosperity after they had been thrown to the ground and overwhelmed with poverty, even shunned his presence, and were at evident pains to avoid the necessity of exchanging with him a word or a look. While beholding these things Matthias felt the worm of grief make its silent way into his heart; and he flung himself on his couch, not to sleep, but as it would seem, that the ever-moving worm, in the stillness of the night, might make the more speed of its cruel work, and penetrate to the inmost core. "Hester," said the spiritless Matthias, "to-day is the celebration of the new commandment, 'That we love one another;' I shall hence to the town, and hear the discourse of Master Robert Kelsall—it may be, that taking part in the holy business of the day, Heaven may vouchsafe me peace, or at least, permit the dispersion of the inexplicable doubts and fears which fill and surround me." "Matthias, my husband," returned the affectionate Hester, "even as you wish; and when thou hast made thine own prayers, breathe for me, thy wife, one supplication—that I may not be the sport and prey of any evil spirit, whether it be of the air or the earth." Matthias pressed his other heart against that which beat in his too sensitive bosom; and giving Hester a silent reply, more eloquent than uttered words could make, leisurely departed to partake in the service of his church.

The air was frosty but kindly when he set forth on his little journey; and as he slowly descended the hills of Gleadless, and threaded the narrow footpaths, which, through the remains of the ancient parks of Hallam, led to the good old town, he felt an unusual calmness pervade his breast; and as the pure and cold but not bleak wind, rushed on his lately fervid face, it seemed as if he were lifted beyond the earth with buoyant hopes and clear assurances of presently-coming happiness. Matthias, with humble but cheerful demeanour, entered the Lower, or Nether Chapel, as that was called, (to distinguish it from another building of similar character, which stood somewhat higher in the street,)

in which Master Robert Kelsall officiated. He took his accustomed seat ; and, single-hearted as he was in all his doings, while he was seeking communion with Heaven, he had neither looks nor thoughts, to behold or consider the countenances and whisperings of the townspeople, and his many acquaintances who made part of the congregation to which he was attached.

The ordinary services of the day being concluded, the pastor, with brief solemnity, adverted to the sacrament which he was about to administer. He warned none to approach the table whereon it was set forth, whose bosom was burdened with an undivulged crime, or whose heart beat with anger against any fellow mortal. Matthias heard, and assented to the justice of the admonition ; he had long since forgiven his "domestic spoiler," and had the means of punishment been his at that moment, he would have pronounced forgiveness. The minister dismissed the general congregation, and went forth to a small chancel wherein was a table bearing the sacred elements. Matthias and many aged people moved to follow him. As the latter observed his purpose, they hesitated one by one, and finally departed from the chapel. After a pause, Master Robert Kelsall, standing at the head of the table, with his hands clasped together, spoke as follows:—"Matthias, wherefore art thou here ? The fingers of men point to thee—a murderer !—Thy brethren have fled, and will not partake with thee. Fly also if thou hast shed man's blood : fly, I denounce thee not—fly, and learn whether the unregenerated spirit, which bids men revenge themselves upon one another, will sustain thee in solitude." With these words the minister departed, beckoning the deaf men to follow him. Matthias, with wide-open but sightless eyes, looked on the door by which he passed. In one moment of agony the secret of his misery was discovered—he was believed to be the murderer of Allan Tuttle—his spirit hovered over the depths of the Black Heading—it called for retribution. The colliers, harassed and dismayed by its frequent wailings and warnings, forgot it had at least half deserved the penalty of mortality, and became impatient for the temporal trial and punishment of the slayer, as the only means by which its anger could be appeased, and the mine and neighbourhood be freed from its horrid presence. The wounded heart of Matthias bled afresh ; the "jewel of his soul" was dulled—all now was plain to him ; he knew why the young fled, and the aged frowned, and the blind colliers declined his service. It was late in the evening when Matthias found himself at his cottage at Gleadless. Hester received him at the door. They exchanged no words. It would seem that hearts truly affianced beat with true sympathy and perfect knowledge toward each other, and need not the vulgar instruction of speech. Miserable and long was the night which followed. Matthias, at his accustomed hour, rose from a couch which kind sleep had not permitted him for one moment to forget. In the course of a few hours, a number of the half-clad children of the miners ran towards his dwelling, and proclaimed the approach of some one of more than ordinary appearance. Matthias rose slowly from his seat, and received the half courteous salutation of Justice Jessop of the neighbouring Broom Hall. "Master Matthias," said the Magistrate, "I visit you as a friend—attend to me. One Jervase has, of late, pestered my clerks with a strange tale of—of murder ! which it seems some inadmissible supernatural evidence, would charge upon you. Stand firm, man, we are alone, and I visit you as a friend. Yesterday, I yield-

ed to the fellow's importunities, and admitted his depositions ; they are to the effect, that having learned some injury offered or done to your wife by Alan Tuitle, a collier, you attacked him with a naked sword, pursued him into an unfrequented part of the Black Heading Mine, and there slaying him, left his body without burial." Matthias moved his dry lips as if he would speak ; but the Justice motioned him to silence, and continued, " The deponent *sweareth*, that ever since the spirit of the man hath appeared in and about the mine, praying his fellow-labourers to see justice done him on the earth, or at least to gather his bones and pay them Christian rites ; and further, that at many times, and in fearful words, it hath threatened to visit and plague him and others until its voice be obeyed." Matthias again vainly essayed to speak, but the Magistrate once more prevented him. " In virtue of my office, Master Matthias, I might institute strict inquiry into these things, and hold you in strict charge, until a public inquest had been made into this matter ; but Master Matthias,"—and here the voice of the speaker was somewhat broken—" I am a husband and a fond one, and I know not what my cholic head might have prompted me to do, had I stood on your grounds. " Mark me," he said, " you are a just man. Inquiry into the affair must take place—it shall be friendly towards you. To-morrow have such about you as knew the dead man's evil character ; and myself and some colleagues will attend you, and join in some declaration, which may perhaps clear your reputation, and disabuse the natives here of the belief, that the ghost of a murdered man stalks about, crying in vain for justice." Matthias involuntarily bowed in token of gratitude, and Justice Jessop departed. The first impulse of the poor denounced wretch, was to descend into the Black Heading. Made desperate by excess of misery, he was willing to believe himself the slayer of Alan Tuitle, and that his corse lay in the Spirit's Seat, and did indeed cry for decent sepulture. " Once more," said he to the colliers, who looked on him askance with fear and hatred, " will I essay to learn the secret of yonder mine ;" and taking in either hand a lamp, he recklessly cast himself on the neglected subterranean passages which led to it. Long and eagerly did the men lay their ears on the floor of the pit, and inquire of the gloomy silence which reigned around, what was doing in the haunted place. Matthias rushed back amongst them, and fell on his knees, as if unconsciously, in the attitude of thanksgiving. He spoke not ; and the miners seeing that he was sinking to insensibility, quickly placed him in the *corve*, and he was raised to air and light. He was borne to his house, and consigned to the tender ministrations of his wife. The day passed ; and the night came and found Matthias leaning still on the bosom of Hester, who, at intervals, gently conjured him to bless her with the sound of his voice, and acquaint her with what new evil they were threatened. Matthias at length rallied, and confusedly detailed the conversation which had passed in the morning, and the agreement respecting the judicial inquiry which was to succeed on the morrow. " When the Justice departed," said he, " a sudden resolution came upon me that I would once more visit the Spirit's Seat, and, if possible, discover whether the man whom I sought to bind—surely not to kill—met his death therein as he fled from me. I passed through many dangerous ways, whereon I saw the marks of the feet of men, and here and there pieces of bright coal newly broken. I persevered and went beyond all former venturings ; at last I was stopped by inhaling the violet odour, which foreruns the creeping and fatal damp ; and holding up my lamp to take a last look around, I



beheld a—a human eye, glaring horribly upon me, and presently the demon laugh which I had heard before rattled through the place, and I—I know not that I should be ashamed to confess, for nothing human can live in the poisonous gloom, from amidst which that evil eye looked on me,—I straightway fled! Hester regarded her distracted husband with solemn earnestness while he spoke, and rising, stood before him for a moment, as if she held solemn counsel with herself. “Yes,” at length she exclaimed, “thus it shall be: the rest is the care of heaven. Matthias, thou hast often pressed me to give thee leave to pass a night in ambush, where, as the besotted colliers say, the ghost of Alan Tuttle and troops of others have been seen gliding to and fro: for once I will give thee to danger and unknown jeopardy. Dost thou feel strong, Matthias? Thou shalt rest during the first watch of the night, then thou shalt arm thyself, and taking with thee this mantle which I am wont to wear, privily take thy place within the bower in which I used to delight. As soon as thou perceivest the coming flush of the morning, place these other habiliments on the ground beside thee, and shrouding thy head in the mantle, hold silent communion with good angels until thou art visited.” Hester looked as if she would have said more; but her tears began to fall fast, and in her turn she needed support. Matthias knew his wife to be wise and to be good, and he obeyed her, as would the child its parent. Matthias slept, arose at the time proposed, armed himself, and embracing the trembling Hester, set forth on his mission.

The night waned, and the morning rose, discovering Hester at the side of her couch, buried in mental devotion, or at times watching the upward progress of the sun, or listening at the door of the cottage. Hour after hour passed, and the full blaze of day was coming on, yet Matthias had not returned. Hester had passed a time of agony, and was about to go forth in search of her husband, when Justice Jessop, attended by his clerks and men, and twelve of the burgesses of the town, whom he had called together, appeared at the cottage. The presence of Matthias was demanded. Hester presented herself with a distracted air; her husband was hence. The brow of the Justice became severe, and the jurymen began in an under tone to talk with each other. The colliers, who were impatient about the business which was going forward, likewise assembled, and after some further expenditure of their patience, declared, one and all, that it was plain Master Matthias had murdered Alan Tuttle, and being unable to quiet his spirit, or to face the inquiry of justice, had abandoned wife and home, and fled the country! Just as every one had declared his assent to this opinion, the shouts of distant men drew the attention of the whole company in a particular direction. Hester ran towards the quarter from whence the noise came; the voices became stronger and more distinct; as cream of joy burst from her; and falling to the ground, she was left to the care of some whose humanity was not entirely overwhelmed by their curiosity. The turmoil increased, and the crowd rolled on, until it came before the cottage, and the Justice and his wondering attendants were in the midst. Matthias pressed forward amidst loud “hurrahs!” thrusting before him a man strongly bound with ropes; as he came in front of the chief persons present, he struck or pushed his prisoner with some force, and he fell to the ground on his side. Matthias then set his right foot on his shoulder, and exclaimed, “Behold the ghost of Gleadless!” Wonder and admiration filled the minds of the spectators; the prostrate man was Alan Tuttle, alive, and rendered hideous by a strange dress of skins and feathers, his

beard falling on his bare and bloody breast, and his whole person presenting an object of horror and loathing. Meanwhile Master Matthias, who was bleeding from several small wounds, and was apparently much distressed by some unparalleled exertion, had been seated, and had refreshments set before him. Presently the whole assembly became silent, and regarded Matthias, the wretch lying on the earth, and then the Justice, as if to inquire from whom the first words of explanation would proceed. Matthias saw what was passing in their minds, and thus addressed them :—" By the counsel of my wife, have I secured your tormentor and mine. In the early morning I lay within my garden bower, disguised and secretly armed ; presently I heard a rustling among the leaves, and saw a huge figure, which I could not recognise, take up some woman's habiliments which lay at its entrance, and utter a loud laugh. My heart beat against my sides—I had heard that laugh before. " Oh ! oh ! " said the unknown, " what, thou hast proved wise, and art *corved*—now," and another horrid laugh burst forth, as he pressed his way to the interior of the bower, and encircled my head and neck with his arms. I was enveloped in this mantle, and durst scarcely contend with the great strength with which he seized me, until I had so far removed the covering as to enable me to breathe. At the moment I could respire freely, I sprung suddenly from beneath him, and then threw him on his back. It was now morning, and we were face to face. I knelt on the breast of my injurer, my hands seized his throat, and I could have strangled him on the spot ; but this would not have served my purpose. Long we lay on the ground, until my firm grasp began to relax ; in truth, my senses failed me. My enemy rallied, I lamented that I had not pressed out at once the breath of life—we fought with various changes of fortune. He fled, I pursued ; the hours wasted : at length the fight was mine ; a blow stunned him, and falling on him once more, I bound him as you behold ! " The Justice, who was already moved by this recital, embraced Master Matthias, in the face of the whole multitude. Meanwhile the wounded man, who was supposed to be hurt beyond all power of motion, had contrived to loosen the gyves on his arms and legs, and with the speed of lightning fled towards the mouth of the Black Heading. A few pursued, but the body of the spectators stood motionless with surprise. Alan reached the desired place, and in a moment leapt into the *corve* and was lost to sight ; the revolving wheel ran rapidly round for a moment ; in the next, the chain to which it was attached ceased to run ; a low heavy noise was distinctly heard ; and a shudder ran through the crowd, as they at once became sensible, that Alan Tuitle, at that instant, lay at the bottom of the pit a mass of lifeless flesh and broken bones. \* \* \* \*

When the first wonder at the events of the day had subsided, the Magistrate directed that the hovel, which was formerly occupied by the dead man, should be razed ; the work was completed in an hour, and discovered the mouth of an old and neglected pit, which led directly to that underground neighbourhood, which had received the name of the Spirits' Seat. Its course was traced, and the skins of sheep and lambs were seen lying about. In one place, were stores of articles which had been stolen since the time of the supposed murder ; and at its extremity was found the complete apparel of one, who, some years before, was supposed to have been privately murdered or spirited away.

## HERRERA, SURNAMED EL DIVINO.

NO. I.

" Cantaba en dulce son Herrera,  
Gloria del Betis espacioso."

*Balthasar de Escobar.*

THE renown of Genius, like that of Truth, whereof, indeed, it is the most bright and universal messenger, in its advance through Time, is subject to continual ebbs and flows, and has its moments of eclipse as well as its seasons of full lustre. There is no great poet or philosopher but has experienced from posterity every alternation, from homage to contempt; each, perhaps, alike capricious: and mighty names—nay, the productions of an entire century or language—occasionally fade, for a time, into an oblivion, upon which those who witness their revived honours look back with surprise. The sincere worshipper of Poetry, in his pursuit of beauty and excellence, wheresoever they may reside, indifferent to the prevailing fashion or creed of the day, is ever meeting with treasures, which their antiquated mould, or less accessible situation has, for a season, condemned to neglect. At such times, he is impelled by a strong desire to acquaint all whom he has the means of addressing, with the secret of riches so unjustly disregarded, and to demand respect for the old masters of song, whose place of honour is too frequently usurped by pretenders to an ephemeral reputation. He will earnestly, according to the measure of his powers, appeal against the indifference whereby their works are allowed thus to sink into temporary darkness; persuaded that they remain unhonoured solely because they are unnoticed.

The fate of Spanish literature in England, notwithstanding some bright examples of its culture, has, for the last quarter of a century, afforded a remarkable instance of the vicissitudes to which we have alluded. The music of that band of poets, whose strains were the guide and delight of our ancestors, has passed from our ears as though it had never been heard amongst us; for, save Cervantes, and perhaps Quevedo, what Spanish name do we now hear familiarly mentioned? That this neglect is lamentable and unmerited, we would gladly make some endeavour to demonstrate; and great would be our pride, were we to succeed in winning for the noble singers of Castile, some portion of that love which was willingly rendered them by our predecessors.

In the performance of this pleasant duty, we now propose to draw aside, with a reverend hand, a rich curtain that conceals from English eyes the throne of a true poet of the olden time. Look! what a noble and excellent presence! His eye, indeed, gazes haughtily around; for his Spain was the empress and jewel of Christendom: but his lip is full of gentleness, and even of sorrow. These are garlands strewn amongst the records of ancient learning upon which he is supported. It is, in truth, a stately and radiant appearance! for the star of immortality sparkles on his brow like a crown, and upon the footstool of his throne his countrymen have inscribed, in golden characters, "HERRERA EL DIVINO."

Spain, it is true, can boast of no Dante or Ariosto, nor does she possess many specimens of composition polished to the fastidious gloss of

the Italian model ; but, in many of the fairest provinces of song, she has no reason to dread comparison with her sister Hesperia. If Italy produces Dante, Spain may reply with Calderon ; and the name of Cervantes will at least balance that of Boccaccio. There is a peculiar luxuriance in the flow of Spanish poetry, which appears, indeed, almost like a spontaneous production of this favoured land of its birth. The romantic charm which invests every page of the older annals, and every foot of the soil of Spain, is yet more vividly present in the writings of her knightly bards ; and, in their expressions and images, a rich Oriental tinge, possessed by no other European literature, still attests the former influence of her Saracen invaders. It is in lyrical poetry that Spain is most wealthy ; from the old romances which were poured forth without effort or forethought in her earlier times, to the more cultivated, but less rational, productions of a later period, the genius of her language has always appeared to find its happiest display in this class of composition. The lyrical poets of Spain, all their grace, genius, and fire apart, awaken a personal interest claimed by few of their brethren. They were not mere recluses, or book-men, or tuneful visionaries, but soldiers, and courtiers, and statesmen, and gallants ; rejoicing, through every change of condition, in the study and exercise of their favourite art. In the Spanish leaguer, the sound of the guitar was never mute ; and the proud Ambassador who represented Charles V. at the Council of Trent, entered the assembly with a sonnet to his lady's curls, folded within his glove ; or, as Hurtado de Mendoza himself, one of the brightest examples of this brilliant class, describes the poet-soldier of his day,—

“Aora en la dulce ciencia embebecido,  
Ora con el uso del ardiente espada  
Aora con la mano y el sentido  
Puesto en seguir la plaza levantada.”

Such were the men whose genius shed a glory over three centuries of the literary history of Spain.

The author to whom our immediate attention is directed, borrows no lustre from so captivating a position ; for of the circumstances of his life scarcely any record survives. It is, indeed, strange that so little should now be known of the history of Fernando de Herrera, since his merit appears to have met with the fullest recognition from his contemporaries. But these having neglected to secure what was, no doubt, well known in their time, a few scanty notices, to which no material additions can now be expected, are all that remain of his life in the present day. He was born at Seville, a city notorious throughout Spain for her indifference towards the annals of her illustrious sons, in the beginning of the 16th century ; but the years of his birth and of his death are alike unknown. Francisco de Rioja says that his Spanish annals (now lost) were completed as far as 1590. This statement, which is adopted by the biographer in the *Parnaso Espanol*, would place the time of his death later than that assigned by Nicolas Antonio, and suggested as probable by Bouterwek. However this may be, it appears certain that he reached an advanced age, and was, at the period of his death, an ecclesiastic, some say of the Franciscan order, others assert that the class to which he belonged is unknown. There is little doubt that he assumed the cowl at a late period of his life only. All the biographers agree in representing his learning as uncommonly ripe and extensive ; his works,

indeed, afford abundant evidence of this truth. A part only of his writings survive;\* the rest—unless there be truth in the doubtful story of their destruction, shortly after his decease, by a literary opponent—may, perhaps, still exist in some monastic library, or disregarded collection; receptacles abounding throughout the peninsula, wherein many fair productions of the Spanish authors still lie interred. The published writings of Herrera consist of the Annotations upon Garcilaso, teeming with learned and happy illustration, but destitute of critical skill; a History of the War of Cyprus, and the Sea-fight off Lepanto, and a Life of Sir Thomas More, in prose; and two books of Lyrical Poems, containing sonnets, sestinas, canciones or odes, and elegies, almost exclusively turning on amatory or historical themes. In his love lays, he has evidently taken for his model Petrarch; whose elegance and precision he sought to introduce, more completely than had yet been attempted, into his native literature. They are characterised by the same repetition of the one idea—unsuccessful love—through every artifice of poetic invention. The name of the lady whom he celebrates is not known; some of his critics, indeed, dispute the fact of her real existence. One of his *canciones* affords some grounds for naming her Dona Leonora de Milan, Condesa de Gelves; but this is a doubtful supposition. Such, in brief, is all we know respecting the personal history of this great poet. Our ignorance of private records respecting him is, however, less to be regretted, inasmuch as we are thereby required to address our whole attention to the purely poetical aspect of his writings; an examination which will amply engage all the care we can devote to the illustration of our author.

In point of time, succeeding Boscan, Garcilaso de la Vega, and Hurtado y Mendoza, Herrera is the fourth of Spain's *classical* poets; so called (in contradistinction from the adherents of the older national *redondillas*) from their replacing the careless luxury of the popular style, by a regularity of form, and accuracy of expression, imitated, as had previously been done in Italy, from the models of antiquity. In the pursuit of this object, Herrera imagined that his predecessors had failed to impart sufficient dignity and splendour to the Spanish Muse; and the endeavour to supply this deficiency appears to have been the guiding principle of his poetical labours. His works thus constitute an era in the history of Spanish poetry, into which he introduced a loftiness of manner and opulence of style previously unknown. He also set the example of a greater freedom in the construction of his sentences, and coined many words, chiefly from Latin originals. These innovations, although vehemently assailed by the Castilian purists, and ridiculed by Quevedo, (himself nearly as great an offender in that way,) have, for the most part, been adopted into the language. Upon the dress of his poems he bestowed uncommon care, selecting such phrases and words only as he conceived to be fitting for metrical use; of these he is said to have prepared, for his own reference, a very copious vocabulary.\*

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\* Those which are now lost consisted of Historical Annals of the Reign of Charles V.; of Pastoral Eclogues, and Heroic Poems, together with Latin Verses, in the production of which he is said to have excelled. Of Spanish prose, with the exception of Mendoza, he was the first *classical* author. His style, as it appears in the comment on Garcilaso, is noble and flowing, but diffuse. The treatises noticed above, which, though still extant, are scarce, we have not seen.

\* F. De Rioja.

That such extreme fastidiousness and effort should at times have betrayed him into affectation and obscurity, will not excite surprise; but it must not be inferred from this admission that Herrera's works are to be commended or dispraised for their style alone. They are replete with bold and beautiful thoughts, and decorated with infinite richness by an imagination peculiarly sensitive and abundant. A fine mellow strain of allusion and imagery displays rather than obtrudes the fruitful lore of the poet; and, above all, in the treatment of high themes, he soars to a pitch of solemn and lofty inspiration which no modern author certainly has surpassed.

We have said that, in his amatory sonnets and elegies, Herrera was a professed follower of Petrarch. It seems probable, that emulation of the great Tuscan master, rather than any peculiar bitterness of passionate regret, suggested to his choice the theme of disappointed love, which forms the constant burden of his song. That he was attracted by some lady, whose superiority of rank formed an obstacle to his suit, celebrated under the various titles of "My Light," "My Star," "Sirena," "Aglaiia," "The Exalted Heliodora," &c., appears in some degree substantiated by the verses, alluding to such an attachment, addressed to him by various contemporary authors. Even these, however, might be mere compliments, pursuing the fiction which he had chosen to assume. But, that the burden of such a woe as his verses depict; that the tortures, burnings, faintnesses, &c. &c. which appeal for pity at every step of his prolonged *Tristia*,—prolonged throughout years of poetical activity,—were more than ingenious sacrifices to the prevalent taste, few who have the patience to read them throughout will believe. We have no great faith in the personal sorrows of Petrarch himself.\* There is a certain fervour in the language of unaffected passion which cannot be counterfeited or mistaken. No reader ever doubted the amorous frenzy of the "*Muscula Sappho*."

These "willow-strains" of Herrera, although abounding with manifold affectations, and extravagant conceits, with frigid playing upon words, and all the vices peculiar to the *genre*, are nevertheless redeemed by the sonorous melody of the versification, and by frequent traits of peculiar sweetness and felicity. Few writers have moved in the narrow boundary of the sonnet with greater ease and dignity than our author; indeed, the necessity of confining his exuberance of diction within such close limits, has compelled him to adopt a conciseness which contrasts advantageously with the tendency to diffuseness perceptible in his

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\* A similar disbelief in the literal truth of the love-lamentations of Petrarch, Dante, and the host of poets who followed in their track, may possibly have contributed to lead Signor Rosetti to the singular theory promulgated in two treatises which he has recently published. According to him, these effusions must be regarded as a kind of symbolical cipher; by which, under the expressions of amatory passion, the writers of Europe circulated amongst the initiated, perilous anti-papal maxims, and aspirations for freedom. This, in spite of the ingenuity with which it is supported, we must take leave to consider as a chimera, devoid of all probability, and at variance with common sense. Petrarch, in one of his letters, ridicules the idea of such allegorical interpretations, which, it appears, some contemporary had sought to affix to his poems: and the learned Tiraboschi, speaking of the fanciful commentators upon Dante, says, with unusual severity, "Ogni parola credasi che racchiudesse qualche profondo arcano; e perciò i commentatori pongono tutto il loro studio nel penetrar dentro a quella pretesa caligine, e nel ridurre il senso mistico al letterale:—e chi sa quanti pensieri (al Dante) hanno asi attribuiti che a lui non erano mai passati pel capo."

longer compositions. In selecting the following specimen, we have, perhaps, been too much guided by its eminence in beauties, which the happiest translation cannot hope to preserve; it is, however, no unfair representative of Herrera's general tone:

## SONNET CXX. LIB. 1.

Roxe sol, que con tu hach a luminosa, &c.

~~Red Sun~~, that dost thy torch resplendent bear,  
To paint the high, empurpled heaven around,  
Hast thou, in all the world, one beauty found  
To match my blessed Light, serenely fair?  
Or hast thou, amorous, bland, and fragrant Air,  
That scatterest freshness where thy pinions sound,  
When her rich veil of curls my Light unbound,  
Touched tresses lovelier than that golden hair?  
Thou Moon, night's glory! ye illustrious quire  
Of planets, and the host that changeless shine,  
Are such twin stars in all your firmament?  
Clear Sun, Air, Moon, and Lamps of golden fire,  
Heard ye throughout your course such wo as mine,  
Or saw a Light less kind to Love's lament?

We subjoin another, which we have chosen for the sake of the elegant turn of thought, as well as because it affords a good instance of the verbal trifling with which our author frequently amuses himself. These whimsicalities present a great difficulty to the translator; we have, however, in some measure preserved the form of the puzzle.

## SONNET III. LIB. 2.

Tu gozas la luz bella en claro día, &c.

Thou, blest Endymion! through the shining day,  
Enjoy'st thine own Diana's lovely light;—  
*Mine* from the earliest dawn enchains my sight,  
And vain desires my gladness wear away.  
*Thee* the cool Nights in gentle slumber lay,  
Till red and hoary dawn on Earth alight;—  
*I* wake, with wounds unhealed, through shadowy night,  
And day's light hours, unlit by my Light's ray.  
Upon *thy* rosy brow, and eyelids sweet,  
Fair Delia sighs, and from thy kisses drains  
The bliss well purchased by her former care;—  
*My* Light, unpyting, from her lofty seat,  
Circled with golden rays, beholds my pains,  
Nor thanks the grief her memory bids me wear.

But all Herrera's sonnets are not occupied with this monotonous burden of lamentation; those in which he celebrates some historical fact, or addresses an eminent personage, are amongst the best of his compositions in this form. The following we consider as nearly as possible faultless: the grave and solemn pomp of the language is in admirable harmony with the melancholy sublimity of the theme.

## SONNET XXXVI. LIB. 1.

Del peligro del mar, del hierro abierto, &c.

From his sea-perils, from the naked blade  
Which the fierce Cimbrian waved—and, awe-inspired,  
Fled at that haughty voice—escaping; tired,  
Stood Marius on lamenting Byrga's strand.

## Herrera el Divino.

The sterile plain regarding, and the bare  
Deserted site of that unhappy spot,  
Sorrowing, he mourned aloud his heavy lot;  
And these sad accents pierced the doubtful air:  
'In thy disastrous ruin I behold,  
O shattered rampart, Heaven's tremendous change,  
And all the troubled wreck of human fate:  
What more appalling chance, or moral strange,  
Can be, than Marius in his grief consoled,  
By viewing thee, O Carthage, desolate!'

Hitherto, Herrera appears only as a successful follower of the great Italian poet;—in a province, which all the talent and skill of its masters have barely rescued from the indifference of posterity:—we are now to observe him in a nobler exercise of his art, wherein, amongst the moderns, at least, he had no predecessor, and has hitherto found no equal. His *Canciones* combine the energy of the classical lyrics with the sweetness of the Italian *cunsoni*, coloured by the rich and sober dignity of the Spanish temperament. They do not possess the fire and abrupt variety of the Pindaric, nor the exquisite propriety of the Horatian odes; but they are far more gorgeous in their apparel, and breathe in more elevated strains. No writer has worn the mantle of lyrical inspiration with greater majesty, or uttered music of more sustained beauty, than Herrera. His imagery, lavished in the utmost profusion, is bold and varied; and he excels in felicitous changes of personification, which present his subject in forms perpetually novel and picturesque. Upon the language of these works he has exhausted all the resources of his skill,—obtaining a marvellous flexibility of manner, by the unusual freedom of construction he employs; and choosing his expressions with peculiar care. But it is in the lofty tone of these effusions that their rare excellence consists; they strike the mind with an air of sublimity, which carries the hearer upwards, as upon wings.—Herrera's *canciones* may be divided into two classes; the pensive, and the historical or heroic. From the former, we select his celebrated "Ode to Sleep;" which, for harmony of versification, and tender beauty of manner, is unrivalled by any similar composition. The spirit of this lyric may, indeed, in some measure be preserved; but its delicious grace, and felicity of language, escape almost wholly in the process of translation. In the original, the imploring tone of supplication, the elegant variety in the mode of address, and the dreamy beauty of the epithets, form a whole, the effect of which is absolutely enchanting.

### CANCION I.

Suave sueño, tu que en tardo buelo, &c.  
Sweet Slumber, that, in slow encircling flight,  
Wavest thy lazy wings, with soothing sway,  
Crow'd with the drowsy poppy's purple hues,  
Through the pure, floating, silent heaven of night;  
Come to this furthest verge of sinking day,  
And with thy blessed dews,  
Bathe my sad eyes, and grateful calm infuse!  
For, weary slave to mine infuriate pain,  
I find no rest from care,  
And grief subdues the vigour to sustain:—  
Hear my submissive prayer!  
Come at my prayer submissive! Thou, the pride  
Of that fair nymph whom Fate made thy bride!



Most heavenly sleep ! poor mortals' brightest dower !  
 Sweet respite to the sufferer's keen distress,  
 Most amorous sleep ! O come to me, who sigh  
 To cheat this busy anguish for an hour,  
 And all my sense to deep repose address.  
 And wilt thou see me die  
 For need of thee, who wert not wont to fly ?  
 O cruel, thus to leave one lonely breast  
 Awake in weary wo,  
 Sole stranger to the healing calm impress'd  
 On all the world below !  
 Glad sleep ! come, holy sleep ! around me close,  
 And o'er my troubled spirit shed repose !

Display thy power in this mine urgent need !  
 Descend, and sprinkle melting dews around.  
 Veil from my sight the dawn's expanding glow.  
 Hear my consuming plaint, my misery plead !  
 And moisten my hot brow.  
 See ! his blent rays the sun is kindling now.  
 Delicious sleep ! return : thy pinions fair  
 Fan, with soft murmurings ;  
 And bid Aurora, with unwelcome air, .  
 Fly back, on rapid wings.  
 Thus shall the early day's approaching light  
 Heal the long injuries of icy night.

O Sleep ! an offering of thy nodding flowers  
 I bring thee ! now thy mild enchantment rain  
 On the drear hollows of my heavy eyes.  
 Bid soothing airs, bedewed with fragrant showers,  
 Come, waving magic solace o'er my brain ;  
 And of my sorrow's toils  
 Efface, O gentle sleep ! the furrowed spoils !  
 Come, then, beloved sleep ! come, fluttering sprite !  
 From the rich orient's eye  
 Young Phœbus shoots a beam of hoary light.  
 Merciful Sleep ! draw nigh,  
 And my long wo shall cease :—So may'st thou find  
 Delight, in loved Pasithea's arms entwined !

Is not this, even as viewed through the dim medium of our translation, a strain such as few poets have uttered.

In consideration of the extent to which our comment has already proceeded, we must forego the pleasure of exhibiting any sketch of those *Canciones*, which Herrera addressed to his real or fancied mistress : Some of these are exquisite ; and there are few which do not contain poetical thoughts expressed in language of great beauty. Unwillingly, also, do we omit an intended analysis of his *Elegies* in *Terza Rima*, dedicated to the same subject. One of these, which commences, *Bien debes asconder, oscuro cielo*,—bemoaning the supposed death of his lady-love, several Spanish critics\* regard as the most perfect of his works ; and very sweet and pathetic it certainly is :—yet we cannot admit as *chefs d'œuvre* of our author any imitations ; such as this, however successful, must undoubtedly be termed.

We are in no wise sorry, that the straitness of our present limits defends us from the task of developing to such of our readers, as Petrarch

\* Such, as far as we can gather from the tone of his remarks, is also Bouterwek's opinion.

has not already made acquainted with this vicious kind of production, the ingenuity which Herrera has wasted upon *Sestinas*; or compositions in six stanzas, of three couplets each, the same three pairs of rhymes preserved through all the verses; each, however, in a different order of arrangement. We may observe, that in this paltry abuse of metrical artifice, Herrera has displayed, perhaps, as much dexterity as any of his fellow-criminals. Little praise is implied in the remark; and with this brief observation we gladly quit an ungrateful subject.

We have now attempted, in some degree, to pourtray Herrera's chief attainments in two considerable provinces of the poetic art;—our next, and far more important task, will be to display them in a sphere where the genius of the poet rises to a still brighter pre-eminence. It is in virtue of his sublime Heroic Odes that Herrera is mainly entitled to the exalted station which we claim for him amongst lyrical writers; for we do not hesitate to assert, in full recollection of Chiabrera,\* Guidi,† Filcaja and Quintana, and many others, his successors and imitators,—that, in this department of poetical creation, for majesty of style, and grandeur of conception, Herrera as yet stands wholly unapproached. Our notice of these noble compositions, which deserve to be unfolded with more fulness and deliberation than we could now bestow upon them, will form the subject of a concluding paper.

\* Of these, Chiabrera has followed Herrera most nearly, and with the most success.

† Compare this Author's Ode on the deliverance of Vienna by Sobieski, fine as it is, with any of Herrera's three, on the Victory of Lepanto.

#### LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

"O! for the death of those  
"Who for their country die!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SON, Christian, Patriot, Hero, Statesman, Friend,  
Gentle in peace, in peril unsubdued;  
All attributes that mark the great and good,  
Did in the breast of Young Fitzgerald blend!  
His was the rare ambition, when, to bend  
Before our country's ruthless tyrants would  
Have been accounted honour, with his blood  
Our country's falling freedom to defend.  
Nor vainly sank that blood upon the prison  
Whence heavenward his martyr-spirit fled.  
If now our freedom's dawning star hath risen;  
If Erin now may lift her drooping head;  
Not ours the glory of that change!—It is on  
His grave its mourning laurels must be shed!

## A SUMMER EVENING DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN ENGLISHMAN AND A POLE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

**POLE.**—You should not ask foreigners to praise your country till you can shew it them under such an aspect as this. Its rural scenes should be entered upon at this very hour of this very season. I have told you that you should approach Heidelberg at sunset, and Venice when the full moon has risen, and Genoa when the sun first peeps up from the sea. Abroad, I would say, traverse the harvest fields of England, when they wave in the golden light of an August evening.

**ENGLISHMAN.**—Is the beauty of our landscape peculiar? I should have thought, without any allusion to your own unhappy country, that you had seen many such prospects as this in the flourishing agricultural regions through which you have travelled.

**POLE.**—I have traversed many corn districts, during both seed-time and harvest; and the song of the vine-dressers, and the chant of the reapers, are alike familiar to me. But there is a beauty in your rural districts which I discern in no others. The haze on the horizon, which tells that a busy city is there, enhances the charm of the balmy solitude; and yonder lordly mansion among the woods, and the peasant's cottage in the lane, give a grace, by contrast, to each other.

**ENGLISHMAN.**—And their inhabitants, likewise, I suppose. Yonder whistling labourer, plodding homeward with his sickle in his hand, contrasts well with the mechanic loitering through the field, chewing straws. And that cottage mother, gleaning in the next field, with her tribe of little ones about her, forms as pleasant an object as Lord W. with his train of high-born sons and daughters—as graceful a riding party as ever was seen—emerging from the green lane upon the down.

**POLE.**—It is a tranquil and fair scene. The voices of the children, pulling dog-roses and birdweed, are as sweet to the ear as the cooing of the ringdove in the grove we have just left; and there is music in the village clock, which sets all these peasants converging towards their homes. If ever there was peace, it is surely here; and it is soothing, even to the lacerated heart of a Pole, to witness it.

**ENGLISHMAN.**—Such are the outward shows of things in this world. Do you not know, my friend, that brows often ache under coronets, and that splendid smiles sometimes disguise the wounds of the heart? Even so this fair scene yields a false show of happiness.

**POLE.**—Nay; but here is fact. There is reality before our eyes, and within reach of our touch. Here is golden grain, bowing beneath its own weight, in this field; and, in the next, the wain is piled high with the fruits of the harvest. And these abodes and their occupiers—are they but visions?

**ENGLISHMAN.**—None of these things are visions, any more than the field flowers which flourish on a tomb, or the fever-flush which brightens the eye of the sick; but it does not follow that there is not decay and pain beneath and within.

**POLE.**—You mean that there is mortal sorrow within the bounds of this horizon. True; where humanity is present, there is sorrow.

**ENGLISHMAN.**—Ay; and not only unavoidable sorrow, but that of man's own choice. What I mean is, that there is hollowness under this apparent prosperity. Step a little this way, and I will shew you the ugly walls of a workhouse, where you now see only a clump of elms. The mechanic

loiters here, because he is afraid to face his half-fed family at home ; yonder labourer doubts whether his wife's gleanings will serve this week instead of parish pay. Look at these ill-grown fences, these rickety gates ! The farmer who is about to reap this crop has no heart to keep his fixtures in good repair ; and his wife, seeing his despondency, dreads to hear of his being found drowned in one of his own ditches. As for Lord W. and his family, they are going abroad to live cheap, till the education of the sons is finished. It wrings their hearts to leave their beautiful seat ; but the steward exhibits a list of rent-arrears four times as long as that of receipts. So much for all this apparent prosperity !

POLE.—But whence all this ? You have no war, foreign or civil, to consume your resources ; and Providence has blessed your land with three successive fruitful seasons. Whence is all this trouble ?

ENGLISHMAN.—The sufferers will tell you that it arises from that fruitfulness of the seasons, which you speak of as a blessing. Far from suspecting that, by our own mismanagement, we turn blessings into curses, they pray for the continuance of a policy which would make double crops, if we could get them, cause double dearth.

POLE.—You mean the extraordinary arrangement of taxing corn. In our country we cannot comprehend why you persist in raising corn at a vast expense, when from us you might have it cheap. We want fabrics made of your wool ; and have so much corn to give in exchange, that we feed our cattle with wheat, and leave large tracts of fine land waste, because you will not buy, but rather choose to bury your resources in your own bad soils.

ENGLISHMAN.—Whence little enough of it arises again.

POLE.—And of that little the greater part is taken by the landlord. Which is the most pernicious crime,—fraud, robbery, or waste ?

ENGLISHMAN.—There is little choice when the interests of a nation are in question. Of which do you accuse us, in respect of our corn regulations ? For my part, I charge our system with both.

POLE.—It was of waste that I first thought, in reference to the raising of the landlord's rent. His rent rises with every new tillage of inferior land ; but it is not only his portion, but that of the farmer, and that of the labourer, which becomes dear, because you will not have corn from abroad. Is not this waste ?

ENGLISHMAN.—Most destructive waste. The landlord's portion of the whole average corn produce of this kingdom is now about one-fourth. More corn being wanted, it is raised at a greater cost ; the whole produce becomes dearer ; so that all who eat pay higher for their three quarters of the produce, in order that the landlords' rent may be increased. This is robbery as well as waste.

POLE.—And robbery which avails little to any one, it seems, since Lord W. has to go abroad, as you say. His rents are, it appears, only nominally increased, since he cannot get them paid.

ENGLISHMAN.—And he is oppressed with the burden of pauperism likewise. As soon as corn becomes too dear for labourers to buy, they must have it given them in charity. Lord W.'s steward stands on his right, the parish assessors on his left. "My Lord," says the steward, "your tenants can pay only half their rents ; this good season has ruined them." "My Lord," say the assessors, "the workhouse is as full as ever. The abundance of the last harvest has not compensated the rise of price caused by the tillage of B. common. The labourers can buy little bread, and must not be troubled with so much more with payment."

POLE.—Where he may chance to see our swine devouring the wheat, for want of which the children of this country are pining. At least, he will implore the Government, in parting, to withdraw the restrictions which have proved so disastrous.

ENGLISHMAN.—Not he. He has always been told that these restrictions were formed for men of his class. He hears of them under the term *protection*, and he is afraid of not being protected, and therefore prays to be made poorer still.

POLE.—How much power there is in a name. Not only is Lord W. seduced by the term *protection*, but many tenants by the word *agriculture*, as I have reason to know. I heard much of the “protection of agriculture,” in answer to my pleas, that the wheat of my country might advantageously be brought hither; and when I inquired into the truth, I found that “agriculture” meant “landlords,” though tenants are still disposed to think it also means “farmers.” These are strange uses of terms.

ENGLISHMAN.—Very puzzling to a foreigner, no doubt; though it can be scarcely less so to an experienced farmer, to find out how the protection he clings to never fails to bring on ruin, though there may be occasional intervals of prosperity. It is somewhat the same sort of protection that is given to fowls which are cooped for the killing. They have twice as much given them as they can pick up; and so, each fowl of the poultry yard, hoping to have his turn, crows and claps his wings to the story of the protecting system, though it goes on to be fatal to the greedy ones.

POLE.—Indeed, it is too difficult to a foreigner to understand your terms, whether in your courts of justice, or in your Parliament. I lately asked what was meant by “death recorded,” and was told “transportation.” I asked what was meant by “transportation,” and was told “imprisonment,” in gaol or on board the hulks. I ask what is meant by “agriculture,” and am told “landlords.” Truly, yours is a difficult language. But what is the charm about dear landlords, that your nation should prefer them to cheap corn?

ENGLISHMAN.—Nay; you must ask the landlords. They are the most sensible of their own charms, I believe. Meantime, you can tell us a good deal, I know, about cheap corn.

POLE.—Alas! yes; and, in the same breath, of dear clothing. In our country you may see our cattle fed with grain; our peasantry shivering, half-clad, while they consume and waste twice as much corn as they need, if they had a supply of other things. You may see large tracts turned into pasturage, and others forsaken, after two or three years’ tillage; and all this for want of a market; while in yonder great town, there are multitudes pining for bread, your warehouses being overstocked with cloth, for which you want a market. What folly is here! If cheapness be good, why should not you have cheap corn, and we cheap clothing, to the advantage of every party concerned?

ENGLISHMAN.—Because not only our landlords fear a reduction of their rents, but our farmers dread being obliged to change their occupation. If we were freely supplied with corn from abroad, a large proportion of these fields would become sheep-walks, you see. We should want more wool to make your coats; and this very scene may present a verdant down, speckled with flocks, instead of stubble fields, rich in sheaves, or an expanse of uncut grain.

POLE.—And why not, if thus your peasantry may be well fed, and your agriculturists lifted out of ruin? There might be fewer farmers, some becoming shepherds, and others manufacturers or merchants; but is it

not better to flourish as a manufacturer, than to drown one's self in one's own ditch, as a farmer?

ENGLISHMAN.—It certainly seems to me that this country is destined, by nature and circumstance, to be a commercial rather than an agricultural country; and it would in no wise trouble, but rather rejoice me to see her supplying every region of the world with her manufactures, and receiving, in return, from east and west, the produce of wider and more fertile fields than she can boast.

POLE.—Then would cease the lamentable cry, that your people are too many for your food. Then would there be work for all, and work would bring a sufficiency of bread. How is it that one class dares to stand in the way of such an arrangement? How is it that a few are permitted to intercept the good of all?

ENGLISHMAN.—Because this one class has hitherto had a disproportionate share in the making of our laws. Not that this should rightly have prevented a rectification of our system; for it has been proved to them a thousand times,—and that the proof should have been so long rejected, is unaccountable,—that their own interest requires the throwing open of our ports for the importation of foreign grain. This has been proved to Lord W. and to his tenant, the cultivator of these fields, not only by reasoning, but by experience. Yet they will not have the Corn Laws touched; the one speaking for himself in the Upper House; the other through his representative in the Lower. The labourer, in the field or at the loom, who needs no further proof than his gnawing hunger, has no voice in the matter.

POLE.—His case, indeed, is clear. Even the first apparent increase of wages, from the rise of prices, profits not him, since that which his wages must purchase has also risen in price. Then when the farmer's profits are lowered by this increase of wages, it must follow that wages will again fall, while prices remain high. This is a clear case.

ENGLISHMAN.—Then what is that of the farmer? He suffers both from his profits being lowered, and from the dearness of the corn he eats. It is only while his lease is current that he has any compensation for this dearness. When the time for renewal comes, he hands over to his landlord all that arises from this increased price.

POLE.—It seems, then, that the landlord should be the gainer: by robbery, I grant; but still a gainer. What is it that obliges Lord W. to go abroad?

ENGLISHMAN.—Not merely that he cannot at present get in his rents. It is the tremendous fluctuation in their affairs which ruins both landlord and farmer. This fluctuation is owing to our dependence on our own soils for food, and can be no otherwise guarded against than by having some better dependence. During the succession of bad seasons, which took place during the late war, the price of corn rose higher than the deficiency of supply warranted; for, corn not being an article which people think of doing without, they bid against one another in their fear of not getting it, till none but the rich could pay the market price for it; and thus the farmers profited enormously while the poor starved, for this was not a rise of prices of that permanent kind which raises wages. At this time the cultivator of these fields flourished, and flung his money about bravely; taking in new land, which he has since been obliged to give up, after a large outlay of capital upon it; sending his sons travelling, portioning his daughters, and so on; and, of course, punctually paying his rents, and agreeing to a large increase at the expiration of his lease.

POLE.—Ah ! I see. And when good seasons come, not only must his sons cease to travel, and his daughters to look for portions, and Lord W. to receive his rent in full ; but the slightest excess over the average supply would lower prices as unduly as a slight deficiency had before raised them. There is little security of property in this case. Lord W. can never tell how much he is worth, any more than the speculator in the funds ; however much may be said of the stability of landed property.

ENGLISHMAN.—Hence also the apparent generosity of remitting a portion of his rents when it is impossible that he should be paid the whole. He knows that his rent is fixed too high ; but instead of lowering it, he takes the chance of a bad season or two occurring before the expiration of the lease, and parades his liberality in the newspapers, where it is told, year after year, how generously Lord W. has returned or remitted one-third or one-fourth of the rents due. Meanwhile, that which he does receive comes out of his tenant's capital ; the farm-buildings go out of repair, and the hedges, gates, and ditches, are presently seen in the condition of these about us.

POLE.—And all this fluctuation might be prevented by a free trade in corn ! Certainly there would not then be so much alarm at a small deficiency ; so much joy at a trifling excess. Where the whole world is looked to for a supply, there is pretty good security against a famine ; for the whole world may be considered to yield an average crop.

ENGLISHMAN.—Besides this, the supply being constant, would be well regulated ; whereas, at present, a large quantity is sometimes hurried into the country, on a bare rumour of a scarcity, and its arrival is the signal for a fall of price equally ruinous to the foreign speculator and the home land-owner. We are thus liable to be overstocked, or to believe ourselves so, which is much the same thing to the agricultural interest ; and to be in a perilous panic when we are a very little understocked.

POLE.—Surely, then, it would be a benefit to the land-owner to have the country regularly and sufficiently supplied with grain, that so he might know what he has to depend on ; instead of being one year rich in substance, and the next only in arrears. As for his permanent interests, they must be safe ; for land can never become a worthless possession.

ENGLISHMAN.—And least of all in a thriving country. Whether the land be laid out in sheep-walks or corn-fields, it will always be in request while manufactures are extending, commerce flourishing, and the population increasing its productive consumption. If rents are nominally lowered, their payment will be secure, and the means of life and luxury will be much less costly. The same may be said, or nearly so, for the farmer. He may bring up few of his sons to be farmers, but there will be a better opening for them in other occupations. They may all live for less ; and be no longer doomed to bury their capital in bad soils, till they have no capital left to bury. Instead, therefore, of dreading the fall of price which would follow a free importation of corn, farmers ought to see that it would bring its advantage in a fall of wages and of rent ;—a fall which will occasion a rise of profits to them, without injuring their landlords, or those who deserve much more consideration, their labourers. The worst that could befall them is less mischievous than the present system, under which the poorer class of families are breaking, the next preparing for bankruptcy by paying their rents out of their capital ; and the richest perplexing themselves to ac-

count for the rapid diminution of their wealth, and to anticipate the issue of the present pauper system.

POLE.—Ah! that fatal pauper system! It seems that your farmers have more to pay to paupers than they can keep to live upon themselves.

ENGLISHMAN.—Just so. The tenant of the ground we stand upon made terrible complaints a few years ago on having to pay £50 a-year to the parish. He now pays £190, while actually in the state of distress and despondency I described to you.

POLE.—Surely he deprecates the continuance of the system under which he suffers so cruelly.

ENGLISHMAN.—He protests against any change, unless it be the imposition of a further duty on foreign grain. He calls out for more protection, not seeing, that the protection he really needs is, to be shielded from his own prejudices. An extraordinary infatuation; is it not?

POLE.—It makes me melancholy to find infatuation every where. Some unhappy persons in my ruined country called in the protection of the Russian despot; and bitterly have they suffered, and made others suffer by their blind appeal. But no despot, not even he of Russia, can tyrannize so fatally as bad laws. Let your landlords and farmers take this to heart.

ENGLISHMAN.—I wish we could so persuade them. A despot's rule is short, and the consequences of his tyranny easily repaired in comparison with the influence and issues of bad laws. If a just ruler were to succeed to Nicholas, I should have hope of seeing your country even yet lift her worn brow to be again crowned with plenty, and smile once more in the face of him who would redeem her; but bad laws corrupt the very sources of prosperity. Their repeal brings evils almost as tremendous as their continuance. Ages will not repair the grievances inflicted by the system we have been condemning.

POLE.—True; for ages will not obliterate the moral stains which injustice and hardship leave. You should hasten, then, all the more eagerly, to rectify the errors of those who, for whatever reason, made these bad laws.

ENGLISHMAN.—They will be rectified; they must soon be so, in the face of any opposition that can be brought. Then may we cease to feel shame in looking on such a scene as this,—in perceiving how much Providence has given to man, and how much man has done to stint his brethren of their share of these gifts; and, by grasping too much for himself, to ruin all.

POLE.—Would that your people would learn from us,—pilgrims from a ruined land,—how to prize what is in their own hands; how to be happy while the means remain. We would say, look to the equal distribution of your wealth while it exists. If, as a nation, you would be strong, knit your ranks together, as the interests of all classes are knitted together by the primary laws of your social state. If, as a nation, you would be free, let your higher ranks release themselves from the bondage of prejudice and groundless fear, and call up your indigent classes out of the slavery of hardship and discontent. If you would be happy as a nation, let the gifts of heaven be made as welcome to the heart as they are beautiful to the eye. Then shall these sloping sunbeams meet no scowling brows; for there will be few guilty where none are poverty-stricken. Then shall fruitfulness cease to be a curse to any; and harvests like these shall be an actual possession to each and all. Then shall these stealing shadows, which now serve to hide too many tears, settle down on millions of dwellings tenanted by repose.



## THE SEABOY OF ST. EUPHEMIA.

SOFT rose the beam of morn on hill and cape,  
 And leafy bay, that verge thy golden shores,  
 Italia, land of dreams! The gushing light,  
 Warmed with a mellowing glow the purple peaks  
 Of the far-stretching Appenines, and bade  
 The prowling Brigand seek his rocky cave,  
 Down in the misty gorge.

But gradual rose

The kingly sun, and bathed the awakened earth  
 In floods of glory. From each mountain nook  
 The curling mists retired—each cliff stood out,  
 And from the holy silence of the grove  
 Upsprung the darts of song. To their sweet toil  
 The vintagers went forth—and the fresh dawn  
 Breathed health and cheerfulness into their souls!  
 On this fair morn, along Calabrian seas  
 A stately vessel glided—from the land  
 Seen like a silver cloud, by light winds borne  
 From the golden East. But soon, distinct, appeared  
 Her giant masts, her swelling sails, her prow  
 Clearing the hissing tide; and ere had sunk  
 The breeze, gliding majestic o'er the wave,  
 She bore her course into Euphemia's bay.

Now died the wind, and the tall stranger bark  
 Slumbered in breathless calm. The infant waves  
 Climbed in disport her billow-cleaving prow;  
 And her gigantic sails, that curbed the winds,  
 Flapped slowly, like the wearied sea-bird's wing,  
 When wheeling to her nest. Meanwhile her crew  
 Thronged the wide deck at noisy sport, or tales  
 Of marvellous style, such as the sailor loves:  
 But one young SEABOY on the giddy mast  
 Hung, like a second Icarus, in act  
 To wing the sky. Far different were his thoughts  
 From the wild mirth of his rude comrades: joy  
 Was in his youthful heart; but 'twas a joy  
 Too deep for laughter—which seems more akin  
 To sorrow than to gladness. His dark eye  
 Gazed with wild rapture on Euphemia's walls,  
 Sweet city of his birth! He had returned  
 From his first voyage—and his heart did bound  
 With mingled hopes and fears. He marked the hill,  
 Of gentlest slope, flower-clad, that overhung  
 His widowed mother's cot, and deemed he saw  
 The smoke light-curling from the mossy roof.  
 Oh! how he longed for the wild sea-bird's wing,  
 To waft him to that dear and gentle scene  
 Of infant bliss;—to his fond mother's arms,  
 Thanking kind Heaven for her brave boy's return,  
 And all his tender sister's warm caress,  
 Weeping for joy! Then, seated by the door,  
 He would recount his youthful dangers past,  
 And all the wonders of the distant land  
 O'er the wide sea. The soul-transferring thought  
 Brought to his eye the long-forgotten tear  
 From the warm fountain of his heart, congealed  
 By cold neglect, and freezing apathy,  
 And chilling glances of the stranger's eye,  
 That never glowed in sympathy with his.  
 In fondly nurtured dreams like these his mind  
 Was wrapt; and though o'er many a fairy scene  
 His eye wandered, delighted, yet his thoughts  
 Were in that lonely cot, in the green nook  
 Of his own valley.

'Twas the hour of noon,—  
Noon in Hesperia ! The sweet convent bells  
Rung forth a merry peal, and the loud hum  
Of the wide city, labour's cheerful cry,  
The rattle of the clattering carriage wheels,  
The jingling bells of the low panniered mule,  
Journeying townward with his swelling load  
Of golden fruitage ; the wild chanted song  
Of the dark muleteer from the pine dell,  
Himself unseen, and childhood's sportive cry  
(Dear age ! that loves to tell its joy aloud)  
Swell'd mingling o'er the golden-waved sea.  
Warm'd by the glorious sun, each dome appear'd  
Fused in the glowing æther. Beautiful  
In varied radiance shone the sacred fane,—  
The pillar'd mansion of the senator,  
The fair suburban palace, with its sweet  
And balmy terrace-gardens, 'mid whose flowers  
The infant noble chas'd the azure fly,  
Wild as his laughing self,—and the neat cot  
Of the laborious peasant, with its door  
And windows overarch'd with the ripe vine,  
Rear'd from a twig by the fond family,  
And trimm'd, at vacant eve, with pious care.  
Well suited was the scene, the place, the hour,  
To fill the heart with gentlest ecstasy,  
And soft emotions, such as pour the oil  
Of peace upon the soul, and open up  
The springs of pity and universal love.  
And longer had the pleasing trance enthral'd  
The sea-boy's breast, but the haste-breathing pipe,  
And the loud echoing of the quick-paced deck  
Call'd him to duty. No swift-winged gale  
Swept with rude wing the sea, nor furrow'd up  
Its rough'ning bosom ; but from all its depths  
A bubbling came, and its wild spirit began  
To rouse its sleeping furies, and call forth  
Its boisterous company of mountain waves  
In strange mysterious heavings, and wild swells  
Portentous. The glad sea-birds, with wild whirls,  
Bath'd in the surge ; and the exulting bark  
Did pare the waters with her eager prow.  
Silence was on the land, as deep as death,—  
All save the city's murmur : the tall pines  
On the near shore hung calm and motionless  
O'er the perturbed waves, that dash'd beneath  
Their sleeping branches, 'mid whose pleasant leaves  
The innocent birds were sitting.  
Not a breath  
Stirred on the mountains ; but the churning foam  
Whirl'd on the tortured deep, that groan'd aloud,  
And madly writh'd and wrestled to be free,  
Like a chain'd maniac ! There was no strong breeze  
To guide their path ; and the disorderly waves  
Clash'd on each other like a rebel host  
That rush to mutual strife ; and the tall ship  
Danc'd like a light straw on their bounding tops.  
Dark ominous clouds roll'd o'er the murky sky,  
And blotted out the sun ; but Etna's brow  
Glar'd forth bright noon-day, with its blazing spires  
Of column'd flame. A vast impervious mass  
Of pitchy darkness, cloud in cloud involved,  
Like a æthereal pall, the city wrapt  
In its demoniac covering. All at once  
A wild unearthly mingling of strange sound  
Rose from Euphemia, like the rolling flight  
Of countless chariot-wheels, with jarring noise

*The Seaboy of St. Euphemia.*

Commingle, and a low and hollow groan,  
 As if from Nature's general agony !  
 It was a scene to blanch the stoutest hearts,  
 And shake man's boasted courage ! The sea-birds,  
 The children of the storm, congealed with fear,  
 Dropped lifeless in the billows : terror numbed  
 The seamen's hearts in the distracted ship ;  
 Some sunk upon the deck ; some rushed below  
 To escape the maddening horror of the sight,  
 And knees were bent in prayer that he'er had knelt  
 Until that instant. All their posts forsook,  
 All save the helmsman ; an old hoary man,  
 On whose blanched cheek thrice twenty winters' wrath  
 Had left their furrowed impress. O'er his brow  
 And aged shoulders wide the grey hair streamed,  
 As with stout heart and steady hand he grasped  
 The shivering helm, and steered the vessel on !  
 But where was ANDREA, the young Seaboy ? Where  
 Was he, the gentle dreamer, whose soft heart  
 Yearned for his long lost home ? On the cold deck  
 He lay, so pallid and so marble-like,  
 Ye would have deemed his tender soul had fled,  
 But that a fearful shudder sometimes passed  
 Across his frame, and terribly declared  
 The spirit still was there, though inly wrecked  
 And shattered. 'Twas not fear that thus unhinged  
 And mastered him ; but the unforeseen collision  
 Of hostile feelings, the bewildered sense,  
 The freezing blood, the choking agony,  
 And all the vulture pangs that clutch the heart  
 When Hope is strangled by the fiend Despair !  
 But now the weather brightened ; first a mass  
 Of gloomiest shade gave way, and through the chasm  
 Flashing, one solitary golden beam  
 Of the rejoicing Sun shot from the midst,  
 Down to the blackening ocean. Then at once  
 Severed the murky clouds, and all the scene,  
 Green shores, peace-breathing mountains, and blue skies,  
 Shone out in Summer loveliness. The seas  
 Subsided from their wrath, as wearied out  
 By their long battling ; and the frightened crew,  
 Cheered by the brightening Sun, and calmer sea,  
 Betook them to their posts, though doubtful still  
 And hesitating. But whence'er the mists  
 That hid the city from their eyes dispersed,  
 Pale terror seized them, and bewilderedly  
 Each on the other gazed, but whispered not—  
 Fear held them dumb.

Where had Euphemia gone—  
 The fair, the many-peopled ! Where her domes,  
 Her towers, her arches ! Where her thronged resorts  
 Of loitering Luxury or busy Commerce !  
 Or that proud pile, whose heaven-aspiring top  
 Was first saluted by the morning Sun ?  
 All had gone down into the yawning earth,  
 Nor left a mark behind them ! O'er their place  
 A sulphurous lake, of hideous aspect, spread  
 Its slimy waters, over which the beams  
 Of the bright Sun played with a ghastly smile ;  
 Like lights that in the lonely church-yard shine  
 O'er the dark night above the charnelled dead !  
 Wretched Euphemia ! awful was thy doom,  
 And all thy gentle people's ! Ruthless fate

\* The City of St. Euphemia, in Calabria, was totally destroyed by an earthquake in 1693. Father Kircher states, that after the clouds which had gathered over it had dispersed, nothing but a dismal and putrid lake was to be seen, where the city had stood.

Enwraught thee, thoughtless, in his blood-stained arms,  
And with demoniac fury hauled thee down  
Into one general grave! There was none spared  
To tell the tale; all had an equal doom;  
The mother and her sleeping child; the sick  
And spiritless man, and the light-hearted girl  
Just budding into womanhood; the prince,  
And simple cottager; the labouring man,  
And the young family, or the aged pair,  
For whom he toiled; the prisoner and the free;  
The penitent kneeling at God's holy altar,  
And the gay youth laughing at some light jest  
Or frolic. Nero's bloody wish was done—  
A people swept at once into the tomb  
And now the mariners thronged the busy deck,  
Whispering, and o'er the varying murmur ye might hear  
That word of fearful sound—"Earthquake," repeated  
In tones that told the speaker's inward dread;  
And all deplored the unexampled fate  
Of the fair city; but no further went  
Their lamentations; none were "native there"  
Save the lone SEABOY. Him the pitying crew  
Raised from the deck, and gently strove to bring  
The wavering spirit back. At length he oped  
His restless eyes, and sighed, and looked around  
Wildly; but as the twilight-glimmering sense returned,  
And recollection, to his native shore  
He threw an eager glance, with terror fraught  
And feverish expectation. Then at once  
A thousand harrowing feelings pierced his brain,  
And goaded it to madness! 'Twas too much  
For his young mind, untutored by the rubs  
And sorrow-blunting commerce of the world.  
The light that, like the morning star, doth pour  
Brightness and joy upon the mind, was quenched.  
All that remained was like the sickly ray  
Of a lone cresset in some charnel-house,  
That shines but for the past, and never throws  
A beam upon the present. He besought,  
With tears and prayers, the thronging mariners  
To take him to the land. At first they tried  
To sooth and quiet him; but wearied out  
By his sad cries, and inly touched with pity,  
At length they rowed him to the desolate shore,  
And left him there.

Next morn some villagers,  
With cautious step, came to the blasted scene,  
And led him kindly to their peaceful home.  
But aye, with morning beam, he did return  
To that dead lake; and the early traveller  
At distance viewed him seated on a stone  
By its lone brink, with folded arms, and eyes  
That gazed upon its waveless breast, as if  
They pierced its depths, and summoned from below  
The dead—the well-beloved!

And he said,  
"That the sweet convent-bells did ever ring,  
And that beneath the waters he beheld  
His own sweet cottage; that his mother oft  
Gazed from the door along the well-known path  
To welcome him, and that his sisters wept  
Because he came not; for that a cruel stream,  
With dark impassable waters, hemmed him in;  
And oft he called them, but they never heard,  
For the wild brawling of the roaring flood!"

## TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE—DUTY ON PAPER—DIRECT AND INDIRECT TAXATION.

WE boast that we belong to "The Movement;" that is, to the class of Reformers who maintain that the great measure of Reform obtained, is only a means to an end; that the Reformed Parliament must proceed to lop off every thing that is rotten in our institutions, in order that the machine of Government may work well for the labouring classes, whose interests and undeniable rights have hitherto been sacrificed by Tory oppressors to increase the wealth of the aristocracy. In this important work, to which Ministers and the Reformed Parliament have to address themselves, we farther maintain, that there must be no delay. He has looked with a very superficial eye at what has been going on in this country for some years past, who has not discerned that the spirit of Reform, which has been so conspicuously active, and which has already produced so grand a result as the Reform Bill, has been itself urged to activity by another spirit. The ancient mariner tells us of the spirit "which maketh the ship to go." There is a spirit which maketh the car of Reform to go; that has supplied the force which has kept the wheels of the car in motion, and will continue to impel it forward, in all probability at an accelerated pace, for years to come, and with a force which it will be impossible to resist. The Spirit of Power to which we allude, is the GENIUS OF WANT. He it is, although not always visible to the careless observer, who has called every Reform Meeting, who has dictated every Reform Petition, who has set in motion every Reform procession. While Mr. Brodie, as chairman of the Edinburgh Political Union, occupied the precentor's desk in the Cowgate Chapel, we indistinctly saw the Genius of Want in the superior pulpit, presiding over the president. We saw him affixing the placards on the public places of Edinburgh, summoning the Political Union to the King's Park, the first great public meeting of the citizens of Edinburgh in the open air. We saw his dusky form immensely dilated, leaning over the chairman at that meeting, and obscuring the sky above the assemblage of twenty thousand people. The same potent spirit was visible to us, at the same place, when the still greater multitude afterwards assembled there, the Whig leaders being compelled by his influence to that unwonted act of decision, the taking part in an open-air meeting. Again, we saw him on the same spot overhanging an immense multitude, his features expressing terrible determination, a large black flag in his hand, exhibiting a skull and cross bones, with the ominous inscription, "REFORM or DEATH." Once more we saw him, with his haggard features relaxed into a grim smile, heading the Jubilee Procession. But it were vain to state where we have seen him. He has been the great actor in every revolution, and in every measure of Reform that has taken place. His terrific power is exerted always by one of these two instruments, Reform or Revolution; and the choice is left to the aristocracy, or the privileged orders of the nation, in which he establishes himself. Forty years ago, the French nobles chose the one way: our aristocracy has wisely given way to the wishes of the people, and chosen the other and better alternative.

As this terrible spirit has not taken his departure, and will not, until the people, whom he has stirred up to demand Reform, obtain a redress of all their grievances, it behoves the Ministry and the Parliament to address themselves seriously to their task. The Genius of Want endures no trifling. By a single movement of one of his gigantic limbs, he can overthrow the whole framework of Government; and great would be the misery before any other form could be substituted and order restored. Again, we say to the Ministers and the Parliament, proceed in the good work which must be done. You must abolish monopolies, extinguish tithes, cut off all pensions and sinecures, take off the malt tax, and abolish the corn laws; shorten the duration of Parliaments, and give voters the protection of the ballot. All these things must be done before the Genius of Want will be satisfied, and take his departure from our land. All these things you should therefore do quickly.

But there is one pestilential impost, which, if you will take off, we shall feel satisfied as to the certainty of your intentions to do everything which the suffering people have a just right to demand; and shall ascribe any delay of the other measures to difficulties which you suppose to be at present beyond your control. Abolish the taxes on knowledge. Let there be no restraint on the poorest of the people acquiring a knowledge of their rights. Do this, and we shall give you the fullest credit for upright intentions, and use what influence we possess to restrain the natural impatience of the people for the other measures of Reform, on the justice and necessity of which *they* have long made up their minds; although many of you whose mental vision should be more acute than theirs, and would be so were you as immediately accessible to the impulse of the Genius of Want as *they* are, still are, or affect to be, unenlightened in regard to the same measures.

We are not now about to discuss the expediency of the removal of the odious Taxes on Knowledge; that has been done by so many journals, so ably and so often, as to make any demonstration of their nature and effects wholly unnecessary, except as to one particular, to which we are now to call your attention. Suffice it to say, that we are of the common opinion, that the reduction of the stamp duty on newspapers should be great, and the papers conveyed free of postage, otherwise the circulation of newspapers would be confined in a great measure to their own places of publication; each hamlet or village having its own paltry newspaper, instead of the metropolitan papers, which will always be the ablest and most liberal in their views, circulating widely, and disseminating sound principles over the whole country. The duty on all periodicals, we think, should be one penny per sheet; at least on all containing news or political discussions. On the propriety of placing any duty on merely literary publications, we have great doubts; and are inclined to think they should be exempted from duty, unless they wish to avail themselves of circulation by post.

The Taxes on Knowledge consist of the stamps on newspapers and the duty on paper. There are some minor taxes affecting knowledge: such as the stamp duty on pamphlets, and on almanacks, and the eleven copies of books required by Stationers' Hall. But these are so trifling, that remark on them is needless. They will be taken off, with the others, as a matter of course; also those needless and vexatious regulations as to finding security against publishing blasphemous and seditious libels.

General as has been the complaint against the newspaper stamps, there

has been little said against the duty on paper. If mentioned at all, it has been introduced into the discussions on the taxes on knowledge, to found an argument in favour of reducing the stamp duties, on the supposition of the paper duty being retained. We are told that, were the stamps reduced from 4d., with 20 per cent discount, to one penny *nett*, any loss that would accrue to the *r  venue* would be made up by the additional number of stamps that would be required, and the additional amount of duty on paper which the increased circulation of newspapers would produce. The argument is a good one. By such a scheme the revenue would be increased very considerably; not diminished, as Lord Althorp affects to believe. But knowledge is too precious to be made the subject of impost for the sake of revenue. The only impost on the circulation of knowledge which ought to be tolerated by a people pretending to be free, is a stamp duty equivalent to the expense of circulation by post; for which purpose Mr. Hume thinks a halfpenny per sheet more than sufficient. Supposing, however, that the diffusion of knowledge is to be taxed for the sake of revenue, we contend that it is much better to levy the tax directly, in the shape of a stamp duty on the newspaper, than indirectly, by means of an excise duty on the paper in the hands of the manufacturer. It is to the excise duty on the manufacture of paper that we now request attention.

The duty on printing paper, of whatever quality, is threepence per pound weight. Printing papers for books and newspapers generally sell at from 10d. to 1s. 2d. per pound. Taking 1s. per pound as the average, and in fact the most general price, let us see how much Government gains, and how much the people lose, by this manner of taxing their newspapers and books.

A ream of paper generally sells at about £1, and weighs about twenty pounds. The duty of 3d. per pound here amounts to exactly 5s. It must not, however, be supposed that the papermaker charges his customer, the bookseller, in the exact proportion of 15s. for paper and 5s. for duty; and that, were the duty abolished, 5s. per ream is all the abatement that he could afford to make. The price of the paper is enhanced materially by the excise regulation, independently of the *nett* sum of duty paid. This is the case, indeed, with every excised commodity. The regulations which the papermakers must observe, under severe penalties, are numerous, minute, and in the highest degree vexatious and troublesome. The paper maker scarcely feels himself at home in his own premises; the excisemen being the real masters there. They must know the description of paper, the quantity, and the weight made at each particular vat, on each particular day; and this must be entered before 12 o'clock next day, under a penalty. The paper must be put up in no quantities but reams; and each ream must be tied up in a wrapper, to which a label obtained from the excise upon previous application, must be attached. There are inspections, weighings, markings, and counter-markings, the very enumeration of which would be an infliction, and which, therefore, we spare all our readers, except those who choose to read the tiresome detail in a note. In addition to all this annoyance, the actual expense of the clerks, foremen, &c. required, merely in consequence of the excise regulations, amounts to no inconsiderable sum. The papermaker, whose letter we give below, estimates the expense caused him by the excise at L.300; but calculates that one way and another, the advantage to him were the excise duty taken off, would be equal to

L.1000 a-year; of which the public would reap the benefit in a reduced price of paper, independently of the reduction directly caused by the absence of duty.\*

Profit is charged by all manufactrers, for outlay, trouble, and risk. There can be no doubt, therefore, that, as the Excise duty causes an advance of money, much trouble, of the most vexatious kind, and the same risk of bad debts as the paper itself is subject to, the paper-maker must have the same profit on the sum paid for duty, and wages of clerks, &c. required in consequence of the Excise regulations, as upon any other part of his outlay; such as rags, wages of labour, tear and wear of machinery, &c. The papermaker's expenses are paid before his goods are brought to market; and when he sells, he has to allow a running credit of at least three months, and then generally takes a bill at a long date in payment. Looking to all this, we may safely say, that instead of 5s. per ream, which is all that the Excise office receives from him, he must charge his customer 6s. 6d. Were the Excise duty on paper abolished, we doubt not that the same paper which is now sold

\* "I have all my life regarded the whole system of the Excise Laws as a most disgraceful one, and utterly repugnant to the spirit of the British Constitution. It is a matter of astonishment to me, that any British Government should have been able to inflict such a vexatious mode of collecting revenue, or that the British people should have so long submitted to it; and although, probably from a small proportion of the population being directly affected by the Excise Laws, they have not obtained that public attention, as a grievance, which might have been expected, I trust I shall live to see the day when they shall be swept off the face of the earth. I allude chiefly to the constant annoyance—to the regular, vexatious, and suspicious interference, to which a manufacturer under the Excise is exposed; and to the distraction of his attention from his business, by the demands of petty functionaries, generally his inferiors in every sense of the word.

"There is, perhaps, no trade under the Excise where these grievances are more felt, than in the manufacture of paper; and the first thing that strikes the inquirer is, that, while the duty is levied on most excisable articles a good deal *en masse*, in the case of paper, it is preceded by a most dilatory and laborious process. The duty is charged on the pound weight; and yet every description of paper must be made up in the same quantity, viz. a ream. The details are these:—Before any ream could be tied up, a wrapper of the size must previously have had a label pasted upon it; and that label must be dry and firmly attached to the wrapper. These labels are furnished to us by the Excise in such quantities as we shall have previously requested in writing. We are bound to account for every label, under a penalty of £200 for every one deficient; so that it is a matter requiring great care to check the number furnished, and keep a distinct and accurate account of them. After the ream has been tied up, the *class* to which the paper belongs must be written upon it, and also the estimated weight of each ream. We are then bound to keep the stock in such a manner that the officers may at all times take an account of it, and so that they may see the label on every individual ream.

"When the paper is brought forward to be charged with duty, we are also obliged to affix the progressive number upon each ream, the quarter and year, and the date on which it is charged; and the officer must repeat the weight in writing, and his name, on every ream. Then comes the stamping; which, although it ought to be performed by the officer, yet, for the sake of dispatch, or it may be unwillingness on the part of the officer, is generally done by one of our own servants. There is then the weighing, and keeping accounts of the weighing, and many other particulars; and affixing the departure stamp three times to every ream before it goes out. You will readily imagine that the trouble occasioned by all these details is very great. It is impossible to act strictly up to the letter of every act of Parliament; but of course we must do so as far as possible; and to all I have stated must be added, the keeping of accounts for the Excise, of the paper, and the estimated weight and quantity made at every vat and machine every day, and which must be entered before 12 o'clock on the following day, under a penalty for non-compliance. Then, about once a-week,



at 20s. per ream would be sold at 13s. 6d., or 13s. The effect of other abolitions of Excise duties goes to prove this. But suppose the reduction of Excise duties only 6s. 6d., let us see the effect to the public. The newspaper proprietor must, of course, charge a profit on all the items of his outlay; and as he, too, must give credit, and run risks, he must have at least 10 per cent. from the newsmen more than his expenditure, which will raise the 6s. 6d. to 7s. 2d. Again, the newsman, who in his turn gives credit, and runs risks, longer and greater than those of the newspaper proprietor, adds a profit, as is well known, of about 20 per cent., paying 5½d. for a newspaper, and charging 7d.; this augments the 7s. 2d. to 8s. 7d. Farther, the 5s. is diminished to Government by the expense of collecting the Excise duties, averaging 6 per cent.; and the part that relates to paper probably exceeding that rate. Six per cent. off 5s. reduces it to 4s. 8½d.; so that the public really pay 8s. 7d. in consequence of the duty on paper, while the Exchequer receives only 4s. 8½d. Such is the effect of indirect taxation.

No doubt, the stamp duty also is aggravated to the public by the newspaper proprietor's 10 per cent. and the newsmen's 20 per cent. But the

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we have a visit from a Supervisor, who if, as is generally the case, there has been a charge, must weigh over the whole; and if he makes the draft a single pound more than the officer, it must be set down against us. It is generally the other way, viz. that his weight is short of the officer's; but in this case no deduction is made, the highest *guage* always being taken. I ought also to reckon a good deal on account of the Excise rounds beginning (in place of the 1st day of each quarter) on the 6th, and sometimes so late as the 10th. As all other mercantile accounts begin as from the 1st, we have to pay, for any papers charged in the beginning of the quarter, duty six weeks earlier than we ought fairly to do.

"I could mention various other causes and annoyances and loss from the Excise regulations. To give you one instance, I will state the process that takes place in preparing papers for exportation. We usually export large quantities of paper, generally in very small packages, quarto, octavo, &c. To do so, of course, the whole must be in the first place "*charged*" with duty. We contend, that if it be weighed over, and the number of reams and weight be entered in the ordinary accounts against us, the intention of the law is fulfilled; but the Excise says, No: the law, in all its details, must be complied with, and, accordingly, the whole operation of pasting labels, filling up the class, estimated weight, progressive number, date, officer's name, &c., must be performed upon every individual ream and parcel, although the Excise are quite aware, that on the following day, the whole is to be undone by the wrappers as well as labels on the paper so to be exported, being destroyed, before it is packed for exportation. The paper is necessarily and unnecessarily injured by being thus twice knocked about, and a great waste of time and labour is the consequence, both to the trader and the officer. We lately petitioned that it might (as was formerly the case) be done away with; and that one operation of weighing might serve for charging the weight against us, and for entitling us to the certificate of the packing officer, when he sees the paper packed. There is no reason why such accommodation should not be granted to us, as two officers are always requisite on the occasion; and you will readily perceive, from what I have said, the absurdity and uselessness of such a system.

"Another inconvenience we suffer here is, from having a number of mills. We make, but do not finish paper at each; and before we can remove paper from one to another which is often desirable, even on a very short notice, we must give notice to the officer of our intention so to do, and get his certificate, or permit, which must accompany the paper in its transit, and there be duly taken care of, and delivered over to the functionary, and an account, &c. duly retained of it.

"The actual outlay caused to us for wages of clerks and workmen I calculate at £300; but I have no doubt that we should be nearly £1000 per annum better, if freed of the Excise. One element of my calculation was founded upon the extent of bad debts. There is scarcely a year but we (and we presume every maker to the same extent) do not lose £1000 *entirely* on bad debts, of which, of course, more than one-fourth is the duty on the paper. It is on printing papers being sold at a long credit, that we are most exposed to it."

papermaker's per centage, which, from vexatious interference, expense of clerks, &c., risk, and outlay of capital, must be heavy, is saved, and also the expense to Government of collecting the Excise duty. The collection of the stamp duties is attended with little trouble to the newspaper proprietor, and scarcely any expence to the stamp office.

Perhaps the best way of all, for the interest of the public, would be to avoid the evils of indirect taxation of newspapers entirely, by abolishing both the paper and stamp duties, and levying a postage of one penny on each newspaper every time it goes through the post-office, whatever may be the distance it goes. In this way the local circulation would not be taxed at all, and the sums paid in postage would all go undiminished into the treasury, or diminished merely by that very trifling additional expence to the post-office which the transmission of the newspapers might occasion. The only drawback from the obvious advantage to the public of this method, would be the inducement which the penny of postage and the want of the local news might afford to the inhabitants of provincial towns, to prefer their own provincial newspapers, with their narrow views, timid speculations on politics, and inferior literary merit, to the metropolitan papers.

If we have succeeded in shewing that if a revenue to any extent is to be derived from the circulation of knowledge, it ought not to be collected by an Excise duty, so far as newspapers are concerned, it is easy to show that the same objections to the duty on paper apply still more strongly to the case of books. The evils of the indirect system of taxation more strikingly manifest themselves in this case than in the other, by reason of the taxed articles passing through a greater number of hands between the Government and the last purchaser.

Supposing, as before, that the Exchequer collects 3d. per lb., or 5s. per ream, from the papermaker, and charges 6s. 6d. to his customer, the publishing bookseller; the latter adds a charge of generally 100 per cent. on his outlay for paper, as well as on the other expenses of the book; the per centage varying according to the supposed risk of the book selling to the extent of the whole impression, or a small part of it only, in ten weeks, or ten years, and at the regular trade price, or the price of waste paper. The risks of publishing, the long outlay of capital, and the amount of bad debts, are so considerable, that 100 per cent. may be taken as the addition required to be made by publishers to the outlay on a book; and we know that to be about the average rate laid on. Well, the 6s. 6d. which the paper maker charges the publisher, by reason of the excise duty on paper, is thus increased by the publisher in his charge to the wholesale bookseller (to a large extent of the impression of every book, a different person from the publisher) to 13s. The wholesale bookseller who supplies the retail booksellers of London, of Dublin, or of Edinburgh, adds 11, or more frequently, 17½ per cent. on the sum charged by the publisher. Suppose the latter, for a reason that shall instantly be explained: 17½ per cent. on 13s. is 2s. 2d.; the 13s. now therefore becomes 15s. 2d. Lastly, the retail bookseller's profit, where he gives the regular credit, and allows no discount at settling, (the most common case,) is an addition to the price he has paid the wholesale bookseller, of 43¾ per cent, if the latter has been allowed the regular discount by the publisher, and has added only 11 per cent. commission, and 37½ per cent. if the wholesale bookseller, has added 17½ per cent. As we supposed this latter case before, we must, to preserve accuracy, take the same case again. Adding, therefore, 47½ per cent., or 5s. 8d. to 15s.

2d., we have £1, 0s. 10d., the sum the purchaser of the book pays; in consequence of the Excise duty on paper, while the Exchequer draws 5s., diminished by 6 per cent. as the expense of collection, viz. 4s. 8½d. Behold once more the effect of indirect taxation. Think of the purchasers of books paying £1, 0s. 10d., to yield government only 4s. 8½d., and then think of the operation of such a duty in diminishing the sale of books.

We do not mean to say that the proportion which the *total* sum which the public pays in consequence of the duty on paper, bears to the total amount of the duty drawn by the Exchequer, is as L.1. 0s. 10d. to 4s. 8½d. Far from it. The case of books is different from that of newspapers and cheap periodicals. Every copy of these is sold; the publishers taking care to print no more than the number for which they have a steady demand. It is not so with books, as every bookseller, publisher, wholesale dealer, or retailer, will acknowledge with a sigh: witness Mr. Colburn's thirty thousand volumes of *Fashionable and Historical novels*, offered at 8d. per volume, on condition of exportation: witness the advertisements and catalogues of the *Cheap Booksellers*, where (published at 15s.) 3s. 6d. frequently meets your eye: witness the prodigious loads of books which enter the warehouse of that noble specimen of the Bull family, Mr. John Chidley, Goswell-street, London,—which enter *books*, and *excunt* waste paper: witness the paper in which the tobacconist ties your cigars, and the grocer your sugar. To such profane uses are put the sheets which the poor author fondly trusted would bear his fame to the four quarters of heaven; sheets which he had written with such labour, yet with such joyous anticipations; which he had shewn with such ill-dissembled pride to “a few particular friends;” which, when the stupid and illiterate booksellers had returned “with many thanks for the honour done them by their being favoured with a perusal of so very respectable a work,” but without an offer of either copy-money, or taking upon themselves the risk (harsh word to an author!) of publication, he had, with noble confidence in his own powers, resolved to “publish at his own expense,” and “shame the rogues;” which he had seen put through the press with affectionate solicitude, sometimes consulting three friends about the location of one comma, and standing for hours by the press, witnessing the birth of the rapidly succeeding sheets, and rejoicing, almost with a father's joy, when the book at last appeared in extra boards on the counter of his publisher. Alas, alas! for the poor author's hopes of profit or of fame—of proceeds of sales to meet expenses of paper, print, and advertising—of notices in the *Magazines*, and reviews in the *Quarterlies*. All is disappointment; his hopes “subdued, but cherished long,” are at last utterly extinguished.

The Publisher's account stands thus:—

Author and his friends	-	-	-	50	Copies
Copies for Editors of Newspapers, Magazines, and Reviews	-	-	-	27	..
Additional Copies for Editors, afterwards ordered by Author, per list	-	-	-	38	..
Sales	-	-	-	26	..
Sent to Author's house, by desire, to meet future sales	-	-	-	250	..
Remainder to Mr. Chidley, as waste	-	-	-	619	..

Impression 1000 ..

But this sad narrative of the woes of authorship, *quæque ipse miserrima vidi*, is a digression. We were remarking that the public did not pay a total sum in consequence of the duty on paper bearing the proportion to the sum drawn by the Exchequer, of £1, 0s. 10d. to 4s. 8½d., inasmuch as the books printed are not all sold at regular price; large quantities of them being sold at greatly reduced prices, or made waste paper. In the case of newspapers, the proportion between what the Exchequer receives, and what the public pays, we have calculated to be about 4s. 8½d. to 8s. 7d. In the case of books, the article has to pass through one hand more than in that of newspapers, and is, from its nature, the subject of a far less steady trade than the supplying of newspapers. These circumstances will make the difference between the sum paid by the public, and the sum which reaches the Government coffers, greater than in the case of newspapers. We should guess the proportion to be about that of 12s. or 13s. to 4s. 8½d., or nearly 3 to 1.

At the same time that we admit that *the public* are not fleeced to beyond three times the sum which the same good and patient public receives into its treasury, it is nevertheless true, that all those members of the community, who purchase new books, at the regular publication prices, pay the greater proportion first stated. Upon that part of the retail price of the book which has been caused by the duty on paper, the purchaser actually pays at the rate of L1., 0s. 10d. that the Exchequer may receive at the rate of 4s. 8½d. The rate is not uniform; but that is about the average of it. On cheap journals, on magazines, reviews, and all those numerous works now published in monthly volumes, at a low price, the overcharge to the purchaser, or the loss to the revenue, is considerably less than the average; while, upon expensive quartos, or fashionable novels, at 10s. 6d. per small octavo volume, the loss is often greater than the above average, applicable to books sold at retail prices—that is to say, the loss in this last description of purchases often exceeds 16s. 1½d. out of L1., 0s. 10d. Once more, contemplate the effect of indirect taxation.

We have called the sum which the public draws in excise duty less than the increased sum which the public pays as purchasers of excised commodities, *loss*, not rashly, but advisedly. It will probably occur to some persons, that there is no loss in the case; for what the Exchequer does not get, is so much gain to the different dealers through whose hands the excised commodity passes in succession; so that, granting that the last purchaser of the commodity pays twice or thrice the sum, in consequence of the duty, which the Exchequer receives, his loss is the dealer's gain, and the public at large lose nothing. This is plausible; sufficiently so, to be uttered by a Vansittart, a Goulburn, or those honourable gentlemen who maintain that the national debt, being only the debt of one portion of the community to another portion, the British public is, strictly speaking, *not in debt at all!* Many observations, as little true, and not more plausible, have been made in the House of the People's Representatives, not merely by knowing hypocrites, like Sir Robert Peel, but well-meaning dunder-heads, of which the House never fails to present, in mercantile phrase, an extensive assortment, and every variety. The observation is, nevertheless, a very superficial one. Who does not see, the instant it is pointed out to him, that, were the duty on paper abolished, the publisher would not have published to a less amount, the wholesale dealer would not have distributed among the retailers to a less amount, nor the retail bookseller sold to the public to a less amount. If, when books are rendered more expensive than their natural price,

by the paper duty, and its successive enhancement, by passing through so many hands, a gentleman spends £20 a-year on books;—would that gentleman spend a less sum on books when they should become cheaper? No. He would assuredly spend rather more than less, tempted by superior cheapness; and others, who had not purchased books at all, would begin so lay out a little money in that way. A reduction of price is always followed by a greater sale; provided the circumstances of the customers remain the same as they were.

The evil effects of indirect taxation are, indeed, great and manifold. Indirect taxation hinders trade, operating as a contraction, or partial prohibition of the sale of any taxed commodity. Indirect taxation falls most unequally upon the rich and the poor; oppressing the poor, and allowing the rich, comparatively, to escape. The proportion of the poor man's income, or that of one of the middle classes, taken from him by indirect taxation, exceeds the proportion of the rich man's so taken, to an extent that is little suspected. We shall shew this to be the case in an early number. Indirect taxation occasions always a great loss to the payer, between the sum which he pays, and that which the Exchequer receives—of which we have shewn one example—without any person gaining by that loss. Indirect taxation causes a great expense in the collection, grievous annoyance and expense to manufacturers, and all the evils of smuggling. Lastly, indirect taxation can easily be evaded altogether by the very classes who ought to bear the heaviest share of the national burdens, forasmuch as they and their fathers were the persons who occasioned them. A nobleman or gentleman can, when he chooses, step into the steam-boat, on his way for Brussels, Boulogne, or Paris, and wave “*adieu*” to Taxation and to his friends on shore, at the same time. Nay, some of the rogues have the effrontery to avow their principal object in going abroad with their families, to be, to escape the burden of the taxes and high prices of this country; the prices being high, solely, be it recollected, on account of the indirect taxes, and the restraints thrown on trade. When all these concomitants of indirect taxation are considered, who will defend so vicious a system?

There are only two reasons for maintaining the present system of indirect taxation; not good reasons, but such as will ensure that system being kept up as long as possible. First, by indirect taxation, the amount taken is concealed. The tax lurks unseen in the price of every article purchased, and so excites no murmurs, however really oppressive. Secondly, were anything like the amount now taken from an individual in the indirect way to be demanded directly by the tax-gatherer, there would not only be serious murmurings about the amount, but inquiries into the manner in which the sums demanded were to be disposed of. Concealment would soon be impossible. John Bull would insist upon knowing the wherefore, and to what purpose, so much of his money was wanted. Conceive John's looks while reading the following items of a tax account, which he had previously ascertained, by a glance at the bottom, to be a demand for one-third of his income.

JOHN BULL, Dr.

To the Tax Collector General of the British Government.

To Assessment for the Interest of the Debts contracted by the Government in the time of your Great Grandfather

To Do. Do. in the time of your Great Grandfather

To Do. Do. in the time of your Grandfather

To Do. Do. in the time of your Father

To Assessment for the expenses of Monarchy, including  
L.435,000 to the King, and L.218,822 to the Royal  
Family

To Assessment for Pensions to retired Foreign Ambassadors, poor Relations of the Nobility, &c.

To Assessment for the Military, Naval, and Civil Dead Weight

To Do. for the Annual Expenses of Government

To Do. for the Expenses of Collecting the Revenue

To Do. for the Expenses of the Navy

To Do. for the Expenses of an Army of the same extent as was required in time of war, now necessary to preserve order and ensure collection of the Revenue : viz.—

Infantry, to shoot and bayonet the riotous and disaffected, if required

Dragoons, to sabre and trample down do. do.

Artillery to discharge grape and round shot on do. do.

Yeomanry, chiefly required for the benefit of the Irish

How, we say, would sturdy John Bull look first at such an account, and then at the presenter of it? Perhaps the items might not be so plainly expressed as in the above account, especially the last item; but the purpose of them all could not be concealed. John would soon find reason to class himself among those for whose sake the last item was found necessary.

There are better means of ensuring John's patient submission to every just and necessary tax than the sight of the constable and jail in the foreground, and the army in the distance. John is of a nature essentially honest, and even generous. Let him have the means of instruction. Take off the Taxes on Knowledge. Allow periodicals of all descriptions the freest circulation, with no tax but a stamp-duty sufficient to cover the charges of transmission by post, with a moderate profit to the Post Office; and we will answer for the people, that no injustice, no spoliation, shall either be called for, or permitted. The pensioner may fear; the sinecurist may tremble; but the national creditor will be safe.

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#### THE WILD GAZELLE.

THE wild gazelle hath dreams of bliss,  
In bounding o'er the arid sands;  
His limbs are free the winds to kiss,  
For his the waste and trackless lands,  
Unfettered by the tyrants' bands.

Oh! if you love that maiden bright,  
With such a love as God hath blest;  
'Tis better by the pale star-light,—  
That maid the young bride of your breast,—  
To seek the desert's lovely rest.

'Tis better there to cull the root,  
From out the waste, in joy and love;  
Better than is the feast and fruit  
Where hatred sternly sits above:  
An eagle gloating o'er the dove!

## AMERICAN SCENERY.

(EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM AMERICA.)

*St. Ann's, Lower Canada.*

Amongst the many matters which you in your curiosity imposed on me was, if I mistake not, a command to describe, for your edification, the scenery of this New World to which I was bound. I have now wandered over many of its various regions, and believe myself, therefore, not wholly incapable, as regards this country, of discussing these knotty points of taste with you. Would that you were now by my side, and that together! we might survey the lovely landscape that is now spread in boundless magnificence at my feet! The spot from which I write is a small parish, situated on the north bank of that monarch of waters, the St. Lawrence, about thirty miles from Quebec. A friend and myself, a few days since, determined to explore this almost unknown region; and, for that purpose, shipped ourselves, shooting and fishing-tackle, sketching apparatus and wardrobe, into one of the country waggons, drawn by a round, untiring, hardy, little Canadian pony. We started in a thoroughly light-hearted mood, on one of the many joyous summer days with which this country is blessed. Sure am I that I shall never feel warm again amidst the green fields, and surrounded by the grey air of our old fashioned country. You will laugh at this as mere traveller's rant.—Had you been with us, however, you would feel and talk as I do. Our journey commenced early, and as we wound down the steep sides of the impregnable fortress of Quebec, the sun rose over the blue hills of Cap Tourment. This town of Quebec (to fortify which England is spending, I might almost say, millions,) is built on a promontory, which ends in a bold, bluff point, round the base of which sweeps the St. Lawrence. Along the ridge of this precipice, overhanging the lower town, which is level with the water, runs a long battery, called the Grand Battery. I have now been over many lands—I have seen many far-famed scenes, but never has it been my fate to see aught that would bear comparison with the panoramic view from this spot. At the moment when we were scampering along the road at this point, disturbing the quiet priests from their morning slumbers by the rattling of our somewhat crazy vehicle, the sun began to shew his glittering disk above Cap Tourment. Mountains of the most graceful forms stretched in a semicircle before us. At our feet swept the clear, broad waters of the St. Lawrence; in the midst of which lay the fairy Island of Montmorenci, studded with white cottages, snugly embosomed amidst the woods. To the left, a long ridge of mountains, covered now with floods of light, and dressed in every gorgeous hue the imagination can conceive, shut that part of the scene. To the right, the eye stretched over an interminable sea of woods. Just discernible were some pearly grey hills, the delicate hues of which I never hope again to see equalled. Imagine this scene, and then, if your cold island soul can, fancy the atmosphere around us. I have seen many a sun rise in England; I have watched him often struggle with mist and cloud, and fight his difficult path into the upper air. Poets, that is, English poets, will be in raptures on this matter; but, prithee, believe me, who now have had experience of what nature can do, your English sun-rise is a frigid commonplace affair. Your dull grey atmosphere chills one's blood; and damps, not merely the physical, but the mental man. Here the bright, brilliant atmosphere was of purple—

deep—love-creating, gorgeous, luxurious purple. It floated around, and about us, giving and heightening beauty. The “rosy fingers of the morning” is an epithet I can now understand. Hill, tree, steeple, and the tall-masted ships that lay in multitudes at our feet, were all bathed in floods of this glorious light, as the sun shot above the hills, and looked out in unclouded majesty upon the beautiful scene below him. We paused but a few minutes to gaze upon the goodly prospect. We had many miles to go; and the fresh air of the morning would soon give place to the sultry air of the mid-day. We rattled through the fortified gate, and down the precipitous road; soon reached the level ground below, and crossed the small river St. Charles, which winds through a beautiful valley at the base of the ridge, the point of which we had just left. After leaving the bridge, (a long, curious wooden affair,) the first thing that catches your eye is a sort of country house belonging to the Catholic priests. Instead of going by the road, we took our course over the hard track of the St. Lawrence, the tide being out, in order to get a good view of the town, and the land on which it stands. In doing this, we passed close to the good-fathers’ dwelling. The taste of the Catholic clergy in the selection of the sites for all their buildings, has often been to me a matter of surprise: no matter of what people, place, or time, their works are marked by a character which, if it be not of perfect taste, is yet always free from the imputation of commonplace. In our own land, the remains of their despoiled abodes and places of worship are always beautiful, both by their position and intrinsic merits. The same thing occurs here. Excepting in one or two of their more modern doings, they have managed to free their abodes from that air of commonplace and vulgarity which attaches to almost everything done by man in this country. The building which we passed on our road to the village of Beauport, though a very simple, plain structure, and merely a school for the young men intended for the priesthood, yet wears a very different aspect from all around it, and bespeaks a refinement foreign to the scene. We quickly, however, left the priests, and their scholars, and their quiet house behind, and were soon clambering along the side of the hills that rise up on the north side of the St. Lawrence. As we rapidly traversed the little scattered village of Beauport, the villagers were coming abroad, and, as we passed, saluted us with much courtesy, and with something of a submissive bearing, rare in this country of democracy. We crossed the river Montmorenci, a few yards above its falls, (which falls, by the by, are some 240 feet in height.) “This river, some other day, I must describe to you: it puts to shame all your much talked of streams: your famous Wye is a vulgar ditch when compared with it. We hurried on, regardless of its many beauties; casting, however, a wistful glance on its dark brown waters, and along its wooded banks, half doubting whether we should put off our more distant journey, and content ourselves with rambling along its beautiful shores. We kept on our course in spite of the temptation; and, after some hours’ hot travelling, arrived at the river St. Anne, the exploring of which was the object of our journey.

Before I take you up this mountain stream, you must look back with me over the road we have come. We were now some thirty miles from Quebec, far down in the landscape we had admired in the morning. The bold promontory from which we had gazed with such rapture now formed the chief feature of the scene; coming down into the bright waters at its feet, with a bold yet graceful sweep, it stood out from all surrounding ob-



jects, and chained the attention at once by its singularity and its beauty. The atmosphere was so exquisitely clear, that, even at this distance, we could plainly discover the houses built upon its sides; and the spires of two churches of the town could be seen glittering and sparkling in the sun, like fairy palaces. Many of the houses also, like the churches, are covered on the roof with tin; so that when the sun shines upon the town it is surrounded by a bright *glory*, and seems to realize the wondrous stories of enchantment. On the top of the hill, and along the middle of the ascent, the long lines of defence, the various batteries, that English profusion has drawn around the place, were marked objects, and gave a peculiar character to the place; and, even the flag-staff and the telegraph were plainly visible, giving, indeed, a finish to the scene which an artist can only duly appreciate; but which, nevertheless, disturb the reflections of the sentimental traveller, speaking as they do, of things and feelings which he, in his hallucinations, loves not to dwell on. Every mile that we travelled down the river changed this scene, but yet left it the same. The river, unlike your petty puddles, was a broad sheet of the brightest water I ever saw; from shore to shore was miles in breadth,—I am afraid to say how many. However, Montmorenci (the island) lay in the midst, and when the river becomes again one undivided stream, the measurement must be by leagues, not miles. The giant scale of the landscape is to me the new and startling feature of it. England with its little round green hills, its fields divided like a little map, its snug cottages, its pretty lawns, and miniature woods, seems poor and insignificant when compared with this vast and splendid scenery. Rivers that spread out like seas, woods that seem to know no boundary, mountain succeeding to mountain, lessening and lessening, shade after shade, hue after hue, colours and forms all multitudinous, form a whole that chains and rivets the attention, and by its immensity seems to task the imagination and the memory. When gazing on it, the giant scene appears too vast for ordinary conception: when no longer before us, we find it difficult to call up ideas that equal the reality. We have a dim remembrance that there was a vast and wondrous scene, gorgeous in colour, beautiful, and infinitely various in form, and multitudinous in its objects. But so new and wonderful was the scene, that our emotions appear to have stifled our perceptions. To recall those emotions the scene itself seems requisite—so poor and faint is the memory when compared with the magnificent reality. There are few things that in life have made me feel this inadequacy. That the American Landscape should have made me feel it, I take not to be the least of its wonders. We must now, however, proceed on our journey.

It was requisite that we should go forward into the mountains, put up our horse, and obtain a guide. We should otherwise have had no shelter for the night, and should have toiled and fatigued ourselves uselessly, in endeavouring, with our unpractised eyes, to find our way through the woods. As we got higher on the mountains, the scene which I have already described became more distinct, and our view more extensive, till at length we saw a range of hills, that I was told were in the State of Vermont. Toiling up the steep road, we were suddenly startled by the deep sound of a gun; it was mid-day, and turning towards Quebec, we could see a white column of smoke rising from the citadel. The twelve o'clock gun, which had often been fired without my knowing it while in the town, I could plainly hear at the distance of between thirty and forty miles. The sound, moreover, was

not a faint one, but rolled with a sharp bounding echo among the many hills around us. Having reached the house to which we had been directed, we unloaded our vehicle, fed our horse, which certainly had already done a good day's work, and proceeded ourselves to the great operation of satisfying our hunger. Our fare was not very good, the bread, as usual, being painfully sour; and the eternal fat pork of the country salt and disagreeable, as usual. We did not, however, come to eat savoury viands, but to see beautiful scenery. Mine host was therefore summoned, and with him came mine hostess, and half-a-dozen children, in fact the household; whereupon a consultation was held in Canadian French on the one side, and English French on the other. They had it hollow against us. Half-a-dozen talked at a time, so that was three to one; while they also were fluent in their jargon, which was more than we were in ours. In process of time, nevertheless, in spite of this Babel of tongues, they were made to comprehend our object; and a young Jean Baptiste was engaged to guide us through the woods to the river, and the falls of St. Anne.

In spite of the heat, we commenced our march; and having arrived at the woods, were at least sheltered from the burning rays of the sun; the air was nevertheless oppressive, and almost stifling—not a breath of wind was stirring—the mosquitoes even were still—a dead silence reigned throughout the primeval forest—and such a forest! The land in this part of the country is not fertile, consequently the woods are of less gigantic growth than many I have seen on finer soils. To my European eye, nevertheless, not yet habituated to the mighty woods of the more western territories, these appeared magnificent. Nothing can well be conceived less like any woods you have in England; and taking spot for spot, say an acre for an acre of forest in England, the comparison for effect would be against America generally. I have seen territories, nevertheless, which, from the extreme richness of the land, would surpass all English forests even by this mode of piecemeal comparison. The pine forests would always do so. The peculiarity of the American woods does not consist in this magnificence of the single trees. Take one tree with another, and they are long, branchless, clear, mast-like poles; and looking merely at one divested of its associates, nothing can be more paltry and insignificant. But dash into the woods, and your feelings will be of a different nature. You are at once impressed with the idea, that you are in an interminable forest. No light glimmering to the right hand or the left, before or behind you, tells of fields and lands uncovered with wood. Go to the depths of the New Forest in Hampshire; seek out its bosky dells, its deepest shades, and you will vainly hope for such a feeling. The giant trees, (and it has never been my wish to see mere magnificent beeches than wave in the forests of Hampshire) though they spread out, and almost make “a noon-day night,” cannot impress you with the belief that you are in a deep and never ending forest. Some stream of light may be seen, falling through the thin and faulty skreen of trees: a glimpse is every moment caught of some distant hill: some winding road—a house—a church spire—a fence, tells us of the proximity of man. But here nature seems to reign alone, free, uncontrolled; playing her wildest fancies, until dominion over her appears impossible. You tread upon ground on which the sun never shone: the leaves under your feet have carpeted that earth for centuries: generation of the fallen has succeeded to generation. The forest has renewed itself from age to age; but the same thick ca-

nopy has overshadowed the land, the same deep bed of leaves has been its covering. The clear, round, straight stems shoot up high into the sky vast, and multitudinous pillars, supporting the wide and arching roof of close knit branches over us. In the depths of the dark pine forests, the effect is yet more striking: the scene is on a scale yet more vast—the shade they cast is of a “yet browner hue;” and as the winds pass over their lofty heads, breaking with a heavy and deep murmur the almost oppressive stillness of the forest with a sound yet more solemn and oppressive, we could understand, and almost feel the superstition of our old progenitors, whose fears gave to these dark abodes a character of holiness. Such were fit places for incantations,—and for the juggling arts of a wily priesthood. To the trembling savage a god might well be present in such a scene. The fitful murmur above might easily be interpreted to be his voice; and its tones might be of anger or love, as the will of the priest determined.

For “these thick coming fancies” we had little leisure, as our stout guide forced his way through the impervious-looking forest with a rapidity that tasked our speed and our wind to keep him in sight. He soon brought us to a shelving bank, to the bottom of which we vainly endeavoured to look. The descent seemed to be to the shades below; and as we began to hear a certain indescribable dull rumbling sound, we checked our headlong guide, and began to question him as to where he was bent upon taking us. We were not much afraid of reaching Old Pluto’s abodes by this route; but, nevertheless, felt anxious to know whither an unlucky stumble might suddenly hurry us. By the noise, it was evident that the river could not be far off; and we felt by no means certain, that a trip might not plunge us headlong into the boiling floods below. Our guide, however, made exceedingly light of these fears; and it was evident that he knew well “each bosky dell of this wild wood,” having acquired such accurate knowledge, not in consequence of any predilection for sentimental musings, any love of the poetical or sublime, but from the necessity of finding and bringing home certain vagrant cows; and also, as it appeared, from having during the whole of his boyhood fished up and down the river, with most unseemly and unscientific tackle, but with very great success. It appeared that we were descending to the bottom of the falls; that, according to the taste of our guide, being the most eligible spot for seeing them. The river here was in a deep valley, the precipitous sides of which are completely covered with wood; we consequently could see nothing, excepting that we were going down a very rapid descent. We proceeded thus many hundred feet before we reached the level of the river above the falls; and when arrived at that point, our route became not only difficult but dangerous. The road was no longer over a sloping bank, but down a very rugged precipice, upon the face of which we had to scramble down by the aid of projecting stones, twigs, roots, and branches. A rule religiously adhered to, in travelling through an ordinary wood, when in company, is never to take hold of a branch or brushwood in your path; as by so doing you are almost certain of severely striking the person following you, the branch or twig springing back to the point from which you had bent it. Adhering to this rule, you may keep close together, and walk in sight of each other. In our present descent, however, as on such holding was our chief support, we were obliged to let our guide go somewhat farther a-head; and as we often lost sight of him, he and ourselves kept up a constant shouting. Our voices rang around, with a pleasant, cheering echo, till they were gra-

dually drowned in the roaring din of the waters to which we were advancing. Now, what with catching only stray glimpses of our guide, (who by the by seemed mightily to enjoy our difficulties,) what with the steep and difficult nature of the descent, the roaring of the falls, which served to distract and confuse us, the toiling down this pathless precipice was no pleasant achievement. With no farther disaster than sundry bruises on our shins, and an occasional rent of our habiliments, we reached level ground ; and after a step or two, were on the banks of the river, immediately under the falls. The scene that burst upon us repaid us for our journey. We were at the bottom of a vast amphitheatre ; the sides of which were up to the very top covered with splendid foliage. Exactly facing us, the river came at two distinct leaps from about the middle to the bottom. Jutting dark crags, clothed with graceful, feathery, fantastic trees, appeared along the whole line of the fall, relieved by their deep colours against the white foam of the falling waters. A deeply indented basin received the headlong river, where for a while it raged and foamed, and danced in a thousand whirling eddies. Soon becoming quiet, it glided in a swift and glassy course down a smooth bed, sweeping in graceful curves round the various points of land that shot out into its waters, till at length we lost sight of it winding round the base of the hill we had just descended. I can thus in general terms give you a vague description of this exquisite scene. But no words, however definite, can bring before your mind the thousand beauties which we then beheld. Long rays of sunlight crossed the white flood in its descent, and streaming over the opposite hills brought out one-half the amphitheatre in a bright relief. The deep cool shades of the overhanging banks, the swift glancing of the glassy, dark-brown waters, the blazing contrast of light, and of bright foam, the shifting forms of the fall itself, the continuous din, in which a thousand gibbering voices seemed to join, made altogether a scene of wonders, and almost supernatural beauty. I could, in spite of myself, feel my cheek flush, my breath become short and thick, as in my imagination I peopled this dazzling valley, and gave to the voices which seemed to be about and around me forms which floated before my wrapt vision in airy beauty, voluptuous and alluring. In the midst of this wild and sentimental hallucination, the young Canadian coming close to my side, roared out at the top of his voice, in order that I might hear, " that the spot where we were standing was a capital place for trout-fishing." Away went all my vision. The dull realities of life usurped its place. Trouts and artificial flies blotted out my glowing fancies of voluptuous beauty ; and I could have almost thrown the urchin into the river for recalling me to a sober consideration of the good things of this world. I know not what others experience, but I have ever found this curious tendency to people the air around me with actual beings, when near a waterfall. The sound made by the falling waters seems curiously full of voices, " of airy tongues that syllable men's names ;" it shifts and floats about, as if governed by some fitful mind : and it is difficult, when perfectly undisturbed, to separate the idea of sentient and thinking being from sounds which bear so close a resemblance to the human voice. Our guide evidently had no contemplations of this sort. He meditated an attack on the trout ; and having learned that I had various tackle in my pocket, he quickly provided himself with a rod out of a small tapering spruce, and was soon, to himself, pleasantly employed in dragging the fish out of the water ; throwing them, after the approved Canadian fashion, over his head. My companion and myself took out

our pencils and sketch-books, and were soon busily employed in endeavouring to trace some of the more marked and prominent beauties of the scene before us. We wandered, each according to his fancy, along the banks, and through the many coves of this sweet river, vainly endeavouring to imitate its magic beauties, and muttering broken curses at the vanity of our attempts.

The sun was now palpably sinking, and M. Jean Baptiste suggested the propriety of our returning. As we exhibited little alacrity in obeying his call, and lingered still to admire, still to find new beauties, and watch the effect of the shadows as they fell over mountain and over river, he gave us to understand that a thunder storm was coming on, and that we might get a thorough soaking before we reached shelter; not to speak of the evils of ascending the mountain in the dark, and during a storm. Thus admonished, we quitted this scene of fairy land, and began to toil up the hill down which we had scrambled a few hours before. The sun was down before we were well out of the woods, and the deep purple evening had settled over the valleys, and on the swelling hills, long before we had reached our place of rest for the night. Along the north-west portion of the sky, deep black clouds were to be seen rising, one after another, in massy, lurid-looking columns; while ever and anon a long loud growl would burst out, and roll along the hills, telling, in very definite language, the nature of the hosts we saw advancing. Shortly after our arrival, the sky became absolutely black, and the heat painfully oppressive. The cattle looked up wistfully to the sky, evidently in a state of alarm. The storm came upon us at once in all its fury, and carried off, without delay or warning, the top of an old barn or out-house belonging to our host. Away went the shingles and clouds of straw; crash came the thunder, making the windows rattle, and the very house shake. Long jagged streams of lightning, breaking out into myriads of flaming stars, as if the heavens were filled with rockets, actually blinded us. This appeared to the good people a serious affair; so, with much reverence, a girl brought out a quart bottle, containing a quantity of real holy water, fresh made by the priest a few days before. She began, after sundry crossings, &c. to sprinkle the house and its inmates. When she reached us, she doubted, as if not exactly knowing whether we should approve of the aspersion. Her mother settled the matter by saying, the "Messieurs did not *need it*, as they were not Catholics." How different would have been the expression, had theirs been the dominant religion! It would then have been, "They do not deserve it, being heretics." There is nothing that so promotes toleration as being undermost, and fearing persecution. The storm rolled over us without doing farther injury; and as the fears of our hosts disappeared, they bethought them of providing refreshment for us, their weary guests. After a plentiful supper, eaten with no ordinary appetite, we betook ourselves to rest; and, in spite of all the opposing incidents of taste, and the disagreeable odour always to be found in a Canadian house, arising from cedar brooms, and a vast list of *et ceteras*, we quickly went to sleep, to dream of the exquisite beauties which the day had shewn us. Adieu!

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## MR. BANIM'S NEW NOVEL.

AFTER all, we suspect that Mr. Banim, of all Irish authors of fiction, paints most truly the state of society in his unhappy country. Miss Edgeworth has favoured us with individual portraits, which equal the best of his in accuracy, and far excel them as works of art. Her good old Baron, and Larry, the chaise-driver in the *Absentee*, the nurse, and the noble changeling in *Ennui*; and above all, easy Simon Gray, are unrivalled. But the harsh and discordant feelings, the ill-omened leaven with which the whole of Irish society has been leavened, either eluded her observation, or exceeded her powers, or jarred with her well balanced tone of mind. There are no traces of them to be found in her writings. Lady Morgan, again, who at times hits off an Irish peasant to the life, has breathed a thin gossamery haze of false sentiment over all her works. Her heroes and heroines are not of common clay. They clip Rousseauisms, palpitate before fine paintings, and evaporate in music, making most swan-like ends. Mrs. Hall, and a long list of others, might be enumerated, all of whom have furnished us with invaluable traits of Irish character; but it is to Banim that we must look for the exact form and impress of Irish society.

This is owing more to the peculiar conformation of his mind than to a conscious effort. He possesses, it is true, a capacious and acute sense of the beautiful, the amiable, the ludicrous, the energetic, the wild, startling, and mysterious. He has, besides, strength and graphic power. But it is less to these virtues than to his very weakness that we attribute his peculiar power of placing the social state of Ireland forcibly before us. His colours are not laid on with what a painter would call a *full brush*. There is a harshness and meagreness about them. Nor do they blend and fade into each other, but are mingled with violent and startling contrast. This is partly the consequence of a deficient sense of quiet and unobtrusive beauty, partly the consequence of a violent craving for excitement. Banim is incapable of the strong, easy majesty of Scott; of that unaffected simplicity, which expresses, without effort, majestic, yet harmonious forms; of that magic power of mirroring human nature, as the blue lake does "the mountains looking on," with the most perfect fidelity, yet more soft and gentle. He is half conscious of this; he feels distrustful of the effect of his creations, and he seeks to rouse himself, as the lion stimulates his fury by lashing himself with his own tail, to more vivacious efforts. He strives to make himself a Hercules by substituting exaggerated gesture for gigantic muscular development.

We more than half suspect that we are falling into Mr. Banim's error, in our attempt to describe him, by bringing the unquestionable beauties of his imagination into a startling contrast with its defects. Hazlitt, with his delicate and unerring tact, would have at once detected their common source, and expressed it (if in one of his amiable moods) in his own flexible and beautiful English, presenting the reader with a picture at once graceful, satisfactory, and complete. We, less able to see clearly the point of union of these seeming contradictions, are obliged to have recourse to the more inartificial and unsatisfactory mode of presenting each in unsoftened sharpness, then hinting that there is, nevertheless, a connecting link between them, to leave every man to find it out for himself.

This is a digression : we return to Mr. Banim and Ireland. It is to his weakness, almost as much as to his strength, that he owes his power of delineating the tone of Irish society. We cannot so much say that he portrays the character of his country, as that it speaks out, though without his consciousness. Were we to guess at Mr. Banim's habits of life, we should conjecture that he was recluse, and somewhat of a hypochondriac. We can trace in his modes of thought, amid much that is manly and beautiful, a sickly habit of recurring to one favourite train of thought, analogous to the repetition of an awkward gesture, to which a well-built man with one weak limb is apt to accustom himself, if not particularly mindful of the lore of the dancing master. The tendency of such a mind to brood over its own weaknesses, till it engenders disease, is powerfully exemplified in his story of the "Fetch." That narrative is not an imaginative fiction, but the harrowing diagnosis of a disease. It is as if a painter should present us with the picture of a cancer, and insist upon our admiring the rich and varied colouring of the proud flesh. It is this inequality, exaggerated by morbid reflection, that identifies Mr. Banim's love of feeling with that of his native land. He knows as little of repose as she does. Like her, he starts at once from the light-hearted laugh into fierce or hysterical passion. Even in the loveliest cadences of his muse we are apt to be jarred by the jangling of a string out of tune. His is the weather-beaten harp from the halls of Tara, amid whose rich and sweet notes there ever and anon interposes an inadequate or a harsh one, reminding us of the injuries of time, and the sky's inclemency, adding to the pathos of the lament which wails over the blighted destinies of Erin.

We would not, however, willingly lead our readers into the egregious error of supposing that we admire Banim merely as a sort of interesting natural curiosity, as a piquant original, whom we feel inclined to recommend patronizingly to the attention of the admirers of rarities. He is a man of no ordinary abilities, and can command respect for himself. He has looked with a sharp eye on the peculiarities of humble life in Ireland, and has transferred them to his pages with a bold and fearless hand. He has not sought to throw a dazzling veil of romance over violence and atrocity ; but he has done justice to the relents of human feeling, which thrill through the breast of the most degraded, and he has done ample justice to the perverted and perverting mockery of law and justice, and to the petty tyrants engendered by it, which has withered, or turned into a wrong channel, the fervid impulses of the sons of the Green Isle. His Croppies, Rapparees, and Ribbonmen, are no sentimental, pure, and angelic ruffians, like those of the *Minerva* press. They are men, some of them naturally of fierce and malevolent passions, some of them naturally of good inclinations, but all with Erin's boiling blood in their veins, driven astray from the straight path by a juvenile indiscretion, or by the vindictive tyranny of paltry oppressors, and more or less seared and brutalized by the custom of violence and deceit. These are characters which the unholy laws of Ireland have made rife in her history, and nothing is more wonderful in Banim's works than the delicate and discriminating tact, with which he knows how to vary the motives and feelings of persons cast in one common mould of affliction, so as to give each an individual and independent character. There are the Baron of Crapa and Sir William Judkin, of aristocratic descent? The former, with his finer feelings, alone blunted ; the latter, with his entire moral sense utterly perverted. Then there is Sir William's creature and murderer, the native dogged,

inborn ruffian; the *Whisperer*, whose very title indicates his noiseless knavery; the gay, dashing, vulgar, depraved Ned Shea; and a thousand others, all belonging to the same class, but all marked with the most obvious specific varieties.

Where characters of this kind form one of the staples of the story, it is evident that the tale will be one of mystery and intrigue. And here lies Banim's *forte*. There is not one of our multitudinous novel writers who can come within a hundred miles of him for a complicated plot, and its happy and natural solution. Indeed, latterly, he seems to have become so conscious of his power in this respect, as to dally with his strength, and render his narrative more perplexed and bewildering, solely for the purpose of shewing his dexterity in unravelling it. You do not glide smoothly along the current of his story, for it is one continuous succession of jolts. In its blended impetuosity and perplexity, it resembles a mountain torrent, dashing with headlong impetuosity from steep to steep, and changing its foaming course at every shoot. The intense passion of the author carries you full butt against every obstruction that his ingenuity throws in the way of the premature development of his story. He shifts his scene as often as *Ariosto*; but instead of wafting you gently away, like the Italian, he effects his transition with a wrench which threatens to dislocate every limb. The reader is borne up by the intense interest the author excites and sustains, till the close of the narrative; and it is only then that, worn out and jaded, he becomes conscious of the tear and wear he has undergone.

If Banim's novels were composed exclusively of such stimulating ingredients, we should be little inclined to burden our memory with them. A dram is a dram; but it does not supply the place of food, as Hogarth's "Gin Street" and other moralities are alive, like the bricks of the chimney built by Jack Cade's father, at this day, to testify. But these works abound with passages of the most perfect repose. We can conceive nothing more beautiful than the homely scene of domestic happiness and comfort introduced in "*Crohoore of the Bill-hook*," immediately previous to the murder of the old farmer. The blithe human beings chirrup as light-heartedly as crickets in the ruddy gleams of the turf-fire. Every whit as cherishing to the heart is the opening scene of "*The Ghost-hunter*." Such scenes are the true sun-bursts of Ireland's history; and, would to God there were more of them! They shew what a nation it might have been with fair play; but that was never yet afforded to poor Pat. They would make us curse those who have goaded him to madness; but that we would fain hope, seared as their hearts were, they acted as much in ignorance as in wickedness. We lay more stress upon Banim's pictures of Irish comfort than upon Miss Edgeworth's. That talented lady was, after all, sadly bitten with the mania of drilling people into happiness and goodness. She had too little confidence in the medicative powers of nature. She thought of the Irish as the link-boy did of Pope, when he first heard the poet's oath,—"*So God mend me!*" "*God mend you!*" said the urchin, "*it would be easier to make a new man at once.*" She wanted the more philosophical mind of a greater, who has come after her, Harriet Martineau, and could not see that much, which to her was coarse and repulsive, was familiar to others, and had, therefore, ceased to be matter of annoyance; while it was quite compatible with the existence of much which she wished to inculcate. Poor Banim did not go abroad in the buckram dignity of a schoolmaster; and revelations of beauty, unnoticed by others, were made to his humble



and observant spirit. Like Wordsworth, he asked not for the stars which were beyond his grasp, and, like him, was rewarded with a more delicate perception of the beauties of the daisy and celandine.

He indeed revels at times in those quaintnesses of human character which teach us at once to laugh at, and to love mankind. The loves (true, however uncouth) of a blear-eyed maid and a *shambling* stripling, are a very cordial to his heart. He doats on a *shanachus* with an old crone; and he takes his place among the *boccochs*, and chatters and jabbbers with them, as much at home as Burns in "Poozie Nansie's." He even manages to give a touch of human feeling to that most unamiable of all persecutors, the tithe-proctor. We see the rascal strutting before us, his bandana round his neck, and his hat with the nap brushed the wrong way, to show it was a heaver, on his head; and we own a kindred soul in the thing which can cherish this faint spark of vanity. He has really something in common with his kind.

We have dwelt longest upon these low-life pictures of Banim, because we consider, that in them chiefly he shews his power. Like many of our best British writers, he is greatest when animating an humble and homely frame with the warm glow of affectionate feelings, with the dignity of right principle, and with the fierce burst of passionate emotion. Our insular character is, indeed, a bundle of contradictions, and revels in the forcible conjunction of extremes. With all our *morgue aristocratique*, there is blended a strong relish for democracy. We would all be gentlemen ourselves, but at the same time pretend to laugh at the distinction, and undervalue it in others. We are fondest of the broadest humour. The torpidity of country clowns, the wayward humours of sailors, the slang of low life in cities; nay, the ruffianism of the ring and the highway, are not too strong for the cravings of our palate. We are enraptured with the mere contemplation of the coarse and ludicrous, and even the most generous emotions seem to be enhanced in our estimation when seen struggling for expression with the stupidity or depravity of those affected by them. We like a mixture of flavours, salt and pepper to our melon, or vinegar and sugar to our lettuce. This characteristic feature is broadly displayed in our literature from Shakspeare to Fielding. To satisfy us, the ludicrous and the horrible, the ideal of beauty, and the filth of Spenser's Duessa must stand together in startling contrast. This may not be the best taste, but it indicates power, and power is of all mental attributes the Briton's idol. So be it, to this bold and wayward disposition, we owe what of freedom we have attained, and all that lies in Hope's long prospective before us. With this characteristic of his countrymen, Banim was deeply tinged.

We should, however, be doing him injustice did we pause here. His sense of beauty is delicate and intuitive. His landscapes are not unfrequently tinged with all the glowing yet mellow beauty of a summer sunset over his own green isle. Even intellectual beauty, that rarest ornament of the novelist's page, has been at times revealed to his eye; and for a spirit-stirring picture of powerful minds, perverted by false principle, we need not seek further than the dark contrasting figures of the Catholic and Presbyterian priests in his *Battle of the Boyne*.

If ever he fails, it is when he wanders into the artificial domain of conventional manners. He is not acquainted with high life; he knows not its features, and thinks to supply the deficiency with refined or fastidious sentiment. Fond man! he knows not that within that gallant form, there beats no human heart. External elegance is its sole recom-

mentation. Warmth of feeling is banished thence, as sternly as from the study of the mathematician or the cabinet of the statesman. "Of outward shew elaborate, of inward less exact;" every grace there apparent is the result of artificial combination, as ill qualified to supply the want of an acquaintance with nature to the novelist, as his lay-figure the absence of a breathing and blooming model to the painter.

Of the last volume which we have received from the pen of Mr. Banim, little need be said. It is strongly marked, both by his beauties and his defects. A more delightful picture of homely dignity than old Randal Brady, the father of the Ghost-hunter, we never desire to meet with. The character of the hero himself is traced in characters of fire: his daring character expressed by his youthful adventure, when falling from the mid height of a pine, but intercepted by a lower branch, he ascended to the top in the sheer spirit of defiance, shouting to the gale; his wayward questionings respecting the intercourse of men and spirits driving him to lurk about the reputed haunts of beings from another world; his courage and purity, even amid the fever-dream into which he is excited by the mystification of a villain; his strong mental powers and unsettled habits, all tend to make him one of the most successful and impressive of the creatures of Banim's imagination. His sister Rose affords necessary repose after the contemplation of such a *fire-flaught*: her meek energy and perfect beauty of disposition, settle down like a soft shower of nepenthe upon the excited spirit. And the repetition of her character, in her faithful lover, William Duncan, has much the same effect, as the repetition of the principal light of a picture upon some figure in the back ground. It gives breadth and keeping to the whole. The ghost scenes, with the exception of that in the abbey, where the extreme parade renders the sense of human agency insurmountable, are wild, vague, and overwhelming. That in which the poor girl sees a dark undefined figure stooping over her empty bed, and recognises, when it rears itself, the clayey features of her supposed murdered lover, is appalling, withering. The subordinate characters, the warm-hearted *Vannithee*, girlish even in age, with her cunning son and saintly daughter; the spiteful depraved Hesther MacFarlane; the self-indulgent justice, with his promptitude when roused to action; the cat-footed James Brown; the round, lolloping, fat, and breathless Aileen; the desperado Wilson, are all kindred characters to those we have met in Banim's former novels, yet with an individuality of their own. They are countrymen, not shadows of those who have gone before them. They are dashed off with a bolder pencil perhaps than their predecessors. There are only three serious faults, in short, which we have to find with this novel. The first is the ghost scene in the abbey, too apparently got up; the second, a confusion with regard to time in the crowding events which take place during Randal Brady's imprisonment, sadly puzzling; third, the raw-head and bloody-bones catastrophe of Wilson and his associates in guilt.

[Since writing the above, we have received the painful intelligence of the sickness and destitution of the amiable and gifted subject of our criticism. Had we learned the news sooner, sympathy might have here and there softened an expression or the turn of a sentence. We have, however, altered nothing. Banim's works may boldly meet the most unmitigated criticism: the best praise that can be given him, is to "spare no arrows;" thus shewing in how few places he is vulnerable. To him we owe our first real acquaintance with Ireland. Had those to

whom it seems determined to intrust the destinies of Ireland been men capable of instruction, we would have said, put Banim's works into their hands. His family in particular, and in no small degree, every admirer of genius, have cause to mourn "the dimming of our shining star." If the Ghost-hunter is, indeed, to prove, as our fears prompt us, the last of Mr. Banim's efforts, his last strain has been an *Io Pæan*; he has "died in the midst of his glory;" he has set like a Tropical sun at once, and with undiminished brightness.]

### THE POETICAL WORKS OF LEIGH HUNT.\*

MR. HUNT has been before the public as a poet, for at least three lustres. The handsome volume on our table is, therefore, rather to be regarded as an *editio princeps* of a favourite author, than a work inviting critical remark. Since the period that these poems were published, much has passed over the head of their author, and yet more of change taken place in that world of letters and of opinion in which he has been an impulsive and a suffering spirit. His book is now something more than a re-publication. It is, with all the attendant circumstances, a happy augury of yet greater prospective change, and a sign of the times. There is, in our apprehension, no personal cause either to slur over, or dismiss from view, Mr. Hunt's share in the common perils and persecutions of the martyrs of freedom of opinion, and of the advancement of society; but as he has not recurred to them, neither shall we. They infused no bitterness into his own mind, and have consequently left no trace of their existence, save greater expansion, mellowness, and amiability of character. In the social conflict he has realized the part of the sun in the fable. The boisterous bluster and *swellness* of the hyperborean wind, have been fairly overcome by a more prevailing, though gentler influence. To revert, therefore, to circumstances which Mr. Hunt has magnanimously dismissed from his mind, would be worse than officiousness. It is sufficient that his triumph as a man and a poet is distinctly recognisable in the circumstances connected with this publication; and that he has left his friends nothing to regret, save that he had been more considerate and dutiful to himself. After the most systematic and malignant efforts to disgrace him, and to keep him down in every capacity, he has honourably emerged, by the unaided agencies and quiet working of the truth, which he encountered so much to foster and spread among his countrymen.

The intellectual and sentient idiosyncrasy of Leigh Hunt, is the true key-note to his literary and poetical productions; but this is a subject of subtle speculation and nice analysis, for which the time is not yet arrived, though the materials are ready. Never did writer more confidently lay himself, under all his whims, caprices, and impulses, more nakedly open, or more transparently veiled, before the world; or after his own fashion, more completely embody the moralist's description of the poet,

"In wit a man—simplicity a child."

This wearing "the heart upon the sleeve for daws to peck at;"—this overflowing excess of the buoyant animal spirits of a joyous temperament, of candour, which, among cold conventionalities, becomes imprudence, and an almost childlike trustfulness in the sympathies, kindliness and generosity of all mankind, Tory and critic-kind included, has temporarily done him hurt; though the same causes will set him right again, and make him but the more a favourite with posterity. And already is the young feeling of the world anticipating, in his instance, and in many others, the judgment of posterity. His early faults are discovered to have been those of a youthful and sanguine mind, and a position in political and literary society during a period of fluctuation and change, which might have driven the best balanced judgment from its true basis. His greatest error of any kind was believing a lord, who was also a man of genius, a better and more generous being than lords are usually found to turn out when put to trial. He has, according to late appearances, learned wisdom in the furnace, without paying the lesson by the customary case-hardening, or fire-change,—blighting the freshness of a nature originally cordial, genial, and full of the finest sympathies,—which most other men would have done. After all he has suffered, he still seems surprised to find the world so very sober and wo-begone and so little participant of his good spirits; and he not unreasonably considers that it is only studying appearances, or still canting a little, though in a new way, and is not really in the serious and sorrowful mood it affects. From the man we pass to the book; though of close kin, they are not exactly one.

Mr. Hunt's reputation as a poet, must, we suppose, after all, rest upon the *Story of Rimini*, and a few of his shorter pieces. This is a fair and sure foundation, though less broad than that which he has laid as one of the most delightful of the genuinely English light prose writers. The new piece, the Gentle Armour, is highly characteristic of the author's preferences and tone of mind, but it is not one of his best poems. For reasons which do not satisfy us—which we indeed denounce as fastidious scruples, many, or nearly all his smaller pieces, some of them exquisite, are excluded from this edition. This even in taste and judgment strikes us as needless severity, or a capital mistake. To some of his translations, notwithstanding their classic air and high polish, the plain folks of the wide world would certainly have preferred the old, familiar work-a-day-world verses. But there was room for all. Why then exclude the wild-flowers and stray blossoms from the parterre? If they want the nicer cultivation and fashion of art, are the dew and the fragrance nothing? The book has a preface, which is among its most valuable portions. It is full of fine thoughts and engaging and ingenuous displays of personal character, and of a tone of feeling in accordance with the highest poetry. The writer's graceful humility in the presence, and under the power of the loftiest poetical genius, delightfully conveys the impression—"I also am of Arcadia." Many of the critical observations shew a delicate discrimination and instinctive perception of the laws of poetry, considered as one of the fine arts: though we could not have expected, and can barely forgive, that one so imbued with its essence, and obedient to its impulses, should "justly reckon one Pope before a hundred Crawshaws." This preface will be read with interest, and should be diligently read, if for no other reason than because it is written for the social purpose of cultivating the reader's intimacy and friendship; and also, because the writer, on the

same kindly principle, reads other men's prefaces. So amenable has Mr. Hunt shewn himself to verbal, and, to evidently captious verbal criticism, that he has, in this edition, either changed or expunged every word charged with affectation, though he denies the quality or the existence of affectation in the instances adduced. He has here, again, as in the omitted pieces, carried his doubts, or good-nature to an injurious length; sometimes substituting for picturesque, and felicitously appropriate words, tame and cold ones. Mr. Bulwer, the other day, though somewhat at the expense of his own serenity, administered to a chief of the *purists* a gentle retributive appliance which, though it should not slacken the attention of writers to their style, may help to raise the more modest and distrustful above the despondency engendered by a presumptuous tone. The omission of passages fancied obnoxious from personalities, is so amiable in motive, that we cannot quarrel with this; though the stout maxim,—

“What is writ, is writ.”

remains in as much force as ever. It is one we admire for manliness, and are rarely called upon to censure for injustice. The oblivious antidote has been applied mainly to the *Feast of the Poets*: Mr. Gifford alone is gibbeted and in chains as before. One thing should be noticed for the benefit of all whom it may concern. Time, Mr. Hunt sincerely avows, has taught him more correct notions of the true nature and consequences of satire, than when he, in the heyday of youth, rather innocently, fancied it nothing more than “something pleasant in a book.” He speaks of his youthful and repented errors in terms of candour and warning, regretting to have undesignedly provoked inveterate enmities in this way, especially, he magnanimously adds, “as I had a nobler field of warfare to suffer in.”

As Mr. Hunt's poems have had their joyful resurrection in the midst of a new generation, it will be right to gratify our younger readers with a few specimens of his finest composition. His *Story of Rimini* is founded upon that episode in Dante's *Inferno* which alludes to the fate of the two unfortunate lovers, Paulo and Francesca. Instead, however, of describing them in the regions of despair, and rashly intruding upon the sacred precincts of Dante, the poet restores the beautiful Shades to earth, and to the power and distraction of its conflicting affections. Francesca is the victim of a political union. Her preference is given to Paulo, the handsome and amiable younger brother, while she is betrayed into a marriage with Giovanni the elder, an ill-tempered tyrant. To complete the illusion and entanglement, Paulo marries her as the proxy of the Prince his brother. In the freshness and truth of his descriptions, Mr. Hunt emulates the elder poets, and excels them in that high finish which gracefully veils its own pains-taking. And the poem is nearly a continuous description, intermingled with incidental strokes of passion and tenderness, which in a few words convey a world of sentiment and of suggestions to reflection. His old gardens, and fountains, and bowers, and out-door pictures, transport us to the birth-time of English poetry; though his polish and elaborate finish, and richness in the fancy of his ornament, often make his Muse resemble a delicate and high-bred beauty masquerading in the garb of a lovely country girl, and betrayed by her conventional graces and the elegance of her movements. The poem opens with a piece of delicious and sparkling description, full without confusion, and affluent in beautiful imagery, every word calling up a fresh picture.

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May,  
 Round old Raynham's clear-shewn towers and bay,  
 A morn the loveliest which the year has seen,  
 Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;  
 For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,  
 Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,  
 And there's a crystal clearness all about;  
 The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;  
 A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;  
 The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;  
 And, when you listen, you may hear a coil  
 Of bubbling springs about the grassier soil;  
 And all the scene, in short, sky, earth, and sea,  
 Breathes like a bright-eyed face that laughs out openly.

'Tis nature full of spirits, waked, and springing,  
 The birds to the delicious time are singing,  
 Darting with *freaks and snatches* up and down,  
 Where the light woods go seaward from the town,  
 While happy faces striking through the green  
 Of leafy roads at every turn are seen,  
 And the far ships lifting their sails of white,  
 Like joyful hands, come up with *scattered* light,  
 Come gleaming up true to the wished-for day,  
 And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.

Already in the street the stir grows loud  
 Of joy increasing and a bustling crowd.  
 With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,  
 Yearns the deep talk, the ready laugh ascends;  
 Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,  
 And shouts from mere exuberance of delight,  
 And armed bands making important way,  
 Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday;  
 And nodding neighbours, greeting as they run,  
 And pilgrims chanting in the morning sun.  
 With heaved-out tapestry the windows glow,  
 By lovely faces brought, that come and go;  
 Till the work smoothed, and all the streets attired,  
 They take their seats, with upward gaze admired;  
 Some looking down, some forwards, or aside,  
 Some re-adjusting tresses newly tied,  
 Some turning a trim waist, or o'er the flow  
 Of crimson cloths hanging a *hand* of snow;  
 But all with smiles prepared, and garlands green,  
 And all in fluttering talk, impatient for the scene.

Mr. Hunt half apologizes for retaining the exquisite description of the ancient garden, in which, amidst all sweet and lovely things, Francesca alternately chided, and cherished the insidious passion that was stealing upon her peace. The omission would have been gratuitous offence, for assuredly every subsequent editor would have restored the passage. Let the reader judge: we lay aside the minuter beauties, and come to the romantic and picturesque features of this Elysian scene.

Amidst the flowers, turfed round beneath a shade  
 Of circling pines, a babbling fountain played,  
 And 'twixt their shafts you saw the water bright,  
 Which through the darksome tops glimmered with showering light,  
 So now you walked beside an odorous bed  
 Of gorgeous hues, white, azure, golden, red;  
 And now turned off into a leafy walk,  
 Close and continuous, fit for lover's talk;  
 And now pursued the stream, and as you trod  
 Onward, and onward, o'er the velvet sod,

Felt on your face an air, watery and sweet,  
 And a new sense in your soft-lightning feet ;  
 And then perhaps you entered upon shades  
 Pillowed with dells and uplands, 'twixt the glades,  
 Through which the distant palace, now and then,  
 Looked lordly forth with many-windowed ken ;  
 A land of trees, which, feaching round about,  
 In shady blessing stretched their old arms out,  
 With spots of sunny opening, and with nooks  
 To lie and read in, sloping into brooks,  
 Where at her drink you started the glim deer,  
 Retreating lightly with a lovely fear.  
 And all about the birds kept leafy house,  
 And sung and sparkled in and out the boughs,  
 And all about a lovely sky of blue  
 Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laughed through ;  
 And here and there, in every part, were seats,  
 Some in the open walks, some in retreats.

But 'twixt the wood and flowery walks half way,  
 And formed of both, the loveliest portion lay,  
 A spot that struck you like enchanted ground :—  
 It was a shallow dell, set in a mound  
 Of sloping shrubs, that mounted by degrees,  
 The birch and poplar, mixed with heavier trees ;  
 From under which, sent through a marble spout,  
 Betwixt the dark wet green, a rill gushed out,  
 Whose sweet low talking seemed as if it said  
 Something eternal to that happy shade.  
 The ground within was lawn, with plots of flowers  
 Heaped towards the centre, and with citron bowers,  
 And in the midst of all, clustered with bay,  
 And myrtle, and just gleaming to the day  
 Lurked a pavilion,—a delicious sight—  
 Small, marble, well-proportioned, mellowy white,  
 With yellow vine-leaves sprinkled,—but no more,—  
 And a young orange either side the door.  
 The door was to the wood, forward and square,  
 The rest was domed at top and circular ;  
 And through the dome the only light came in  
 Tinged as it entered, with the vine leaves thin."

In this delicious retreat, Francesca is one summer's afternoon, reading in "the bright romance" of Sir Launcelot of the Lake, about the love of Queen Guinevere for that knight, when Paulo follows her. The poet is indebted to another source than his own invention, for the beautiful incident which hurries on the catastrophe, but the delicacy of sentiment, and grace of narration are all his own ; and his also is the creation of the shadowy forebodings, and varying moods of mind which prepare us for the event :

" Ready she sate with one hand to turn o'er  
 The leaf, to which her thoughts ran on before,  
 The other propping her white brow and throwing  
 Its ringlets out, under the sky light glowing  
 So sat she fixed ; and so observed was she  
 Of one who at the door stood tenderly,  
 Paulo—who from a window seeing her  
 Go straight across the lawn, and guessing where,  
 Had thought she was in tears, and found that day,  
 His usual efforts vain to keep away.  
 ' May I come in ? ' said he : It made her start,  
 That smiling voice ; she coloured, pressed her heart  
 A moment, as for breath, and then with free  
 And usual tone said, ' O yes, certainly.'

There's wont to be, at conscious times like these  
An affectation of a bright-eyed ease,  
An air of something quite serene and sure,  
As if to seem so, were to be secure :  
With this the lovers met, with this they spoke,  
With this they sat down to the self-same book,  
And Paulo, by degrees, gently embraced  
With one permitted arm her lovely waist ;  
And both their cheeks like peaches on a tree,  
Leaned with a touch together thrillingly,  
And o'er the book they hung and nothing said,  
And every lingering page, grew longer as they read.

" As thus they sat, and felt with leaps of heart  
Their colour change, they came upon the part  
Where fond Genevra, with her flame long nursed,  
Smiled upon Lancelot when he kissed her first :—  
That touch at last through every fibre slid ;  
And Paulo turned, scarce knowing what he did,  
Only he felt he could no more dissemble,  
And kissed her mouth to mouth all in a tremble.  
Sad were those hearts, and sweet was that long kiss :  
Sacred be love from sight, whate'er it is.  
The world was all forgot, the struggle o'er  
Desperate the joy—that day they read no more."

There is nothing in the poem finer than the calm, deep, and gently manifested remorse, and the dying scene of Francesca. From a representation of the sorrow of her lover we come thus upon her despair :

" But she, the gentler frame—the shaken flower,  
Plucked up to wither in a foreign bower,—  
The struggling, virtue-loving, fallen she  
The wife that was, the mother that might be,—  
What could she do, unable thus to keep  
Her strength alive, but sit, and think, and weep,  
For ever stooping o'er her broderie frame  
Half blind, and longing till the night time came,  
When worn and wearied out with the day's sorrow  
She might be still and senseless till the morrow.

And oh, the morrow ! how it used to rise !  
How would she open her despairing eyes,  
And from the sense of the long lingering day,  
Rushing upon her, almost turn away,  
Loathing the light, and groan to sleep again !  
Then sighing once for all to meet the pain,  
She would get up in haste, and try to pass  
The time in patience, wretched as it was ;  
Till patience self in her distempered sight,  
Would seem a charm to which she had no right,  
And trembling at the lip and pale with fears,  
She shook her head and burst into fresh tears,  
Old comforts now were not at her command :  
The falcon reached in vain from off his stand ;  
The flowers were not refreshed ; the very light,  
The sunshine, seemed as if it shone at night ;  
The least noise smote her with a sudden wound ;  
And did she hear but the remotest sound  
Of song or instrument about the place,  
She hid with both her hands her streaming face ;  
But worse to her than all (and oh, thought she,  
That ever, ever, such a worse should be !)  
The sight of infant was or child at play ;  
Then would she turn, and move her lips, and pray  
That heaven would take her, if it pleased away. }



I pass the meetings Paulo had with her :—  
 Calm were they in their outward character,  
 Or pallid efforts, rather to suppress  
 The pangs within that either's might be less ;  
 And ended mostly with a passionate start  
 Of tears and kindness, when they came to part.  
 Thinner he grew, she thought, and pale with care ;  
 'And I, 'twas I that dashed his noble air !'  
 He saw her wasting, yet with placid show,  
 And scarce could help exclaiming in his woe :  
 'O gentle creature ! look not at me so !' }

One thing has been omitted in this notice of the new edition of Mr Hunt's Poems. It was intended, by the publication, to indemnify him in some measure for his sufferings, pecuniary as well as personal, in the cause of truth ; and it will not be the fault of those whose sympathy he is most likely to prize, if this generous purpose fail. The list of his guinea subscribers is a right Catholic calendar. Still, without exertions, to which every right-minded and just-hearted man should lend his heartiest aid, the plan must prove abortive. We have small hopes even of the success of that devised for the benefit of the family of Sir Walter Scott. Sincerely, nevertheless, do we wish that Mr Moxon's subscription list for this edition may number tens of thousands of names, and thus contribute to the ease of his mind who has so long imparted knowledge and ministered delight to hundreds of thousands. Why should not all book clubs and subscription libraries order this edition of *Leigh Hunt's Poems* ? Their small mites might not amount to much ; but as he himself says, in writing to a friend, "The affair may not come to any thing ; but the kindness shewn does so much good to one's heart."

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#### MR. STUART'S THREE YEARS IN NORTH AMERICA.

THIS is the very book that was wanted to counteract the poisons of our Halls and Trollopes. Mr. Stuart's name will command the attention even of the most aristocratical reader. He is a man of good family, and accustomed to the best society. No one can deny that he knows the feelings of a gentleman, and has, on all occasions, proved himself to be actuated by them. But he has claims upon the attention even of the rational portion of the public. Mr. Stuart is a man who has borne up against severe and undeserved reverses of fortune, without falling into sour or desponding views of society. He is a man of sterling principle, and habits of cool, steady observation. His mind is of the strong built undazzling kind ; it possesses no one faculty or quality which is not common to the mass of society, but it possesses all that they do, in the healthiest and fullest proportions. His tastes are correct and highly cultivated. He is an experienced man of business, a sound lawyer, an experienced farmer, and well acquainted with the workings of our monetary system. Lastly, he is independent and fearless in the expression of his opinions ; yet not one of those who derive pleasure from the mere excitement of saying strong things. This is the man qualified to pronounce a fair judgment on America. His liberal and rational views secure him from prejudice, while his conversance with the niceties of refined society render him alive to all deficiencies on the score of the

minor morals. His habits of business make him a valuable evidence on testimony on every thing that regards the working of the constitutional and judicial system of America. His sound sense, and even his want of fancy and imagination, give a homeliness to all his remarks, which stamp them with the character of truth.

Mr. Stuart landed at New York on the 23d of August 1828. He sailed from the same port on the 17th of April 1831. From the time of his landing, till the end of January 1830, he remained principally at New York, making, however, long and frequent excursions into the interior of the States, and through the most important districts of New England, and one journey to Washington. At the close of this period, he set out on a tour through the Southern and Western States, in the course of which he visited Virginia, the Carolinas, Mobile, Louisiana, Illinois, and Ohio; returning through Philadelphia to New York. In the course of these wanderings, he mixed in the freest and most unreserved manner with all classes of Americans; and the observations which he made, and the reflections which they have suggested, he now submits to the public, in two post octavo volumes. It would be utterly hopeless for us to attempt conveying to the reader, in our brief limits, any thing like a correct outline of the varied and interesting information amassed by Mr. Stuart. We will attempt, however, by means of extracts, to offer him a succedaneum, in "a taste of the author's quality."

Respecting the comparative interest of a journey through the Northern and the Southern States of the Union, Mr. Stuart thus expresses himself:—

"It will appear from the preceding journal, that there is far less to interest a traveller in the Southern States of North America, including Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana, than in the other parts of the Continent which I visited. There is, too, greater difficulty, and greater expense in travelling through the Southern, than the Northern division of the United States. I incline therefore to think, that the fatigue and expense of a journey to the South is hardly repaid by the sight of any thing that is not to be found in the Northern States. I would therefore recommend to persons from Britain travelling to the United States for amusement, and who have no business or avocation that calls them to the south, to confine their journeying to Washington, and that part of the States to the northward of it, on the eastern side of the Alleghanies; and on the western, to limit their travels to the line of the River Ohio, and to the States to the northward of that river, and of its confluence with the Mississippi, which they ought by all means to see. In this way a traveller may obtain as perfect a notion, and as perfect a view of the great American rivers, as by descending the Mississippi to New Orleans. All travellers should see the confluence of the Mississippi and Missouri, and the beauties of the prairies and country in the neighbourhood of St. Louis, St. Charles, and in the Western States. There are objects here of the most magnificent description, quite unlike any thing to be seen in Europe. Louisville, Lexington, and Frankfort, are quite in the way of a traveller in going up or down the Ohio, and ought to be visited; but, above all, let the traveller see New York and its vicinity, and New York State, and New England and its villages, well and thoroughly.

"If he takes pleasure in the most beautiful scenery in the world, he will be amply repaid for the inconveniences necessarily attending his passage from Europe, by a day's voyage on the glorious Hudson. On arriving at New York, supposing him to arrive in summer, as most travellers do, he will find the heat at first very intolerable, and the noise very irksome, from carriages, carts, and waggons, all of which move at a trot. I would therefore advise him, instead of domiciliating himself in a great boarding-house or hotel at New York, to betake himself to a quiet house on the terrace at Brooklyn, or to some such one as that of which we were inmates at Hoboken. Should he go to a private boarding-house, he may require a little wine. It is always very high-priced, owing to the trifling demand for it, and often not of the best quality in such places; but at any wine-merchants, Madeira and sherry may be procured of good quality. Port and claret are not so easily to be had."

In this opinion we coincide, with a slight modification. To a person of Mr. Stuart's kind and rational, but somewhat an imaginative turn of mind, the Northern States afford a pleasing field for the exercise of the benevolent emotions, the deprivation of which in the South nothing can repay. Yet, even amid the unhealthy swamps, and slavery-begotten immorality and despotism of the latter half of the Union, there occur, even in Mr. Stuart's own book, sketches of irregular picturesque character, eminently qualified to stimulate and gratify the fancy. Take, for example, his picture of a coach-driver in the back woods:—

"Here the most lawless of all the drivers I had yet met got the charge of the stage. At the distance of two or three miles from the house, at a point where the road was covered with stumps of trees, he drew up, and tying the reins up at the front window, he said to me, the only passenger, 'Look to the reins till I come back.' He was obliged to go a little way to give out some sewing, as he said. There was neither a house nor a human being in our view, and I felt it unpleasant to be left alone in the forest; but there was no alternative, for the driver was out of sight behind the trees in a moment. He did not return for thirty-five minutes; and then, feeling some apology to be necessary, he said, 'I was obliged to hear her story. The fact is, I keep a girl a little way off. I have built her a house, and we have a negro wench to attend her. Yet the people are making a mighty fuss about it. How do they manage these matters in the North, Sir?' I of course advised him to marry, as they do in the North; but he said the girl's family were not equal to his, and he could not think of disgracing himself, though he was very fond of her. The great fault, however, which the public have to find with this person, whose name is Symes, is that of leaving the whole southern mails at the mercy of a stranger, of whom he knew nothing, and who could not be expected to make any extraordinary exertion, if any attempt had been made to carry them off."

This is as striking a picture, as we can well imagine, of the struggle between pride and principle in a bold mind, placed in a society sufficiently numerous and powerful to make its opinion felt, yet too weak and scattered to erect it into a complete check. We sympathize with the young man's attachment, irregular though it be: we smile at the simplicity of his question, "How do they manage these things in the North, Sir?"—and we foresee suffering and shame in his aberration from the straight path of virtue. This is the first scene in a tragedy repeated in all ages. The steady, serious deportment of worthy Duncan Macmillan, an inn-keeper in the same wild district, contrasts finely with the young Backwoods' man:—

"It being dark when we arrived, Duncan himself came out to welcome me, and, as soon as he discovered that I was from Scotland, he gave me his hand; and his pleasure on seeing me was increased, when he found that I could ask him how he was to-day in Gaelic.

"Duncan came from Argyle when he was very young. He is married to an American woman, whose parents were Scotch; but she, as well as he, can speak Gaelic. He settled in this country about ten years ago, and has seventy acres cleared by his own industry, and a considerable tract of wood-land. He was very inquisitive respecting his native country, but he did not hint at any wish to return to it. He was, he said, under a good government, that did justice to all, and he had many advantages. He never went to market, but for coffee. He grew both sugar and cotton on his own plantation; and, being a member of a temperance society, he did not taste fermented liquor. Coffee was, he said, the best stimulant; and very good coffee he gave us. The drivers, both Mr. Lolly and he who was to be charioteer next morning, were, of course, at supper with us; and I was glad to find that Mr. Macmillan had so much influence with them, as to put an entire stop to their rude, boisterous swearing.

"Mr. Macmillan promised me a separate bed-room, and he was as good as his word; but it was a very small apartment, thinly boarded, with hardly any room for chair or any thing else. He said, however, that he was a man of invention; and, taking his carpenter's tools with him, he in a moment put up pins for a looking-

glass, and other necessary articles. I was not long in bed when I distinctly heard him, through the thin boarding of the room, engaged in family worship with his family, consisting of his wife and two daughters, who were young women."

We cannot resist the temptation to place Mrs. Bonum in our picture gallery, side by side with David:—

"After a charming drive we arrived, with a keen appetite for breakfast, at a small cabin kept by a person of the name of Bonum. There was only one apartment in the house, and in it Captain Wade and I found Mrs. Bonum seated at the head of a table, on which there still were some remains of a breakfast. The driver who was to proceed with us was just about finishing his meal. Mrs. Bonum seemed to remain inactive on our taking our places at the table; and upon our telling her that we could not breakfast upon what we saw on the table, she said, that was none of her business, that she had put a good breakfast on the table at the stage hour, but that we were far too late. In the meantime, she appeared to commence making some preparation, and I, for the sake of talking, asked the driver where in the world he lodged, as there did not seem to be another habitation in the forest into which we had now got. He replied, that he lived in the same apartment with the landlord and landlady and their children. My question, and the reply, enraged the cross-grained Mrs. Bonum to such a degree, that, she intermitted all preparation for breakfast, muttering, that the inquisitiveness of stage-passengers was past bearing. I immediately gave her to understand, that unless we got a good breakfast, the half dollar, which is exacted at all the hotels in the south for breakfast would not be paid; and that we must have broiled chickens and eggs, of which we saw the first breakfast had been composed. She denied having any eggs for a long time, but, at last, finding us resolute she produced them. Still, however, to preserve a consistency of character, she told me, when I asked for salt, which was nowhere to be found on the table, that she 'thought I had no occasion for it, as the butter was salted, and would make very good spice for the eggs.' In the end, however, we prevailed, and got every thing necessary for making a good breakfast, though from the worst-tempered American female I had seen on my travels; but this road passes through a country, a very small portion of which is yet settled, and where there are no other hotels than those at which the mail stage stops. The hotel-keepers, therefore, if they deserve the name, and the drivers, usurp an authority which would not be submitted to in peopled parts of the country."

More pleasing pictures succeed, after the traveller leaves the half-settled dry land to embark on the broad bosom of the Mississippi:—

"Mr. Flint very correctly observes, that it was perhaps necessary to have something of the experience of the slowness, difficulty, and danger of propelling boats against the current of the Mississippi, and of the great western rivers of America, in order fully to estimate the advantage of the invention of the steam-boat. He himself had ascended the Mississippi in the way formerly practised, for fifty days in succession, and considered ten miles a-day as good progress. It is now, he says, refreshing to see the large and beautiful steam-boats studding up the eddies as though on the wing. When they have run out the eddy, and strike the current, it is a still more noble spectacle. The foam bursts in a sheet quite over the deck; the boat quivers for a moment with the concussion; and then, as if she had collected her energy, she resumes her stately march, and mounts against the current five or six miles an hour. A family in Pittsburg consider it a light matter to pay a visit to their relations on the Red River, at the distance of 2000 miles. An invitation to breakfast at a distance of seventy miles, it is no difficult matter to comply with. The passing steam-boat receives you in the night, and you reach your destination at the appointed hour as certainly as by a British mail-coach.

With all these manifold advantages, the steam-boats are very unpopular among that description of the population on the banks of the rivers, who were formerly employed in the boat navigation of the Mississippi, and of the other great rivers. Above 10,000 of those persons have been obliged to betake themselves to other occupations. There was something romantic in the toil, and danger, and exposure, and accidents of this long and perilous voyage. The inhabitants on the banks of the rivers saw the boats passing their habitations, on fine spring mornings, when the beauties of the forest, the mild temperature of the air, the clear sky of this country, and the deep river floating the boat gently forward, present delightful images to the beholders. At such a time no danger is visible. There is no call for labour; the boat takes care of itself; one of the boatmen plays a violin while the others dance. Greetings, trials of wit, offers of love to the girls on the shore, or saucy messages, between these

in the boat and those on land fill up the time. The boat glides on until it disappears behind a projecting part of the forest. Then the bugle, with which all these boats are provided, is sounded at a distance over the water. Such a scene has charms for the imagination, which are irresistibly alluring to the young, along the banks of these sublime rivers."

But we must turn from a portion of Mr. Stuart's travels, to which our attention has been first directed, solely for the purpose of shewing that it contains much interesting matter, and introduce the reader to his notes upon that part of America where he evidently feels most at home. The key to all the mistakes committed by Europeans, with regard to American society, is indicated in the following passage:—

"But here let me remind those into whose hands these pages may fall, as to my views in writing them. They are not meant to furnish details necessary for those who wish to learn how the exclusive class in the great American cities, or the elite of the society at Washington, live. That there is a class of people in the great towns of the United States, and at the seat of Legislation, who are entitled to the appellation of Exclusives, I have no doubt; but it is well-known that this class, in most cases in all countries, resemble each other much more closely in their artificial way of living, and in their artificial manners, than the other portions of society. The exclusive society of the United States, however, is far more trifling in number in relation to the population, than in any other country, and they are, therefore, far less entitled to notice than in other countries, as well as because they can only maintain their separation from the mass of the people to a very limited extent. In their own houses they may live as they please, dine at London hours, and associate only with such persons as they choose; but in travelling, and appearing at places of public resort, they can command no different sort of treatment, in any respect, from that which is given to every person who conducts himself with propriety, and has enough of money to pay his share of the requisite travelling expenses.

"I had abundant opportunities of satisfying myself of the truth of this observation. Wealth in the metropolis of the British empire, when properly employed, confers all advantages. It not only enables the possessor to procure all the luxuries of life, but it bestows a status in society which is not otherwise attainable, and which may lead even to the acquisition of rank. In the United States, rank, respect, and consideration are given to talent alone, and to high office, which can only be obtained by the display of talent and industry."

Upon which text, were we allowed to dilate a little, we should say something very like what follows:—In Europe there is a factitious dignity attaching to the name of an idle gentleman, or a soldier, or any other privileged person. On the other hand, there is an arbitrary association of the sentiment of mean and vulgar with the mere name of a mechanical profession. The consequence is, that the individuals belonging to either class affect in some measure the manners attributed to it by common consent. The aristocracy are at least externally polished, if not essentially refined; and the industrious classes of the community are but too apt to indulge in vulgar and petty habits of thought and sentiment. Hence the ridiculous contrast which we often find between the bearing of a retired tradesman and the place in society to which he aspires, or which the world, in respect of his wealth, is willing to concede to him. This theme has been enlarged upon again and again by essayists, novelists, and dramatists. Now, it so happens, that the bulk of mankind do not see what really lies before their noses, but only what they have been told is there. Accordingly, when a European goes to America, and finds a Judge keeping a store or hotel, and a Major driving the stage, he does not set himself to discover what these men really are; but he immediately recalls the stale jests to which he has been accustomed, about cits at St. James's and Almack's, and breaks out into a horse-laugh, as silly as it is offensive. The truth is, that as in America there is no conventional rank to elicit the hollow graces of our ex-

clusives, so there is no association of meanness attaching to any industrious pursuit; to degrade its professors in their own eyes. The chivalrous feelings of America are springs from a different soil, and display themselves under a modified form. The ground in which they have stricken deep and undying root is thus described and prefaced by Mr. Stuart:—

“On one of the first days I walked out, I was joined by a seafaring person of the name of Sheaffe, with whom I had got acquainted in the course of my walks by the sea side, who lived in the neighbourhood, and had a small boat, and seemed to gain his livelihood by fishing, and ferrying over passengers to and from the island. After congratulating me on my recovery, he asked me if I was not in want of books. He had seen me occasionally bring books from Boston, before I had met with the accident before noticed. He mentioned various historical and philosophical books in his library, which were at my service; and also the London Examiner newspaper for several years. I caught at his offer, when he mentioned the Examiner, having been recently reading the American account of the battles on the Canada frontier in the wars of 1813 and 1814, and being anxious to compare them with the British Gazette accounts. I therefore accepted the Examiner, which he fortunately had at the period I wanted. I doubt whether such an occurrence as this could have happened anywhere else in the world. I found that Mr. Sheaffe, whose house is as humble-looking a wooden cottage as any one in the neighbourhood, had formerly been a seaman in a merchant ship, and had been in England; but the explanation is easy. Education is open to all in this country; and all, or almost all, are educated. It was lately ascertained by reports accurately taken, that, out of a population of about 60,000 persons in the State of Massachusetts, only 400 beyond the age of childhood could not read or write. And more especially, by returns from 131 towns presented to the legislature, that the number of scholars receiving instruction in those towns is 12,393; that the number of persons in those towns, between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one, who are unable to read and write, is fifty-eight; and that in one of those towns, the town of Hancock, there are only three persons unable to read or write,—and those three are mutes. The general plan of Education at the public free schools here is not confined to mere reading, writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping, and the ancient and modern languages; but comprehends grammar, mathematics, navigation, geography, history, logic, political economy, and rhetoric, moral and natural philosophy; these schools being, as stated in the printed regulations, intended to occupy the young people from the age of four to seventeen, and to form a system of education advancing from the lowest to the highest degree of improvement, which can be derived from any literary seminaries inferior to colleges and universities; and to afford a practical and theoretical acquaintance with the various branches of a useful education.

“There are, at present, at Boston, sixty-eight free schools, besides twenty-three Sabbath schools; in all of which the poorest inhabitant of Boston may have his children educated, according to the system of education before specified, from the age of four to seventeen, without any expense whatever. The children of both sexes are freely admitted. The funds for these schools are derived from bequests and donations by individuals, and grants from the legislature and corporations; and enable the trustees, consisting of twelve citizens, annually elected by the inhabitants of each of the twelve wards of the city, with the mayor and eight aldermen, to give the teachers salaries, varying from 2500 to 800 dollars a-year. The assistant teachers have 600 dollars. The trustees elect the teachers, and vote their salaries yearly; and no preference is given on any principles but those of merit and skill. The teachers of the grammar schools must have been educated at college, and must have attained a degree of bachelor of arts. The morning and evening exercises of all the schools, commence with reading the Scriptures. A very strict system of supervision and regulation is established by the trustees.

“No expense whatever is incurred at those schools for the children except for books.

“The richer classes at Boston, formerly, very generally, patronized teachers of private schools, who were paid in their usual way; but they now find that the best teachers are at the head of the public schools, and, in most cases, prefer them,—the children of the highest and lowest rank enjoying the privilege, altogether invaluable in a free state, of being educated together.

“In the adjoining State of Connecticut it has been ascertained by accurate reports, that one-third of the population, of about 275,000, attend the free schools. In the whole of the New England States, the population of which, including Massachusetts,

and Connecticut, amounts to about two millions, it is unquestionable, that the entire population are educated, that is to say, can read and write, and that the exceptions, which do not at the utmost amount to 2000 persons, are composed of blacks and foreigners.

"The result of the recent inquiry into the state of Education in the State of New York, which adjoins New England, and is almost equal to it in population, and to which I have already alluded, is very much, though not entirely the same. It is proved by actual reports, that 499,434 children, out of a population of one million, nine hundred thousand, were at the same time attending the schools, that is, a fourth part of the whole population. Although the public funds of New York State are great, these schools are not entirely free, but free to all who apply for immunity from payment. The amount of the money paid to the teachers by private persons does not, however, amount to one-third of the whole annual expense, which is somewhat less than a million of dollars.

"It is not, however, to be inferred, that education at free-schools is so general all over the United States, as in the four millions of inhabitants of New England and the State of New York; but the provision for public schools is admirable in all the populous states, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, &c.; and free education can everywhere be procured, even in the southern states, for whites, on application being made for it. The appropriations of land for schools in the old states were formerly very much confined to the donations of individuals, many of which have now, however, become very valuable; but the Appropriations for schools in the new states have been regulated by congress, and their extent is immense. Every township of the new lands is divided into thirty-six sections, each a mile square, and each containing 640 acres. One section of every township is appropriated for schools. In addition to this, great appropriations have been made in Ohio, Tennessee, Kentucky, and others of the western states, for seminaries of a higher order, to the extent of about one-fifth of those for schools. The land belonging to public schools in the new states and territories, in which appropriations have been made on the east side of the Mississippi, amounts to about eight millions of acres, and is of course advancing in value as the population increases. The extent of land, which will be appropriated to the same purpose when the land on the western side of the Mississippi is settled, must be prodigious,—at present not capable of being guessed at."

The consequence of this universal diffusion of intelligence is, that while poor men, like Mr. Sheaffe, are taught to feel as generously as the wealthy, the latter are prevented from associating any sense of disgrace with making themselves useful. This fact is strikingly illustrated by one of Mr. Stuart's most interesting anecdotes:—

"In the morning, I found a barouche, rather a better-looking one than usual, in all respects, already at the hotel door, when I appeared before the appointed hour, to give notice, that, on account of the indisposition of one of our party, it would be impossible to set out before nine o'clock. That will not suit me so well, said the driver, as, after hearing what I had said, he was driving from the door. Such a remark from him struck me at the moment as strange, but made of course no great impression. At nine we started. Soon afterwards, the driver leaned back from the driving-seat, which was not much above the level of the seats in the barouche, and addressed some general remarks to us as strangers; but the sunshine was at the time so overpowering, and one of our party still so much annoyed with headache, that he must have observed us indisposed to enter into conversation with him, and he afterwards contented himself with answering any questions which we put to him on our way. He showed us, however, that he had perfect knowledge of the country, and of the dreadful scenes, of which it had, in former times, been the theatre, and that he was a very different person, in point of education and information, from the coachmen of our own country; but he had taken the hint which he had conceived that we intended to give him, and now confined his answers pretty closely to our questions. The country is sandy and stony, but there are fine hills in the distance, and the prospect of the lake surrounded by mountains, is very beautiful, in descending from higher grounds on Caldwell, the village, or rather country town, at the south-western edge of the lake. Caldwell has been but recently built, but it contains public buildings of all kinds,—a jail, being the county town of the county of Warren,—a newspaper,—and a great and charmingly situated hotel for strangers coming to see the lake or to fish. Having arrived at Caldwell, we hired a small boat to take us out on the lake, and directed our charioteer to have the carriage ready for us as soon as a signal, which we arranged, should appear from our boat. The lake

very much resembles the lakes of Westmoreland, and some of the Scotch lakes. Hilly country (mountains it is called here, though none of it is above 1500 feet high,) surrounds the lake on all sides. The shores are finely broken, and the lake itself sprinkled with a great number of beautiful islands, on one of which, where we landed, there is a tea-house. The waters of the lake are deep, and most transparent; and fish, especially red trout, is excellent, and most abundant. The lake is about thirty-six miles long, and of various breadth, nowhere exceeding four miles. On coming to the shore from the lake, the money which I had agreed to pay for the boat was refused. The sum promised, we were told, was for the boat itself, but not for navigating it. There was no redress, and we submitted without much grumbling to what we considered an imposition, remarking, that this was the first time the Yankees had come Yorkshire over us. This settled, we were even more at a loss, for our driver was nowhere to be found, and we were ready to set out. Our signal from the boat had never been noticed. We did not know how to proceed, when a bystander, taking pity on us, said, the driver is probably in the jail, pointing out the way to it. We set off in that direction, and met him coming from it. He made no excuse or apology, but set about preparing our conveyance. As soon as it was ready, we got into it, but the driver shewed no symptoms of setting out. We asked the cause. He was waiting, he said, for the little boy whom he had brought out with him on the driving-seat, and who would presently be with us. We began to think that the driver was disposed to treat us rather cavalierly; and I had almost asked him, whether he looked to the boy, for whom he was waiting, or to us, for the hire of the conveyance; but I recollected in time, that all altercation with the natives ought, if possible, to be avoided by persons travelling in a foreign country, and that the trouble of obtaining redress, even in cases which required it more, made it much wiser to submit in silence to a little inconvenience. We therefore sat for some time longer, whether patiently or impatiently I need not say, when I notice, that we were all well again, with a good appetite, and dinner waiting for us at Glen's Falls. In the meanwhile, we applied to the driver to give us a little of the information he had volunteered in the morning, but we found him apparently not much disposed to be communicative. He had not, we presumed, forgot the reception we had given him in the morning. This was provoking, as Caldwell and its neighbourhood comprehend the grounds on which the dreadful combats between the French and British, between the years 1750 and 1760 were fought. We succeeded, however, at last, by being more than usually communicative ourselves, in satisfying the driver that we were not saucy travellers, and he got into good humour with us. The weary boy made his appearance, and we were off. The driver soon shewed himself so well informed, that all anxiety about our dinner left us, and we stopped and stopped again to have pointed out to us, on the spot, the scenes of those battles, which he described almost as if he had been an eye-witness.

"At length we approached the door of our hotel, and all of us felt regret at the idea of so soon being deprived of the agreeable society of our charioteer. As soon as we got out of the carriage, when we were within hearing of each other, I applied for, and had the sanction of my fellow-travellers, to beg him to favour us with his company at dinner, and to take a glass of wine with us. I hastened to the bar-room, where I found him smoking a cigar. I preferred my request in the most civil terms I could think of. He looked at me for a moment, and then expressed great surprise, that a foreigner should have asked his driver to dine with him. I urged our anxiety to have a little more of his agreeable company, and promised that we should endeavour to impart to him all the information we could give, relative to the institutions of our own country, in return for the valuable communications he had made to us. But he finally declined, with perfect civility, though, at the same time, with that sort of manner which prevented any attempt to press him. 'His family,' he said, 'expected him, and he must go home. Perhaps, sir,' he added, 'you were not aware that the High Sheriff of the County was your driver to-day. We are very neighbourly here. The horses expected for you this morning had not come in, and I could not refuse my neighbour, (mentioning his name,) when he applied to me. I have good horses, and would have been sorry to disappoint a stranger.' Having finished his cigar, Mr. Spencer took leave of me with a shake of the hand. We found, on inquiry, that he was a general merchant in the village, and had mills and a store. His neighbour had singled him out,—not on account of his education, which was not superior to that of his fellow-citizens, but on account of his shrewdness and good character,—to make him a justice of peace, which confers the title of judge. As justice of peace, he gave to great satisfaction that they promoted him to be their high sheriff. In the latter capacity he had business this morning to transact at Caldwell, then



county town, and where the jail committed to his charge is situated. This explains the anxiety he expressed to be off early. The little boy on the driving seat was the son of a prisoner in the jail, to whom he was carrying linens. *No sutor ultra crepidam*, 'let the cobbler stick to his last,' has no part in the republican character of America."

We quote another instance of the perfect compatibility in America of the combination of the character of a perfect gentleman with an employment deemed irreconcilable with it in our own country. We have been influenced in selecting this passage by the tribute to the ladies of America with which it concludes:—

"A few miles farther on we stopped at the hotel of Mr. Sloat for the night. This is one of the most comfortable of the country hotels which we have yet seen in this country, quiet and retired, not unlike an English parsonage-house on a small scale. The proprietor of this hotel, which has long been used as such, has very valuable landed property surrounding it, but although he still gives accommodation to passengers, he does not allow the stage to stop at it, so that it is quite as free from bustle as a private house. Mr. Sloat himself is of Dutch extraction, and speaks Dutch as well as English, which is the case with most of the Dutch farmers on both sides of the Hudson. He was married to a lady of Polish extraction. When we reached the house, Mr. Sloat had just come in from a drill of the militia cavalry of light-horse. His dress is very much like the Windsor uniform, in which, being a handsome man, with a good horse, and well accoutred, he had more of the military air than most gentlemen connected with the army in this country whom I have seen. Service in the militia light-horse for fifteen years, exempts from militia service altogether. The whole expense of uniform and equipments is borne by the individuals, but they are seldom in training for more than three days in the year. Mr. Sloat has about 1400 acres of land, great part of which is well cleared. His grandfather was the original proprietor. Wood-land is here very valuable, on account of the iron-foundry and cotton works in the neighbourhood. Mr. Sloat has lately sold 200 acres of wood-land, which he had bought from the States in 1801, for fifty cents. per acre, at an immense advance. He keeps three pairs of horses, and two pairs of oxen. We were greatly pleased with the whole family, who were well-informed, and agreeable in conversation, and as anxious to get information respecting British customs and manners, as we were to become acquainted with theirs, and to see their domestic economy. We were, therefore, very glad to find, that we were, according to the custom of the house, to live in the family rooms with the family. Mr. Sloat's eldest daughter is a very pretty girl of eighteen. She remained chatting with us after the rest of the family had retired; and, afterwards, when she saw my wife to her bed-room, it did not occur to her, in her guileless nature, to be necessary that she too should withdraw; on the contrary, she would have thought that she was guilty of a want of courtesy, if she had not returned to bear me company, until the time had come for my leaving the parlour. I am firmly persuaded that the young women of this rank in life of the United States are quite equal to those of Great Britain in education, and undoubtedly their manners are far more unembarrassed and artless."

The following incident exemplifies one of the least amiable features of American society:—

"While we were at New Rochelle, Mr. Dennys, an itinerant lecturer on astronomy and the popular branches of Natural philosophy, became an inmate of the house. A strange incident, as it appeared to us, happened at the beginning of one of his lectures. A man of colour, perfectly well apparelled, entered the room, and was coming forward with a view to hear the lecture, which had commenced. Mr. Dennys addressing him, told him to go out, saying, 'we want no people of colour here; they are very well in their own way, but we don't mean to make them astronomers.' The poor fellow was obliged to comply. After the lecture, I ventured to remonstrate with Mr. Dennys upon the gross impropriety of his conduct; but his answer was quite satisfactory, as far as he was concerned,—the fact being, as he stated, that he had no alternative. The people connected with the schools, and his audience generally, would have left the room if he had allowed a man of colour to remain. Nothing can be more disgraceful to the people of the United States, nor more inconsistent with their professed principles of equality, than their treatment of the free

people of colour. They constantly subject them to indignities of every kind, and refuse altogether to eat or drink with them. If you have black servants and white servants in the same house, they never upon any occasion eat together; and this circumstance very often obliges people to have servants of colour altogether."

It would appear from Mr. Stuart, that the sociality of the North Americans has been as much misrepresented as their gallantry.

"The ~~kindness~~ and ~~hospitality~~ of the Americans are quite unostentatious. I write, however, of the mass of the people, and without reference to the small number of people, who consider themselves the great in this country. An invitation to dinner is generally given in such words as these: 'I will be pleased to see you at two o'clock.' Frequently no change whatever is made in the menu, supposing you to accept. Your friend knows that there is always abundance of good food upon his table. That degree of attention is shown to you when a stranger meets with every where, in seeing that his plate be filled in the first instance with what he likes, but no pressing or entreaty are used to make him eat or drink more than he likes. If wine is produced, it is left for him to partake of it or not as he chooses. There is hardly ever any talk about the dinner, or the quality of the wine, which yet are not provoked to drink by being told how many years it has been in your friend's cellar, or to what vintage it belongs."

"It is much more probable that, even amongst the richest classes, excluding always a few who form small-cotteries, in the great towns, one who have been bred in England, you will hear little conversation, and that relating more to their business pursuits, their gains, and their dollars, and their political situations, than to the food they are eating, or the wine they are drinking."

His subject is afterwards resumed.

"Tea-parties, which are very common in the United States, in some measure make up for what I look upon as the more rational and comfortable conversational dinner of the middling, the best classes of society in Britain. Where those tea-parties take place by invitation, the table is liberally covered, and with a greater number of articles, such as a profusion of cakes of various kinds and preserves. Animal food, too, of some description or other, is almost always produced,—and after the tea or supper is finished, wine of various kinds, nuts, fruit, &c. are placed on the sideboard, or handed round. There is, perhaps, a little more room for conversation at such parties than at British routes; but still I conceive the rational interchange of sentiment which takes place at English dinners, to be, generally speaking, wanting in the meal which is called by the same name in the United States. Let it not, however, be supposed, that I mean to insinuate that at any dinner, public or private, either a stranger or native has any reason to expect an uncivil answer to any conversation which he may address to any one sitting at table; but the custom is so universal in the most populous part of the United States, to leave the table immediately after dinner, to smoke a cigar, and afterwards to return to professional business, that the people generally seem to me to be least inclined for convivial conversation at the very time when we, with better taste, as I think, enjoy it most. I am bound, however, to add, after seeing much more of the United States than I had done when I was making these remarks, that I have been at many tea-parties in various parts of the country, where, sitting over our wine after tea, we had the enjoyment of agreeable and instructive conversation for quite as long a time as should ever be devoted to it either in the Old or New World. I am also bound to add, what I myself had opportunities to observe, both in my own case and that of other persons whom I knew, that there is the very greatest desire on the part of the people of this country, of all classes, to show kindness and attention, and to give special proofs of hospitality to persons from Britain, who may have had it in their power to show attentions to them, or their friends and relations in England."

What follows relates to a subject of deep interest, which has been misrepresented in the grossest manner by preceding writers, and is worthy of the most serious attention. It is Mr. Stuart's account of a camp-meeting, or revival, at which he was present.

"The meeting was held within a forest or wood, where a sufficient number of trees had been cut to make such an opening as was required. The morning was concluded some time before we arrived. From the high grounds, the view of the

bay, of the shipping, and of the assembled multitudes, with their carriages and horses, was very striking. A great many of the people were straggling in the adjoining fields during the interval of the service. The shipping, all of which had been employed in bringing persons from a considerable distance to join the meeting, consisted of five steam-boats, about sixty sloops and schooners, besides open boats. The number of horses and carriages was proportionably great. It was calculated that there were about 12,000 persons on the ground,—certainly not less than 9000 or 10,000.

"There seemed to be about a dozen of clergymen, all belonging to the Methodist persuasion, in a large covered and elevated platform.

"Benches were provided for the congregation, placed on the vacant or open space in front of the platform. The males were on the one side of the benches, and the females on the other. There were benches for a great part of the assembled multitude, and the benches were surrounded on all sides by a close body of those who had only standing room. When the afternoon service commenced, the effect of this prodigious assemblage of people, all standing, lifting up their voices, and joining in praise to their Creator, was more sublime than those who have not witnessed such a scene can well imagine. The sermon, which was afterwards delivered, lasted for an hour, and was distinctly heard all over the ground, for the most perfect order and silence prevailed. The clergyman preached from the 29th verse of the 10th chapter of the book of Numbers: 'We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.' The discourse seemed to me to be altogether faultless, and the address at the end was most remarkably impressive. The speaker, in the conclusion, alluded to the sect of Christians to which he belonged, the Methodists; but he meant, he added, to say 'nought against other denominations of Christians who did good.' After sermon, prayer, all kneeling, succeeded. Then a hymn was sung, and another clergyman, a very old man, coming to the edge of the platform, said, that a friend whom they had never heard before, was about to address them. Another clergyman, an aged person, then stepped forward, to enforce, as he said, the invitation in the text, which he did very shortly, and very skillfully, particularly, and with great earnestness, exhorting those members who had lately been added to the church, to communicate to their brothers, sisters, and friends, some idea of the happiness which they now enjoyed, that they might be induced to follow their example, and accept the invitation, by joining the church, even before the meeting was over.

"The afternoon service was concluded as usual, with singing and prayer, and the most perfect decorum prevailed. The service continued for about two hours and a-half.

"The United States being free from any religious establishment, every one is not only tolerated in the exercise of the religion he believes, but he is at full liberty, without the fear, except in very few and very peculiar cases, of his temporal concerns being at all affected by his religious profession, (whatever it may be,) to embrace those religious doctrines which he conceives, on due consideration, are true. It follows from this state of things, that there is much less hypocrisy in the professors of religion in this than in other countries. Those in this country, who voluntarily go to a Protestant church, and who voluntarily pay for the ministration of a Christian clergyman, may be generally, (I do not mean to say universally,) held to have made the necessary examination, and to be real believers in the doctrines of the Christian religion;—whereas those from other countries, who have travelled in the United States, and who have put forth sneering and ill-founded statements on the subject of revivals, camp-meetings, &c. are generally Christians professing that religion, merely because their parents did so, or because Christianity is the religion of their country, and not because they ever investigated its truth. I found at Northampton, a short narrative of a revival in a Presbyterian church at Baltimore, written in a plain unsophisticated style by Mr. Walton, the clergyman of that church, which I would recommend to the attention of some late English writers, who, in perfect ignorance, as it appears to me, treat the religious meetings and revivals in the United States in a contemptuous manner, and as if they were approved and attended by no other sane mind."

After perusing these traits of individual character, and this exposé of the religious feelings of the community, the reader will be better fitted to appreciate the picture of an American election. We lay it before him without note or comment.

It was on the 5th November that I was present at the election at Ballston Spa, held in one of the hotels, about the door of which, twenty or thirty people might be

standing. My friend Mr. Brown introduced me, and got me a place at the table. I must confess that I have been seldom more disappointed at a public meeting. The excitement occasioned by the election generally was declared by the newspapers to be far greater than had ever been witnessed, since the declaration of independence in 1776. And at Ballston Spa, any irritation which existed had been increased by an attack made a few days previous to the election by the local press, and by hand-bills, on the moral character of one of the candidates—a gentleman who had filled a high office in Congress, and who resided in the neighbourhood. I was, therefore, prepared for some fun, for some ebullition of humour, or of sarcastic remark, or dry wit, to which Americans are said to be prone. But all was dumb show, or the next thing to it. The ballot-boxes were placed on a long table, at which half a dozen of the inspectors or canvassers of votes were seated. The voters approached the table by single files. Not a word was spoken. Each voter delivered his list, when he got next to the table to the officers, who called out his name. Any person might object, but the objection was instantly decided on,—the officers having no difficulty, from their knowledge of the township, of the persons residing in it, and to whose testimony reference was instantly made, in determining on the spot, whether the qualification of the voter was or was not sufficient. I need hardly say, that I did not attend this excessively uninteresting sort of meeting for any long time; but I am bound to bear this testimony in its favour, that so quiet a day of election, both without and within doors, I never witnessed either in Scotland or England. I did not see or hear of a drunk person in the street of the village or neighbourhood, nor did I observe any thing extraordinary, except the increased number of carriages or waggon, of all kinds, three or four of them drawn by four horses, one by six. We were residing close by the hotel where the election took place, and in the evening the tranquillity was as complete as if no election had occurred.

“The county canvassers for the twenty townships of this county of Saratoga afterwards met, and made up their returns for the county; in all of which, as well as in the whole of the state, the same quietness and perfect order prevailed. The number of votes given in this state for the electors of the president was 276,176, in a population of upwards of 1,800,000; and that this part of the election was most keenly contested, is obvious from the recorded fact, that the majority for Jackson over Adams in this state only amounted to 5,350. The total number of votes given in the presidential election on this occasion was afterwards ascertained to be nearly 1,200,000, in a population of about twelve millions, of which the whole states are composed.

Thus, in a state far exceeding Scotland in extent, and almost equalling it in population, the votes for the chief magistrate of the United States and his substitute,—for the governor and lieutenant-governor of the state,—for a senator and representatives to Congress,—for three representatives to the State of New York,—for four coroners, a sheriff, and a clerk to the county, were taken,—and the business of the election finished with ease, and with the most perfect order and decorum, in three days. All voted by ballot, which is here considered the only way to obtain independent and unbiassed votes; and if so in this country, how much more in the British islands, where the aristocracy and higher orders are so infinitely more powerful; influential, and numerous. The late eminent Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College in Connecticut describes an election meeting in New England very much as I witnessed it here. After declaring that he had never known a single shilling paid for a vote, he says, ‘I have lived long in New England. On the morning of an election day, the electors assemble either in a church or a town-house, in the centre of the township, of which they are inhabitants. The business of the day is sometimes introduced by a sermon, and very often by public prayer. A moderator is chosen. The votes are given in with strict decency, without a single debate, without noise, or disorder, or drink,—and with not a little of the sobriety seen in religious assemblies. The meeting is then dissolved; the inhabitants return quietly to their homes, and have neither battles nor disputes. I do not believe that a single woman, bond or free, ever appeared at an election in New England since the colonization of the country. It would be as much as her character was worth.

“Dr. Dwight’s authority, however, is not greater than many others to which I might refer. Chancellor Kent of New York is a person of the greatest respectability as a man, and of the highest character as a lawyer. In his Commentaries, which is quite a standard book, he bears this evidence on the subject of elections: ‘The United States, in their improvements upon the rights of representation, may certainly claim pre-eminence over all other governments, ancient and modern. Our elections are held at stated seasons, established by law. The people vote by ballot in small districts: and public officers preside over the elections, receive the votes, and main-

with order and fairness. Though the competition between candidates is generally active, and the zeal of rival parties sufficiently excited, the elections are everywhere conducted with tranquillity.

"The testimony of Joseph G6rard, a martyr to the sincerity with which he, at a period not so recent, advocated the propriety of resorting to the same form of elections in Great Britain, before a biased judge and a biased jury, at a time of great political excitement in Scotland, will long be remembered. 'I myself,' he declared, in his speech on his celebrated trial before the Supreme Criminal Court in Scotland, 're- sided during four years in a country where every man who paid taxes had a right to vote,—I mean the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. I was an eye-witness of many elections which took place in Philadelphia, the capital of the State,—an industrious and populous city; and can safely assert, that no one riot ever ensued.'

"Mr. James Flint, who travelled in the United States about a dozen of years ago, and whose scrupulous correctness of narration is well known to all who know him, in his published letters from America, states his views as to their elections thus :— 'A few days ago I witnessed the election of a member of Congress for the State of Indiana. Members for the State Assembly, and county officers, and the votes for the township of Jeffersonville, were taken by ballot in one day. No quarrels or disorder occurred. At Louisville, in Kentucky, the poll was kept open for three days. The votes were given *via voce*. I saw three fights in the course of an hour. This method appears to be productive of as much discord here as in England.' With relation to the ballot, I would only further add, that a great point is gained by its celerity, 10,000 votes can easily be taken in five or six hours. *Stuart's Three Years*

More important, perhaps, than any extract we have given, is the opinion of Mr Stuart, a professional lawyer, on the cheap justice, and enlightened judicial system of America.

"Then the cheapness of law in America puts it in the power of all to obtain redress. In England it has been stated by a great authority to be better, in a pecuniary point of view, to give up L.40 than to contend for it, because it costs that sum in England to gain a cause; and that in a court of equity it is better to abandon L.500 or L.1000 than to contend for it. The absurdities of the English marriage law are unknown in America. The poorest person has it in his power, when necessary, to apply for, and obtain, a divorce—a privilege which is in England reserved for the Peerage, and a few of the wealthiest of the citizens. Entails, it is well known, are prohibited; and the property of the deceased is divided among his children, unless he settles it otherwise by will.

"In their criminal code, the punishment of death is seldom inflicted but in cases of murder, fire-raising, piracy, and robbery of the mail. Persons accused of crimes of all descriptions are entitled to the assistance of counsel on their trials.

"The expense of the judicial establishments of this country is very trifling compared to what it is elsewhere. In New England and the State of New York, the population of which is about twice as great as that of Scotland, the whole expense of the courts and requisite establishment does not amount to L.25,000 Sterling.

These extracts, however insufficient to convey an idea of the mass of interesting facts and remarks contained in Mr. Stuart's volumes, may serve to disabuse, in some measures, those of our readers who have been accustomed to see the Americans through the dark glasses of Hall, Trollope, or the Quarterly. They are a people among whom we might at present look in vain for a Newton, or La Place; but there is scarcely an uneducated man amongst them. There is not, perhaps, an individual in the whole of the Union fit to make a distinguished figure at Almack's; but it is rare to meet one destitute of the self-respect and conscious dignity and generosity of a freeman. The gallantry and sociality of the Americans express themselves differently perhaps from ours, but are not, therefore, either less buoyant or pervading. The Americans, in short, taking bulk for bulk, display as much delicacy of sentiment, as much unwavering principle, as much deep-rooted religious feeling, as the citizens of any state in Europe; and, with this advantage, that their moral creed rests upon unsophisticated truth. There is in Europe an im-

mense mass of error and prejudice, mingled with the best feelings of the community, dangerous and contaminating in itself, yet so blended with what is good, that the wisest shrink from attempting its eradication. In America, all that is of good in the country's opinions and institutions is entirely independent of this baneful admixture. The Americans may go fearlessly forward in the work of national amelioration; for their social structure, though incomplete in many places, is, except in the slaveholding States, no where rotten. Mr. Stuart's book is a demonstration of this important and cheering truth.

The *Quarterly Review* has always caught greedily at such publications as those of Mrs. Trollope. We challenge the Editor to review Mr. Stuart's, IF HE DARE. !

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### PRESENT STATE OF PARTIES.

"WHAT will be the state of parties in the coming House of Commons," is now the constant inquiry. We all know what the public feeling is, but are not by any means certain as to the mode in which that feeling will be represented by our present Reformed, and yet still faulty Parliament. The state of Parties, as it is called, is still a mystery. Their relative strength, in numbers and talent, is unknown; and even the parties themselves yet remain to be determined. We are now about to attempt a sort of prospective sketch of their history, describing what to us appears the probable composition of the House of Commons,—the nature, objects, and strength of its heterogeneous parts.

As usual, the House will be divided into Ministerial and Opposition; but these words will signify matters widely different from what they have hitherto been used to signify.

For some years past, a combat has been going on out of doors, which will now be brought into the Honourable House itself. The People have hitherto been fighting at disadvantage with the governing few, through the medium of the press, and latterly through the Political Unions. Their wishes have been made known to the governing few in a roundabout, and therefore ineffective manner; and not till the Aristocracy have been terrified by the expectation of revolt, has concession of any sort been made. The nation then, looked at as a whole, was divided into the Aristocracy and the People,—two hostile parties, who contended not through the forms of the constitution, but the extraordinary means which necessity dictated and ingenuity devised. While this great struggle was proceeding between these two sections of the nation, a sort of mock battle was being fought within the walls of Parliament. The Parliament contained, (with insignificant exceptions,) only members of the aristocratic or governing body; these, however, though carrying on a fearful war with the People, were not at peace with one another. As a body, they fought to retain the means of plundering the People; they fought among themselves for the plunder. This latter war, however, was a very different affair from the former. That between the People and Aristocracy was carried on as if it were a matter of life or death. The one side and the other knew that the interests in debate were vital interests, and they contended respecting them with a fierceness and energy proportionate to the object of their strife. Not till utter ruin stared them in the face

did the Aristocracy yield. The People dared to contemplate civil war, with all its attendant horrors, rather than forego the purpose for which they were striving. The war within the walls of Parliament was but a faint shadow of this great and terrible struggle. The parties there were mere actors; they took upon themselves certain parts; some played liberals, others played the character of their opponents—the whole matter being a shew intended to blind and mislead the People. Their warfare was like that of the Italian *condottieri*, the armies of whom fought a whole day without losing a man on either side. In the House of Commons there was much pretence of strife; very hard words were sometimes employed; but the really weak points were never assailed—the really destructive arguments never employed.

These mock fighters will remain in the coming House of Commons; that is to say, a portion, a very large portion of that House will still be composed of the representatives of the Aristocracy. One part of these will compose the Ministerial section of the House, and these will be *WINGS*; one other part of these same aristocrats will form a *part* of the Opposition, and these will be *TORIES*. But there will be yet another, and novel section in the House; a section now formidable by its numbers, and, if well guided, preponderating by its influence:—we mean the representatives of the people. They have yet no name; in the meantime we will call them *POPULAR* or *INDEPENDENT MEMBERS*. The relative position of these various parties will exhibit a curious phenomenon; and we look forward, not so much with anxiety as curiosity, to their probable conduct.

The Ministerial, or *Whig* portion of the House, have already given signs of a determination to rest quiet and contented with their present achievements. The talk of the persons who may be supposed best to represent the leading feelings, is now always of pausing; of permitting the Reform to have what they term fair play; of the impropriety of seeking farther concessions immediately upon the great victory just gained. In fact, the object now appears with this party to be, to make themselves comfortable in their newly acquired offices of profit and power. This, by some, may be considered an uncharitable conclusion on our part. Let us, however, learn what is really intended by the recommendations of contentment and rest, which daily are repeated and pressed on us by the most influential persons of this party. For example, what is meant by letting the Reform Bill have fair play? and what do they intend by the Impropriety of demanding farther reforms? In the Reform Bill, there is no peculiar and wonder-working quality, which will enable the mere parchment to do us service. Our Legislation will not be ameliorated by the mere existence of the written Bill, and the King's assent thereto. We are not bettered by the power of sending representatives to Parliament, unless those representatives are immediately to proceed to the redress of our evils. The Reform Bill was sought, not for itself, but in order to reform the grievances under which we laboured. These grievances are heavy and manifold. Bad government had exhibited itself in various ways: for example, we have an extravagant expenditure; we have monopolies fruitful of evil; we have a bad administration of law; we have unequal burthens. In short, we have a Government efficient to bad,—useless to good purposes. We desired and determined to be rid of this bad Government. To that end we determined to obtain the Reform Bill as a means. It was desired as a means of destroying the monopo-

lies by which we are borne down ; as a means of establishing equal and useful laws ; as a means of rendering the Government completely responsible to the People. And yet do the Ministerial party now tell us to rest contented with the possession of the means, adjuring us, at the same time, not to make use of them. Do we purchase a plough in order to look at it ? Do we hope to cultivate the field by keeping the plough safely under cover, and admiring daily its excellent qualities ? Does a carpenter expect to perform his labour by the mere possession of excellent implements. A chisel is not more a mere instrument than the Reform Bill. In order that the one or the other have fair play, it must be employed,—the chisel by the hand of the carpenter, the Reform Bill by the representatives of the People. If that bill has given the People power, that power must be used, and immediately. The enormous ills we suffered drove us to dare all things, in order to obtain the means of redress. Shall we not, in the same spirit, proceed and get rid of the ills which rendered us thus desperate ? “ Be patient now,” say the Whigs ; “ great concessions have been made : if you go on, and demand more, it will be said that there will be no end to concession. You will mar every thing by your imprudent haste. Suppose that our enemies do say that there will be no end to concession,—what then ? Do the Whigs—does any body believe that our enemies do not very plainly understand the end we are driving at ? Do they think that they can nod and wink at each other, and whisper through the columns of the *Times*, and the Tories know nothing of the matter ? These people always to us appear like foolish turkeys, who hide their heads in a bush, and fancy that their bodies are concealed. There was much of this nonsense practised during the passing of the bill. A sort of theatrical *aside* whisper appeared at intervals in one of the public papers, generally the favoured *Times*, advising the people to play the hypocrite, and keep their own counsel ; to assert that this was a final measure, and that they intended only the Reform Bill, proposing to rest in blessed peacefulness when they had attained that happy end. All this bye-play was carried on before the eyes of the public. It was supposed, however, that the Tories could be excluded from such wide-spreading confidence, and that what was said openly in the *Times* was an entire secret to the enemies of the People. At that time, this appeared to us a very silly proceeding ; now it wears not a better aspect. The Tories then were, and the Tories now are, well convinced that the bill must be followed by certain consequences exceedingly disagreeable, to them. They, like the People, judged the bill by the consequences which they supposed would necessarily follow from it. What the People expected, they also expected ; the only difference between them being in their estimation of these results. They hated—the People loved :—they abhorred—the People were delighted with the very idea of retrenchment. To abate abuses was, in their opinion, a heinous offence—in the People’s an important virtue. They cared not for the bill in itself. They had no peculiar fear of the particular piece of parchment, or the form of words which it contained. The People had no especial love for the same. The one and the other judged like reasonable beings, and disliked and admired it for the effects it was to produce. The Whigs, we assume, are not persons deprived of common sense ; therefore we cannot believe that while they hazarded the nonsense we have here been pointing out, they really meant what they said. Their recommendations of quiescence are not from any hope of thereby benefiting the People. They, like their neighbours,



must be aware of the arrant nonsense which their words imply. What, then, are we to consider them, if we determine that they are not fools on the occasion? Taken in a direct sense, their words argue sheer folly and imbecility:—viewed as intended for a particular purpose, considered as a means of deception, they seem by no means ill fitted for their office, and are not altogether unworthy of the more astute leaders of the parties now in power. Considering deception as the object,—deception, in order to maintain the power of the aristocracy; then this jargon respecting “being contented,” and looking on the bill as a final measure, does not wear the appearance of folly. Knavery is, then, the epithet we should apply to it.

But there is a body of plausible pretenders among the advocates for standing still, who delight in making nice distinctions, attempting to be profound and scientific, still having imposture in view. They say, We are content that there should be reforms; that consequences should follow the Bill; we are prepared to consider the bill as a means to an end, and will immediately proceed to work out the reformation of those abuses which the Reform Bill was intended to remedy. But we protest against any farther change in the instrument of these changes—in the bill itself. The bill must be considered the final constitutional measure. They add, however, to this sweeping declaration, some such guarding phrase as the following: “Until time and experience should prove its inefficiency.” Mr. Stanley, in his wisdom, asserts, that many persons supported the bill on these conditions, who would not otherwise have supported it; and that, therefore, farther alterations must not be attempted. Before we answer the fine-spun argument just stated, we will make an observation on this piece of insolence of Mr. Stanley. It is a matter of total indifference to the People who would, or who would not, have supported the bill. They, the People, were determined to obtain it in spite of all opposition. They did obtain it—not by prayers—not through kindness or concession, or special favour of any aristocrat, or body of aristocrats. They obtained it, because they so willed. Opposition to their will was attempted by a majority of the Aristocracy; but that opposition was found hopeless. Had the Aristocracy not yielded to the peaceable demands of the People, they would have been compelled to yield to demands backed by force. They felt this; and when resistance was impossible, they gave up the point, sullenly, sulkily; and now we have persons, Mr. Stanley among the number, who would fain persuade us that the Reform was a free gift, a generous boon, a frank and voluntary offering on the part of the Aristocracy to the People. But whatever be the condition of Mr. Stanley’s memory, our’s, we assure him, and the People’s also, are much too good to receive complacently this imposition. We know, and we are determined to remember, and to tell it to our children’s children, that we forced,—that by fear we compelled the Aristocracy, in the year 1832, to give up a large portion of that irresponsible power which for ages they had been abusing. And it would be well if Mr. Stanley, and all like him, would bear in mind, that the power which thus wrung from the reluctant hands of his comrades this portion of their dominion, still remains; and that, if the People so will, they can take away all of that dominion which now remains. There is one efficient way to make the People will this, and that is precisely the method which Mr. Stanley and the other “Conservatives” are now pursuing, viz. showing a determination to pursue their own interests, as distinct and separate considerations from those of the People; and to

refuse all reforms which the spirit of the times, the improving intelligence of the nation imperiously require. These are the most efficient means of making the People consider the interests of the Aristocracy as opposed to those of the nation at large. Should this opinion become prevalent among the majority, the Aristocracy will disappear at once—and for ever. Let them look to it.

Now for the Whig-Tory-conservation argument in favour of standing still. This argument is based upon a distinction between what may be called *constitutional* and *non-constitutional* reforms; meaning by constitutional, such changes as affect the mode in which, and the conditions under which, the operative or active part of the Government is created. Admitting the distinction to be perfectly valid, we are at a loss to discover why it should be employed to determine the province of reform. The proper question in each case of proposed change, is, “Is such change needed; would it be for the better?” This question is not to be determined by a jurisprudential distinction, but by the facts of the case. Admitting the introduction of ballot to be a constitutional change, is it on that account the less needed; is it less efficient? If not, why then should it on that account be postponed. The answer sometimes is, Because being such constitutional change, its necessity can be determined only by a consideration of the working of the constitution; and these workings cannot be known but by the laws which the Legislature may make. As we judged the old House of Commons by its fruits, so, it is argued, let us judge this; therefore we must wait, and see the conduct of the House, before we can determine on the necessity for the ballot. This, we allow, is the usual mode of proceeding with what are termed practical men. They must experience an evil in half a dozen different forms, before they understand why it arises. Understanding nothing of human nature they must have empirical experience. What we, however, contend for here is, that we have had experience sufficient, more than sufficient, for our purpose. We assume, that the Legislature, when it conferred the right of suffrage on certain individuals, did intend,—certainly, that it ought to have intended, that such right was to be one in substance, and not merely one in name; that is, that the right was to be exercised according to the pleasure of the voter, and no one else. Now, during the last election, we have had specific experience of the constant infringement of such rights: the country rings with the angry exclamations of those whose rights, in this case, have been invaded. Why, then, should we wait for farther experience? We need no more to shew that the right of voting requires farther protection. If, however, it be insisted that our assumption above stated is an error, or, at least, premature; if it be stated that the Legislature did not intend, and ought not to have intended to confer on the voter the right of voting as he pleases; that we cannot determine whether such power be necessary without experience of the conduct of the House; our answer is, Then the Reform Bill itself is not needed; for the same evidence that proved the necessity of such a change, proved the necessity of uninfluenced voting. Experience shewed us that a Legislature, created by persons over whom the Aristocracy (that is, a small number of persons,) had control, was totally unfitted to produce the well-being of the People at large. The right of voting was, therefore, taken out of the hands of the persons under this control; and it was placed in the hands of a much larger number, who were supposed (vainly supposed) not to be under such dominion. But the experience of the last elections has shewn, that they are in a pre-

cisely similar situation ; that they can be intimidated ; that they can be bribed. Would it not be sheer madness, then, to wait longer, to look for farther experience ? To our cost, and bitterly, indeed, have we earned this knowledge ; we know but too well that a government so constituted is a bad government. Are we to wait for farther centuries of evil before we dare apply the remedy ? Do we want another debt ; another twenty years war ; another crusade against liberal opinions ; still continued evils in the law ; still continued corporation-tyranny, and church-despotism ? The temper of the times is not in favour of such experience. We cannot consent to please the Aristocracy, and delay the benefit. The remedy must be applied, and that immediately, however unpalatable to Mr. Stanley and the Conservatives.

If the Ministerial or Whig portion of the House possess the feelings which the late declarations of Mr. Stanley and Lord Althorp naturally lead us to believe, we see no reason why an immediate junction should not take place between them and the Tories ; for our first great difficulty is in understanding wherein the difference of their opinions consists. The Tories, evidently, are bent on preserving, or conserving, all the power which they can in the hands of the Aristocracy, and, doubtless, desire that it should be intrusted to their own section of that body ;—so, we learn from the declarations of the two ministers above-named, do the Whigs. The Tories would, perhaps, be willing to make a compromise, and share the good things with the Whigs, rather than be entirely ousted from all enjoyment thereof. Should the Whigs refuse such coalition, the game of the Tories, according to some well-authenticated accounts, is nothing less than a deep laid scheme of villany, worthy, well worthy of the enemies of their country. It is, to oppose the People where they are right, to go with them where they are wrong. To oppose steadily all really beneficial reforms, but to run with the wildest and most ignorant and knavish of the supposed friends of the People for every mischievous alteration. Cutting down the debt, tampering with the currency, proposing a minimum of wages, restrictions on trade, will all be favourite schemes of the Tories ; while they will, unflinchingly, oppose extending education, instituting the ballot, shortening parliaments, cutting down expenditure, and so on. Confusion, in short, will be the game of the self-styled Conservatives.

It is, however, to be hoped, that the Ministry, and the Whigs generally, will ponder somewhat more carefully on their position ; will be induced to shape their conduct more in accordance with the views of the POPULAR OR INDEPENDENT MEMBERS ; that is, of the People, than with those of this self-interested, riot-creating tribe.

But it may be asked, what are the views of the popular Members ? what are the motives to induce the Ministry to take these men for their guides ? We will now attempt to give an answer to these questions.

The popular Members will only so be called when they distinctly represent the feelings of the people at large. They will not acquire such designation by the advocacy of opinions which any small number of persons may deem correct and important. The so doing may be, and undoubtedly is, in many cases, a highly meritorious proceeding ; for on many vitally important particulars, truth is the property of a very minute section of the whole population ; yet it will not confer on the advocate the character of one speaking with the voice of the People. It is this character, however, which will give most weight to the opinions of the representatives. It is this character which will imperiously demand

for them attention from the Ministers of the Crown. In order, then, to learn the views of the popular Members, we must previously determine the views of the people at large ; must discover what are the expectations of the nation as to the conduct to be pursued by those who possess the government of the country.

No one, of even common sagacity, can have avoided learning, that at the present time there is predominating in the minds of the great majority of the People, a thorough conviction of the necessity of introducing as a general, all-pervading principle in matters of government the following, viz. " That no government of the People can be good, can be efficient, but self-government." Every day strengthens this conviction and extends its influence. The number of persons who acknowledge it, the subjects to which it is applied, become hourly greater. It must also be apparent, to even a very superficial observer, that this principle is in direct hostility to the feelings and wishes of the Aristocracy of this country,—of those who hitherto have ruled her destinies. The People know this hostility, and are determined to crush it the moment it appears in an active and tangible form. With their desire, therefore, of extending responsibility to the People through all departments of government, there are allied a strong feeling of resentment, a species of passionate resolution to punish opposition, and a proneness to angry suspicion of all who attempt to cross or thwart their purposes. This state of suspicion and resentment renders the position of the truly enlightened friends of the People extremely critical ; we might say, dangerous. To the enemies of the People, to those who are opposed to an extension of popular rule, it ought to have a very serious, a very threatening aspect.

There are two, perhaps more correctly speaking, three great practical results which spring from this feeling of the People. The one is, their passionate attachment to, and vehement demand of the ballot ; the second, the repeal of the septennial act ; and the third, a greater extension of the suffrage than at present exists.

Another characteristic of the present state of the popular mind, is of a nature still more encouraging, more completely unalloyed with evil ; and that is the passionate demand for instruction which pervades the whole of the poorer sections of society. They appear to have thoroughly conceived the important truth, that to ensure wise and beneficent conduct on the part of the governors of a people, there must be high intelligence among the People themselves : that good laws are not of themselves sufficient protection. There must be as well integrity in those who administer them ; and this integrity cannot be ensured, unless the public be instructed. Moreover, the People are beginning to understand, that a great part of their well-being is under their own immediate control, not under that of the Government ; that however wise and good the Government may be, it cannot make the People permanently happy, unless the foresight and prudence of the People co-operate. Added to this, there is now arising a very general desire for intellectual pleasures, in preference to mere sensual indulgences. The People, in fact, are becoming more refined.

Answering to these feelings of the People will, we presume, be the demands of the popular representatives. They will put these things, viz. Ballot, Repeal of the Septennial Act, Increase of the number of voters, and the Removal of all obstructions to Knowledge, in the very front of their proceedings. They will consider that their chief great mission is

the attainment of these ; that all other views must be made subservient to these, and that they must be sacrificed for no purpose whatever.

Should this be their view of their own position, an immediate practical difficulty arises, which they ought to anticipate and determine on. Are they prepared to pursue these great ends, in so unflinching a manner, as even to endanger the existence of the present ministry, should they, the Ministry, be found hostile to them. During the last Parliament, and while the Reform Bill was going through the Houses, it became necessary for the independent members, those linked to no party, those who pursued according to the best of their ability the welfare of the nation, to decide this very question. When the Tory faction divided the House on the Russian Dutch loan, it was evident that the Ministers would have been left in a minority, had the independent members followed the best of their opinions on that individual question. Had they done so,—and we may cite Mr. Hume's declaration on the matter as good authority,—they would have voted against the Ministers. Should they be in a minority, the Ministers declared they would resign. The independent members determined that such resignation would, at that time, have been a greater evil than the loss of two millions of money. They therefore, in order to keep the Ministers in their places, voted against their own opinions and in favour of the Ministers. Is the present situation of the Ministers at all similar to this? Are they so important to the nation as to make a sacrifice of principle in order to retain them in power, justifiable. There are persons who would answer in the affirmative. We, however, and we believe almost all who can be considered as really independent men, and not belonging to any party in the House of Commons, would vehemently protest against any such assertion. We believe the public mind now to be so thoroughly made up, that no reaction can take place ; also, that we possess an instrument, which, though far from perfect, is still a very formidable legal protection,—we mean the Reformed Parliament ; so that now no possibility of injury at the hands of the Tory faction can be supposed to exist. If the present Ministry be obliged to resign, it will be, because they have not obeyed the voice of the nation ; have not been sufficiently liberal in their views and conduct. Any Ministry which succeeds, would come with promise of more liberal proceedings ; and so that we attain what we desire, it matters little by whose hands the good is produced. No Ministry can exist for a moment which comes in on principles more approximating to *Conservative* than those of the retiring Ministry. The time for retrograding is past ; why, therefore, need we dread the going out of the Whigs? The mere change, and the bustle and stoppage of public business attendant thereon, are certainly evils, and evils not of small amount ; yet are they not to be for a moment compared with the monstrous mischiefs resulting from a compromise of great principles. All the good the Whigs will ever do, cannot compensate for this : all the evil the Tories can possibly accomplish, cannot equal it. If this view of the matter be correct,—and we know of nothing to impeach it,—the course to be pursued by the independent or popular members, is a straight-forward one ; and whatever be the difficulties attending it,—and well do we know that they are manifold, —the evils and difficulties of trimming and shaping their conduct to suit petty expediences will not beset it. These difficulties, which to men of doubtful characters, those who out of the public affairs seek private advantage, are pleasant and useful ; to ingenuous and honourable men carry with them a feeling of degradation, as tending certainly, however

imperceptibly, to lower the high standard of their morality. Freed from the painful necessity of sacrificing principle to present purposes, the independent representatives will cheerfully aid the Ministry in all good measures, and to their utmost defend them against unjust attacks on the part of interested opponents. They will desire no change, but, on the contrary, will endeavour to avoid it, as bringing necessarily many hindrances to the public business; but they will not consent, on any pretext, to forego their purposes, or relax their efforts for the attainment of the great reforms which are the legitimate fruits of the Reform Bill. The first of these are the ballot, the repeal of the septennial act, the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, and an immediate and sweeping curtailment of the public expenditure. These topics must be insisted on at every opportunity; opposition must be reasoned, and if that does not succeed, frightened down; Ministry and Tories must be looked upon with equal eyes, if found in the opposing ranks, and quarter refused to both with inflexible severity. One word of advice, before we finish, to the independent or popular members, as to the mode in which this good fight is to be fought.

The object which they set before themselves being the attainment of public benefits, they need not care through whose aid and participation their efforts become successful. Their first great end should be so to frame their plans, as to win for them a large number of supporters. In order to attain this, they should religiously abstain from forming themselves into a party, constituting or *clique* or sect. A *clique* or party, or sect, is always supposed to have some notions, or forms, or opinions, to which all of that party is *clique*, or sect, give in their adherence. Thus, if the party advocate certain measures, and by this means connect them with their own name, others will not assist in advocating those measures, lest they be considered of the *clique*, and answerable for their opinions. "*Quand nous disons nous,*" said Turgot, "*on dira vous.*" The fear implied in this statement is a legitimate fear, and would often tend to check the efforts of many good men, and to destroy the efficiency of the liberal section of the House.

There is another consideration still more important as to forming a *party* of these men. The people naturally view with great jealousy the persons who act as party men. Hitherto, alliance into parties has been organizing plunderers. A narrow morality has been set up to supersede general or universal morality; the interests of party have been made paramount to the interests of the nation; and the persons thus shamefully pursuing private objects, have, by being banded together, and being numerous, kept one another in countenance, and learned to laugh at public disapprobation. The parties that have, of late years, divided the public men of England, have acted in this spirit; have misled, cajoled, and mystified for years, the confiding and ignorant people. But we have grown wise by experience; we dislike party spirit, party morality, party devices, and party men. The increasing intelligence and improving morality of the age require honest modes to honest ends. Strong in our numbers, strong in our cause, we can well afford to lay aside all deceit, all artifice, and march straight forward to our end; openly declaring our intentions, openly soliciting support for them. The advocates of popular rights need not league together in dark corners, and fight with secret watchwords, or depend on stratagems, and apt parliamentary manoeuvring. Let them declare, with loud voices, the great truths they support, and defenders and brothers will crowd around and about them, coming

from every side, bearing various names, characters, conditions ; forming a numerous yet serried phalanx, against which all opposition will be vain. If they, however, should separate themselves off into little knots, should get up tests and watchwords, requiring adherence to this and opposition to that, they will become minute and impotent bodies, impracticable and useless. Really honest, and original thinkers can never knit themselves into any conjoint form or confederation. They are necessarily for this purpose a rope of sand. No two men can agree on all important points, who really examine and thoroughly discuss them. The only parties who agree are they who never inquire, but believe on authority ; or who mutually determine to sink differences, and swear by the same terms or watchwords. The first mode is that of folly and ignorance, the second of knavery. The wise and honest course, for those, who have the same good ends in view, is to pursue them independently ; giving willing and hearty assistance to all who pursue the same objects, without consideration of their general opinions or feelings. By so doing, a man is not connected in reputation with those to whom he thus lends aid—he is not answerable for their creed or their character. He and they are not the sworn brothers of a party, but diligent independent servants of the one great master, the People. The following may be given in illustration : It is pretty certain, that the persons immediately to be mentioned will, on many important questions, vote together. Mr. Grote, Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Hume, Mr. Attwood, Mr. Cobbett, Mr. Buckingham, Mr. Warburton (we need mention no more for the present illustration) will all be in favour of the Ballot. A more heterogeneous collection could hardly be named, differing in principles of morals and politics ; differing in temper, character, and even in ultimate objects ; and yet there is little doubt, if no unwise attempt be made to join them into a party, they will, on most occasions, vote together, and for the national interest. Let any one endeavour to connect them together, and they would instantly fly off, east, west, north, and south ; would probably be led to oppose and utterly nullify the efforts of one another. The public also, knowing the very opposite characters of the men, would wonder at, and be jealous of so unnatural a proceeding as any close alliance among them. They would very wisely suspect that no good was intended, and certainly believe that none could follow from it.

There is one other topic connected with the future conduct of the House, which we would touch on here ; and that is, the manner or mode of discussion or debate that will now be pursued in it. It is not now intended to enter into any elaborate description of the debating which has hitherto been practised in the Honourable House, or to adduce any evidence of our opinions respecting it, but merely in general terms to state what we believe it to have been,—such very general description being sufficient for our present purpose. The debating of the past times then, was peculiarly marked by one characteristic, and that was, a thorough absence of truth on almost all occasions. A conventional and misleading phraseology was the means by which truth was avoided ; but the cause, the immediate promoter of falsehood, was the relative situation of the opposing parties in the House. The truth that might have been told, and would have proved highly unpalatable to the Tories, would have been equally disagreeable to the opposing Whigs ; wherefore by a tacit universal consent, every one avoided the enunciation of it, and rules of good breeding were instituted which made any attempt at a naked plain statement of it a breach of what was deemed politeness. None more readily

than we, would allow that, for the preservation of peace, for the furtherance of kindly feelings and good will in society, great courtesy and suavity are needed. Life, without the amenities of life, would be a wretched and barbarous sojourn: But this courtesy, and these amenities are for the most part, or ought to be, the sacrifice of present individual desires to the wishes and comforts of those around us. To sacrifice the general weal to private purposes, is to reverse, not to further the true amenities of life; to frustrate the very end for which they were introduced. Such has been the only result of the mock and bastard courtesy of our past Houses of Commons. Without adverting to the reason which established and defines true courtesy, the members of those immaculate assemblies took the rules of private life into public dealing; and, because, in his own house, and to satisfy any merely personal pleasure, a man would not thrust forward an unpleasant truth, it was believed that he ought to pursue the same course in public affairs. At least this is the only justification for the proceeding, which is hazardous, when by reason it is attempted to be justified. Nothing, however, can be more at war with common sense. It is the first great duty of a representative of the people to be thoroughly outspoken—to shrink not from the exposition of any matter, however painful such exposition may be to the parties concerned, if the public interests require it. Such statements should at all times be made with a grave and courteous bearing: no flippancy, no intentional hostility or insult should attend them; but they should be complete, unsparing, and correct. In the past House instances were manifold wherein an offender has been charged with crimes of the blackest die, and at the same moment disclaimers of any intention to attack his character have been profusely volunteered. Such disclaimers militate against the truth of the statement. The right impression is not created—the history necessarily is not correctly conceived. This is merely an illustration of one species of the general mendacity of which we complain; and more cannot now be adduced, our limits precluding any particular exposure. It is to be hoped that such *convenances* (to use an apt French phrase) will not be introduced or continued in the reformed House. We sincerely pray, that the representatives of the people will deem it their duty, in all calmness of spirit, with all true and dignified courtesy, to utter every truth which they believe it fitting the people should hear; no matter how painful it may be to the guilty hearers thereof—no matter what may be the reluctance which they themselves may feel to be the instrument by which pain is created. This is one of the many painful and difficult obligations which their situation imposes upon them; one which, in its importance, can hardly be surpassed; and which properly to fulfil will require great courage, great judgment, and much good feeling. It is not unsparing, reckless insolence of demeanour that we are advocating, but a calm, unflinching, judicious utterance of necessary though painful truth. Let no one, therefore, mistake or misinterpret our suggestion.

The future, then, with all the difficulties which beset it, still holds out much for rational hope, dashed, indeed, by anxiety,—but not clouded by fear. The great spirit of human improvement is up and stirring, and we have no dread that its mighty mission will not be accomplished. But this mission entails much labour, and watchfulness, and patience, on all who attempt to participate in its accomplishment. The great cause must eventually triumph; but success may be retarded or hastened by the errors or the wisdom of those who lead the public mind. If by them



the right ends be steadily kept in view ; if the right means be carefully pursued, our success is not only certain but will be rapid. A few short years, and we shall see golden fruits rewarding all our labours ; we shall see an intelligent and happy people governed by a wise and beneficent, because a thoroughly popular government. But there must be no pandering to public ignorance ; no preaching up of wild and quack remedies for evils which the people in their individual capacity alone can cure. We must have no breach of public morality, no spunging out of our existing encumbrances. Like an honest man in difficulties, we must put down every superfluous expense ; the most rigid frugality must be made to pervade every part of our establishments. Let education be spread among every class of the population ; let the energies and talent of mankind be exclusively turned to the amelioration of our lot ; and we shall have no more wars to sully the pages of our history ; no more debts to bear down the spirits of our people ; no squalid and dreadful poverty to be a curse and disgrace upon our nature. The road to this glorious country is intricate and dangerous. Steadfast hearts, intelligent heads, and honest purposes, will, nevertheless, conduct the travellers through their long journey in safety.

J. A. R.

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#### TAIT'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

**SIR JOHN DALRYMPLE AND THE BALLOT.**—The Hon. James Abercromby told us that if the ballot was shewn to be necessary to ensure the free exercise of the franchise, he should give it his support ; he was understool to peril his case upon the late election proceedings. But Sir John Dalrymple is not so easily satisfied. At the Leith dinner, he is reported to have said :—" He had a majority of the new constituency, and would have had a greater but for the undue influence that was used against him. He declared, that if such influence was continued he would be inclined to favour the vote by ballot." Sir John's cool picktooth indifference can only be equalled by Liston in Billy Lack-a-day. When every bell in the inn is jingling, and the guests screaming "waiter!" as if for a wager, "Do you intend to answer?" asks his mistress. "Yes ; if they persevere!"

**MR. PEASE.**—The election of a gentleman named Pease (a Quaker) to serve in the reform Parliament has elicited much forensic lore, touching the knotty points of oaths and affirmations. It seems quite clear, according to the lawyers, that it will be difficult to contort or pervert, with any effect, the divers proscriptive follies (called acts) of former Parliaments, so as to secure to this spirit-moved member a *peaseable* possession of the seat to which a friendly constituency has elected him. Much learned rubbish will be shot on the occasion, no doubt ; but it is to be hoped that the event will have the effect of once, and for all, agitating and settling "affirmatively" the question, whether a fit and honest man, whatever be the tenets of his faith, be qualified to act as a citizen in all the relations of social life. Exclusion on the ground of religious opinions from the rights of citizenship might have been all vastly fine during the halcyon days of priestcraft ; but that craft, as a craft, is luckily, (for "nothing happens without the permission of Heaven,") at shocking discount nowadays. Our "friend" is, we verily believe, a staunch Reformer ; and Ministers, no question, are too wary to forget their Pease and Qu. They will do well to amend or rescind all such stupid prohibitory laws as now disgrace the Statute Book, in more particulars than one.

**BOYING LIKE A BRITON.**—"I know that I have done the deed," exclaimed a ruthless ruffian, the other day, who had slain his wife, "and I am satisfied to die *like a Briton!*" The almost daily occurrence of some foul murder is a fearful and disgracing blot, indeed, upon the national morals ; and it is not improbable that the frequency of its commission may have removed from the minds of the peo-

ple much of its atrocity. We are all familiar with the story of the negro slaves, who ludicrously, and in the wretchedness of their ignorance, hanged themselves as the only effectual method of escaping back to their lost homes. It would almost seem that many among the lower orders of the English, much in the same spirit, imagine that they have only to perpetrate some appalling murder to achieve salvation and eternal happiness hereafter. We seriously put the question, Whether the scenic effect of judicial condemnations, and the bastard humanity ostentatiously displayed in the records penned by some silly self-conceited reporters,\* have not contributed much to remove the indignation and horror with which the people should be *educated* to view such a detestable crime—a crime above all others damnable by the laws of God and man? “The unhappy prisoner” is solemnly exhorted, after sentence is pronounced, to return to his cell, and “make his peace with Heaven, through the mediation of Christ;” and the judge often pathetically weeps as he dooms the culprit to deserved death. The “misguided man” leaves the dock in dogged sullenness, and his impenitence is only gradually removed through the importunate and benevolent admonitions of “the worthy and reverend ordinary, who is unremitting in his holy exertions to administer the usual consolations of religion.” The murderer being thus *first* moved, all of a sudden starts into a true Christian, sobs in all the repentance of faith, utters pious ejaculations, acknowledges the justice of his sentence, asserts his perfect reconciliation with an offended God, and prepares “to die in peace with all men.” An “affecting and heart-rending interview” takes place between himself and the wife and children, whom he has brutally maltreated every day for months or years before: they “kiss and make it up;” he shakes hands with the governor and the sheriffs, to whom he expresses all sorts of gratitude for past attentions; they blow their noses distressedly at “his untimely end;” he “ascends the scaffold with a firm step,” and after the fraction of a prayer breathed by the “kerchief-dropping clergyman, in which “the unfortunate man,” in holy fervour, takes part, he is duly “launched into eternity,” and the “sad ceremony” is completed! And this solemn melo-drama is represented to be played on almost every occasion of legally consigning to death those monsters who, by the enormity of their wickedness, have forfeited all claim to life.

Far, very far, are we from ridiculing the feelings of any officers under the painful excitement which their duties too often cause, or from treating with ribaldry any proper ceremony or external solemnity attendant upon so awful a scene,—where man, by the imposition of a violent death, resigns as it were, into the very hands of the Almighty, a fellow, clothed in his sinfulness, for the infliction of that punishment which we are taught to believe awaits those who are too evil to live here on this earth. But we cannot restrain our disgust at the unseemly exhibition of a morbid sympathy thus paradingly acknowledged, and the attempt to create pity for the perpetrator of deeds which ought rather to excite feelings of virtuous abhorrence; nor can we disguise our belief, that this truckling to the depraved appetite of the public, by furnishing up a sorrowful statement wantonly interlarded with commiserating expletives, (*supplied at a price*,) acts as a positive premium to the ignorant or the criminally disposed for the commission of the deadliest sins, as the readiest way of gratifying their worst passions in this world, and of securing unqualified pardon and everlasting happiness in another.

MODEST ASSURANCE.—At a late meeting of the Town Council of Edinburgh, the Lord Provost stated, “that he believed they were all quite aware that a bill would be brought into Parliament in the ensuing session for effecting a reform of the Scotch burgh system. It was, therefore, of importance that they should turn their serious attention to the subject, and after making up their own minds as to the changes which should be introduced, take steps for communicating with the members for the city; *who, he felt perfectly assured, were quite disposed to pay the utmost deference to the suggestions which might be made by the Town Council*; the members of which, from their practical acquaintance with the subject, were so much more competent than most others to form a correct judgment on the matter.” “What is the Town Council? Our Police has been confided to the management of others. The City Improvements have been confided to others. An independent Sheriff Debt Court has been found necessary. In short, the only business now left to the Council is the contracting and the mis-management of the city debt. What “practical acquaintance with the subject” of local government have they? The same that felons have with the distribution of justice. We shall next hear of the tenants of Bidewell “commu-

\* Have not certain functionaries within the walls of Newgate a hand in the concoction of these precious accounts?

nicating with the Members for the City, who, they feel perfectly assured, are quite disposed to pay the utmost deference to their suggestions" respecting reform in our penal statutes.

**THE SEMI-SCION OF ROYALTY AGAIN.**—How felicitously all things seem to work for the cause of the people. The Aristocracy inveigh bitterly against the Minister for having forced a measure which especially tends to lower their blood-desecrated rights in general estimation, and to bring into contempt a race only not quite divine; yet are the members of that same sacred "order" ever doing some kind act to abet the people in breaking up the line of demarcation between the two castes. The papers of the day have been teeming with the domestic jars of certain illustrious personages; the jealousies and heart-burnings, and murmurings, and ambitions of certain other semi-illustrious personages and parties—now sulking, now demanding, now refusing, and now coquetting—in their struggles to secure the fattest plumb in John Bull's pudding; with the patriotic view (there can be no other) of exhibiting, in its worst aspect, the inappassable, insatiable, cravings of mercenary spirits, in order that the measure of John's disgust may be brimming quite.

Such exhibitions must be nuts for brother Jonathan.

**GENERAL BANKRUPTCY OF LITERATURE.**—It has long been rumoured that the Republic of Letters was encumbered with a little private national debt, in the shape of some hundreds of thousands of unsaleable books, that must ultimately lead to the gazette. The fatal moment is fully come!—A general frost has nipped the buds of promise; and nothing is heard on all sides but the cry of "Remember the poor frozen-out gardeners!" Deceived into the imaginary tenure of the cap of Fortunatus, by the temporary rise of the markets,—which (like the tulip-speculations of Holland) invested the productions of a popular writer with an ideal value, our writers of the day have ventured beyond their depth, and are, now overwhelmed by the waters of strife. At a time when a sum of fifteen hundred guineas was given by the Lorenzo de Medici of Burlington Street, for more than one novel of moderate merit, it is not surprising that writers so powerful as the author of "The O'Hara Tales" should have outreckoned their expected gains. And when we inform our readers, that in a state of declining health, Mr. Banim is now imprisoned for debt, in a foreign country; we have no fear that an appeal to the friends of literature, in his behalf, will be made in vain. From the booksellers, meanwhile, little encouragement is to be expected. Very few books of fiction, now published, yield the return of their expenses; and "Eugene Aram," the most favourite novel of last season, has not yet reached a second edition!—"The Row" closes its purse-strings and its heart, against all but elementary or theological works;—Murray undertakes nothing beyond his re-prints,—and Bentley, although he puts forward a novel per week, is only making a paper tail to keep his kite afloat, of the reams of MS. bequeathed him by his predecessor. Of the new annuals attempted this season, not one, we understand, will be continued; and in consequence of the general failure of these meritorious volumes, the one announced from the pen of Mr. Bulwer is postponed till the spring, when it will appear as an illustrated work, of the fashion of Rogers's "Italy." The booksellers blindly attribute this general stagnation of their trade to the Penny Magazines; which were, in fact, treated by its influence; a number of "hands," (ay, and "fine Roman hands") being "thrown out of work,"—that could not dig, and to beg were ashamed. For the last two years the writers of Great Britain have been more numerous than its readers; and the quantity of japan ink consumed in the metropolis, has exceeded even its japan blacking! The scribbomania is now at an end. The fashionable novelist has written himself down, (an ass;) and the lachrymose sentimentalists, of the banner of red, lately, have returned to their original vocations, of "figuring prettily on catgut, and telling fortunes on the cards!" Things are consequently likely to come straight again:—but a writer such as Banim must not be the victim of the fluctuation of the balance. Let him only advertise a novel by subscription, and trust to the public for the result. The author of "The Nowlans" has sacred claims on the attention of the literary world.

# MONTHLY REGISTER.

## POLITICAL HISTORY.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

**THE ELECTIONS.**—The Triumph of Reform is complete. The victory of the people is greater than the most sanguine friends of liberty and order ever ventured to anticipate. The example so gloriously set by the City of London, and the new Metropolitan electoral districts, has been nobly followed by the whole island. The Tories are utterly defeated, and driven from the strongholds which they have held for half a century. Croker, Wetherell, Sugden, Murray, Clerk, Hope, and many others of the most talented and active of the party, have been excluded from Parliament; and good men, and true, supply their place. In the great fight, Scotland has done her duty. The elections have proved that the charges of political subserviency and sycophancy, so often brought against her, were unfounded, when applied to the body of her people; and that the independence and liberality of their opinions were concealed by the preposterous system of representation, which has at length been destroyed. The influence of the Aristocracy to return the old Tory Members, has, in nearly all the Southern districts of the kingdom, been used in vain. The Duke of Buccleuch, the most extensive land proprietor in Scotland, has not been able to return a single member. His Grace has been defeated in the counties of Edinburgh, Dumfries, Selkirk, and Roxburgh, in which he has extensive possessions, and on the elections of which districts he used formerly to exercise the greatest influence. In the county of Edinburgh, the Tories have been paramount for the greater part of a century; and so firmly were they seated that, for many years, no attempt as been made to contest the election; but Sir George Clerk was defeated by a candidate who, in truth, had nothing but his profession of liberal principles to recommend him. Sir George Murray has been ejected from Perthshire, a county long distinguished for its Toryism, by a Whig

candidate; and the Earl of Lauderdale, formerly a Republican, then a Whig, and now a Tory, has been defeated in Berwickshire, and in the Haddington, Lauder, &c. district of burghs; although his Lordship formerly returned both Members almost without exertion, and without the apprehension of opposition. The defeat of Lord Maitland, his Lordship's son, in Berwickshire, is the more remarkable because Mr. Majoribanks, the successful candidate, was opposed by four-fifths of the land proprietors, and the tenantry are very generally inclined to Tory principles: but the constituency of the towns and villages, when joined to the liberal part of the landholders and tenantry, over-matched the supporters of Toryism.

In the North Eastern Counties of Scotland, Aberdeen-shire, Banffshire, Kincardineshire, and Elginshire, the liberal candidates have been defeated. This has arisen from the remains of feudalism, which still, in some degree, exist in these districts, and from the ignorance of the tenantry of their political rights. The tenantry in the counties we have named, are of a very inferior description to those in the south-eastern counties, which have long taken the lead in agriculture. While the tenantry of East Lothian, Berwickshire, and Roxburghshire, are in general men of capital and intelligence, occupying extensive farms, and paying on the average from L.300 to L.500 per year of rent, and many have much larger possessions, those in the north-eastern counties do not, in general, pay so much as L.100 a-year of rent, and consequently are little removed from the rank of agricultural labourers. The greater part of such men are ignorant of the value of the elective franchise, and of the objects intended by the Legislature in conferring on them the rights of freemen. They were, therefore well content to please their lairds, by bestowing on their favourite a vote, which appeared to them of so little value. Inverness-shire, has, however, vindicated its character for inde-

pendence. In spite of all the influence of the Duke of Gordon, Lord M'Donald, Glengary, the Earl of Seafield, and the whole clan of the Macleods, whose chief was the Tory candidate, Mr Charles Grant was returned, though not without an arduous struggle. The Northern and Western Highlands have also nobly done their duty. All over Scotland many votes have been lost to the liberal candidates by the dread on the part of the tenantry of a removal of the restrictions on the importation of corn; for few of them yet see, that in this question, their interests are identical not with those of the land owners, but with those of the general body of the community. Farther, intimidation and influence have been so extensively used, that by the tenantry generally, the elective franchise has been found a curse, without the protection of the ballot.

In Ireland the elections have not been so favourable for the triumph of liberal principles as in England and Scotland; but still the Reformers are to the Conservatives in the proportion of three to one. The New House of Commons, as far as can be at present judged, will thus be constituted :—

English members—Reformers,	401
Conservatives,	112
<b>Irish members—Reformers,</b>	<b>80</b>
Conservatives,	25
<b>Scottish members—Reformers,</b>	<b>44</b>
Conservatives,	9

So that the Reformers will be to the Conservatives nearly as five to one. We cannot conclude without pointing out the glorious aspect Scotland now presents. Formerly she, with difficulty, returned five or six liberal members to Parliament; now she sends forty-four, a proportion considerably greater than either England or Ireland presents. Sir W. Rae, Sir Charles Forbes, and other Scotch Tories, were loud in prognosticating the serious consequences of popular elections in Scotland, and foretold that the country would be deluged with blood. But during the whole course of the elections there has not been a riot of the smallest consequence; and in the most populous towns the elections passed over with perfect good humour, and without the slightest disturbance. On the whole, therefore, the result of the general election gives us an additional reason to be proud of our countrymen.

The Tories have been equally mistaken in their prophecies regarding the sort of persons who would be returned to the new Parliament. Instead of the people returning political adventurers and demagogues, they have, even in the burghs, in many instances, elected landed proprietors as their representatives; and no fewer

than eighty sons of Peers are members of the new Parliament, while the demagogue Hunt has been excluded.

**SCOTCH PEERS.**—The election of the Sixteen Representative Peers of Scotland took place at Holyrood House on the 14th of January, when the following Peers were elected :—

Marquis of Tweeddale.	Viscount Arbutnot.
Earl of Morton.	Strathallan.
—Horne.	Lord Forbes.
—Elgin.	—Gray.
—Airl.	—Saltoun.
—Leven.	—Sinclair.
—Selkirk.	—Elphinstone.
—Orkney.	—Colville.

Viscount Falkland and Lord Belhaven having been created British Peer; and the Marquis of Queensberry and Lord Napier, who were also in last Parliament, not being returned to this; there are four new Representative Peers by the present election, viz. the Earls of Airl and Orkney, and Lords Sinclair and Elphinstone.

**THE REVENUE.**—The state of the revenue is one of the few indications we possess of the prosperity or adversity of the country; and hence the quarterly returns are always regarded with interest. Comparing the produce of the revenue for the year ending 5th January last, with the preceding year, (1831,) it has increased L.546,169; but comparing the quarters ending 5th January only, there is a decrease of L.29,473. The principal decrease is under the head of Excise, being no less than L.299,086; for which the deduction of L.160,000, being the amount of the duties on candles, (now repealed) received in the corresponding quarter of last year, will not account. The increase on the customs, L.358,583, is very remarkable, more especially, as little has been received during the quarter for corn; and shews that commerce is beginning to revive. The deficiency in the stamp-duties is undoubtedly the effect of over taxation. For many years this branch of the revenue has been declining. In the year 1817, the net revenue was L.7,101,707; and although no changes of any importance have been made since, the revenue for last year was more than half a million less. The principal falling off has been in the stamps used for bonds, mortgages, and conveyances. A great addition to the revenue would, we have no doubt, take place, were this branch of the stamp duties considerably lowered. The deficiency in the Excise shows that the people are still becoming poorer; for it is the middle and lower orders who pay the far greater proportion of those duties. There can be little doubt that over taxation also exists to a great degree in the Excise; and, indeed, it is remarkable that the Ministry do not make some experiments

of the effect of lowering the duties after the many decisive proofs which already exist of the utility of such a measure. In 1745 the tea-duties were reduced from 4s. per lb. to 1s., and 25 per cent *ad valorem*, and the result was a great increase in the revenue. In 1745 the duty was L.145,630: in 1746 it rose to L.243,308, and in 1748 to L.303,545. In 1787 Mr. Pitt reduced the duty on wine and spirits fifty per cent, and the revenue was, notwithstanding, considerably augmented. The history of the duties on Coffee is also of great value. In 1805 they were raised a third. Their produce fell off an eighth. In 1808 the duty was reduced from 2s. to 7d. a lb., to the great benefit of the revenue. The average annual produce of the high duties previous to 1808, when they were lowered, was L.166,000; the average annual produce of the reduced duties L.195,000. We say nothing of the comfort ensured to the people by the reduction; but it will be found that the consumption of coffee increased fourfold. The glass duties also shew the bad effects of high taxation. But to return to the quarter's revenue, the subjoined table, though short, will render the subject very intelligible.

INCOME FOR THE YEAR, ENDING 5TH JANUARY, 1833.			
	Receipts.	Increase	Decrease
Customs.....	£15,359,882	223,107	
Excise.....	14,357,221	3,6346	
Stamps.....	6,315,314		32,131
Taxes.....	4,213,885	79,343	
Post-Office.....	1,223,070		68,006
Miscellaneous.....	59,853		21,745
Payment of Advances for Public Works}	320,154	38,995	
	£43,379,339	608,651	121,888
Deduct Decrease		121,882	
Total Increase on the Year		546,169	

REVENUE FOR THE QUARTER ENDING 5TH JANUARY, 1833. COMPARED WITH THE CORRESPONDING QUARTER OF 1832.			
	Receipts.	Increase.	Decrease.
Customs.....	£3,987,306	359,583	
Excise.....	3,916,198		290,086
Stamps.....	1,575,955		42,815
Taxes.....	1,002,871		78,439
Post-Office.....	338,009	10,000	
Miscellaneous.....	34,729	13,522	
Repayment of Advances for Public Works}	83,771	8,702	
	£11,789,072	390,817	420,340
Deduct Increase			300,867
Decrease on the Quarter			29,473

**THE FUNDS.**—A very extraordinary rise in the funds took place in the first week of January. In the middle of December, the 3 per cents did not reach 84;

but on Saturday the 5th of January, they rose as high as 88½, 89. In the course of a day or two they, however, sunk to 87½. This rise is to be attributed to the result of the elections, which have turned out so favourably for Ministers, that they will be stronger in all probability than any Ministry we have ever had. The effect of the taking of the Citadel of Antwerp, and of the retiring of the French troops into their own territory, whereby the chances of the long anticipated European war are much lessened, must also have been considerable. Within the last 18 months, upwards of five millions of 3 per cent reduced, 3 per cent consols, and other securities, have been extinguished by investments in annuities, which operation has tended to make stock scarce, while the favourable aspect of affairs at home and abroad has induced capitalists to invest their money in the stocks; and thus the price has been raised by the additional demand. It is deserving of remark, that the great rise took place when it was generally believed that the deficiency on the quarter's revenue would be from L.300,000 to L.500,000. The foreign stocks also experienced a rise at the same time with our own.

On the 8th of January, the purchases at the Stock Exchange, on account of the Sinking Fund, recommenced. The sum purchased was very trifling, being L.250 sterling; but as the commencement of a good system, it will likely have a considerable influence on the future price of stocks, for it is not a mere juggle like the Tory Sinking Fund. The surplus revenue of Great Britain and Ireland over the expenditure, for the year ending 10th October 1832, has been certified to be L.467,391, 9s. 7d., one-fourth of which will be applied, within the present quarter, to the reduction of the national debt.

**IRELAND.**—The state of Ireland will command the early attention of Parliament. The Repeal of the Union is now loudly demanded by the great majority of her population, in the vain expectation that it will secure prosperity to the country, and relieve it from the taxation by which it is now oppressed. The strength of the feeling in favour of Repeal was never generally known in Britain till the General Election; but the result of it is unequivocal. Seventy-two of the Members are Protestants, and thirty-three Catholics; fifty-three are new Members, and fifty-two re-elected; forty-two are considered Repealers, thirty-four Whigs, twenty-five Conservatives, and four are designated as doubtful. No expectation can be entertained that the Repeal of the Union will ever be carried in the British Legislature, and therefore Mr. O'Connell

seems desirous of effecting the measure by force. He has formed the project of reviving the Volunteers of 1782, but without arms; for the law does not permit the people to form themselves into military bodies without the sanction of Government. Volunteers without arms are a most anomalous description of force; but when properly organized, and in due time, we doubt not, that arms will not be wanting. Whatever may be the project at present, we have no doubt that a Repeal of the Union would shortly lead to the separation of Britain and Ireland, to the increase of misery in Ireland, and to the degradation of both countries. degradation and ruin of both countries. As far as we understand, the proposed scheme, the Irish Legislature is to be entirely independent of the British. What is wanted is not a mere local Legislature, to attend to the wants and interests of Ireland, while the affairs which affect the whole nation are to be transacted by the British Parliament, like the General and particular Legislatures of the United States; but a Parliament free and independent, and having no other link to connect it with Britain than the Crown. A single year would not elapse before the most serious dissensions would arise between the British and Irish Parliaments. The question of the proportion of the national debt, would of itself be enough to produce this result. When the British and Irish Exchequers were consolidated, in 1816, the proportion of the debt due by Ireland, was 145 millions; but according to Mr. O'Connell's statement, Ireland is not, at present, in any view liable for more than fifty-seven millions; and he attempts to show that the greater part of that sum has been already paid. Here, therefore, is a grand subject for dispute, for quarrelling, and ultimately for warfare.

Before so loudly agitating the Repeal of the Union, the Irish should consider whether they could provide for the expenses of their Government; for their revenue has hitherto seldom exceeded one-half of the expenditure. In 1800, the year before the Union, the net revenue was £2,895,536, the expenditure £7,201,231. In 1816, the net revenue was £5,111,088, the separate expenditure, £10,871,241, besides four millions more of joint expenditure with Great Britain. But such facts appear to be overlooked by the Repealers. Instead of reducing taxation, the Repeal of the Union must lead to its increase; and Ireland will no longer be able to bestow the large sums she has hitherto done on her charities and hospitals. Were a separation of the countries to take place, which we believe to be the real object of many of the Repealers, we ask the Irish where

they will find a market for their five or six millions worth of agricultural produce which they annually send to Britain, and what will be the effect on Ireland of the loss of so extensive a market? Britain could obtain agricultural produce cheaper from the Continent than from Ireland; and it is the Union alone which opens to her the British market, while foreigners are excluded.

We deplore much the distracted state of Ireland, and the policy towards her which has been so long followed, and is still persevered in. But when so important a change has been made in the constitution of parliament, and when the people of Britain sympathize so cordially with the Irish, it should surely be seen whether her wrongs may not be redressed in a constitutional manner, before extreme measures are resorted to. If tithes be not speedily abolished in Ireland, with every degrading regulation to which the Irish nation is at present subjected, it will be impossible to answer the Repealers.

Nothing is so remarkable as the increasing power of Mr. O'Connell in Ireland. Upwards of twenty *Irish* members owe their seats in the New Parliament to his influence; eight or nine of whom are either members of his own family, or closely connected with it. Nor is Ireland ungrateful for his exertions. He has already received in subscriptions about £50,000; and in the year ending 11th March 1832, the sum subscribed to him amounted to £12,242, 4s. 5d.

The reduction of the overgrown Irish Church Establishment will soon occupy the attention of parliament. It is said, the Ministerial plan of Church Reform contemplates the abolition of two Irish Archbishoprics, and the reduction of the revenues of the remaining two to £6000 a-year each; and that it is intended to abolish eight Irish Bishoprics, and to limit the revenues of the remaining bishops to £4000 a-year each. In consequence of the resistance to the payment of tithes, the distress of the Irish clergy is extreme. Subscriptions have been raised in England for their support, to which the English clergy and his Majesty's Ministers have contributed liberally.

#### CONTINENT.

FRANCE.—On the 5th of January an important debate took place in the Chamber of Deputies, relative to the Duchess de Berri. It was occasioned by the presenting of the report of the Commission on the petitions which had been presented in favour of her Royal Highness. The opposition insisted that the Duchess should be brought to trial before the Chamber of

Peers; but the Ministers resisted her being brought to trial at all, on the pretence that it might occasion disturbances, and even because there might be difficulty in procuring evidence to convict her. The real ground of opposition was probably, that her conviction might place Louis Philippe in an awkward situation, whether he pardoned her Royal Highness, or allowed the sentence to be executed. The French Ministers have therefore determined on holding the Duchess de Berri in custody, and taken on themselves the whole responsibility of her future disposal. It appeared from what was said by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, that the intention of the Government is to confine the Duchess in a fortress for as long a period as the public safety may require.

**HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.**—The Citadel of Antwerp capitulated on Sunday the 23d of December, and next day the Dutch garrison marched out of the Fortress. The French commenced battering in breach on the night of the 20th; and the fire having been vigorously kept up on the 21st and 22d, the breach was practicable on the morning of the 23d. Chasse therefore sent a flag of truce to Marshal Gerard, and after a lengthened negotiation, it was agreed that Chasse and his garrison should surrender as prisoners of war, be marched to the rear of the French army, and remain there until Forts Lillo and Liefkenshoek, situated on the Scheldt, some miles below Antwerp, should be delivered up. The King of Holland having refused to deliver up these forts, Chasse and his garrison, amounting in all to about 5000 men, were marched to St Omer, Dunkirk, and other places on the French frontier, and are there detained as prisoners of war. The Citadel of Antwerp was taken possession of by the Belgians. It was found to have suffered most severely from the fire of the besiegers; the ground was completely ploughed up with the shot and shells, the houses destroyed, and even the casemates and other bomb proof places were in ruins.

A general order of Marshal Gerard states, that the number of metres of trenches was 14,000, upwards of eight miles. The loss on the part of the besiegers was 108 killed, and 695 wounded; the rounds of ammunition fired by the artillery 63,000, of which 16,000 were howitzer shells, 15,000 32 inch mortar shells, and the remaining 10,000 round shot, 24 and 16 pounders. The materiel found in the citadel and forts amount to 130 pieces, with a large supply of ammunition and projectiles of every description. Immediately after the surrender of the citadel, the French retired within their own territories; thus rigidly adhering to the terms of the convention with Great Britain, and affording an evidence of their

good faith, which cannot fail to strengthen the friendly feelings of the two countries, on which the welfare and peace of Europe so much depend. A convention was signed on the 31st December, by Lord Palmerston and Prince Talleyrand, which is now before the King of Holland. The propositions made to his Dutch Majesty are nine:—

“1. The forts of Lillo and Liefkenshoek to be surrendered to the Belgian troops, within ten days after ratification.

“2. The navigation of the Meuse to be subjected to the same regulations as those recently established for the Rhine.

“3. The navigation of the Scheldt to be entirely free, till the conclusion of a final treaty between Belgium and Holland.

“4. The transit of Belgian merchandize to Germany to be free, with the exception of moderate tolls for support of roads, &c.

“5. Impunity for all political offences in Venloo and Luxembourg.

“6. Evacuation of Venloo, and the Dutch portion of Luxembourg, by the Belgian troops.

“7. Reduction of Dutch army to peace establishment.

“8. Reduction of Belgian army to peace establishment.

“9. Restitution to legal owners of Dutch property confiscated by English and French Governments.”

The passage of the Scheldt has, by a decree of the King of Holland, been closed against English and French vessels.

**SPAIN.**—The King still continues in a very infirm state of health, and the Queen acts as regent. On the 31st December, a number of personages of high rank were summoned by the Queen to the palace, when Don Francisco Fernandez del Pino, the Minister of Justice, read a certificate and attestation that the King had in his Chamber that day, in the presence of the Ministers and other personages of distinction, signed a decree, revoking and declaring null and of no effect the decree extorted from him during his illness, derogating from the Pragmatic Sanction of the 29th of March, 1830, relative to the succession to the Throne. The effect of this measure is to abolish the Salic law, and to restore the old Visigothic Law of Spain, whereby females succeeded to the Crown. It will therefore exclude the king's brother, Don Carlos, who is at the head of the apostolical party, and open the succession to the King's daughter, who, being under the influence of the Queen, may be expected to be liberal. M. Zea Bermudez has resigned office. Although a liberal-minded man, he is disliked by the Apostolicals and the Liberals: he is too liberal for one, and not liberal enough for the other.



**PORTUGAL.**—On the 17th December the Constitutionalists made a sortie from Oporto, having crossed the Douro to Villa Nova. The party destroyed the Convent of St. Antonio, which had afforded shelter to the Miguelites, and been a point of great annoyance to the army of Don Pedro. They also succeeded in withdrawing sixty pipes of wine, and a quantity of flour and other provisions. While they were proceeding with these operations, the enemy attacked them with a force of 6000 men, and the Pedroites were forced to retreat with the loss of fifty men, in killed, wounded, and missing. The French General, Solignac, arrived on the 1st ult., and a change in the mode of conducting operations may be expected.

### WEST INDIES.

In the report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the state of the West India Colonies, there is "An account of the value of the exports and imports of each of the said colonies, estimated in sterling money, together with the number of ships, the tonnage, and total number of men employed, according to the latest return furnished by the Colonial Department (13th April last;)" from which it appears "the whole trade of them may be stated, for one year, as follows:—

EXPORTS.		IMPORTS.	
Value.....	£3,391,484	Value.....	£4,530,908
Ships.....	5,418	Ships.....	4,439
Tons.....	562,751	Tons.....	531,753
Men.....	39,879	Men.....	39,301

The estimated annual value of the productions of our West India Colonies is thus stated in the report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords in August last, viz. :—

BRITISH COLONIES.		CEDED COLONIES.	
Jamaica ..	£11,169,661	Demerara and	
Barbadoes..	1,270,863	Essequibo...£2,238,529	
Antigua ...	809,220	Berbice ....	629,461
St Christoph.	751,528	St Lucia ..	595,610
Nevis.....	375,182	Tobago ....	516,532
Montserrat.	211,160		3,380,132
Virgin Isla.	201,122	British Colon.	18,516,510
Grenada ..	935,782		
St. Vincent	812,081	Total....	£22,496,672
Dominica ..	531,858		
Trinidad ..	735,017		
Bahamas ..	200,806		
Bermuda ..	175,560		
Honduras..	146,790		
	<u>£18,516,510</u>		

Their estimated value (according to documents produced by Mr. Burge, the agent for Jamaica) amounts to the enormous sum of L.131,652,424, as follows:—

BRITISH COLONIES.		BRITISH COLONIES.	
Jamaica ..	£158,125,296	Bahamas ...	£2,011,540
Barbadoes..	9,089,670	Bermuda ...	1,111,000
Antigua ...	4,361,000	Honduras ..	578,760
St Christoph.	3,783,040		
Nevis.....	1,756,100	CEDED COLONIES.	
Montserrat.	1,087,140	St Lucia....	2,589,000
Virgin Isla.	1,093,400	Tobago ....	2,682,920
Grenada ..	4,094,385	Demerara &	
St Vincent	4,008,866	Essequibo ..	18,410,480
Dominica ..	3,056,601	Berbice....	7,415,160
Trinidad..	4,932,705		
		Total..	£31,052, 24

### UNITED STATES.

A serious dispute has arisen between the Northern and Southern States, regarding the Tariff. The Legislature of South Carolina determined, on the 24th November, by a large majority, no longer to submit to the authority of the general government; and have declared the tariff, by which the whole foreign commerce of the country is regulated, null; and measures have been taken to support their resistance by force. Rice and cotton are the staple articles of South Carolina, and the country is wholly agricultural, and without manufactures. Most of their articles of clothing are imported, principally from England, as well as many of their agricultural implements. By the tariff these articles are charged with a duty of 30 or 40 per cent *ad valorem* on importation, in order to encourage the manufactures of the Northern States. It was earnestly hoped, from the moderate tone of the President's Message to Congress, when speaking of this unhappy dissension, that it would be accommodated by mutual concessions; but the last accounts are not so favourable. A proclamation was issued by the President on the 10th December, which leaves no doubt that force will be resorted to by the General Government of the States, if South Carolina persists in its resistance. It is undoubtedly a great hardship for the Southern States to pay, at an exorbitant rate, for the necessaries of life to support an injurious system, for encouraging the manufactures of the Northern States; but nothing could be so pernicious and deplorable to the cause of liberty throughout the world, as warfare among the United States of America.

We willingly turn from this unfortunate dispute, to the able and statesmanlike Message of General Jackson to Congress. It presents a clear and luminous exposition of the state of the country in all its relations, and forms a striking contrast to the meagre documents called King's Speeches. The Message proves the affairs of the United States to be in the most flourishing condition. The shipping, in the course of the last twelve months, has increased 80,000 tons, and the aggregate of the imports and exports forty millions of dollars. The debt is only seven millions of dollars, while the revenue exceeds thirty; and, in the course of the present year, the debt will probably be wholly discharged. The whole expenditure of the United States, comprising a population of thirteen millions, dispersed over an immense tract of country, is only sixteen and a half millions of dollars, a considerably smaller sum than the mere collection of our Revenue annually costs. Such is the differ-

ence between a Republic and a Monarchy! But then their chief magistrate only costs £5000 a-year; which would be considered hardly a sufficient allowance for a Lord of the Bed-Chamber, or an illegitimate son of our King.

## STATE OF COMMERCE, MANUFACTURES, AND AGRICULTURE.

JANUARY, 1833.

THE year has opened under favourable auspices for commerce and manufactures. The restrictive system by which the commercial intercourse of nations has been so much trammelled, is on the wane, and we everywhere see the dawn of a more liberal policy. On the 3d January, M. d'Argout, the French Minister of Trade and Public Works, in introducing a bill into the Chamber of Deputies, for a modification of the duties of customs, expressed the desire of the French Government to give the greatest possible freedom to foreign trade, and to relieve it from all injurious restrictions, by substituting in some cases duties for prohibitions; and in other cases, where too high duties existed, by reducing and modifying them. He proposed specifically to do away at once with the existing prohibitions against the importation of fine cotton twist, of Cachemere shawls, of Russia leather, (*cuirs odorans*,) of certain embroideries, and of watches and watch-works; and also the prohibition against the import of raw and thrown silk, and to substitute moderate duties. He proposed to reduce the bounty on refined sugar exported, to nearly the proportionate rate paid on the import of the Raw Sugars: lately the bounty has been so high as to be the occasion of the loss of a million sterling to the French finances, and in consequence has seriously affected the English refineries, France having supplied nearly all the ports of the Mediterranean with refined goods. By the new arrangement this trade is likely to be resumed by England. He further proposes to reduce the present duties on the importation of live cattle "for the cheaper nourishment of the people;" and, adverting to other proposed alleviations, he concluded by justifying and recommending the reduction of tonnage dues, which has lately taken place upon British ships in French ports; and he particularly stated, that this was only the beginning of a series of measures of a similar nature, which the Government will have to propose. Combined with the petition of the Lyons Chamber of Commerce to the Legislature, in favour of free trade, we may consider the publication of M. D'Ar-

gout's principles as a great stride in the progress of commercial knowledge and true liberality among our neighbours.

We also learn, from the message of the President of the United States to Congress, that the evils of the restrictive system, by which nations are forced to manufacture inferior articles at a great expense, instead of purchasing articles of superior quality from foreigners, at a cheap rate, are beginning to be clearly perceived in America. The unhappy dispute which has arisen between South Carolina and the General Government of the States, will probably lead to a revision of the tariff, and to a great reduction of the duties on importation.

**COTTON MANUFACTURES.**—The accounts from the West of England mark a decided improvement in the Cotton Trade. Printing cottons have risen from 7s. 7d. to 8s. 3d.; and as the stocks in the hands of the consumers are low, the demand is brisk. The factories in general are in full employment. At Paisley the weavers, during the whole winter, have been kept in constant employment; and since the preparations for the Spring Trade have commenced, the demand for workmen has increased. India Imitation Trimmings are very brisk, and the prices given to the weavers have advanced above the table. A number of weavers have been engaged for 1600 India Imitation Trimmings, 2 sets, at 1s. 11d. per cover, which is 7d. per cover above the Table price. A respectable manufacturing house have advanced the wages of their sewers 3d. per shawl on the finer qualities. The demand for Quaker shawls has increased. Blue dresses are very flat, but there is a demand for cross borders, and 1400 cotton trimmings. At Perth, although no rise in the price has yet taken place, hands for harnesses are in request by the manufacturers, and by agents for Paisley houses. In the other branches no alteration has taken place, but all hands are employed. The cotton manufacture continues to increase. The reduction of the profits has sharpened the wits of the manufacturers; and men, women, and children, as well as machines, throw off an increasing quan-

ntity of work. We perceive, from the evidence on the Factory Bill, that the weekly quantity now spun by one spindle is twenty-one hanks of No. 40 a-week. The cotton spun in Great Britain last year, amounted to about 288,000,000 pounds. Of this vast quantity, a tenth was spun in Scotland. The United States supply three-fourths of the consumption, or 213,000,000 pounds; the East Indies about 20,000,000 pounds; the West Indies 1,600,000 only. All the cotton, except the growth of the East and West Indies, pays a duty of  $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per pound. This duty would, last year, exceed £690,000; and would be, as nearly as possible, 10 per cent on the return of the cotton in bond.

**THE WOOLEN MANUFACTURES** are also reviving, and prospects are cheering. In Bradford, more business has been recently done than for weeks preceding; the mills, both in the town and neighbourhood, being in full activity. In Halifax the demand for stuff goods has been gradually increasing for some time past, and all the hands there are in active employment. Leeds, and other towns in Yorkshire and Lancashire, present similar favourable prospects. The East India Company have given orders for ladies' cloths, and a large one for military goods. In Ayrshire, notwithstanding the late rise in the price of wool, no rise has taken place in plaidings. Dun plaidings run from 7d. to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; white from 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 1s. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. In the Flannel Trade, low-priced articles continue to be sought after. The trade is more brisk than it has been at this season for several years.

**SILK WEAVING.**—The wages of the silk weavers are very low, but there is an expectation of an advance in the Spring. The trade is brisker than usual at this season. At Lyons, the manufacture of silk goods had so far decreased, that many hundred persons had been thrown out of employment.

**THE LEATHER TRADE.**—This trade has been extremely flat and depressed for the last twelve months, and prices have been so low as in many cases not to yield the tanner a profit. Prices now, however, appear to have passed their lowest point, and the stock of leather is much smaller than that of last year at the same period.

**IRON TRADE.**—The iron trade, so long depressed, begins to revive. In Wales, an advance of 5s. per ton was obtained some time ago; and at Christmas quarter day the iron masters, both in Wales and Staffordshire considered the state of the trade such as to warrant them to lay on a farther advance of 10s. a ton; and appearances would lead us to believe that this advance will be sustained.

**CORN.**—The corn markets have been dull throughout the month, and prices are still on the decline. This probably arises from the want of cultivation in British grain, in consequence of anticipated changes in the Corn Laws. It is highly desirable that this question should be settled without delay, for the present state of uncertainty is highly injurious to the agriculturist. The protection which the present laws afford them, is a mere delusion, as the average duty on wheat imported since 1828, is only 6s. 1d. per quarter, and the prices of grain are yearly falling. Looking to the last three years, the average prices have been:—

	WHEAT.	BARLEY.	OATS.
1830.	51s.	32s. 8d.	34s. 3d.
1831.	66s.	38s. 0d.	25s. 3d.
1832.	59s.	33s. 3d.	20s. 6d.

At **Haddington**, on the 11th of January, the averages were only, Wheat 49s., Barley 26s. 8d., Oats 18s. In the event of a fixed duty being substituted for the present fluctuating duties, care will need to be taken that it is not fixed at too high a rate. The duty on wheat is at present 32s. 8d., and it will be very difficult to obtain such a reduction as the manufacturing interests expect. Young wheats continue to look well, and, notwithstanding the openness of the winter, are not too forward. Feeding stock are proceeding favourably. Agricultural labour is far advanced.

**CATTLE MARKETS.**—At Cupar Yule Fair, on the 3d ult. prime fat animals brought 7s. per Dutch stone. Half fed animals sold for nearly the same money; the sellers, in consequence of food being plentiful, not being desirous to part with their stock. The prices obtained are about 1s. per stone higher than those at last Yule market. The price of sheep continues steady.

**HORSE MARKETS.**—At Ayr Horse Market, on the 4th ult., the prices of draught horses varied from L.20, L.22, L.28, L.30, to L.36. One or two brought L.40. Saddle and harness horses of good figure and form brought L.34 to L.36, some less shewy L.25. Horses of inferior quality, L.18, downwards. The fair was not brisk. At the annual horse market at Johnstone, a vast number of Horses appeared in the market, consisting of some of the finest draught horses and riding ponies; and the horse-dealers sold extensively, and received very flattering prices. At Lancaster Fair the better classes of carriage, phaeton, and gig horses were not so numerous as at some former fairs; but they are ready of sale, at good prices; whilst those of inferior breed, and but few pretensions to usefulness, were not only dull of sale, but scarcely looked at.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**POETICAL ASPIRATIONS, BY WILLIAM ANDERSON, ESQ. SECOND EDITION.\*** The world is now so rich an inheritor in poetry, that when a bard of humble pretensions, though of undoubted merit, comes modestly forward with his claim on attention, he has a slender chance of either respectful audience or patient reception, unless he contrives to send a flourish of trumpets before him. Yet here is a volume of agreeable and genuine verse, which, for the honour of the public taste, we are glad to find, has been quickly and properly appreciated, without such appliances and means as the true poetic spirit would find it living death to employ. Poems in the second edition is something to talk of now a-days; and in this instance the new publication has so soon followed the first, that the examination and favourable judgment pronounced by the critical tribunals, cannot yet be forgotten, nor consequently require repetition. There are, however, in this volume, a good many additional poems, which possess the same character of gentle elegance that distinguished the earlier effusions, with a wider range of fancy. These compositions are announced by the author as the fruits of relaxation "from the higher literary and political duties of his vocation,"—an explanation, which if meant as apology, was not required. They are smooth and pleasing, always correct, and graceful often; and by all gentle lovers of gentle poesy will be accepted as an agreeable addition to our contemporary treasures of verse. With a battery of fifty volumes raised before us, poetical quotations are entirely out of the question; but we cannot forbear to point out a few of our favourite pieces in the additional poems. *Loch Awe* is one, the sweetly musing lines on a *Wild Flower*, another; and the *Wassail Song* and *Wells o' Weary*, in different styles, are equal to any of these.

**LIVES OF EMINENT AND ILLUSTRIOUS ENGLISHMEN, from Alfred the Great to the Latest Times.** Edited by GEORGE GODFREY CUNNINGHAM.† Vol. I.—It is to be feared that the scope and object of this publication is not sufficiently indicated by the title. Hasty as our glance has been, we conceive it one of the most meritorious historical works that has lately been projected. Nor is historical the word, though we can think of none more apt, and must employ circumlocution in describing the nature of a work

which is at once political, literary, and historical; combining, in short, all the elements of history and biography. The series commences with the birth of Alfred the Great, and is intended to come down to the present time. The work is to be divided into nine grand Divisions or Periods, of which the time which elapses from the birth of Alfred to the Norman Conquest, forms the first. These Periods are treated of in distinct sections, divided into a *Political Series*, an *Ecclesiastical Series*, and a *Literary Series*; each Period having, besides, a general historical introduction. Let us take the Second Period as an illustration of the design:—Under the *Political Series* we have the Life of William the Conqueror, William Rufus, the three first Henrys, Richard Strongbow, Simon de Montfort, and others. The *Ecclesiastical Series* of the same period gives us, with others of lesser note, Becket, Anselm, Pope Adrian IV. and Archbishop Langton; and the *Literary* one, Roger Bacon, Matthew Paris, &c. &c. The *Literary Series* of the Third Period is yet richer, in the names of Chaucer, Gower, Dun-Scott, &c. &c. The design is original and excellent. It is history put into action, "embodying the history of England in the lives of Englishmen;" and the nearest approach compatible with truth to the historical plays of Shakespeare, and the historical novels of Scott. The execution is worthy of the clearness and comprehensiveness of the design; and taken together, we warmly recommend the work as a mine of valuable information presented in the most attractive form. It is secondary, but not unimportant to notice, that the book is handsomely printed, in volumes retaining the proper historical dignity of size; and is embellished with authentic portraits of eminent persons, very beautifully engraved.

**SEMI-SERIOUS OBSERVATIONS OF AN ITALIAN EXILE.\*—A priori**, and from merely reading his observations, we should not have inferred that Count Pecchio was a person likely to cause revolution in any country. He was, however, early obliged to leave Piedmont, his native state, for the share he took in the abortive revolution. He came to England, and subsequently went to Spain and Greece, a military adventurer; by which term we imply nothing disrespectful. His sword and his services were always on the right side. The Count has now been fortunate enough to marry an English lady, and, better inured to our

\* Smith & Elder, London; Anderson, Junr. Edinburgh, Pp. 184.

† Fullarton, Glasgow.

\* Edinham Wilson, Pp. 525.

sea-fogs, is settled at Brighton. His work was originally published in Italian, and obtained the praises of the *Quarterly Review*; a periodical, by the way, which generally distributes its smaller patronage, on the principle, and not unlikely on the motives which made despotic princes fondle and caress dwarfs, idiots, and the half-witted, and hold at surly distance every one who approached their presence with the stamp of independence of mind or undeniable intellectual capacity. The Count's observations, if not remarkable for profundity or accuracy, are lively, good-humoured, and agreeable. We should suppose that he has not been consulted on the publication of this translation; for it is impossible but that his subsequent experience in England must by this time have corrected many of his original errors. They now stand the most amusing, and not the least useful portion of the Count's labours. His notions of Scotland are about as just as those which might be formed by a gentleman of Manilla or Canton. But these absurdities are exceedingly diverting, and help to make the book a *very light reading*.

**MEMOIRS OF LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH—Written by himself.**—This work has thrown some of the self-elected guardians of literature into a paroxysm of rage. "It is not authentic,—it is a hoax—an imposition of the book manufacturers of Paris," &c. &c. &c. Much of this virtuous indignation might have been spared. No biped beyond the age of a sucking turkey, ever, for one moment, could have imagined the work authentic; and for this, among a hundred other good reasons, that Louis the 18th never possessed a tithe of the wit, sagacity, and depth of views displayed in every page of it. But the treason is *ridiculing* courts and royal persons; and by unveiling their vices, their selfishness, dissimulation, grossness, and audacious profligacy, bringing monarchy itself into contempt. This, unhappily, is an office which royal and courtly personages have not left for men of letters to perform. They have, in works beyond all possibility of question or doubt, as to authenticity, sufficiently scribbled their own infamy. If we were wicked enough to harbour the design of bringing kings and courts into contempt, and into detestation, it is not a pleasant good-humoured *boxing* work like this we should employ, but others of very different character,—written by princes and courtiers themselves. We would recommend that king-craft and its tendencies should be studied in the witty memoirs of the profligate Grammont, and

in the sketches of the virtuous Evelyn; but especially in the memoirs of the Princess of Bareith, the letters of the old Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the Regent Orleans, the memoirs of Lauzun, and fifty more volumes French and English—not forgetting the letters of Walpole. Of this book, all that need be said is, that it is a clever work, though certainly a spurious one, which gives far too favourable an idea of the supposed Royal Author, and of many of his friends.

**THE CODE OF AGRICULTURE, containing Observations on Gardens, Orchards, Woods, and Plantations, with an Account of all the Recent Improvements in the Management of Arable and Grass Lands.** By the Right Honourable Sir JOHN SINCLAIR, Bart., Founder of the Board of Agriculture. Fifth Edition.\*

—The numerous large editions which have already been sold of this work shew the estimation in which it is held by the public. In the present edition will be found accounts of such discoveries in agriculture as have been made since the date of the last edition. Few of the useful arts are less indebted to the labours of literary men than agriculture. Hitherto the art has not been studied in the closet, but in the field; and although no one can pretend to anything like an accurate knowledge of agriculture, or the sister arts, gardening and planting, who has not practically been engaged in them, too little attention has hitherto been paid to the useful information which may be found in books. Few farmers have an opportunity of minutely inspecting the operations of agriculture in foreign countries, or even in distant parts of their own country; and valuable discoveries may remain long unknown, if the knowledge of them is diffused solely through the slow and incorrect channel of oral tradition. But until Sir John Sinclair undertook the task, the agriculturists had no manual of their art to which they could refer. From the immense mass of materials, many of them crude and indigested, in no ordinary degree, which Sir John Sinclair had accumulated, he has succeeded in laying down the principles of the art, concisely yet clearly; and has formed a book not only of great value to the agriculturist, but interesting to the general reader. He has obtained information from every source, whence anything valuable was likely to be obtained; and this edition of the Code of Agriculture proves that the worthy Baronet, now an octogenarian, is still interested in the success of that art to which he has so devotedly dedicated the best years of his life. Every farmer should have a

copy of the Code in his library, were it for nothing else than as a memento of the Founder of the Board of Agriculture; the most zealous promoter of the art which this, or perhaps any other age has produced.

**AN INQUIRY INTO THE PRINCIPLES OF POPULATION; exhibiting a System of Regulation for the Poor.\***—We consider this book as mainly valuable, on the principle of it being necessary to keep an important object constantly before the public, by studiously varying the aspects in which it is presented, till it become familiar from every point of view. Though the fundamental opinions of the author are those of the great political economists of the age, they are, on some points, very considerably modified. He even approves of a poor law for Ireland. His truths are recommended by the indulgent and kindly tone which writers on similar subjects have too often neglected or despised.

**AN ESSAY ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF MILITARY BRIDGES, and the Passage of Rivers in Military Operations.** By Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS†.—This is the second edition of a work held in great esteem among military men, from its extent of accurate knowledge, and the diligence of research displayed in it. The British wars in the mountainous parts of India, and the late long war of Europe, extending over every kind of country, mountainous or champaign, from Gibraltar to Moscow, have made military engineering almost a new science, calling for a new exposition of its principles. For this purpose the same war has laid up a store of facts and illustrative materials, of which Sir Howard has skillfully availed himself, in adding to, and perfecting this new edition of his valuable, and now standard work. Although it is a book of instruction for students in tactics, its historical materials, the resources of genius called forth by difficulty, and the enterprise, skill, and hardihood displayed by Napoleon, Wellington, and the great commanders connected with them, make it a work that may be read with interest by the civilian as well as the military man.

**THE POLISH EXILE—Nos. 1, & 2. ‡** This unassuming periodical is written with considerable ability. Its object is to furnish historical, statistical, and literary information regarding Poland, embellished by appropriate illustrations. It possesses a high claim on public encouragement, both from the intensity of interest encircling a people crushed to the earth after a display of more than Spartan heroism, and from sympathy with its Edi-

tors, who are "Polish Exiles" themselves, who have shared in, and been ruined by, the terrible conflict. The article in No. 1, on the "Preponderance of Russia over the other European States," is alike distinguished for its spirit and truth. The clear and succinct compendium of the "History of Poland," evinces a perfect knowledge of their national history, and every succeeding number must increase in interest as we approach the details of the Revolutions of 1794 and 1830. The freshness and naivete of the anecdotes are highly attractive; and the music of "Dombrowski's Mazourka" alone, far exceeds in value the price of the periodical.

How favourable the opportunity now afforded the public of proving the reality of their sympathy with the "Exiles," and their approbation of a struggle which for sublimity and extent of self-sacrifice, has eclipsed all the efforts of the modern world!

**VEGETABLE COOKERY.** By a LADY.\*

—This is a system for the modern human graminivorous animals, though we had no idea they were so numerous as to require a book of cookery for themselves. A culinary work which proscribes fish, flesh, fowl, and even good red herrings, is not likely to be received with much gusto at this present season. It should have appeared in the dog-days. It was scarcely fair, moreover, in the author to turn the arms of Mrs. Rundell and Meg Dods against themselves; and covertly to employ their own delicious puddings, pastry, and vegetable mashes, to subvert their plain joints, ragouts, and savoury pies. Nor do we understand upon what principle the lives of beavers and sturgeons, &c. &c., are to be hallowed from human touch and teeth, while such nefarious means are suggested for the destruction of black-beetles, cock-roaches, mice, and bugs, as those in the Appendix.

**THE BRITISH REFORMER'S ADVOCATE.** By D. P. WHITEHEAD.†—The object of this work is useful. The writer has condensed and arranged a great quantity and variety of valuable political and statistical information, from authentic sources; and presented it to the public in a cheap and accessible form. As a popular manual of politics, the book deserves praise. It is decidedly Radical, but not violent. As a book of which the objects are co-extensive with the British empire, there is, perhaps, too much connected with abuses in this city. It would also have been an improvement had the compiler quoted his authorities.

**THE LAUREAD, A SATIRE OF THE DAY.‡**—This wicked little poem is writ-

\* Duncan, London, octavo, Pp. 536.

† Boone, London.

‡ Tait, Edinburgh.

\* Edinburgh Wilson.

† Black, Edinburgh.

‡ Cochrane and Co., London. Pp. 180.

ten by the author of *Carendish*, who, for reasons which it is not difficult to divine, is out of humour with the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, Basil Hall, the United Service Club, and the Journal named after that gallant association; also with sundry naval captains, admirals, and official Peers. It is addressed to the Lord Chancellor, and calls nicknames with fully more good will than success. The chief points it makes, is calling Mr. Lockhart *Mendax*, and the *Quarterly* the *Mendacian Review*. With his bitter contempt of the present editor of the *Quarterly*, the author of *Carendish* unites great admiration for that sour servile, the late Mr. Gifford, whom he styles its "late respected leader," and classes with Pope as a guardian of literature. To the unfortunate Mrs. Trollope, who appears to be now given up by every body, turned upon—there's the unkindest cut of all—by her patrician patrons of the *Quarterly*, the author applies his pickled rod handsomely, and with good will, under the name of Dame Turpa. Her true designation of Trollope is better. People who relish a little witty, harmless malice in a book, may find a half hour's amusement in this poem; and the notes are better than the text. Neither of them can do much harm to any body, nor should they give great offence.

**MORTAL LIFE, AND THE STATE OF THE SOUL AFTER DEATH. BY A PROTESTANT LAYMAN.**—This is, in many respects, a singular work. It is the composition of a man of lively imagination, who, ingeniously and interestingly, employs the realities of life and the creations of genius to illustrate abstract and curious points of speculation or belief. The subject, from its intrinsic nature, is one of absorbing interest to mortal beings; and the extent of reading, and copiousness of illustration exhibited in the treatise, will gratify those who may not be able to subscribe to all the writer's implied or expressed conclusions.

**BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF THE WESLEY FAMILY. BY JOHN DOVE.**—Those who like a good gossip about worthy people who lived from a hundred to a hundred and fifty years ago, will find much to amuse them in the history of the ancestors of the founder of the Armenian Methodists. The chapter which is dedicated to Susanna, the admirable mother of John Wesley, will be read with considerable interest. It is at once highly instructive, and very pleasing.

**CATECHISM OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE EARTH.**—This is an-

other of those useful small treatises, of which the publishers have already brought out several that are excellent, in a series. It contains a great deal of information in a compendious form, and may be beneficially used as a help forward in the study of science, being perfectly correct so far as it goes. We have an idea, however, that by the time children are so far ripened in understanding as improvingly to study theories of the earth and the principles of geology, the catechetical form of instruction, so unavoidably tending to parrotting, may be dispensed with.

**THE BOOK OF THE HUNDRED AND ONE.**—This, which the name is meant to indicate, is a co-operative work. An association, or a promiscuous crowd of men of letters, formed the generous design of assisting a Parisian publisher, ruined by literary speculation. Their joint contributions appear periodically; for the work is still in progress. A selection of the best of the papers is here presented in an English dress. They are unequal, and often trivial, yet they tell us more of Parisian society and manners, than a traveller is likely to pick up, even after a tolerably long course of sight-seeing. The papers comprehend tales of manners, sketches, satires, criticism, and politics. They form agreeable half-hour reading enough; and in literary merit, are decidedly superior to our home-made, joint-stock volumes.

**CURRIE'S BURNS.**—Here is a new edition, in one small volume, very neat and pretty, and only requiring an accompanying microscope to make it a desirable acquisition. But young eyes or very good spectacles may supply the place of this instrument; and, in this case, the size of the volume makes it really handy to stuff into one's pocket, sporting-bag, or portmanteau.

**FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY.**—Mr. Valpy's last issues are Sophocles and Euripides, the latter the translation of Potter, the former translated by Franklin. The work maintains its high character; the translations are the best in the language; and the reprints are cheap and correct.

**VALPY'S SHAKSPEARE.**—This elegant edition, embellished in the best taste by etchings from the paintings of Boydell's gallery, progresses in undiminished beauty of typography. The name of the editor is a guarantee for correctness of text.

**SCOTTISH ANNUALS. THE CHAMELEON. Second Series.**—What good genius whispered to Mr. Atkinson, the happy title which he has chosen for his elegant annual contri-

• Smith and Elder, octavo, Pp. 572.

† Simpkin and Marshall, London. Pp. 240.

‡ Oliver and Boyd.

• Whittaker and Treacher, London, 3 vols.

† Blackie and Son, Glasgow.

‡ Atkinson and Co. Glasgow.

butions to polite literature, and "to the harmless gaiety of nations?" Do our readers know the powers of the Chameleon,—that of changing its hue at pleasure, (yet there are good reasons for this too,) and of assimilating its colour to suit any particular object and situation? Last year, for instance, the Chameleon came forth rich and stately in deep blue and gold. In this it appears in the forest liveries, the costume of Titania's court, gold and green. The power of varying its contents is equally remarkable;—prose and verse, gaieties and gravities, puns, and apophthegms, and effusions in that mixed mood which blends smiles with tears, and in which the author is so successful. The diversity of subjects is not more remarkable than the diversity of style. Instead of pictorial embellishment, Mr Atkinson has pressed the Muse of music into his service. Several songs, the music composed by Clarke, the words by the Author and Editor, and very neatly executed in the engraving, adorn the volume; which, reserving its literary merits, which are wonderful, for after and ampler consideration, we recommend as a most appropriate holyday gift, "sweets to the sweet," and suitable ornament of a drawing-room table. In beauty of typography, size, and getting up altogether, it certainly surpasses many of the Annuals of the year.

**THE SUPREME IMPORTANCE OF A RIGHT MORAL TO A RIGHT ECONOMIC STATE OF THE COMMUNITY.** BY DR. CHALMERS.—This pamphlet is a supplement which Dr. Chalmers has made to his late work, "On Morals in connexion with Political Economy." Its principal object is to reply to the strictures on that work in the last *Edinburgh Review*. The Dr. retains all his early opinions; but the *Review* has modified, and, in some important points, changed its ideas since the period when they coincided entirely with his. On the points in dispute, we cannot enter here; but we give the Dr. entire praise for one particular of his reply,—his triumphant exposure of the fallacy of those statements in the *Review*, which we saw, with some surprise, copied into all the newspapers, setting forth, and exulting over the happy, and the immensely improved condition of the poor in this country. It suited the reviewer to draw such pictures of the social beatitudes of the labouring poor of Scotland; but Dr. Chalmers knows better, and we thank him for giving truths which should be told the sanction of his name. The reviewer has chosen to look only at the bright points of the picture. Dr. Chalmers has considered its shadows and its blot, as well as its light and brilliancy.

**LETTER OF DR. KAY ON THE STATE OF THE MANUFACTURING POOR OF MANCHESTER.** *Second Edition.*—Dr. Kay's pamphlet, we are glad to find so early in a second edition. It contains fearful pictures of evils that must speedily work a change on the face of our society, either for weal or woe. His expositions and warnings are timely and earnest, and may contribute to the workings of a happy change. We recommend them to yet wider attention than

they have gained; nor can the friends of humanity, and of the best interests of Great Britain, perform a better preliminary service than making the contents of this letter generally known.

**THE ELGIN ANNUAL.** Edited by Mr Grant of the *Elgin Courier*.—This is another of those wonderful attempts which characterize our forward age. The literary part is mostly by the Editor; and very creditable to his judgment, taste, and fancy, it is. The drawings are also by the same hand. Of these, *Findhorn Suspension Bridge*, and *Craigellachie* are truly beautiful. The other subjects are only recommended by local propriety. Several of our Scottish literati have contributed to this volume, of which the Province of Moray may well be proud.

**STATEMENTS RELATIVE TO THE CITY OF EDINBURGH, &c.\***—The sum and substance of this pamphlet is, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh, for the great love they bear to that "beautiful institution which our fathers founded with their blood," viz. the Established Church, should consent not only to continue the present Annuity Tax, and all the other objectionable revenues of the Clergy, but to pay an additional sum of £6,500 annually, and to build fifteen new churches!!! We have heard of castle-building, but our church-building author seems quite as aerial as the most imaginative of these visionary architects.

**HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.**—The humour, wit, and fancy of Mr. Hood are more alive than ever. "Time cannot wither him; nor custom stale his infinite variety." The letter from a London Serving Maid, exported by Government on a matrimonial speculation to Van Diemen's Land, *The Shilling*, *The Fox-hunter*, and twenty other pieces, are in his first style; while something about the verses on Niagara makes us regret that the author of the poem of Eugene Aram were not editor of a serious as well as of a comic annual. Why are the single-handed annuals always so much better than the joint stock ones, even when the editors are far inferior in talent to Hood? We cannot tell; but the fact is established:—and of all co-operative systems, the literary annual is the least successful.

## PERIODICALS.

FOR some months past, a monthly work has appeared in London, entitled *Polonai*, published in London, by an association of the friends of Poland. We notice the work more from esteem of its object than any hope which we indulge of its success. The whole press of Britain

\* Edinburgh: W. Tait.

† Tait, London.



was open to the cause of the Poles; and whoever may have neglected, if not betrayed Poland, the journalists and the people are not of the number. The literary friends of that unfortunate country would, therefore, have been in our idea, more beneficially employed, had their agency quickened and acted upon the whole press, than in establishing an organ, which, from high price and insulation, must have comparatively little effect.

IRISH PERIODICALS.—Two have started with the year: the *Dublin University Review* and the *Dublin University Magazine*. The former may probably be a ramification of the grand Tory scheme of getting the press, too long neglected by Tories, into Tory hands, or under Tory influence. The Tory organs have of late been filled with exhortations on this subject, and the *University Magazine* is among the first-fruits.

\* \* We understand, and are not sorry to hear, that the current rumour of Mr James being the author of *Otterbourne*, is incorrect; and are almost glad we fell into the belief generally propagated, for we know not what reason, since it gives us an opportunity of a direct contradiction, which must set thousands to right.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Coney's Cathedrals and Public Buildings of the Continent, 10*l.* 10*s.*  
 Batty's Views of European Cities, 4*l.*  
 Landseer's Sketches of Animals in the Zoological Gardens, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*  
 Turner's Views of England and Wales, Vol. I.  
 Williams' Vegetable World, 18mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*  
 The Invisible Gentleman, 3 vols. 31*s.* 6*d.*  
 American Almanack, 1833, 5*s.*  
 Chronological Chart of Kings of England, 10*s.*  
 Bainford's Scripture Dictionary, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*  
 Waverley Album, containing 51 Engravings, 8vo, 21*s.*  
 The Life of a Sailor, by a Captain in the Navy, 3 vols. post 8vo, 31*s.* 6*d.*  
 The Catechism of Whist, 1*s.* 6*d.*  
 Passion and Reason, or Quintilian Brothers, 4 vols. 30*s.*  
 Motherwell's Poems, 12mo, 6*s.*  
 Hood's Comic Annual for 1833, 12*s.*  
 Figure of Fun, 2 parts, 1*s.* 6*d.*  
 Hall's Art of Divine Meditation, 32mo, 1*s.*  
 Halyburton's Works, 8vo, 15*s.*  
 Mantell's Floriculture, royal 8vo, 5*s.*  
 Supplement to the Cambridge Mathematical Examination Papers, Part I. 8vo, 6*s.* 6*d.*  
 Rev. C. Smith's Letters on Maternal Religion, 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*  
 The Lauread, a Satirical Poem, 5*s.* 6*d.*  
 Major Rickett's Ashantee War, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*  
 Wacousta, or the Prophecy, 3 vols. 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*  
 Hooper's Physician's Vade Mecum, 7*s.* 6*d.*  
 Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine, Vol. V, royal 8vo, 1*l.* 15*s.*  
 Gospel Stories, 18mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*  
 Garry Owen, &c. 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*  
 History of the late War, 18mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*  
 Derry, a Tale of the Revolution, 6*s.*  
 The Portfolio, 5*s.* 6*d.*  
 Architectural Beauties of Continental Europe, No. 2. 18*s.*  
 Edgeworth's Novels, Vol. IX. 5*s.*  
 Burnett's Lives, Characters, &c. 10*s.* 6*d.*  
 Penn's Life of Admiral Sir William Penn, 2 vols. 8vo, 1*l.* 16*s.*  
 Coventry's Character of a Trimmer, 8vo. 5*s.*  
 Valpy's Classical Library, No. 37, 4*s.* 6*d.*  
 Valpy's Shakespeare, Vol. III. 5*s.*  
 America, and the Americans, 8vo, 12*s.*  
 Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XXXIII. 6*s.*  
 The Life of Dr. Adam Clarke, 9*s.*  
 Maund's Botanic Garden, Vol. IV., and part 8.  
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 My Village *versus* Our Village, 18mo, 8*s.*  
 Rev. T. Sinclair's Vindication of the Church, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*  
 Rev. H. Stebbing's Sermons, 12mo, 6*s.*  
 Recollections of a Chaperon, by Lady Dacre, 3 vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*  
 Kidd's Companion to the Watering Places, 18mo, 12*s.* 6*d.*  
 Domestic Portraits.—The Richmond Family, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*  
 Fergusson's Tour in Canada, 18mo, 6*s.*  
 Stuart's Three Years in America, 2 vols. 12mo, 1*l.* 1*s.*  
 Slade's Parochial Sermons, Vol. II. 6*s.*  
 The Bristol Riots, 8vo, 9*s.*  
 Dublin University Calendar for 1833, 6*s.*  
 Brown's Zoologist's Text Book, 2 vols. 1*l.* 1*s.*  
 Brindley's Civil Architecture, 12mo, 5*s.*  
 Republic of Letters, Vol. IV. 6*s.* 6*d.*  
 English School of Painting, Vol. IV. 18*s.*  
 Mornings with Mamma, 2d series, 4*s.* 6*d.*  
 Hopkins' Notions of Political Economy. By Mrs. Marcet, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Key to Davidson's Mathematics, 8vo, 7s.  
Sense and Sensibility. By Miss Austin,  
6s.

Dunlop's American Theatre, 2 vols. 28s.  
Reece's Medical Guide, 16th Edition, 12s.  
Black's Student's Manual, 2s. 6d.  
The Boy's Week-day Book, 6s.

Mant's Happiness of the Blessed, 4s. 6d.  
Smith's Letters on Religion, 8vo, 7s. 6d.  
Sinclair's Dissertations on the Church of  
England, 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
Diary of a Physician, 2 vols. 12s.  
Life of Renwick, 18mo, 2s.  
Buck's Theological Dictionary, 8vo, 18s.

## FINE ARTS.

If there be one thing we hate more than another, it is politics; and that antipathy, it will readily be admitted, is abundantly manifested in all our numbers. Where circumstances have occurred, we have felt compelled, it is true, to discuss the topics which the events of stirring, if not troublous times, have raised; but it has been with a loathing which few can appreciate, save those whom the stern dictate of duty has graded into actions contrary to their disposition. We know that the Magazines of *Tait* and *Ebony* are considered by many as periodicals especially political; than this, however, nothing can be sillier or further distanced from truth. The able articles, ostensibly on such matters, which now and then appear in the latter, are by shallow-pated Tories, deemed the very alpha and omega of all that is excellent and powerful in the furtherance of their great felonious cause; the blockheads! they cannot see, what to every body else is plain as a pike staff, that they are the effusions of a decently educated brain exercising its powers on simple theses of logic; as clever illustrations, merely, of the noble and sublime art of exposing or of perverting truth, as caprice or winking cajolery happens to determine. None better knows than the writers that their object is the most untoward in the world. The *drolls* are radicals to the backbone—actual ultras; radicals in principle, radicals in hope, and radicals in all the relations of political existence. Did the slaving Conservative clique possess the brains of a reflecting donkey, it would have perceived—the propositions stripped of the balderdash and tinsel of language—how cleverly the clear heads of these laughing banterers were, for its especial bamboozlement, arguing backwards; it would have seen how beautifully they were demonstrating the existence of a mare's nest, and straining their sharp wits to substantiate the veriest shadow of a shade that ever flitted before a muddled cerebrum. So, also, do many—we know it—suppose that we are desperate Whigs, either, or ultra radicals, inveterate politicians at the least—the most palpable possible of all absurdities! The dull of perception may, and do imagine, that the spirited and apparently political papers which continually appear in our pages are concocted out of sheer love of such thankless subjects:—bah! we repeat that politics we enthusiastically hate. True, we desire the reign of universal liberty; chaste, sober, holy liberty: but because our bowels yearn with

an exceeding great yearning for the advent of that glorious day, when all the nations of the earth, and all the tribes of man, shall be made civilized and happy, and fitted to enjoy the blessings which that divine gift (*to be had for the seeking*) will impart, are we to be twitted as politicians, or libelled as thick and thin partisans? Partisans we are, to a degree, we confess it; but only for a while, and only of those by whose instrumentality we in our conscience think it will be most speedily, thoroughly, and for ever secured. No! It is philanthropy, not politics which urges our pen. We feel for the foolish, and compassionate their condition; and inasmuch as that we are habitually accustomed to see further into millstones than a stupid and ungrateful public, so, and therefore only, do we sometimes dirty our fingers in the mud of politics, that we may instruct, and guide, and improve, and shew them their incorrigible blockheadism in all its deformity, and teach them the ways that lead to rational happiness; howbeit the task is, *per se*, sore, painful, and disgustingly difficult of achievement. Oh! could the *Taities* of this benighted land behold with what eye-beaming delight we rush to our table strewn with the beautiful accumulations of literature and the fine arts—the soul-absorbing interest with which we sit ourselves down thereto—the sun shining gladness which steals glowingly first, and then brightens fervidly in our bosoms—could hear our laugh (half crow, half chuckle) of intense pleasure, as, flinging into oblivion the memory of that dreary jading journey into the wilderness of politics just accomplished, we now prepare, glottingly, to peruse, and to contemplate, and to revel in the goodly heap of treasure on which the eye reposes—nothing human would lihel us with the bare supposition, that we tolerated politics.

Indeed, shrewd as we are, and penetrating as is our philosophy, we are altogether unable to account how any man living, not mad, can, from love or choice, be a politician. We do not deny the fact of such an enormity; we only cannot account for its existence. Well do we remember a train of excellent reasoning that passed through our minds some fifteen or eighteen moons back, which, though it would take several pages to narrate even in outline, we will merely recur to as exemplifying how easily and how disastrously the theoretical convictions of the most brilliant minded may be upset by vulgar fact.

We were seated on a soft and pleasant tuft of earth in the mid-height of majestic Skiddaw, surveying the imposing grandeur of the surrounding scenery; the variform and many-tinted hills; the sparkling foliage of the trees; the blue impenetrable sky, the gorgeous clouds that slowly wandered there; and the beautiful mockery of all their pictured imagery in the bright and quiet Derwentwater beneath; and we reposed our wearied spirit in the sublime and universal silence of the spot. We thought of things mortal and immortal; of reaction, the wide earth, its magnificent mountains, its peaceful plains, its immeasurable waters; this glorious world, still fresh as from God's own hand it sprung—and then of puny man, by whom its fair surface is blemished. We thought of his wars and his struggles, his stormy passions, his busy bungs, his deadly strifes, his hopes, ambitions, thoughts, writings, ravings; and wished that his race could, one by one, walk through this valley and on those hills, and contemplate the living splendours of nature as they shone around. We wished he were there to survey, to admire, to think "in and in," and be hushed at once into awe or nothingness by the sublimity of the scene upon which we were moralizing in eloquence supernatural. Alas! our eye fell in its roving on a living habitation within the distance of one little mortal hop-step-and-a-jump, and upon the instant this fine-spun superstructure of thought vanished into thin air; for there dwelt our gifted and mis-guided Laureate, *Sourcery*, who, for aught we could say to the contrary, was at that very hour, and in the bosom of this soul-sublating solitude, up to his chin in politics and poetry, quod libels and the Quarterly! tossing his polished mind on the turbulent sea of party, paltry, pitiful politics; and in the centre of all that was serene and holy, meditating upon those things, possibly, which might stir into agitation the angry wrath of swarming multitudes. Thus were we staggered into the assurance, that politicians do exist; yet still to this hour we deem it a marvel.

Turn we, however, to the performance of one of our most delightful occupations—sating the eye and delighting the mind, with the beautiful in art, and proclaiming, with a willing and far-reaching voice, merit where merit is due.

**FINDEN'S GALLERY OF GRACES.\***—How excellent a thing is competition! It may be likened to charity, which bleaseth every body, [see *Shakespeare*.] and to the sweet south, which stealeth over beds of roses, giving and taking odour [see same.] "Finden's Gallery of the Graces!" What an elegant alliteration! Heath's Book of Beauty was happy as a title, but the *Gallery of the Graces*—Finden's Gallery!—beats the other off to nothing.

We could almost pity womankind from the very apex of our heart, and with every female from fifteen to five-and—ty, (it is

not for us to fix the climacteric) we are half disposed to condole in very sincerity of sorrow. The eyes of ungenerous man have of late become so familiarized with all that is perfect in loveliness, that no woman whose charms fail to realize the vivid beauty which every month profusely scatters about, in one or other of its varieties, and in such stirring representations, can scarcely hope in these days to captivate his fancy, or fix his wandering eye. What fastidious roysterer, be he of green novage, or of green old age, now thinks of flirtation or incipient wedlock; meeting as he must daily meet with, damsels under ordinary circumstances, when for a round half crown his eye may luxuriate; monthly on whatever is possible in female beauty, without a thought to vex him of rashness, railing, fault, food, or fecundity. Ladies! we feel for you, because ye cannot choose but be sad; and can well pardon the execrations which you pour with a liberal and a hearty spirit upon the head of the unhappy Finden. Yet, let us counsel ye to be calm and listen to the language of reason rather than of wrath: They deserve not your anger, dear ones, believe us! Answer us now; are they not contributing to render more admirable your semi-celestial sex, by exhibiting to the gazing admiration of a stricken, dumb foundered world, such choice, chaste, enchanting, specimens of it? And ought ye not to greet their labour with smiles and sparkling eyes, not frowns and anger-chattering, think ye? Turn, we beseech you, to this first part of the *Gallery*, and gaze upon that angelic creature, that pure and holy innocent, whose "soft and serious eyes," piercing illimitable space, are fixed on visions of another world,—

"How beautiful she looks!—as flowers  
When newly touched with heaven's dew,  
Upon her soul the sacred show'ers  
Of truth have fallen anew!"

There she stands,

—"quiet as a Nun—  
Breathless with adoration!"

Marvellously lovely she is indeed; but is it not the loveliness of earth clothed in the sublimity of intense purity, which speaks to the soul and transfixes the admiration, which none but a woman can feel, and none but a woman's face express?

Turn, again, to *Plate 3*, and dwell for awhile upon that nameless

"thing to blees,  
All full of light and loveliness!"

Hearken to Mr. Hervey, and, with willing and pleased minds, do his bidding!

"Look into her laughing eyes,  
As bright and blue as summer skies!"

"Gaze upon her rose-red lips;  
How beautiful amid their dew!  
As never o'er their bloom had passed  
The breath of one adieu."

Once more, go forward to *Plate 3*, and feast your eyes upon that melancholy girl resting her sweet and placid cheek upon her hand. How mild and guileless is the expression of her fair countenance! How serene her brow! What a little world of

thought is passing before her fixed eye ! Her features are clothed in memory—

“Remembrance—like the breeze that meets but flowers—

Brings fragrance from her vale of vanished years ;

Or sinks along her heart—like dew—in showers,  
That draw forth sweetness while they fill with tears.”

Now, ladies, pause a little ! Do not your bosoms thrill at the thought of having community of sex with creatures so delectable as are these ecstatic originals, (for they are all actually living, or have lived : Oh ! that they should ever fade or die !) Does the gleam of gratitude steal into your hearts towards the Findens for thus perpetuating such *samples* of you ? Ought you not, lovely but silly creatures as ye are, to thank your stars and Mr. Tilt, that this just and honourable tribute to female excellence has come in need ? Encourage it as you love us. To the lords of the creation we have soberer words to speak.

The projected object of the present work is to give a practical demonstration “that female loveliness,—in all the forms in which poets have dreamt, or painters embodied it,—lies scattered about the thoroughfares and lonely places of society.” Each of the sketches is to be made from living originals, with reference to some familiar passages in the works of some distinguished writer ; and will “present, in real forms, an illustration of the sentiment which such passage conveys.” Here, indeed, is a wide field for labour in its most attractive garb ; and if this work only continue as it has commenced, it may become one of the most popular of the day. There are three portraits in this first number, (two by Mr. Boxall, the third by Mr. Wright, who have both executed their part of the task most skilfully,) each accompanied by a page or two of charming poetry by Mr. T. K. Hervey, under whose guidance the Gallery is to be filled. The beauty of the present number is its most eloquent recommendation.

PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCIPAL FEMALE CHARACTERS IN THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.—PART 3.—It is from no unkindly feelings to the publishers that we express our pleasure at the appearance of the above-named work of Finden’s Gallery, because we are sure that such a competitor will spur them on to increased exertions in the succeeding numbers of the Waverley Portraits. Where a spirited rivalry exists there is little chance of degeneracy in either. The present, Part 3, contains those of Lucy Bertram, Effie and Jeanie Deans, and Miss Wardour. To the latter we made allusion in our last. The beauty of Miss Bertram is marred, we think, by the costume and the attitude in which she is drawn ; and Effie would look prettier as a living body. Jeanie Deans is decidedly the best of this month’s batch ; and Mr Leslie is entitled to praise in overcoming the difficulty of giving

the expression of intense passion to a face which, from its round, chubby, pretty, homely features, (true to the text) would be much better adapted\* for the indication of good humour and undisturbed serenity. The conception and arrangement of the attire we much like.

\* LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.—Nos. 10. & 11.—\*Good ; both good. There are several very pleasing views in them, among which we particularly like those of the Castle of Ashby, *Cattermole* ; York Minster, *Nash* ; Jorvaulx Abbey, *De Wint* ; and the Old Bridge of Tweed, *Westall*. The scenery in the two latter is very romantic ; but purchasers ought to bear in mind that this work is designed less for the publication of pretty pictures than for a faithful representation of the actual scenes commemorated by our great northern novelist. “The Lily of St. Leonards,” (Effie Deans,) and “Lucy Bertram,” are prefixed.

THE PROCISSION OF THE FLITCH OF BACON.—This is one of those beautiful landmarks, by which we are from time to time enabled to note the progress of the art of engraving in the English School. With the original picture by the classic Stothard the ‘initiated’ are of course well acquainted ; and we hail with pleasure this splendid engraving, by means of which its beauties, thus multiplied, will be made manifest to thousands who have not yet beheld the delightful composition of this veteran’s chaste pencil. The subject is designed after the plan of the “Pilgrimage to Canterbury,” but is less crowded in the grouping, and the arrangement of the characters more simply devised. The murkiness of the sky, and the harsh, unpicturesque back-ground which characterised its great predecessor, are absent here, and the whole composition is lighter in every respect. But an air of mannerism is conspicuously visible, which the other did not possess : this, perhaps, is ascribable to the advanced age of the venerable Stothard. We gaze upon it with a melancholy interest, not for itself in truth, but from the conviction that this, most probably, is the last—(withering words)—the last production of that accomplished artist, which the triumph of the sister art will serve to make more popular. To the Engraver, Mr James Henry Watt, we would offer our gratulation with an unsparring liberality ; for he has executed his task most admirably, and stamped himself as one of our first living artists.

FINDEN’S ILLUSTRATIONS OF BYRON.—PART 10.—The reputation of respectable house is, after all, the best guarantee to the public that their confidence will not be misplaced. It was once, not many years ago, too frequently an “accident” upon the publication of works, in numbers, by petty or unprincipled publishers, to adhere to the “decoy duck” system—namely, that the preliminary issues should be marked by some traits of talent or intrinsic merit, and, af-

\* Chapman and Hall.

† Murray, Tilt.

ter the public had been fairly gulled into purchase, then to commence the work of gradual, but rapid decadence. That this was a system of swindle and plunder on the one hand, and a severe injury to the fine arts on the other, no one can doubt. The distrust thus generated in the public mind, while it properly had the effect of suppressing such robbery, checked, to a certain extent, the progress of an art which nothing but public patronage can profitably encourage, so that—(how often do the innocent suffer for the guilty)—it was made to wither under the very influence of that righteous judgment with which knavery was deservedly visited. How different is the principle of action, and how different the result, now! Men of character, redeeming to the full their first pledges, have commenced and continued works which are more than *sustained* in their career,—for each last number seems to exceed in merit its immediate predecessor; the public reliance is secured, and glorious art thrives beneath a wholesome and vigorous nourishment. We consider that the publishers of the present work, and—~~we wish~~ not to be invidious—those of several others we might name, have, by the honour and enterprise exhibited in their conduct of them, done much towards the prosperity of the fine arts, and deserve, were it only for so much, all the encouragement they are receiving. It is hardly possible to believe that there is one subscriber to many of the illustrative publications, now in course of issue, who has fair cause to regret his original subscription, or who can point out any declension in value of the works, as they have progressively travelled from their first birth into maturity; and we have sound reasons for believing that this bright example of fair dealing will produce an abundance, a rich abundance of good things yet to come, and shame into honesty the roguishly inclined.

The contents of the "Part" of this month are,

1. THE LIDO AND PORT ST. NICOLAS, Stanfield.
2. CAMPO SANTA PISA, Cattermole.
3. LAUSANNE, Copley Fielding.
4. BOLOGNA, Harding.
5. LADY CAROLINE LAMB, (by, we are not told whom.)
6. CORINTH, from the Acropolis. Turner.
7. ATHENS and the Island of Egina, Stanfield.

To begin, as in knightly courtesy we are bound with the fair: Limners are proverbially bad flatterers, and if the enchanting face, and the admirably moulded head here portrayed, be in strict accordance with the reality, Lady Caroline Lamb was once indeed a comely and a graceful creature to behold. Lausanne, in any hands, would have made a sweet picture; but in those of Copley Fielding it is exquisite. So is the Lido by Stanfield; but we are so alarmingly partial to marine subjects, that we have learned to curb our admiration thereanent. There is a delicacy and neatness in the engraving of Cattermole's Campo Santa that we very much admire; Harding's Bologna is pretty and

picturesque; but we dislike his relief figures—they appear incorrect in drawing. The vignette of Athens is in attractive; but that must be the fault of the scene, it cannot be the fault of Stanfield. Turner's Coriuth is one of those charming little things which none but himself can get up—"Within that circle none durst walk but he." Upon the whole, this is a most satisfactory number.

A Supplement to the Landscape and Portrait Illustrations of Byron is announced for publication, to contain an account of the subject of the engravings in the first eight parts, (completing the volume,) with extracts and original information by Mr. Brockedon. It will be in good hands.

MEMORIALS OF OXFORD,—No 3.\*—This number presents views of the great Quadrangle of Christ Church, and of the staircase and hall, and several clever wood cuts. The work goes on well; but may we breathe a hint?—Would it not be an improvement if with each number were given a little descriptive letter press upon the architecture of the views? They are so good, that they at least deserve it.

We append some observations on the genealogy of Cardinal Wolsey, which go to shake the impression that this dominating Prelate of the olden days was "born of a butcher, of a butcher bred."

"Thomas Wolsey was born at Ipswich in Suffolk, in March 1471. His parents are believed to have been in humble circumstances, but of this nothing is known which can be considered as certain. By the party writers of their own day, few men have been subjected to more numerous or bitter invectives. He is generally reviled as 'the butcher's son'; and this story has been copied by later historians. Yet whatever might have been the occupation of his father, he could scarcely be considered as moving in the very lowest sphere; since in his will he speaks of the contingency of his son being not merely in holy orders, but 'a priest,' within a year after his own death, and devises to his wife all his 'lands and tenements' in one parish, and his 'free and bond lands' in another. He was, therefore, a person of respectable property."

Ever since the creation of Stanfield as an R.A.R., sundry rumours have been afloat that the painting of any more 'scenes' for the Theatres would be incompatible with the conferred dignity. The truth of the report remained for many days in a well, though the absurdity of such an interdict, it made, was apparent from the very first. Stanfield, however, has found it necessary to give to it a public and unqualified denial; and the King's legs have now the threefold cause for rejoicing: 1. That the Artist has left to him unrestricted sea room for the exercise of his peculiar and unrivalled talents; 2. That a source of delight to gazing multitudes will not thus prematurely be utterly and forever dried up; and 3. That the Council of the Royal Academy is not so desperately assinine in its behests, as many are generously disposed to give it credit for being.

Go thou, therefore, on and prosper, O ! most excellent C. Stanfield, R.A.E. ; and avoid thou the waters of indolence, arrogance, and self-conceit as thou lovest an honoured name !

**THE BYRON GALLERY. PART 4.**—We have already expressed our favourable opinion of this series of illustrations. This number contains a *Medora*, drawn by Richter, in which that artist has excelled himself. He has done that difficult thing, embodied the loveliest and softest imaginings of the *Corsair's Bride*. The young Juan and Julia are entirely deficient in sentiment and character, merely dressed stage figures ; but the flower of the number is the Countess Guiccioli. It is a sweetly serene and very youthful countenance, with a mild full eye, and a candid brow, not in the least like the ordinary portraits of Lord Byron's Lady Love which we have seen ; and still less like Leigh Hunt's Countess, with her "sleek" golden locks. The original miniature must have been painted before the Countess ever saw or dreamed of Byron. It is beautifully engraved. *Jephtha's Daughter* is a graceful picture of a not Hebrew maiden.

**COLONEL MURRAY'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCOTTISH SCENERY, LITERATURE, & HISTORY.**—The fifth part of this na-

• Morison, Perth.

tional work is before us. It relates to a most interesting division of Scottish scenery, history, and antiquities.—*St Andrews*. The first view, is one of the ruins of the Cathedral, seen through the "Golden Gate," a ruined but massive arched gateway. We have a still finer view of the Cathedral, of the beautiful monastery of the Grey Friars, a gem of pure Gothic architecture ; with illustrations of Macbeth's Castle, more interesting to the antiquary than the lover of art. These etchings are faithful and spirited likenesses, and the illustrative or explanatory letter-press, is all that could be desired. This work, though on a large scale in size, from being confined to outline, is marvellously cheap, even in these days of cheap engraving.

**MAJOR'S CABINET GALLERY. No. 5.**—Of the three subjects of this month, the *TENIERS—A Farm Yard*—is the best in choice, and in execution. It is a charming picture. *The Sea-piece* has at least the name of VANDERVELDE to give it grace among modern admirers of art. *Henrietta*, the Queen of Charles I, though a VANDYKE, is a failure in this work. Whither has the beauty of this clear-complexioned, sparkling brunette vanished?

## THE DRAMA.

THE Lord Chamberlain's extension of the period of the licenses of the Haymarket Theatre and English Opera House, has been the cause of much rejoicing among play-wrights and actors ; and of much dolour to certain other great people pertaining to certain great patented structures, of name needless to tell. Whilst this measure will abridge monopoly in one case, it cannot fail to secure employment to a too numerous class of artificers who, labour in one of the most precarious and vicissive vocations of a trading nation. The tremendous debt, expenses in which the great houses are involved, must needs have exercised a paralysing influence upon the exertions of managers, and the pleasures of theatrical novelty hunters ; but what the results will be to the drama, now that a powerful competition is about to be instituted by establishments altogether unencumbered, some folks tremble to conjecture. We may grieve for individual ruin, but the gain of the few must be sacrificed to the advantage of the many. It comes to this at last.

The "Christmas Pantomimes" have been, as by custom established, the chief source of interest among the play-going world during this happy period of the season ; and with the exception of Jerrold's "Nell Gwynne," have excited their usual undivided interest. At COVENT GARDEN, the classic tale of

"Puss in Boots" has afforded a fine opportunity for the display of the powers of Little Poole, the Great Grievases, and other distinguished artists, from clown and harlequin downwards. The Adapter (we know him not ; but how enviable must have been his feelings, while dramatizing the eventful history) has becomingly confined himself to the great original ; and if a mixture of breathless attention and uproarious laughter among pleased and wondering audiences be any criterion of merit deserved, it is unequivocally his.

In matters of such importance as London Pantomimes, six days are quite sufficient time to make known to the outermost parts of the nation every remarkable scene, trick, and incident worthy of immortal renown, so that we need not detail facts with which every person must be now and necessarily well acquainted. With liberal prodigality we dispense our praise to all concerned ; but to dear little Pussy Poole, we would give a score of kindly kisses and a silver-penny keepsake, if we had but the opportunity of doing so generous and grateful an act.

"Nell Gwynne" has ranged through all the gradations, from praise to censure in the scale of the critical thermometer. In truth, it is a happy failure. Plot there is none ; it is made up of disjointed incident. Had Mr

Jerrold contrived to impart to it a little general animation and a spirited denouement, the drama would have survived many others by which it will soon be supplanted. The dialogue is generally good, often pointed, sometimes sparkling. The acting is excellent. The performance of Miss Taylor as Nelly, and of Blanchard as the doating but crafty old Crow's Foot, is exceedingly clever. Little Keeley in the part of Orange Moll, has signally immortalized himself;—it is one of the richest representations of character on the stage. The Ballet of Masaniello continues still attractive.

The Pantomime at DRURY LANE bears the name of Harlequin Traveller. A splendid Panorama by Stanfield (who, by the way, has made Panoramas a necessary constituent of Pantomimes) adds to the attraction which fun, trick, tumbling, and glitter, in all their infinite varieties, have for a riddle and a thinking people. "The Way to get Married" was got up for the purpose of introducing Mr W. Dowton in the part of Tangent. He is evidently well acquainted with the business part of "his profession," and performs with great discrimination and abundance of animal spirit. The debut seemed satisfactory

to the audience, and very much so to himself.

Mr Dowton, *pere*, in the cleverly drawn character of Caustic, displayed his usual addiction to that best of institutions—Nature. Farren gloried in Tubby Allspike, and played admirably. The other parts of the comedy were well sustained, and—we have not seen it since.

The MINIONS have shone forth this Christmas with unusual lustre in their pantomimes. In the two all-important points of scenery and harlequinade, each rivals the other; and they all are well-nigh running abreast with the majors. SADLER'S WELLS has for years and years back been the very hot-bed for the rearing and cultivation of Harlequins, Columbinas, and Clowns; and he who knows not the holiday pantomime of "the Wells," argues of course himself unknown. We particularly notice this little Theatre for a very spirited attempt to introduce a noticeable Panorama within the walls of a minor. A Mr Cocks (he cannot remain long unknown) has painted a picture of the marine scenery, from Portsmouth Harbour to Antwerp Citadel, in a style of surprising excellence, creditable alike to his own skill and the manager's enterprise.

## MUSIC.

SINCE our last publication, there have appeared in Edinburgh two Musical Periodicals—THE MONTHLY MUSICAL ALBUM, comprising Quadrilles, Waltzes, Gallopes, &c. for the Piano-Forte; and THE MUSICAL SCRAP-BOOK; containing original and selected Songs, Ballads, &c. for the voice, and Quadrilles, Waltzes, &c. for the Piano-Forte. The Scrap Book is edited by Mr. Finlay Dun, an accomplished musician, a successful teacher of singing, and a gentleman of considerable literary attainments. The regular contributors to *The Musical Album* are announced to be the same Mr. Dun, with Mr. Alexander Murray, Mr. Muller, and Mr. Spindler, three Edinburgh professional musicians and teachers of the most respectable order. Both works are well conducted, and published by music-sellers of extensive connection. But what is wanted is a Musical Periodical adapted for the many. Four-fifths of such a work should consist of simple airs, simply accompanied—the remaining fifth being devoted to music of a higher kind. The staid professional musician would have small relish for such a work; and the mongrel sort of musicians, called amateurs, would express still higher contempt for it than their

professional brethren; but a musical periodical, conducted on that plan, would give pleasure to thousands. Above all, it would sell; and that, we suppose, is one of the principal purposes for which *The Musical Album* and *Musical Scrap-Book* are intended. We wish to see a sort of *Chambers' Journal* in music, rather than a Scientific Journal, although bearing names in the musical world equal those of Brewster and Jameson in the world of science.

There have been a number of Concerts in Edinburgh during last month. Mrs. Wood has shewn us how much the human voice, and Mr. Bochsa how little the harp can do, to entrance the soul in musical delight. Miss Eliza Paton is, as yet, far inferior to her sister, Mrs. Wood; but has the natural gifts of a first rate singer, and is likely to take that rank in due time. Mr. Sapio, whom we have now got in Edinburgh, appears to us, among English singers, second only to Brahmi.

The Leith Philharmonic Society, a large and flourishing association of amateurs, give their friends, generally once a month, a concert of a particularly agreeable description. The Edinburgh Professional Society is dormant.

## POSTSCRIPT.

THERE are several subjects which, although we have not been able to devote separate articles to them, we are unwilling to allow to pass without, at least, a single remark.

**TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.**—The Taxes on Knowledge, we have reason to believe, Ministers have resolved to give up. Honour to them if this be true! Abolition of these odious taxes is, indeed, their duty, and the farther delay of it would be dangerous; but we are willing to accept a measure which will confer such prodigious additional power on public opinion, as a proof that ministers mean to govern in accordance with that opinion,—as a proof of good sense and good intentions.

**REPEAL OF THE UNION.**—Another good indication is the altered tone of "The Times," the principal organ of Ministers, respecting Ireland. We trust that justice is at last about to be done to that persecuted nation. Tithes must be abolished, and every degrading restriction on Irish liberty removed. In no other way can the Repeal of the Union be averted. Let instant and full justice (we ask nothing more) be done to Ireland, and we doubt not the ranks of the Repealers would quickly become thin, and thousands of Irishmen, who have hitherto taken no part in political discussions, would come forward and oppose Repeal. While justice is withheld, it is in vain to demonstrate to Irishmen the evils Repeal would cause to both countries, although Ireland would be the chief sufferer. The question is at present one of *freedom*, not of interest. Our Ministers should not hesitate to make a total change of their Irish policy, and in the change, they would do well to imitate the proprietors of a certain newspaper, who, when they find that, by a change of Ministry, their paper is on the wrong side, make a scape-goat of their editor, dismissing him and the opinions of the paper together. Let Ministers dismiss Mr. Stanley, and abandon his mode of governing Ireland.

**MR. O'CONNELL.**—In the abuse so lavishly poured out upon Mr. O'Connell by the public journals of Britain at present, we cannot join. To judge fairly of O'Connell, he should be viewed, if not with Irish eyes, at least with those of an impartial foreigner. So judged, Mr. O'Connell deserves the sacred title of patriot. He has done mightily for Ireland. Yet, all who know the true state of that country acknowledge, that he has been more the organ than the agitator of the Irish people. If our Irish policy be not changed, we fear for O'Connell's public virtue. Schemes of personal ambition will be forced upon him, if he has not already encountered the same weaknesses which appeared to Macbeth.

**THE BALLOT.**—The demand for the Ballot is now so loud, and so nearly universal among the classes which chiefly require its protection, that it will assuredly be granted in the first Session of Parliament. The great majority of the Cabinet are opposed to the Ballot; and, as we think there is reason to doubt the honesty, or the intellect, or the knowledge, of a *Statesman* who is hostile to the Ballot, we would be inclined to be severe on them for the pertinacity with which their organ, *The Times*, continues to repeat all the paltry, commonplaces and oft exposed fallacies respecting secret voting. But, in consideration of the intention of Ministers to remove the Taxes on Knowledge, we forbear. Many honest men, who are not statesmen, nor much addicted to political inquiries, are still averse to the Ballot. To these we say,—If you wish to see the utility of the Ballot *demonstrated*, and every one of the objections to it triumphantly exposed, read Mr. Mill's admirable article on The Ballot, which appeared in the Westminster Review, No. XXV, and which may be purchased separately, as a pamphlet, for threepence. If you wish to know how the Ballot is found to work in America, read the passage from Mr. Stuart's Three Years in North America, which you will find in page 647 of this Magazine. If you are unable to follow Mr. Mill's close reasoning, or doubt Mr. Stuart's facts, there is a way of deciding most political questions, which you will find sufficiently correct for practice, and as simple and easy as an ignorant or indolent man could wish. If you find the people (whose benefit we take for granted, is the object in view,) and their known organs of the press, calling for a measure, you may almost conclude at once that the measure is calculated to benefit the people; but if you, at the same time, see the Tories, to a man, and their political organs, resisting the same measure, the presumption in its favour may almost be said to reach the length of certainty. You need not bother yourself with what the Whigs and their journals say. And as a useful general rule, you may assume, that when both Tories and Whigs object to measures advocated by the friends of the people, the Tory objections are the real ones.



**THE EDINBURGH REVIEW AND THE BALLOT.**—After *The Times* has wasted its thunder, in vain, on the ballot, the Edinburgh Review has lent its now gentle voice to the same falling cause. As the Review has not advanced any thing but what has been urged a hundred times before, and refuted as often as urged, we shall pass it by, with only the remark, that the Review has had the sense not to encounter Mr. Mill's pamphlet on the Ballot, the logic of which is indeed inexpugnable; and has not had the candour to quote the important passage of Mr. Stuart's book on America, to which we have referred, either in its article on the Ballot, or in a review of Mr. Stuart's book, in the same number. In this, last article, the Review says, Mr. Stuart "seems to think well of the Ballot." Is this a fair representation of the passage? Further—"Instead of putting down canvassing, it appears to us to be carried on with far greater activity in America than in England." This is an unworthy misrepresentation. The ballot *does* put down canvassing.—(See the quotation in this Magazine, p. 647.) Personal canvassing of electors is unknown in America. Neither electors nor elected would submit to that degrading practice. That sort of canvassing which consists in active recommendation of one candidate, at public meetings, or through the press, and a rigorous sifting of the pretensions of another, indeed abounds; but that is not what is here understood by "canvassing." That is not the objectionable sort of canvassing, but the highly beneficial; and the admirable effect of the ballot, is its annihilating the bad description of canvassing, and calling into active exercise the good. "We are sick," says the Review, "of the appeals so frequently made in this country to the example of America." No wonder. We have so much regard for the Whigs, as to regret their opposition to the Ballot. It will be of no avail, except to do themselves harm.

**PRESIDENT JACKSON AND SOUTH CAROLINA.**—None more deeply laments the quarrel between the American Union, and the State of South Carolina, than we do. Both parties seem to have acted unwisely. A more flagrantly unjust and oppressive commercial regulation than the American Tariff, there cannot be. *The Times*, (another good indication,) in an eloquent article, which we wish we had room to quote, truly represents it as the exact counterpart of our Corn Laws. If South Carolina has not taken every constitutional means of obtaining an alteration of the Tariff, before resisting its execution, that State has proceeded most absurdly. But the determination of the American President to compel, by military force, obedience to a law which he confesses in the same declaration to be utterly indefensible, is not only unwise but atrocious. An avowedly bad law should be instantly altered, not enforced. The Government, whether Republican or Monarchical, that would bring upon a nation the horrors of civil war, to enforce obedience to a notoriously unjust law, until it shall be the pleasure of the same government to abrogate the law, merits the execration of every friend of humanity. The way to make the laws respected, is to take care to have none but good laws on the Statute Book. To enforce bad laws is the readiest thing to bring all law into disrespect. Force will never make law respected. Suppose Mr. Stanley and the American President successful in putting down, by force, the opposition of a whole people to a bad law, it would be the force only that would be respected, not the law.

If, instead of a crusade against the registers of the iniquitous Tariff, in the Southern States, the American President would march his troops to put down the slave system, which disgraces these States, we would, with all our hearts, wish him success. The permission of slavery is a foul blot on the American Union.

**THE TORIES.**—If, as we trust, and have some reason to believe, the present Ministers have determined to stand by the cause of the people, and have repudiated the advances of the Tories towards a coalition with them, the Tories, as a party, are utterly extinguished. They must retire from public life, or become friends of the people. We are not without hopes, that when they find corruption in the course of being abolished, that they have no chance of a share of what shall be allowed to remain of it, they may alter their ways and become good citizens. Like the devouring and hideous monster in the story of *Beauty and the Beast*, Toryism, when its head is cut off, may suddenly start up into a ghastly personage, worthy of the favour of the person who dealt the decapitating blow. In the mean time, our Scottish Tories seem determined to play the game. The Scottish Peers have sent an entire batch of Tories to the Upper House, to represent the Aristocracy of their country in Parliament; and the Town Council of Edinburgh have, in a manner worthy of themselves, rejected Sir David Brewster, to prefer, as a successor to Sir John Leslie, in the Chair of Natural Philosophy, a Tory youth of three-and-twenty. A good lad, and a promising, he may be, and we believe is; but a few more appointments of this kind would leave the University of Edinburgh without students.

# TAIT'S

## EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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### THE REFORMED PARLIAMENT.

THE Session has commenced with bad omens, the Ministers, with the two Houses of Parliament, having given signs of a spirit which the sanguine believers in a Reformed Parliament fancied extinguished forever. The speech with which his Majesty commenced the Session was, as usual, when speaking of improvements, vague and unsatisfactory; when menacing war, and denouncing vengeance against the people, peculiarly definite, clear, and intelligible; and the commentary on this text, viz., the speeches and explanations of the Ministers, has gone far to strengthen all the unpleasant anticipations which the speech itself was calculated to raise.

On the first question which arose in the House of Commons, (the choice of the Speaker,) we shall say little. The matter itself was not very important, but as a sign, or when considered as involving a principle: and the division was, we conceive, unwisely forced on; yet are we well pleased to see, that even under all the unfavourable circumstances which attended this case, there were found thirty good men and true, to enter their protest against a bad principle.

The next matter which came under the consideration of the House, was one of far graver importance: one which, for the immensity of its consequences, has never been surpassed; involving, as it does, Civil War in Ireland; and, therefore, calling into question the very existence of the empire at large. The conduct of the Ministers on this momentous subject, was, to speak in mild terms, highly disingenuous; while the House appeared like one wilfully blind, and determined to be confiding in spite of any damning evidence which might be placed before him.

The question respecting Ireland may be stated in a few words: By the admissions of the Ministers themselves, that unhappy country has suffered for centuries under misrule; and been borne down by grievances which yet remain. The extent and pungency of these grievances is admitted on all sides. That they, and they alone, have driven the people to madness, seems also to be allowed; that they have been, and are, quite sufficient to that end, no one denies.

At the present time, in certain parts of the country, the peasantry are

more than usually disturbed. Driven by want, and goaded by oppression in ten thousand various and maddening forms, they nightly devastate the country, commit depredations, and sometimes are guilty of murder. This is one evil, and this is the one chiefly insisted on by Ministers ; but there are others, which are really the things felt, though not openly complained of. Among other things, the agricultural population have determined to pay no tithe. Mr. Stanley, in his wisdom, commenced a campaign in favour of tithe. He levied it at the point of the bayonet. He employed police, troops, judges, and lawyers, to enforce it. He ruined thousands, and exasperated the whole population. As the tithe was levied by force and arms, so was it defended. Is it wonderful, that when, in warlike guise, you strip the poor of their hard earnings, they should resist you in the same way? Is it strange, that when you shew, that the law has no moral power, that it is strong only by physical force,—is it strange, we ask, that the people should cease to venerate the law, and withdraw from it the allegiance which, by habit, they are accustomed to pay to it? In Ireland such has been the conduct of the Government ; such has been the result. A law hated by the people has been backed by force ; and by force it has been successfully resisted. The parsons who have insisted on their tithes have been shot ; the army employed to collect them has been foiled ; the judges appointed to hang and otherwise punish no-tithe-payers, have been disappointed of their prey ; and the police are no longer supreme in Ireland.

Added to these two evils, there is another existing, in the opinion of the Government ; though this also is not insisted on. The people generally are politically excited. The grievances under which they have so long suffered are marked out for destruction ; the sweeping besom of Reform is about, *by the people*, to be passed over the Church of Ireland, and all the monstrous emanations from that portentous establishment.

These three classes of evils (for so the Ministry and the gentry of Ireland consider them) now existing, the Ministry are at their wits' end to put them down. And without any explanation respecting the malady, without any statement as to the cure proposed, they come to the Legislature, and demand of them at once confidence and increased powers. The answer to this demand was, that before any increased powers were given, the ills complained of should be explained ; before harsh measures were resorted to, the real grievances of which the people complained should be abated. The history of Ireland contains many instances of powers being given, and being exercised ; it contains more of grievances abated,—of the legitimate demands of the people being satisfied. In place of declaring war against a whole people, a people, too, whom all persons allow to be grievously abused,—why not, it was asked, try the more mild and soothing plan of abolishing the ills complained of? For example, try the effect of putting down the tithes, and the tithe campaign ; substitute for an inefficient and insulting police, one which the people could confide in, and one which they would assist ; let the people elect their own magistrates, and they will have confidence in the administration of justice ; destroy all distinctions between Catholic and non-Catholic ; do away with the Irish Church,—a church maintained only for the clergy, and not for the people ; establish a system of education, and a more equitable taxation ; and then, if all these things fail, ask for additional powers, and demand of the people's representatives unbounded confidence in your intentions. But these things would not fail. Whitefeet would, by this system, be effectually suppressed, and good order firmly established, where anarchy has for centuries been predominant. This plan, however, does

not meet with the approbation of his Majesty's Ministers ; and why not ? The answer is plain ; and however painful it may be to speak as we are about to speak, the answer shall be unflinchingly given.

• The real grievances of Ireland arise out of the Protestant Church establishment, and the plans that have been adopted to maintain that establishment. But the Ministers do not wish to get rid of this gigantic burthen; they cling to it; they love it; they will attempt any thing rather than overturn it. They have had recourse to subterfuge to attain their end. What, in the present disturbances, they peculiarly dislike, is the avowed enmity to the Established Church, and the means adopted to abate that nuisance. They did not dare say this, however; they therefore had recourse to an artifice. They insist on the outrages of the Whitefeet; they paint in terrible colours, the disturbances created by these lawless depredators; they pretend that they desire powers to put down these evil doers, and they thus endeavour to frighten the English people. In their plans, however, these Whitefeet are forgotten. The efforts of the Government are directed against the non-payers of tithes; their increased powers are directed against church and political agitation. The House of Commons would not thus see the conduct of the Ministers. They were still determined to have confidence in the reforming Ministry; and they voted confidence in them, and a determination to give powers before abating grievances, by a majority of 301 to 65.

These two symptoms of the old malady, which men vainly fancied was cured for ever, were followed by two others equally significant. Lord Althorp, on being asked whether he intended to abolish the taxes on knowledge, answered in his usual manner: He was extremely desirous of doing away with these taxes; but he could not say whether he could do so, because the quarter's Revenue had not been ascertained. Put this answer in juxtaposition with the next step of His Majesty's Ministers. They could not determine to abolish the most mischievous tax which is now levied from the people, because they did not know the state of the Revenue: but they could resolve to maintain a parcel of Naval and Military sinecures, come what would, be the situation what it might of the Revenue. Are not these significant symptoms? Is there not much unworthy artifice in this mode of dealing with the people's demands? The Ministry, moreover, say that they intend to do nothing respecting the Corn Laws; they have given an ambiguous answer respecting slavery; and very openly hinted that no reduction in taxation will take place. If this be all that we are to obtain from a Reformed Parliament, we have laboured hard, and for many months, for very little purpose.

One word as to the composition and temper of the House of Commons. The last division of 232 against 138, on Mr. Hume's motion to reduce Military and Naval sinecures, gives us hopes that, on questions of economy, the people's demands will be attended to; that time will destroy the *prestige* which now exists respecting the present Ministers; and that the representatives of the people will not long be cajoled by the shifts and artifices daily employed to deceive them. Although this be our opinion of the majority of the House, there is much in its composition to create disgust; many having found their way into that assembly, possessing not one quality required in the legislators of a great nation. Much, by far too much, of the old leaven remains. Dandies, empty-headed coxcombs, insolent aristocrats, yet form too large a portion of the legislature. It would be invidious to mention names; but to any

one who goes into the People's House, there will appear to be a strange assembly of idle loungers, of mere youths, and dangling boys of fashion, congregated behind the Speaker's chair; youths whose fit place would be some strict seminary of useful instruction, where they might learn something beyond the "nice conduct of a clouded cane;" and some twenty years hence be enabled to come to some rational conclusion upon the great matters on which they now, so improperly, are called to decide. To any one who will go into the great Council of the Nation in a sedate and sober spirit; who feels the immense responsibility which the office of a representative necessarily imposes; it will appear a matter of serious lamentation, of deep and bitter regret, that our destinies, our whole well-being, and the well-being of the many millions under our dominion, should be trifled with in this awful manner; and should be suffered to depend, in any degree, upon the whim and fancy of a parcel of insolent, idle, ignorant, school-boys. When we consider, that the most powerful minds the world ever saw, have, day after day, night after night, spent their best energies in endeavouring to understand and solve the many difficult questions which the science of legislation involves; when we know that, after all their efforts, their knowledge has hitherto been imperfect; that the science which they have endeavoured to frame is imperfect also; what shall we say to the wisdom of those who select, for the practical application of this difficult and perplexing science, a host of ignorant youths, possessed even of very few kindly or generous feelings? Assuredly the People have had little to do in the affair beyond that of permitting it. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant, when all this rubbish shall be, utterly and for ever, swept from the legislature of the people.

Although there is a large portion of the House, nearly one half, who have never before been within its walls; still, the tone and temper of the present House resembles strongly, too strongly, indeed, that of its predecessors. At present, the new, and better disposed part of the members, are somewhat dashed by the impudent old leaven which sets the fashion, and apparently guides the estimation of the House. This will not long be the case. The demands of the people must quickly be attended to; the feelings that, out of doors, find favour, must be predominant within; and the high tone of morality, which the mass of the people admire, will be adopted and admired by their representatives also. At the present moment, however, it would be difficult to find any public assembly in the kingdom, (the House of Lords excepted,) in which the tone of the morality is worse; in which the arguments employed to guide their understandings are so vulgar; and, in conclusion, in which the emotions which are predominant are so utterly selfish, mean, and contemptible. The better men of the House ought to rise up in indignation, and at once introduce a higher and more dignified morality, a more wise and instructive mode of argument. The House must not permit the present empty set, who guide its councils, to predominate after the fashion which has hitherto prevailed.

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## THE WISHING-CAP.

## No. II.

*A Flight to the Cape. Inferiority of\* all other hunts to the Lion-hunt. Character of the Lion vindicated. Dr. Johnson caught wild. Inquiry into the reason of the existence of Lions. Nature's love of Pomp and Show. An awkward question for our friends in America. National Symbols in need of Reformation. Terrible mistake of Napoleon.*

THE perusal of a jovial ballad upon a "Lion-hunt," in a late publication,\* has made us wish to be in Africa, and see one for ourselves; and accordingly, we have been there. We saw a variety of other animals, such as cameleopards, quaggas, and Dutchmen; partook of a breakfast of honey with our friend the Cuculus indicator; and had a sight of the Spirit of the Cape, and the gentler Ghosts of Vaillant and his Narina. As we go winged, we of course go "as the crow flies," straight to the mark,—or, to use a more apposite simile, as Mercury in the ancient poets, with his Winged Cap, goes over land and sea on his messages; so that, if travellers had had proper eyes in their heads, they might have seen us skimming along, now like a pigeon, and now like an albatross, over France, the coast of Italy, the Mediterranean, Barbary, and the Desert. It was bitterly cold in crossing the Channel and the Alps; and we cannot say we felt much warmer, when we dipped down among the orangeries and the waters of the Riviera. The southern part of the Mediterranean was the place. In the desert, we saw, beneath our feet, a host of pillars of sand, moving along in a burning and fiery twilight, like the spirits of Dom-Daniel. The Spirit of the Cape faced us in a very grand manner towards our right, as we entered Caffreland, frowning high up in the air, just as Camoens beheld him on his return from India; but we declined his acquaintance; and closing our pinions, descended into the vineyards of French Corner, where we took refreshment and a dance with the goodnatured family of M. du Fresne; some of the most pious, and at the same time most pleasant people we ever met with—a perfect model for those who would show a truly religious sense of the bounties of God's creation.

A "Lion-hunt!" How grand is the sound, and how it raises in our estimation those who engage in it! How it seems to open to us at once all the romance and wayfaring universality of the times we live in; and throws back into a domestic and tea-drinking nothingness the experience of the last century! And how poor, or to-be-deprecated, sound all other kinds of hunting in the comparison,—the "stag-hunt,"—inhuman; the "hare-hunt," ditto, and sneaking; the "fox-hunt," vulgar and *squire-archival*. A "tiger-hunt" is something; but the sportsmen get up on elephants, out of the way. The "lion-hunt" is the thing. It is Homer come to life. Those who have been parties to it, have lived *epically*. Only think, reader:—let the *Almanach des Gourmands* talk as it will of its "Jury of Tasters;"—let Mr. Ude and Mr. Gunter boast as much as they please;—let the aristocratic historian record the exploits of the young gentlemen, who tossed up a slipper of Ninon's into a ragout;

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\* Ephemerides, or Occasional Poems written in Scotland and Southern Africa, by Thomas Pringle.

but here is a gentleman among us, Mr. Pringle, who has tasted *lion* ! He thinks it "insipid," and cannot recommend it. At what a disadvantage does this tone of indifference, this superiority to a lion-*chop*, put all of us, who have never risen above beef and mutton !

Of a similar grandeur compared with our home-feelings, and begetting a doubt within us whether most to admire its superiority to our amusements, or to be grateful for the natural every-day air with which he speaks of it as a commonplace, is the description of the hunt in Mr. Pringle's verse ; as, for instance, where, in language no loftier or more assuming than if he were talking of a badger, he says,

"But tighten your girths, and look well to your flints,  
For heavy and fresh are the villain's foot-prints."

Who does not feel that the lion is in his neighbourhood, when he hears these two natural epithets ? And, yet, who does not, at the same time, feel an alarm, unknown to the gallant writer, when thus told of the necessity of tightening his horse's girths, and looking well to his flints ? One of the huntsmen is down, and fairly under the lion's paw ; yet the poet has no greater alarm for him than he expresses in the following jovial couplet :—

"Bezadenhout, up man ! 'tis only a scratch—  
You were always a scamp, and have met with your match."

To have been under a lion, his paws on one's breast, and his great visage panting and looking round him ; and yet to be told it was "only a scratch !" This is "coming to the scratch" with a lustre !

We shall not repeat, however, the details of a sport which has been so well described in the verse and prose of this gentleman, and by so many other writers. We shall content ourselves with bearing testimony to their accuracy, and with saying how glad we are to see the character of the lion for courage and magnanimity vindicated by the latest of our fellow-travellers. Some mechanical-minded persons, out of an idle jealousy of the poets, (the best of all observers,) would fain have had us believe of late years, that the lion was a sneaking fellow, no better than a cat. They triumphantly desired us to notice how he watched, cat-like, for his prey ; how idle he was, except when roused by hunger ; and how quietly he could walk off before a score or so of men and dogs, after standing and looking them in the face, and considering their presented muskets. Unquestionably the lion has a relationship to the cat ; just as a great man has to the little people among his species. He also holds *a man in his mouth*, (a very terrible sight !) just as a cat does a mouse. But he does not sport with his prey ! He is not cruel ; not willing to get his pleasure out of one's pain. He watches, it is true, for his prey ; but so would Jenkins, if he were an outlaw with nothing to eat, and a boy was going by with a leg of mutton. So would "Jenkins," do we say ? So would the most dignified Doctor or the greatest Saint among us. Suppose that Dr. Johnson, or the Bishop of London, or even our Gracious King William, had, by some accident, grown up in the woods, without education or speech, and been caught, and called Sam or William, the Wild-Boy ; and suppose he had been brought to town in a caravan, and had got loose about six o'clock in the evening, having had nothing to eat all day, and a man were going by with a dish of turtle from the pastry-cooks ! Conceive the eye with which Wild Sam would stand looking from behind the caravan door, for fear his master should see him ; and then the shout with which he would bolt forth upon the turtle, gob-

pling it up\* as if no dignity was in him. We say nothing of the varieties of other kinds of prey for which certain human beings watch ; because we do not wish to lower the character of the lion who lurks only out of necessity, and not from their love of cheating and gain. That the lion is idle, except when he is hungry, may be admitted ; but what is the plea for human occupation in general, except that a man "*must live*," that he must "get his bread ;" and that if he is idle, he will have no butcher's meat. It is astonishing with what coolness we flesh-eating, fish-hooking, stag-hunting, war-making, boroughmongering, two-legged animals, sit in judgment upon our fellow-creatures the quadrupeds ; and abuse them for doing out of sheer instinct and compulsion, what we perpetrate out of a deliberate self-indulgence ! Let those among us who have really not been educated for nothing, and who have a decent quantity of humanity to go upon, do justice to the common instincts of lion and noble lord. As to his walking off before a multitude of men and dogs, with loaded muskets, and all sorts of advantages over him, it is what, in a Xenophon or a Frederick the Second, would have been called a *retreat*, not a skulking away. The lion refuses to risk his life, and that of others, to no purpose ; and instead of praising him for it, we call him idle and skulking. It is surely enough that, before he makes up his mind to decline the battle, he can look calmly upon his enemies ; nay, (as they acknowledge themselves,) with the most lofty and courageous aspect. If a dog or so happens to come too near him on that occasion, he makes a movement of his paw, invisible as one of Belcher's pieces of by-play, and smites the mongrel to death ; which is just as if he had said, "Do not misinterpret me, and behave like a puppy. I am standing thus, not for fear of you, but like a proper general calculating his forces." When Homer speaks of a lion walking off, it is in compliment to his bravest warriors, and the reluctance with which they retire.

There is no one thing in the creation, which, deeply considered, is more mysterious than any other ; but with that kindly permission to question her proceedings, in which Nature indulges us, we may be allowed, with all due reverence, to express our amazement at the existence of your wild beast. We can see "no exquisite reason for him." He seems, as if his uses had been anterior to the present system of the world, and that he is "going out" accordingly. Perhaps the lion was the lap-dog of the antediluvians, or hunted a superior order of mice in the reign of Gian Ben Gian. At present, (unless it be his office to keep down the population of the Camelopard and the deer,) we see nothing in a lion or tiger, but a raging stomach, in the shape of a quadruped, impelled to fill itself at the cost of other stomachs ; except, indeed, its existence involve some very exquisite sensations of health and comfort during its hours of repose ; or be kept up in order to furnish our story books with a pleasing terror, and our poets with similes. Doubtless, there are corners of things of which human inquiry knows nothing ; even in objects with which it concludes itself to be well acquainted. A lion has affections, and will take kindly to the company of a dog or a kid. He has also a lofty, and even thinking countenance in its way ; and Heaven knows what may be his meditations during a bland interval of digestion, or what he or any other animal may know of us. He is also handsome after his kind. Marcus Aurelius, that most amiable of utilitarians, found beauty in the very gape of his jaws,—that "chasm of teeth," (*χαρμ' αὐδον*) as Anacreon calls it. Certainly the lion has a mane, the sole use of which seems to be to give a luxuriant grandeur to his aspect. Nature seems



to warrant a certain pride and glory, not only in the robes of kings and fine ladies, but in the decoration she has bestowed upon certain animals,—as in the mane of the lion, the tail of the peacock, &c. An “article” might be written on these propensities in her, which, in human beings, would be thought weaknesses, or a superfluous love of ornament and display. She thus furnishes one of the best arguments we know of for the shews of state, and an ornamental condition of government; only, in impelling us to see beyond them, she leaves us to settle the question as we please. We, therefore, for our parts, avail ourselves of this license; and are for clipping the robes of kings, and reducing the establishment of all kinds of lions.

How came the Americans, when they set up a republic, to take an eagle for their symbol? Their eagle, it is true, is an American one, the “bald eagle;” but why a “bald” eagle, or any other eagle? Why any animal *feræ naturæ*, and of the old royal brute standard? It was as much as to say to royalty, “I am as powerful as you, and have as good claws.” Well; what then? Such an answer might have been well enough at the moment; but why give it for ever? Why set up with an everlasting intention, an emblem of brute rivalry? It was done, probably, out of sheer want of thought. Or, perhaps, victory and military power had an eye in it to Washington and the Romans. Washington himself had a bit of the eagle in his countenance, as soldiers are apt to have,—and of the “bald” eagle too. Here was the beak and the decision; but no great indication of mind. Franklin objected to this royal, and imperial, and ravening symbol; and said, he should have preferred a “turkey.” “At dinner, so would I,” Washington might have replied; “and you, Doctor, are of the eating, rather than the fighting species.” Franklin, it must be owned, was a little fatter than sage beseeemed, and had something of the turkey in the cut of his figure.

A time will come, perhaps not long first, when nations will be ashamed of these representations in the shape of eagles and lions, and adopt symbols more consonant with the ideas of wisdom and justice. Wild animals may be, and undoubtedly are, fit emblems of such governors of the world as the world has hitherto consented to have,—“shearers, not shepherds of the people,”—war-making, devouring robbers,—blood-suckers of the public body. See in what brutal and prodigious shapes the monarchs of the world present themselves before us,—the Austrian, Prussian, and Russian despots, with their eagle heads; other sovereigns, in the guise of lions and leopards; others, of horses; and behind them come their feudal rout of lions rampant, and dragons, and griffins, and Herald knows how many other monsters, real and fabulous; all bent upon only one thing,—tearing us, and snatching the spoil. It is like the unseemly multitude in Ariosto:—


Non fu veduta mai piu strana torma,  
Piu mostruosi volti e peggio fatti.  
Alcun, dal collo in giù, d' uomin in forma,  
C'oi viscerai di scimie, altri di gatti:  
Stamposse alcun co' pie' caprini l'orme,  
Alcuni son centauri agili ed atti:  
Son giovani impudenti e vecchi stolti,  
Chi nudi, e chi di strane feli involti.

*Orlando Furioso, Canto 5. v. 6.*

Was never yet beheld uncouthier train,  
Faces more foul, or more unlawful shapes;  
Some, from neck downwards, had the forms of men,  
With brute protruding heads of cats or apes;  
Some, with goats' feet, went, vexing the torn plain;  
Some scoured away, like centaurs bent on rapine;  
Naked and clothed were there, as whim might hold,  
And impudent young men, and foolish old.

Dom Miguel and the Duke of Brunswick, to wit, and the Emperor Francis. It is not only the cup of luxury that has induced men to make beasts of themselves; the cup of power has had an equal enchantment. It is now understood, even by those who abused him by wholesale,

out of secret envy, that Bonaparte did a foolish thing when he looked back upon the ancient world and the Roman eagles, instead of directing his eyes forward with the advancement of knowledge. The consequence of making himself an eagle, was, that he got hunted down by his fellow-birds of prey, whose race he ought to have superseded by being a man. France has no longer an eagle to lead it. It has got Dr Franklin's turkey, fat and homely, and making ludicrous ostentation of its tale of Jemappes. But the individual degradation is a part of the general advancement. The French, for their present national symbol, we believe, have revived the old Gallic cock,—a foolish emblem founded on a pun. By and by they will have a better. If Bonaparte had not condescended to be an emperor, and if, instead of an eagle, he had taken for his device, a human being, or Justice with her scales, he would now have been sitting at the top of the world, distributing happiness, and receiving such homage as never was yet received by man. His gains were thought great: but oh! how little they were compared with his *loss*! Such an opportunity was never put into the hands of a conqueror, since the world began; but alas! he was educated a conqueror, and did not know his good luck. He was not aware, that the most frightful of all lost occasions began at the very moment he thought himself most fortunate, and identified himself with the old potencies.

What will be the symbol of England, when she has a new one? what her *own* coat of arms, if she chooses to keep up that anomaly? For her lion is but the crest of her old kings, worn to distinguish them in battle, as other knights wore their respective devices; and nobody wears coat-armour now. A new coat-of-arms at the Herald's office is as ridiculous as if the heralds were to give a man a licence to walk about in the dress of the twelfth century. England, *as* England,—as a country and a people,—has in reality no device, unless the figure of Britannia be called one, which is rather a personification, and one in bad pedantic taste; a kind of Minerva with a bale of goods by her side, fit only for a broker's card, or the head of a merchant vessel. Pitt took away the best thing about this figure, when he exchanged the cap of liberty for a trident; an alteration which ought to have been resented, whatever may have been the abuse of liberty in France: for the abuses of others do not destroy one's own propriety. That apocryphal, according to Gibbon, scandalous, and bacon-selling personage, St. George, with his dragon, was no better. He suited Mr. Pitt's time far better than ours, especially if Gibbon's account of him be true, that he was a *contractor*. At any rate, he is nothing but an heraldic absurdity, and we ought to have done with him. And what has England, and especially existing England, to do with *lions* and *unicorns*, and other beasts never found upon its soil, and representing nothing but ravening power? However, these changes must take time. We only propose to give the first intimation of them, and to help the general inclination to question the old customs. If it be answered that they are "*only customs*," we must reply with the Greek philosopher, that we must not say "*only*," when speaking of a custom; we must inquire whether it is a fit habit of the acquiescence, and whether its tendency be to maintain good or evil. 

## THE RECALL.

BY CAPTAIN CALDER CAMPBELL.

COME back ! Come back !  
 Come, with the bursting bud and rushing rain ;  
 Come, with the green weed to its last year's track ;  
 Come, with the first shoot of the sprouting grain,—  
 Come back to me again !  
 Is thy heart cold ?  
 Or, do thine eyes turn with a yearning glance  
 Back to my breast's forsaken heap of gold,  
 Which, with a miser's love, was prized so once,  
 In thy enthusiasm's trance ?  
 Come back !—The earth  
 Recalls the verdure, that deserts it when  
 The sleets of winter whiten into birth,—  
 But spring resumes her sceptre green, and then  
 Earth calls it back agen.

The summer birds,  
 That woo the May-flower on the sunny bae,  
 Have their inconstant hour ; but there are words  
 Will bring them back to the abandoned spray ;—  
 Hast *thou* less heart than they ?  
 The mountain's rude  
 Have voices in the tempest's time of wrath ;  
 And from their caves, where infant echoes brood,  
 Each thunder-peat its solemn answer hath,  
 Making through air its path !  
 And in this world  
 Love's breath pervades creation's humblest thing ;—  
 Fond mysteries round the human heart are curl'd,  
 Which make it to its brother-bosom cling,  
 Even in hope's perishing.  
 Think not thy heart,  
 With all its coldness, hath no answering tone ;—  
 Come back, and let kind Nature play her part—  
 Come back, and blush that ever thou hast thrown  
 Thy feelings into stone !

Come back again !  
 Come, with the sweet fresh shower, the balmy dew,—  
 Come, with the sky-lark's renovated strain,—  
 Come, with the bird that builds its nest anew—  
 Shall all but man prove true ?  
 A voice replies—  
 " They come not back, the dead !—My love is o'er ;  
 Thy heart and its recall I do not prize,—  
 I woo the world—the muse I woo no more—  
 Who can the past restore ?"

Alas ! for thee—  
 So young, so young, yet with a heart so old !  
 Courting a world, that looks contemptuously  
 On thee and thine ! Alas ! that feelings cold,  
 To dross should turn bright gold !

## A FEW WORDS ON THE EFFECTS OF ABOLITION AND COMMUTATION OF TITHES.

LET no reader start away from our paper in the fear that it will either be a long or an abstruse one :—we are tired of these scientific criticisms; and, in plain truth, they suit not our Magazine. And they who hold our sentiments, on the knotty question of our title to partake somewhat of paradox, will also, before concluding what is here written, find reason to acquit us of the dishonesty of hunting for arguments in favour of a pre-determined opinion; of looking only at one side of the diverse-coloured object, and studiously suppressing any incommodious information which may come from its opposite surface. It is our purpose and desire to bring out the whole truth, in regard of what is rather an intricate point; and we may here give utterance to our firm expectation, that the following brief sketch will, in not a few respects, modify the opinions of those who have hitherto perceived nothing objectionable or difficult in the popular project of Commutation. •

That the true incidence of Tithe, in a country whose whole land is so burdened, is upon the consumer, is a proposition admitting of the closest demonstration; and the reader who would understand why we say so, is referred to the criticism on Colonel Thompson's True Theory of Rent, in our ninth Number.

But this case does not involve the situation of Great Britain. One half of our land, Scotland being included, is tithe free; and it is from such a state that we are required to make the transition. Now, it is recognized by every one whose head contains the veriest elements of appropriate knowledge, as the *natural* as well as *actual* consequence of these circumstances, that the tithed land is far back in cultivation when compared with the tithe-free land; and this, further, is understood by the accurate observer, that the lowest soil in cultivation on tithed estates is more fertile just by one-tenth, than the lowest on untithed estates. Of two estates so situated, consisting of six different corresponding qualities of soil, the following Schedule may represent the actual position. The numbers are the supposed quarters of wheat obtainable from each soil, in return for the same outlay; and, of course, they represent the comparative fertilities :—

<i>Scale of Soils.</i>		<i>Untithed Estate.</i>	<i>Tithed Estate.</i>
Soil, No. 1	.	25 qrs.	25 qrs.
2	.	20	20
3	.	15	15
4	.	10	10
5	.	9½	uncultivated.
6	.	9	uncultivated.

Why soil No. 4. is the last cultivated on the tithed estate, while soil No. 6. is cultivated on the untithed one, must be plain to a child; it is, because the exaction of tithe renders them equally unfertile or only productive of 9 qrs. in so far as respects *the farmer and the landlord*. Now, the foregoing is an artificial state of things, and the tax keeps up the artificial inequality. If tithe had been non-existent, or utterly abolished, the culture of the estates had been uniform; and the country would

have obtained from them the required supply of  $158\frac{1}{2}$  qrs. in equal *quotas*. The following will show the condition in which each estate had then been :—

<i>Scale of Soils.</i>	<i>Estate now free.</i>	<i>Estate now tithed, but supposed free.</i>
Soil, No. 1 . . . . .	25 . . . . .	25
2 . . . . .	20 . . . . .	20
3 . . . . .	15 . . . . .	15
4 . . . . .	10 . . . . .	10
5 . . . . .	$9\frac{1}{2}$ . . . . .	$9\frac{1}{2}$
6 . . . . .	uncultivated.	uncultivated.

Thus far we are safe, as we have but described undeniable, because notorious facts. One step farther, however, and exceptions and diversities of opinions begin ; nor is it difficult to recognize the ambiguous or double-faced circumstance to which their origin may be traced. The foregoing artificial or tax-produced state, differs from the foregoing natural or free state, in two important consequences ; and just as we look most at the one, or most at the other, will our favours most attach to one or the other proposed methods of transition. The plan is, to look fully at both, at least if we would form an impartial judgment.

The Two Effects we allude to are as follows :—

*Effect First.*—In the tax-produced state, the inferior soil No. 6. is forced into cultivation, whilst in the free state it would not be required ; the necessary produce being obtained, as shown in the table, by the extension of uniform cultivation as far as No. 5. Now, as every civilized mortal is aware, the price of corn is measurable by the expense of raising it on the lowest soils cultivated ; so that, if we take £18 as the uniform outlay necessary to produce the enumerated quantities on each of the various soils, we have for the price of one quarter of corn in the tax-produced state £18 divided by 9 or £2 ; and, in the same manner, for its price in the free state £18 divided by  $9\frac{1}{2}$  or £1, 17s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Because of the existence of tithe therefore, the consumer pays 2s. 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ d additional for every quarter of corn he consumes ; which, to the whole consumers upon the whole  $159\frac{1}{2}$  quarters, amounts to the sum of £16, 13s. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. annually. The imposition of this grievance, which we hold to be equivalent to a barbarous tax, we therefore set down as Effect the First.

*Effect Second.*—In consequence of the inequality of cultivation, the owners of tithed and untithed estates are in unequal positions. Tithed estates confessedly yield less rent than untithed ones of corresponding soils, by the value of the tithe on them. The details of this effect will be found in the Note at the end of this article, by whoever is curious. Its reality will be noticed at a glance ; but it must not be held as a grievance on the individual proprietor, as he purchased his estate with the burden, and is only entitled to the amount he receives.

Upon this latter fact, and it *exclusively*, the modern advocates of Commutation found their schemes. We shall not follow their example, having seldom, during our terrestrial pilgrimage, found it injudicious to cast our eyes everywhere around.

I. And, first, let us calculate the influence of a measure of ABOLITION upon both effects.

1. We argue, it must be remembered, upon the supposition that the former quantity of produce, and no MORE, is meant to be extracted from the land ; and it is clear, that in respect of the First Effect, Abolition

might at once deliver the people from the burden. The burden arises from the condition of irregular cultivation; its amount was calculated by comparing the tax-produced state with the free state; and what we mean by Abolition, is a return to the free state. In order, however, that no more corn be demanded of the soil than before, *as much must be imported as before*; and it follows that, as a necessary concomitant, the Corn Law be modified. In the case now supposed, the import duty would require to be lowered 2s. 1½d per quarter; and if this were refused it would clearly be on principles contrary to the spirit of the existing law. If this were refused our hopes from Abolition would, of course, be disappointed; but no good Statesman would refuse it, who perceives in the existing corn duties a source of ceaseless wrath and bitter contest in the community, and whose patriotism were warm enough to make him seize with avidity on so admirable, so golden a moment, for doing it nearly altogether away. The consideration we speak of, is a consideration deserving the attention of all.

2. The influence of Abolition on our Second Effect, is confessedly not so satisfactory; but it is very different from what our commutators suppose, and far more satisfactory. It is the idea of these economists, that were tithe abolished without commutation, the amount of the impost would find its way into the landlord's pocket, over and above the rents he had bought. True, the rents of the two sets of estates will now be equalized; and if the rent of the formerly untithed estate remained just as it was, the predicted consequence would manifestly ensue; but this holds not—neither the consequence. The cultivation of the originally free estate, be it observed, has *receded*, and therefore its rent has *diminished*; whilst the cultivation of the now freed estate has advanced, and its rent is considerably increased. How this loss, and this gain, are determined in amount, will appear in the Illustrative Note; it suffices now to mark the existence of the change, and to state that the aggregate rental of the country would not thereby be augmented. What the one set of proprietors gained, the other set would lose—probably *more*. But there is no denying that even this result were inconvenient; and it must be set fairly down as one of those ills, of those jarrings of interests, which usually attend the adjustment of a great economical question. There is, however, to a certain extent, a principle of adjustment. The estates of the great English landowners are very varied in respect of the tithe impost; some have tithed and untithed lands all intermingled, and others are proprietors, in addition, of large districts in Scotland, a country comparatively free from tithe. The gain and the loss would here manifestly compensate each other, though to what extent we do not venture to conjecture. The subject is now stated fully, and we emphatically point to what we have seen as the great but solitary evil of a measure of ABOLITION.

II.—With equal severity, but equal candour, let us criticise the schemes of COMMUTATION.

Of these there be two kinds, differing essentially as to principle, and entirely as to result:—One, a Commutation proceeding upon that ground of our whole reasonings above mentioned, viz., that the quantity of produce now received, and no more, be meant to be extracted from the land after the change; and the other, a Commutation altogether disregarding this principle. We shall examine the qualities of both.

*Commutation First.*—1. In regard of the First Effect, a Commutation of this species would have precisely the same action as Abolition. The culture of the two sets of estates being equalized, and the Corn Law adjusted

to permit of the usual quantity of foreign supply, prices would inevitably fall, whatever the burden laid upon rent; and the people would thus assuredly obtain the before-mentioned relief. 2. In regard of our Second Effect, the influence of such a measure would necessarily be very different. In the case of Abolition, the tithe revenue is done away; in the case of Commutation, it is still levied—and levied from the rent of the formerly tithed estates. Had that rent been augmented to the amount of tithe, no harm would have ensued; but we have already shewn that it is not so; and therefore the proprietor would be, in so far, *minus* in point of income. He would be *minus* in at least half the tithe, as our note more specifically exhibits; and even if it were thought fit to take from him the half he might receive, there would then be destroyed the entire action of that principle of compensation which, we have reason to know, would, under existing circumstances, operate largely in abrading the irregularities consequent on Abolition. But why waste words on this species of Commutation? There certainly is not the smallest chance of its being proposed?

*Commutation Second.*—A Commutation without accompanying change in our Corn Law: that is the Commutation at present in extraordinary favour! That such a Commutation should be signally favoured by *some*, is indeed nothing strange; it is only strange that it should ever have found favour with our people. The consequences of this measure may easily be made apparent. It is plain that, under the existing Corn Law, the natural tendency of prices to permanent depression, which would follow on a removal of the artificial cause of inequality of culture, *could not take effect*. Any such tendency would act in gradually limiting the present supply of foreign corn, by heightening the import duties; and it would therefore be its only permanent consequence, to cause the extraction of a larger than our present supply from the soils of our own land. Now, the purely untithed lands would not, in such a case, recede in respect of cultivation; but, on the contrary, the tithed lands would advance in cultivation as far as the *present lowest cultivated point*. The untithed estate of our example would not recede to soil No. 5., and the tithed one advance to the corresponding one; but because of the additional demand, the tithed estate would advance to No. 6., and the untithed one remain as it was. If the Corn Law was not adjusted to the new *natural price point*, no power or provision could hinder a large accession to the number of our cultivated acres, and *the sinking of large sums of farmers' capital in the tillage of bad and barren soils*. The consequence of such a Commutation to the landlord and the Church may be satisfactory in the extreme, as it leaves their rental and their amount of tithes untouched. The tithe revenue may now be collected with all justice, and in full amount, as the formerly tithed estates will yield its amount in additional rent; but to the people, in one respect, the change is wholly indifferent, as not an iota of financial benefit could accrue; and in another respect, it is most prejudicial, and ought to be correspondingly odious. The grand obstacle to the entire and final Abolition of the Corn Law, is, if any obstacle exists, the amount of capital involved in the culture of these barren soils; and we are here hurrying into a measure which will at least double that evil. We are effecting, for the sake of mere convenience, a change in direct opposition to the principle of the repeal of that law.

In our exposition of the whole facts of this rather intricate subject, we have been brief, and purposely avoided all use of the debateable word *incidence*. It is a question, in our view of it, intimately bound up with

the question of the Corn Laws ; and, if we are correct, it ought to be regarded as the turning point of a great economical crisis. If the Corn Laws are to be modified,—if it seems right and desirable to the nation, that those bad soils, which were broken up under the reign of monopoly, should be again abandoned, and that the people enjoy the advantages which Providence offers them through the medium of trade,—then were it the most wretched of follies, and the deepest infatuation, to rush, at the present moment, into a measure, which cannot but render a return to just and liberal principles of commerce, at least twice as difficult as it now is. We enter here upon no speculation as to what ought to be done, but we have pointed out what we esteem a great danger ; and we do say, and are certain that our countrymen will say along with us, that in the impending modification of the Tithe Laws, nothing must be effected which will further complicate the yet more momentous question of the Corn Law. We hope to be able to speak soon with some decision and minuteness on the whole subject of our Ecclesiastical Revenues. We shall immediately be possessed of the Report of the Corn Law Revenues.

It cannot be overlooked that we have taken no account of the distinct financial question of the means of providing church revenues. This question we hold to be a *distinct* one. The change in the Tithe Laws ought to have sole reference to that grievance, by which attention has been compelled to the subject, viz., their influence on the agriculture and whole prosperity of the country.

**NOTE FOR THE PURPOSE OF ILLUSTRATION.**

It is our intent, in the following note, to give numerical illustration of the facts and conclusions developed in the foregoing paper. And, first, our readers will find the whole phenomena of our two supposed estates, during the existence of tithes, in the following table.

Soils according to the Qualities.	1. UNTITHED ESTATE.		2. TITHED ESTATE.			
	Produce returned on each soil to outlay of £.18.	Rent of each soil.	Produce as before.	Tithe on each soil.	Residue to proprietor and capitalist	Rent.
1	25	16	25	2½	22½	13½
2	20	11	20	2	18	9
3	15	6	15	1½	13½	4½
4	10	1	10*	1	9	0
5	9½	½	uncultivated.	0	0	0
6	9	0	uncultivated.	0	0	0
Totals.	88½	34½	70	7		27

The different produces being supposed returned to an outlay of £18, it is clear that the price will be, what the lowest produce must sell at, to bring this sum, or £18 divided by 9=£2 per quarter. Now, at this price, the items stand as follows :—

Tithe,	£14
Rent of untithed estate,	£69
Rent of tithed estate,	£54

1. On **ABOLITION** of Tithe, the cultivation of the estates would be equalized ; and to produce the same return of food, viz., 158½ quarters, their common state would be as follows :—



## STATE AFTER ABOLITION.

Soils.	Produce.	Rent.
1	25	15½
2	20	10½
3	15	5½
4	10	½
5	9½	
6	uncultivated.	
Total.		31

Total produce of both being, as before, 158½ (only 9½ being raised from the soil No. 5., which could give 9½.) Cost, in this case, £18 divided by 9½, £1, 17s. 10½d. being a saving to Public, on the quarter, of 2s. 1½d. The following are the results:—

	£.	s.	d.
Total diminution of price of produce, or total gain by Public,	16	13	0
Rental of each estate,	58	13	0
Loss on first rental,	10	7	0
Gain on second rental,	4	13	0

2. On COMMUTATION of the first sort, no change would take place upon the last mentioned results, save the levying of the former tithe amount upon the owners of the second estate; i. e. L.14 would, in the present example, be taken where only L.4, 13s. was gained. But we need enter no warning here. Here is no danger!

3. On COMMUTATION of the second sort, more produce being elicited, the soil No. 6. of untithed would not be thrown out of cultivation, but the soil No. 6. of tithed estate broken in. Cost would accordingly not be diminished, and the rent of the estates would be assimilated by the lesser advancing until it equalled the larger. The difference of these two rents, viz., of L.69 and L.54, is L.15, or L.1 more than the tithe; so that the owner of the second estate might pay tithe and still be a gainer. All smooth sailing here, except in so far as NATIONAL interests are concerned. NATIONAL INTERESTS! And what are they, compared with an amicable adjustment of the Tithe Question?

The purpose of this note is to realize our principles by force of example; it is not meant to be even an approximation to the actual state of the question. We do not know if it is possible to obtain such approximation; if so, we will be materially helped by the forthcoming Report of the Commission for inquiring into Ecclesiastical Revenues.

Notwithstanding the general acuteness of the Westminster Review, we cannot give it credit for any clearness of conception in reference to the Tithe Question. The dispute, in respect of the abstract point, is one of mere words; they name the whole *residuum* of landed money produce, after deducting expenses of cultivation, *rent*, and theft say that tithes is paid out of rent. It is strangely overlooked, that without tithe, a portion of that *residuum* would not have arisen at all, but is occasioned by the higher price which tithe necessitates. The following quotation from the *True Theory* of Rent will cast some light upon this point.

"To conclude, if tithe be rent, the American government, by imposing it on the lands in the back settlements, which now yield no rent at all, or a nominal sum which is next to none, may at once create a rent equal to the tenth of the gross produce. Advancing another step, it may create rent to the amount of half, or even the whole of the gross produce—a supposition too absurd to be insisted on."—WESTMINSTER REVIEW. No. 11. p. 414.

"If the American government were to impose such a tax, it would put a stop to the cultivation of lands in the back settlements altogether, with the exception of those where nine-tenths of the produce were sufficient to give a living profit to the cultivator. There would be a certain reaction on the price of produce, which would in some degree increase the quantity of land that would be able to resist the tax; but the effect would be in the main to check the cultivation of the back settlements, in the same manner, that would result from a diminution of one-tenth in the productive powers of nature there."

Is it not an immediate inference from the above criticism on the Westminster, that the effect of tithe is to diminish the efficiency of that check to the rise of price, which resides in the existence of inferior land, just by one-tenth of its natural efficiency? or, in other words, to allow the rise of price by one-tenth above the natural price?

The Westminster Reviewer will doubtless defer to any remarks of Colonel Thompson's.

Without an action on the Corn Law, the effects we predict could not be expected to follow; and with this action the Reviewer even, will allow that they are sure. And we here make request of the Reviewer, that previous to his farther advocacy of Commutation, he examine carefully the probable effect of that measure on our prospects as to the Repeal of the Corn Law.

The question of the Corn Law must soon be brought before Parliament, and discussed from one end of Britain to the other. It is a question of the highest importance to every man who lives by bread. We earnestly recommend Colonel Thompson's admirable work, "The Catechism on the Corn Laws," to universal perusal, that all may be prepared for the discussion.

## THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN WILSON.

THE domains of Poetry in Britain have been vexed of late years by a season of anarchy and invasion, whereby her true adherents have been disheartened, and her dignity has suffered great damage. Since the departure or abdication of the sovereign minds that presided over her several provinces, there have appeared a legion of small and assiduous pretenders; each wearing, throughout his brief existence, the device of some one of the mighty departed, and claiming the succession to his honours. Such a blowing of brazen trumpets, and such a buzz of puny voices, have never before perplexed the public ear. It has been a season of no small peril and detriment to poetry. The modern reader of verse has lived, like a voyager in the streets of Toledo, confused by the tolling of innumerable bells, and stopped at every moment to uncover and kneel to some lying pageant or spurious relic. On all sides he is wearied by the loud vociferation of rival impostures, or solicited for alms by mendicants in the disguise of the priesthood. Beneath this display of devotion, he will not be long in discovering the ignorance, the lax morals, the worldly aims of its professors; so that his faith must be strong, and his love more than conventional, if he do not learn to doubt and to detest, amidst the insufferable worthlessness and falsehood that he is compelled to witness.

From such an apostacy they are protected, in whose hearts the voices of nature and truth have left an echo of their music, which meaner accents cannot utterly drown. These voices may for a while have been overborne by the tumult; but when weariness, succeeding to curiosity, is tempted to exclaim, "All is false and barren!" they will again be heard with great consolation and reproof, silencing the promptings of unbelief, and proclaiming the living power of the Eternal, in all its strength and exceeding loveliness. Nor are they destitute of oral testimonies and ministers. There are not a few whose exhortations and example have constantly asserted these truths. Above all, there are not wanting poets who, in defiance of neglect or ridicule, have remained devoted to their celebration; and who, refusing to deviate from the unnoticed path, have continued pointing to those pure sources, whence the soul, fevered by the glare and tumult of imposture, may recover health and refreshment. To these it is the especial and pleasant duty of all who are enlisted in the good cause, to invite attention and regard.

The undisputed chief of the school to which we allude (is it necessary expressly to name Wordsworth?) is now beginning to receive, from the admiration of his countrymen, a late amends for the contumely with which—especially, to their shame be it spoken, from Northern critics—his works were formerly assailed. The pure spirit of his poetry has found its noiseless way to a multitude of bosoms; and many whom the impetuous glory of Byron's genius (quenched, alas! ere it had arisen to its destined sphere of poetic creation) had taught to condemn the beauty of a more placid song, have now returned to visit it with love and reverence. And while undiminished honour is paid to that genius which, for a time, rendered its admirers blindly unjust to all others, an affectionate feeling is each day more and more closely approaching those poets whose hymns have been devoted to the still worship of nature, and to the calm charities of domestic life. The present, therefore, appears to be no unfavourable time to undertake an examination of the

productions of one of this school, who possesses, moreover, from local and national associations, a peculiar claim to our notice.

The poems of Wilson have now been so long before the public, that we need not minutely analyze the separate merits of each. We shall attempt to describe, as far as we have succeeded in apprehending, the general features of his poetical character, illustrated by such specimens as may serve to display them; and this with a desire to discover beauties rather than to reprove faults. The latter is an easy, but ungracious exercise of the critical functions, and only to be called forth in defence of the interests of good taste, and for the vindication of true excellence from incompetent pretension. And since we are persuaded at heart that Wilson is a true poet, we think it a far more important duty to point out wherein he excels, than to peer curiously into his defects. We remember the unwillingness of a great master of our mystery, *paucis offendi maculis*, and are not ambitious of the post of *bourreau de Parnasse*, an office needful at times, but not therefore the less disgusting and opprobrious. We had rather be employed in adorning the brows of those who have deserved well of the Republic, than in "*wielding the knout*;" an odious charge, which, strange as it may appear, is nevertheless openly and complacently professed by some of our critical brethren.

Imagination is the intellectual, and love the moral spring of Wilson's genius; an imagination pure, delicate, and utterly impatient of restraint; far-soaring, and incapable of being tied or tired: a love of outward nature, deepening into passion; and of living beings, in which passion appears almost extinguished by reverence or contemplation: a love, in tenderness resembling that of woman, for all that is placid and beautiful and unspotted. His mind is ever on the wing amidst the cloud-land of phantasy; if it touch upon realities, it is in order to invest them with a veil of airy conceptions, beneath which their peculiar outlines disappear; and, in descending to human themes, his imagination invokes in their place shadows of sinless and angelic loveliness, too exquisite and visionary for the atmosphere of earth. He views every thing through a medium tinged with hues and shades, which conceal whatever of mean or common might offend his sensitive perception; it is a prism through which the object is beheld, changed, indeed, from its proper shape, but dyed with the fairest colours of the rainbow. His companions are an ever-varying phantasmagoria of distant pictures; every scene he visits, every sound he perceives, suggests to his mind some mysterious type of the far-off world in which his mind rejoices to dwell; and, by a singular property of this endowment, while, to him, inanimate objects become gifted with life, he looks upon living man as upon the shadow of a stately representation, beautiful, Guidesque, and vapoury. To this latter peculiarity we shall have occasion hereafter to advert. As an example of his gift of impersonating an insensitive thing, and endowing it with a spiritual life, we select the ensuing lines:—

"And lo! upon the murmuring waves  
A glorious shape appearing,  
A broad-wing'd vessel, through the shower  
Of glimmering lustre steering!  
As if the bounteous ship enjoyed  
The beauty of the sea,  
She lifteth up her stately head,  
And saileth joyfully.  
A lovely form before her lies,  
A lovely form behind;

She sails amid the levelness  
Like a thing with heart and mind,  
Fit pilgrim, through a scene so fair,  
Slowly she beareth on ;  
A glorious phantom of the deep,  
Risen up to meet the moon.  
The moon bids her tenderest radiance fall  
On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings ;  
And the quiet voice of the rocking sea  
To cheer the gliding vision sings.  
Oh ! ne'er did sky and water blend  
In such a holy sleep,  
Or bathe in brighter quietude  
A roamer of the deep.  
So far the peaceful soul of Heaven  
Hath settled on the sea,  
It seems as if this weight of calm  
Were from eternity.  
O world of waters ! the steadfast earth  
Ne'er lay entranced like thee !"

*Isle of Palms, Canto I.*

The scene, the object described in these lines, it may be said, naturally seem to call for this mode of representation; they did so, and therefore were chosen by the poet, at whose will lay the events he should depict :— And was ever anything more vision-like and airy ?

But let us turn to a subject of a different kind ;—the visit of a rustic company to certain anglers who had pitched their tent, for a Sabbath day's rest, at the edge of a retired mountain lake. Peasants, old and young, have assembled from all the neighbouring hills to gaze upon the unwonted spectacle of strangers,—by whom they are welcomed and entertained. A pleasant group ! which many a skilful hand would have described with the quaint and truthful pencil of a Berghem or a Watteau. But our poet touches it with his wand,—the rude outlines disappear, and lo ! the scene is changed to Arcady. These are no peasant girls :—

" Well did the roses blooming on their cheek,  
And eyes of laughing light, that glistened fair  
Beneath the artless ringlets of their hair,  
Each maiden's health and purity bespeak.  
Following the impulse of their simple will,  
No thought had they to give or take offence ;  
Glad were their bosoms, yet sedate and still,  
And fearless in the strength of innocence.  
Oft as, in accents mild, we strangers spoke  
To these sweet maidens, an unconscious smile,  
Like sudden sunning, o'er their faces broke,  
And with it struggling blushes mixed the while.  
And oft as mirth and glee went laughing round,  
Breathed in this maiden's ear, some harmless jest  
Would make her, for one moment, on the ground  
Her eyes let fall, as wishing from the rest  
To hide the sudden thro' that best within her breast.

Oh ! not in vain have purest poets told,  
In elegies and hymns that ne'er shall die,  
How, in the fields of famous Arcady,  
Lived simple shepherds in the Age of Gold !  
They fabled not, in peopling rural shades  
With all most beautiful in heart and frame ;  
Where, without guile, sweet wooed their happy maids,  
And Love was Friendship with a gentler name.  
Such songs in truth and nature had their birth :  
Their source was lofty, and their aim was pure ;

And still, in many a favoured spot of earth,  
 The virtues that awoke their voice endure !  
 Bear witness, thou, O wild and beauteous dell,  
 To whom my gladdened heart devotes this strain !  
 —O ! long may all who in thy bosom dwell  
 Nature's primeval innocence retain,  
 Nor e'er may lawless foot thy sanctity profane !  
 Sweet maids ! my wandering heart returns to you,  
 And well the blush of joy, the courteous air,  
 Words unrestrained, and open looks, declare  
 That fancy's day-dreams have not been untrue.  
 It was, indeed, a beauteous thing to see  
 The virgin, while her bashful visage smiled,  
 As if she were a mother, on her knee  
 Take up, with many a kiss, the asking child.  
 And well, I ween, she played the mother's part ;  
 For as she bended o'er the infant fair,  
 A mystic joy seemed stirring at her heart,  
 A yearning fondness, and a silent prayer !  
 Nor did such gentle maiden long refuse  
 To cheer our spirits with some favourite strain,  
 Some simple ballad, framed by rustic muse,  
 Of one who died for love, or, led by gain,  
 Sailed, in a mighty ship, to lands beyond the main."

As another instance of this lovely art of transmutation, this alchymy taught by Fancy and Love, we would refer to a delightful poem, the "Children's Dance." Remember, they are mountain and village children, ~~assembled~~ at a rustic dancing-master's ball ; a theme which, from our own opportunities of observation, we should have pronounced unyielding to a poet of less quick-winged fancy. But read the poem, (we can only extract two beautiful verses, forming a fair picture,) and you are no longer in the hamlet of a Cumberland dale, but in the very court of Titania herself :—

" Like sunbeams glancing o'er a meadow field,  
 From side to side the airy spirits swim.  
 What keen and kindling rapture shines revealed  
 Around their eyes, and moves in every limb !  
 See ! how they twine their flexile arms so slim,  
 In graceful arches o'er their hanging hair,  
 Whose ringlets for a while their eyes bedim.  
 The music stops—they stand like statues there,—  
 Then, parting, glide away on noiseless steps of air.

And now a ready hand hath round them thrown  
 A flowing garland, for their beauteous queen,  
 Wreathed by her playmates ; roses newly blown,  
 White—clustering 'mid the ivy's vivid green.  
 Enfolded thus in innocence, they lean  
 Their silky heads in inclination dear,  
 Their blent locks fluttering through the space between.  
 And do they not, advancing thus, appear  
 Like angels sent by Spring to usher in the year?"

*The Children's Dance.*

Throughout the greater part of the "Isle of Palms," this wild and floating imagination presides over the tale, and has guided the descriptions no less than the incidents. The ship in which the lovers are embarked goes down at sea. A poet of sterner temper would have dwelt upon this grand and moving incident, so as to gather a more profound human interest around the personages of the narrative. Thus did Wieland in his unrivalled Oberon ; thus did Byron in Don Juan ;—Wilson passes over the calamity with a few remote expressions ; intent upon

wafting the two rescued voyagers across a bright and waveless sea, to their Ocean Elysium, where his fancy may roam at will, and assemble around them the groves and flowers of a land fairer than the gardens of the Hesperides. You feel that the shipwreck is no calamity. The reader is already in the land of the *genii*, and only entertains a gracious curiosity to know whether the voyagers are to be borne through air, or over sea, on wing, or in golden pinnace, "airy-fraught," to the haven of their bliss. As for the perished vessel and her crew,—were they not brave fictions of a dream? The whole is the tale of visions, lulling and peopled with fair shadows, and sung to a fall-off music, which is strange and sweet; but its events are independent of space and time, and the other conditions of actual being. With its personages we can neither weep nor rejoice. They are denizens of cloud-land, to which human passions cannot ascend.

To this capricious sovereignty of his imagination we are indebted for Wilson's exquisite poem on the old tradition of "Bessy Bell and Mary Grey," which is perhaps the most perfect of all his compositions. It is a strain as wild, yet soothing, as the music of an Eolian harp; and, like it, is doubtful and mysterious, beneath a seeming tone of simplicity. The visionary character of the theme was just suited to arouse his sensitive fancy; and he has embodied it with a mingled solemnity and lightness which remind us of Hogg's "Kilmory." It is impossible to recur to the joys or mourning of Earth while listening to this strain; it breathes throughout a spiritual calm, which seems borrowed from some mysterious land unto which laughter and tears are equally unknown. And in what a fine dim close the song fades into silence!

"As on the orphans hold their way,  
Through the stillness of the dying day,  
Fairies might they seem, who are returning,  
At the end of some allotted time,  
Unto their own immortal clime!  
Each bearing, in its lovely hand,  
Some small memorial of the land  
Where they, like common human frames,  
And called by gentle Christian names,  
Full long had been sojourning!  
Some little fair inmate thing,  
Relic of that wild visiting!  
Bird, that beneath a brighter spring  
Of its own vanished earth will sing;  
Those harmless creatures that will glide  
O'er faery vales and earthy snow,  
And from the faery rivers flow  
Come forth more purely beautified.

Now, with a wild and mournful song,  
The fair procession moves along;  
While, by that tune so sweet,  
The little flock, delighted, press  
Around the singers' feet.  
Up, up, the gentle slope they wind,  
Leaving the laughing flowers behind  
That seem to court their stay.  
One moment on the top they stand,  
At the wild unfolding vale's command,  
—Then down into that faery land,  
Dream-like, they sink away!"

In passing from these imaginative conceptions or moods of observation, to comment upon Wilson's remarkable and characteristic devotion to the

worship of inanimate nature, we find, with some regret, that our extracts illustrative of the degree to which he is imbued with this fine attribute must be in every respect insufficient. His is a love which penetrates his entire existence, and colours more or less every creation of his thought ; it is, therefore, impossible to display by insulated passages the presence of an influence so all-pervading and continual. The compelled brevity of such fragments as we can afford is, moreover, a serious wrong to his descriptions ; which run onwards like the song of a bird, poured from the love and gladness of the heart, with no forethought as to limit or duration ; indeed, the cordial joy which he finds in his subject, and the copious flow of his numbers, lead him, at times, into a prolixity which becomes tedious. Like all true lovers, he can dwell with manifold iteration on the same welcome theme—the charms of his gracious mistress ; while the mere by-stander would content himself with a few brief significant touches, which, on the whole, perhaps, afford as correct a representation ; but it appeals chiefly to the intellectual perceptions,—the other finds its way to the heart. The best of Wilson's landscape pictures are on a canvass too broad for our exhibition ; of the cabinet subjects, the number is also so great, that we have been compelled *tirer au hazard*.

“ O ! wildest bridge by human hand e’er fram’d,  
If so thou mayst be nam’d ;  
Thou ! who for many a year hast stood,  
Clothed with the deep-green moss of age,  
As if thy tremulous length were living wood,  
Sprung from the bank on either side,—  
Despising, with a careless pride,  
The tumults of the wintry flood,  
And hill-born tempest’s rage.  
Each flower upon thy moss I know,  
Or think I know ; like things they seem  
Fair and unchanged, of a returning dream !  
While underneath, the peaceful flow  
Of the smooth river to my heart  
Brings back the thoughts that long ago  
I felt, when forced to part,  
From the deep calm of Nature’s reign,  
To walk the world’s loud scenes again.  
And let us with that river glide  
Around yon hillock’s verdant side :  
And lo ! a gleam of sweet surprise,  
Like sudden sunshine, warms thine eyes.  
White as the Spring’s unmelted snow,  
That lives though winter storms be o’er,  
A cot beneath the mountain’s brow  
Smiles through its shading sycamore.  
The silence of the morning air  
Persuades our hearts to enter there.  
In dreams all quiet things we love ;  
And sure no star that lies above,  
Cradled in clouds that also sleep,  
Enjoys a calm more hush’d and deep,  
Than doth this slumbering cell.  
Yea ! like a star it looketh down,  
In pleasure from its mountain throne,  
On its own little dell.”

*Isle of Palms, Canto IV.*

As a companion, here is a portrait from the life, characterized by its grace and freedom of outline. The reader will perceive, however, that it is no work of the Rembrandt or Velasquez school of representa-

tion. It is in subjects of this kind, that Wilson is least successful, because least true.

"The broad daylight of cloudless truth,  
Like a sunbeam bathes his face :  
Though silent, still a gracious smile  
That rests upon his eyes the while  
Bestows a speaking grace.  
That smile hath might of magic art,  
To sway at will the stoniest heart,  
As a ship obeys the gale ;  
And when his silver voice is heard,  
The coldest blood is warmly stirred,  
As at some glorious tale.  
The loftiest spirit never saw  
This youth without a sudden awe ;  
But vain the transient feeling strove  
Against the stealing power of love.  
Soon as they felt the terror cease,  
He seemed the very heart of peace ;—  
Majestic to the bold and high,  
Yet calm and beauteous to a woman's eye."

*Isle of Palma, Canto I.*

The discursive manner of this description will not have passed unmarked ; it is a feature observable in all Wilson's poems. An easy abundance of thought and language would appear to supply him with materials which he has never dreamed of subjecting to any process of revisal or compression. This extreme facility, which perpetually hovers on the borders of negligence, is a fault, and the parent of faults. Yet the entireness wherewith the poet seems thus confidently to pour into the hearts of his readers, without reserve or distrust, all the utterance of his enraptured moments, has something in it so earnest and persuasive, as almost to disarm critical severity.

We have yet to inquire with what success our author has grasped materials of a sterner and less evanescent texture. For he has not busied his contemplation with glowing or pathetic reveries alone, or in reposing on the mystical beauty of nature ; but has ventured, with no timid step, into the dark region of human calamity and endurance, and amidst the inflexible realities of life. In "The City of the Plague," written at a period when his faculties, it may be supposed, were fully matured, he found a subject, the most rigorous and thrilling perhaps, that the register of man's misery contained ; a theme, the full command of which demanded no common exercise of a class of powers uncalled for by the materials of his former poems. We cannot say that the demand has been effectual. The failures, no less than the beauties of this striking but unequal performance, only display, in higher relief, the prevalent features which have already been described. As a representation of human character and motive, exhibited in one of those fearful seasons which sweep away uses and conventions, leaving the hearts of men in bare and quivering nakedness, it is faint and improbable : the story lingers amidst profitless incidents, and scenes which the French would term *découps*. The characters are introduced and dismissed with as much consecutive fitness as the succession of figures in a magic lantern, to which they bear no slight resemblance ; in short, although composed in the dramatic form, the poem has no claim whatsoever to dramatic merit. On the other hand, the uncontrollable mood of the author, which appears to have estranged him from the truth required by such a tale, finds breathless occupation amidst



the mysterious and terrible images which it suggests, or pursues visions of unreal loveliness and excellence, as they flit, like sea-birds in a storm, amidst the fearful gloom which surrounds them. Many of the passages, depicting the pest and its consequences, are in the finest vein of descriptive poetry,\* sombre, thrilling, and forcible. The imagination and eloquence of the poet seem to be kindled by the lurid majesty of the subject; and he represents, like one who is himself possessed with a burden of horror, the forebodings or the frenzy of a time, sick and crazed with the superstitions of hopeless despair. We can only select the following pictures:—

“Oh! my friend,  
Far other sounds and sights have filled my dreams!  
Still, noiseless floors, untrod by human feet;  
Chairs standing rueful in their emptiness;  
An unswept hearth choked up by dust and ashes;  
Beds with their curtains idly hanging down,  
Unmoved by the breath of life; wide open windows,  
That the fresh air might purify the room  
From vapours of the noisome pestilence;  
In a dark chamber, ice-cold like a tomb,  
A corpse laid out—O God! my mother's corpse,  
Woefully altered by a dire decay!  
While my stunned spirit shuddered at the toll,  
The long, slow, dreary, gulfed, mortal toll,  
Of a bell swinging to the hand of death.”

*City of the Plague, Act I.*

A terrible foreboding truly, which not unfitly precedes the representation of the actual woe.

“Stand aloof,  
And let the Pest's triumphal chariot  
Have open way advancing to the tomb.  
See, how he mocks the pomp and pageantry  
Of earthly kings! A miserable cart,  
Heaped up with human bodies; dragged along  
By pale steeds, skeleton anatomies!  
And onwards urged by a wan, meagre wretch,  
Doomed never to return from the foul pit,  
Whither, with oaths, he drives his load of horror.  
Would you look in? Grey hairs and golden tresses;  
Wan, shrivelled cheeks that have not smiled for years;  
And many a rosy visage smiling still;  
Bodies in the noisome weeds of beggary wrapt,  
With age decrepit, and wasted to the bone;  
And youthful frames, august and beautiful,  
In spite of mortal pangs:—where lie they all,  
Embraced in ghastliness! But look not long;  
For haply, 'mid the faces glimmering there,  
The well-known cheek of some beloved friend  
Will meet thy gaze, or some small snow-white hand,  
Bright with the ring that holds her lover's hair.”

*City of the Plague, Act I.*

The entire passage, regarding the fears and phantoms which perplexed the dwellers in the doctored city, is very powerfully written. We can only find room for a part

We question, however, if Dr. Faustus whom Wilson is evidently much indebted, does not produce a higher effect of solemnity, despair, and awe, by his plain and vigorous prose.

"Yea! before the plague burst out,  
All who had eye-sight, witnessed in the city  
Dread apparitions, that sent through the soul  
Forebodings of some wild calamity.  
The very daylight seemed not to be poured  
Down from the sun;—a ghastly glimmering haze  
Sent upwards from the earth; while every face  
Looked wan and sallow, hiding through the streets  
That echoed in the darkness. When the veil  
Of mist was drawn aside, there hung the sun  
In the unrejoicing atmosphere, blood-red,  
And beamless in his wrath. At morn and even,  
And through the dismal day, that fierce aspect  
Glared on the city, and many a wondering group  
Gazed till they scarce believed it was the sun.

— Did any here behold, as I beheld,  
That Phantom, who three several nights appeared,  
Sitting upon a cloud-built throne of state,  
Right o'er St. Paul's Cathedral? On that throne,  
At the dead hour of night, he took his seat,  
And, monarch-like, stretched out his mighty arm  
That shone like lightning. In that kingly motion  
There seemed a steadfast threatening—and his features,  
Gigantic 'neath their shadowy diadem,  
Frowned, as the Phantom vowed within his heart,  
Perdition to the city. Then he rose,  
Majestic spectre! keeping still his face  
Towards the dome beneath, and disappeared,  
Still threatening with his outstretched arm of light,  
Into a black abyss behind the clouds."

*City of the Plague, Act II.*

The following fragment we consider the best in the poem. It has a dreary sublimity, which is quite appalling; and the language almost reminds us of the nervous clearness and felicity of Massinger.

"The plague broke out,  
Like a raging fire, within the darksome heart  
Of a huge mad-house; and, one stormy night,  
As I was passing by its iron gates,  
With loud crash they burst open, and a troop  
Of beings, all unconscious of this world,  
Possessed by their own fearful fantasies,  
Did clank their chains unto the troubled moon  
Fast rolling through the clouds. Away they went  
Across the glimmering square! some hurriedly,  
As by a whirlwind driven; and others moving  
Slow—step by step—with melancholy mien,  
And faces pale in idiot dancy.  
For days those wild-eyed visitors were seen  
Shrieking, or sitting in a woful silence,  
With withered hands, and heaps of matted hair!  
And they all died in ignorance of the plague  
That freed them from their cells."

*City of the Plague, Act II.*

The last passage we can extract may be censured by some as a picture too ghastly for poetical representation.

"What signifies a living maniac's face?  
Have we not often seen the unexpecting dead  
Reared up like troops against the walls?  
To us, at distance, seemingly alive,  
All standing with blotched faces, and red eyes  
Unclosed, as in some agonizing dream.

2d. Man—Just round the corner of that street, even now,  
I stumbled on such hideous company;

The lamps burned dimly, and the tall church-tower  
 Rose up between me and the moon. I saw  
 A glimmering whiteness all along the walls  
 Of several silent houses; up I went,  
 And, right before me, stood the ghastly dead,  
 For whose grim faces no kind hand had done  
 The last sad office. Oh, 'twas terrible  
 To recognize, in those convulsed features,  
 Friends at whose fireside I had often sat!  
 And, as I hurried off in shivering fear,  
 Methought I heard a deep and dismal groan  
 From that long line of mortal visages,  
 Shudder through the deepening darkness of the street."

*City of the Plague, Act III.*

These are very terrible and graphic. The descriptive portions constitute, indeed, the chief praise of the work: the personal interest of which is feeble throughout, notwithstanding that the author has evidently taken great pains to interest us on behalf of an exquisite but unreal creation,

"the lovely Lady no one knows,  
 Who walks through lonely places day and night."

Of this sweet vision, *Magdalene*, we find the appearance and occupations, thus beautifully described:

"Not in some spot  
 Apart from death, in deathlike loneliness  
 Doth *Magdalene* dwell. Throughout the livelong day,  
 And many a livelong night, for these three months  
 Hath she been ministering to the dying bed  
 From which, with an unnatural cowardice,  
 Affection, ardent in the times of joy,  
 Had fled; perhaps to stumble o'er the grave.  
 What though thy *Magdalene* heretofore had known  
 Only the name of sorrow, living far  
 Within the heart of peace, with birds and flocks,  
 The flowers of earth, and the high stars of heaven,  
 Companions of her love and innocence;  
 Yet she who, in that region of delight,  
 Slumbered in the sunshine, or the sheltered shade,  
 Rose with the rising storm, and, like an angel,  
 With hair unruffled in its radiance, stood  
 Beside the couch of tossing agony,  
 As undisturbed as on some vernal day  
 Walking alone through mountain solitude,  
 To bring home in her arms a new-yearned lamb  
 Too feeble for the snow!

Many think she bears a charm against the Plague,  
 And they are not deceived. A charm she hath,  
 But hidden not in ring or amulet,  
 Sleeping in the quiet of her sinless soul.  
 Some think she is a spirit; many look  
 With tears of sorrow on a mortal creature  
 Whom death may steal away; but all agree,  
 That nothing so piteous, kind, and beautiful,  
 Did ever walk before upon this earth."

*City of the Plague, Act II.*

The irreconcilable strife in *Wilson's* temperament between fancy and experience, in which the former perpetually conquers, bearing him from the clear realities of life into a world of dreams,—this strife, we think, will for ever incapacitate him from dramatic writing. He is continually forgetting his personages in himself; his own feelings break through their thin disguises; they are merely quaint or elegant masks, beneath

which he expatiates upon the images suggested by a contemplation, (in his own character, as a remote spectator,) of the events in which they are supposed to move. With this propensity, Wilson can never become the creator of living characters; nor are we acquainted with a single figure in his world which makes the slightest approach towards robust vitality.

The universe, indeed, in which his poetical experience has gathered its treasures, is a purely imaginary region; a Fata Morgana, which can but be approached through the clouds. He stamps his representations of life with the impress of a fanciful coinage; the joys and sorrows he describes are alike unsubstantial. The grief of his mourners is not the stern tyrant that wrings the heart's-blood from human bosoms, but a winged monitor, breathing, with a placid mien, the tidings of a speedy extinction of all woes in the rejoicings of a region beyond the grave. His personages ever dwell within the shadow of a further existence, which softens every perception of suffering or delight. They tread but lightly upon a world, which is to them but as a bridge leading to a region of perfect communion and happiness. This is a beautiful conception of what human motives might be; perhaps, were it not otherwise ordained, we would say *ought* to be, considering the actual conditions and tenure of life; and we may feel inclined at times to lament, that the heart of man should seem unable thus to prevail over the passionate eagerness of the present, by steadfastly looking towards the future. But until the temper of human feeling has undergone a thorough change, representations like the following, however exquisite as conceptions, cannot be admitted to possess any actual, or even poetical fidelity.

"There is in love

A consecrated power, that seems to wake,  
Only at the touch of death, from its repose  
In the profoundest depth of thinking souls.  
Superior to the outward signs of grief,  
Sighing or tears; when these have past away,  
It rises calm and beautiful, like the moon  
Saddening the solemn night; yet with that sadness  
Mingling the breath of undisturbed peace."

*City of the Plague, Act II.*

A son is seated by the corpse of his mother, whose death he has but lately learned.

"Even then a smile

Came o'er her face, a sweet, upbraiding smile,  
That silently reproved my senseless grief.  
O! look upon her face! eternity  
Is shadowed there! a pure, immortal calm,  
Whose presence makes the tumult of this world  
Pass like a fleeting breeze, and through the soul  
Breathes the still ether of a loftier climate."

*City of the Plague, Act III.*

Is this the strain of filial grief in the first consciousness of its bereavement?

A young girl looks on the grave of her only protector and friend, whom she has just seen expire, and then hastily committed to the earth. She is asked,

"Is not this church-yard now a place of peace?"

*Isabel.*—Of perfect peace! My spirit looks with eyes  
Into the world to come. There Magdalene sits  
With them she loved on earth! O mortal body,

In faded beauty stretched upon the dust,  
I love thee still as if thou wert a soul."

In the sweet passage quoted beneath, the fanciful mood which pervades it is welcome and appropriate; for the theme is accessible to conjecture alone:—

"Of all the mournful, sad, affecting  
That sorrow meets with in a world of sorrow  
The saddest, sure, those smiles of happiness,  
Those sudden starts of uncontrollable glee,  
That, like the promptings of a different nature,  
Assail the heart of childhood 'mid its grief,  
And turn its tears to rapture. Beauteous beings,  
Hanging in the air 'twixt joy and misery!  
Now like the troubled sea-birds wildly wailing  
Through the black squall;\* and now upon the billows  
Alighting softly with the gleams of light,  
They float in beauty of a fearless calm."

*City of the Plague, Act III.*

None of Wilson's poems deserve the title of works of art. They are the productions of a warm and kindly genius, that delights in the creation of lovely forms; the spontaneous utterances of a poetical temperament, which has been preserved in healthful activity by the ministrations of Nature and the food of Contemplation; but which has not been subjected to that higher discipline which the artist, in the true sense of the term, bestows upon his natural endowments; aware that, without such teaching, however strong be the native energy of his mind, it will grow to no thorough and commanding development of power. Of this truth our poet seems to have taken little heed. His works, as far as we can judge, are merely the outpourings of a spirit of song born within him, uttered without effort, and preserved without correction.

His later productions, "Unimore," "Lady Emmeline's Dream," &c., have still more of the fantastic and dreamy character which we have already described. They are marvellous pleasant reading; the verse flows with a richer harmony than usual, and his language shines with a wealth of imagery: you surrender yourself to the spell without forethought or inquiry. But the chief garniture of the strain consists of mysterious symbols, and those vague fugitive impressions, which reluctantly submit to verbal constraint, even in the moment of their birth, and which are incapable of being distinctly represented to another mind. All who have quick or pensive feelings are aware of such remote and volatile suggestions; but the same whisper rarely strikes two persons with the like tone. This it is which removes them, in a great measure, beyond the limits of poetical exercise. There are in nature, as naturalists aver, many sounds so fine as to be perceptible to peculiar ears alone; and which strike, each of those who can distinguish them, differently. No great master would attempt to compose a symphony of such thin murmurs. The effect left by a perusal of the poems in question amounts to little more than a dim remembrance of a certain shadowy beauty and magnificence, or of glimpses of pathos and tenderness, seen, like the quiet vale-dwellings, through broken wreaths of mist from the hill-side. All is indistinct and bewildering; the memory retains none of those figures which "once seen become a part of sight;" the strain was—

\* An irreverent commentator of our acquaintance insists that there is a double meaning in this image. If introduced without regard to the literal, as well as to the figurative truth of the simile, it must be considered as an additional instance of the "accident heureux."

"Comme un vague chant, dont expire  
Le lointain et dernier accord."

We experience a rapture, but it is fugitive; we close the book, and discover, like the son of Leontæus, that we have been embracing a beautiful cloud.

It would be easy to produce a serious charge of faults, omissions, &c., against our author. From any unnecessary enumeration of such, as we have already declared, it is our intention to abstain: a brief notice of some principal defects with which his poetry may be taxed, is requisite to complete the sketch we have attempted to give. His versification, especially in the "*Isle of Palms*," is often rugged and unmusical, and disfigured by metrical liberties which a delicate ear, or even moderate care, would have rejected. In the use of language, as may be observed in the extracts we have given, he is frequently loose or infelicitous. Many of his finest passages are defaced by mean or inappropriate phrases, or thoughts wholly out of keeping with the character of the scene. His leaning towards prolixity has been noticed; it would seem, together with the discursive habit of his mind, to disqualify him for pure lyrical composition, in which we know of no instance where he has succeeded: he appears to want the rapidity and compactness required for the production of excellence in this style of writing. The faithlessness of his life-sketches, and his failures in the truthful delineation of character, which strike a reader with coldness and dissatisfaction, have already been commented upon, and, in some measure, explained. We must further hint, that he is prone, especially in his later works, to substitute an array of musical and picturesque phrases for clear poetical ideas; and, with this observation, we willingly close the catalogue of his sins and shortcomings.

To conclude: Wilson is entitled to the praise of all lovers of song, for the purity and lightness of his imagination; for his sensibility to the dignified and the beautiful; for the graceful fictions, pale and unsubstantial though they be, which people the Elysium he has created around them; and, above all, for the devout, cordial, and affectionate spirit which pervades all his poetical compositions. The lovers of song may, indeed, regret that so liberal a genius had not received more assiduous and confirmed culture; but they will not, therefore, the less heartily pronounce him to be a true poet, and worthy to be joined to that noble band whose accents the world shall not willingly let die.

V. —

#### TRANSLATION

*Of Verses written on the Funeral Obsequies of Miss Eliza Friswell, by  
Chateaubriand, the Friend of her Father.*

The coffin is gone down with the pure and taintless roses,  
Which a father's hand, in weeping o'er the innocent, did show'r;  
Oh! earth, thy bosom bore them: in thy bosom now repose,  
Maiden and flower!

Ah! mother, kindly keep them; ah! let them not return  
To a world where only wretchedness, and care, and pain, have power;  
Where the winds break and spoil, and the beams sear and burn  
Maiden and flower!

Thou art gone, my poor Eliza, thus early to thy slumber,  
Ah! never more to shrink beneath the heavy noon-day hour;  
Oh! fresh, and cool, and sweet, have been the mornings that ye number,  
Maiden and flower!

But thy father, young Eliza, o'er thine ashes fondly bendeth,  
And the pale shades of sorrow in his wrinkled features lower;  
At the foot of the old oak, the siths of Time descendeth  
On the Maiden and the flower.

## REFORMS IN THE BRITISH EXTERNAL EMPIRE.

Our countrymen are willing Reformers ; but they have yet to learn the power which is in union, constancy, and resolute perseverance in the good cause. To bring them ~~to~~ employ well their constitutional energies, is, fortunately, now our only task ; but it is a heavy task, and the ~~press~~ must labour in it unremittingly. In fartherance of this grand object, it is our purpose to unfold, in a series of Articles, what has to be done in the wide field of COLONIAL REFORMS,—to point out abuses, the encrusted product of centuries, which have grown up under the protection of Ministerial ignorance and intrigue, and the dark selfishness of an Oligarchy, now, by the blessing of Heaven, no more ! We undertake to make fully known what our countrymen must no longer overlook or regard with apathy, for they are now freemen ; and we hold that every freeman is under a weight of obligation to the whole universe, past, present, and to come. To relate the injuries done our Colonists, to demand redress for the heavy wrongs endured from us by the uncounted millions who bend before the British sceptre, is the task to which we solemnly dedicate our pen ; but we feel that, in doing this, we shall also be engaged in vindicating the privileges of our own countrymen, and claiming, on their behalf, a full measure of protection ; seeing that, as it is written in the nature of things, no nation can enact the tyrant, without bringing a sure retribution upon itself.

Steadily eschewing long documents, we shall be able to do little more, in this paper, than simply to bring out, as it were, our table of contents ; to rest the sole of our foot, for a passing instant, on each of those multitudinous and far-distant spots, where we desecrate a floating Union Jack amid the earth's continents and oceans. A map of the world, good reader, will here wonderfully assist you ; and we humbly solicit you to unroll one, that your eye, as well as mind, may go along with us, whilst we journey for a space amongst “ the isles of the Gentiles.”

I. Besides the United Kingdom, the Principality of Man, and the islands of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, near the coast of France, all which may be included under the name Great Britain,—we hold Hanover on the Continent,—the rock and light-house of Heligoland, opposite the embouchure of the Elbe, and principally interesting as a geological relic of the old, but now submarine, north of Europe,—the fortress and city of Gibraltar, commanding the western mouth of the Mediterranean,—the isles of Malta and Gozo, near the middle of that sea,—and the string of Ionian islands lying along the coasts of Albania and Greece, and incorporated into a federal republic, of which Britain was burdened with the protectorate by the Congress of Vienna. Hanover belongs less to this country than to our present line of kings, who retain it as their original patrimonial possession. Its law of inheritance forbids the accession of a female to the sovereignty ; so that, in the event of the Princess Victoria ascending our throne, it will pass to the Duke of Cumberland. No loss will hence accrue to Great Britain, either in profit or honour ; as it mingles us up with the affairs of the Continent, while, at the same time, the British nation has not the slightest control over the acts of its Government. In the event of war, too, it almost necessitates our taking part in land-fighting, a sort of contest which, we should always feel it our interest to avoid ; and it gives us no advantage even

there, as it has no natural fortresses. The Hanoverians say, we pilfer their revenue; but, of course, no person who knows John Bull's great object in having foreign dominions will believe that. The population is 1,560,000. Our only valuable European possessions are the Mediterranean ones; and they are certainly the only sort of external strongholds which Britain ought to retain for the purpose of intimidating or influencing the other European powers. Gibraltar and Malta are maritime stations of first-rate excellence. Malta has a harbour unsurpassed any where; the situation of Gibraltar is invaluable. No fighting henceforth for us but sea-fighting! Let us trust to our boy-dolphins, and who shall alarm us? Long may the deep rolling of England's thunder be a sound only of memory; but if again it must be heard, let the despots listen to it, and tremble from the White Sea to the Mediterranean! Gibraltar and Malta, of course, bleed us sweetly—fully £240,000 *per annum*. From their nature, they will never be able to support themselves; as they are not so much colonies as out-works, external fortifications; but in the above overplus, there is, doubtless, the usual quantity of sinecure and overpay, all which the Reform Act will correct. Their commerce is quite trifling. Why is Malta not a free port? The united population do not amount to more than 140,000. Of the Ionian Islands we can say but this; Britain should never have had them, and will doubtless soon see to their confederation with Greece. An important southern power would thus be strengthened, and Britain freed of a useless, and therefore cumbrous burden. Insignificant as these islands are, they yet do "excellent well" as beds for our noble-minded Aristocracy to spawn upon; and offer, accordingly, a tolerable account of extravagant military positions, civil offices, &c., &c., under the patronage of My Lord the High Commissioner. Their population is only 180,000.

II. We pass from the wintry and withered old world, to regions wider and freer, and which have a longer look into futurity! To the west but a few degrees, is AMERICA—a name of portent and prophecy! Notwithstanding that an immense territory was, in a happy hour, torn from our imbecile and avaricious grasp, we still retain hold of many of the stems of America's after greatness. Amid the wastes around Hudson's Bay, are the little palisado fortresses of the fur merchants. There are only a few hundred whites engaged in the trade, and these are sufficient to keep up an extensive commerce with the Indians. The exports of this Company may average about £16,000 annually. South of Hudson's Straits, and at the mouth of the deep gulf of the St. Lawrence, lie our fisheries. A large and quiet sand-bank in that neighbourhood invites shoals of cod-fish from the more troubled seas; and these are a source of great wealth to our coast colonists, and also of much satisfaction and high relish to the devout lent-keepers of southern Europe. The settlements of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, and Newfoundland, derive their revenue principally from the timber trade and these fisheries; they export into Great Britain an official value of about £600,000 annually; and their united populations exceed 300,000. With the exception of Newfoundland, they have all provincial legislatures; and the want to this large island is in the act of being made up. West of Newfoundland, upon the Continent, on the north bank of the river St. Lawrence, and stretching away to the ocean-lakes of the interior, lie the CANADAS,—at this moment, the most pros-



perous, best governed, and important of our dependencies. To the Upper Province, the tide of emigration flows on with increasing strength; and, as privilege and penury are inseparable companions, we can bid no emigrant forbear. Upper Canada must become one of America's richest and most powerful republics. Its agricultural wealth is next to inexhaustible; and it will soon yield that true substratum of strength and riches, an immense surplus of agricultural produce. It is, virtually, too, a sea country, as a few miles of additional canal would connect its lakes with the Atlantic. At the present moment it must number 300,000 inhabitants. Lower Canada is still more populous, containing about 500,000, but, although a good and flourishing colony, it is every way inferior to its neighbour. Three-fourths of its inhabitants are descended from the original French settlers, and still speak their forefathers' tongue, circumstances which effectually prevent our regarding the two regions under one aspect when we meditate on the future destinies of America. Each has a governor and distinct legislative assemblies. Some time afterwards, we will explain their nature, and how they work. John Bull has of course taken special care to be-plaster them well with the thickest dregs of his own "Matchless." The annual exports to the United Kingdom amount to about £370,000, exports being principally timber, ashes, and furs. It will occur to the reflecting reader as no absurd or irrelevant question, — Are these great countries fitted for standing out as independent nations, and if they are, what lets them? The only let or hindrance, be it known, is our having forced their trade into unnatural channels, fostered amongst the colonists that bad blood which is so fatal to the peace of the British islands; created a diseased dependence upon Great Britain; and sown in the Canadas a full crop of our own mutual jealousies and fears, for the sole sake, too, of subserving the mean and miserable covetousness of our "high-spirited" nobility at home. In the first place, we will not trade with the Canadians by taking their staple produce; and when we mention, that this produce is corn, and that buying Canadian corn would reduce rents, we also state quite intelligibly the reason of our "constitutional" refusal. Trade with the Canadians, however, we must, otherwise they might be off; and the more artificial our trade the better, as they will thus be the more dependent. These countries, it is well known, have plenty of timber, and they can manufacture stores of ashes; and as their timber and ashes are both dear and bad, we straighten light upon them as choice articles, — block up other ports by heavy duties, and legislate that no where else but from Canada shall they be procured by our countrymen! To us this is, of course, a very losing trade, even by a full million and a half of money. But what of that? It connects a certain powerful Canadian power with us, as they know they could find no such market elsewhere; and they are needed, but our own "democratic raffle!" This, however, is not enough: Brother Canadians must be treated with still more, and not yet still more closely "attached to the British Constitution," and, in obedience of the conservative plan, we connect the great Indians to land for ever good to the St. Lawrence, and their trading in their own neighbours, they might have a million an annual. The West India, however, does not lose sight of this, but by a protecting duty on his sugar, is empowered to levy it, with all interest, from the pockets of the same agricultural tables. What do we so foolishly throw away so much money, in the hands of a few, and we annually cost two millions

and a-half of sterling gold into the sea? Is it for the mere honour of keeping the Canadas,—the mere repute of holding them as colonies? No such thing, good reader. Our former rulers were a “substantial people;” they were as good casuists as Sir John Falstaff, and cared not to put themselves about for the bubble, honour! *Places* were to be had in Canada, and *handsome valagies*, to which the “rabble” here also contributed another full half million; and if you cannot now resolve the mystery, you are truly but little read in your horn-book of philosophy. Our total yearly loss by Canada is thus upwards of three millions. We leave the reflecting reader to judge whether the Canadians themselves are permanently benefited by the connexion. Here, again, we appeal in confidence to the REFORM ACT.

A step southward brings us into contact with different regions,—a sultry and inhospitable world; the dwelling of slavery and grief. The Nova Scotia summer station, the Bermudas, first intimates an approach to the WEST INDIES. Passing this small resting place, and also our barren Bahamas, we are in the midst of the sugar colonies. Of the crowded group of islands between the Americas, we possess Jamaica, Antigua, Barbadoes, Dominica, Grenada, Montserrat, Nevis, St. Kitts, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Tobago, Tortola, Anguilla, and Trinidad. We have likewise Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, on the Continent of South America, and Balize in the long isthmus. With the exception of St. Lucia, Trinidad, Demerara, Essequibo, Berbice, and Balize, all these have legislative assemblies, for the immediate abolition of which there seems almost a necessity. They are founded upon the worst sort of distinction, that of *colour*; and the world has often shewn that, to all arguments but one, the cruel oligarchy hence arising, is deaf as an adder: that one effective argument is—the *knife*! The average annual importation of West India produce into the United Kingdom exceeds £9,000,000. The question of population is a painful one; the bare numbers speak of chains and blood. The total amount of whites in these dependencies is less than 50,000: the total coloured population exceeds 750,000; and of these nearly 700,000 are slaves! One power alone could cement a multitude, so ill proportioned, even into some sort of hideous organization. To uphold that power, England pays at present almost £2,000,000 annually; but even though we persevere in our unrighteousness, human nature will one day be avenged. In Jamaica, the trodden-down creature but lately stung its oppressor; and our sentimentalists were amazed at its ferociousness! A few years, if it requires so long, will doubtless amaze them still more; for the whip-scarred negro in the centre of our Caribbean dominions has but to raise his face towards the east, and *there* are the mountains of delivered Haiti, resting in the horizon in sweet and inviting repose. A resistless impulse compels us here to overpass the British boundary, and look still more widely around us. Haiti is the ominous centre of the whole slave world; and in most other States the numerical disproportion is nearly as great as in the British. Glancing over the complete continent, which now contains about 40,000,000 souls, there appear of whites, 38 per cent.; of Indians, 25; of negroes, 19; and 18 of mixed races. Records like these are not to be viewed as mere barren statistics: they shew the stemmata of future America, and measure the influences which will hereafter direct it. The philosophic Humboldt, meditating thereon, at a former period, acknowledged that there was something serious and prophetic in such inventories—that they seemed to inscribe the whole destinies of the new world.

III. Recrossing the Atlantic, we alight upon the burning shores of Africa. Our possessions in that hitherto almost impenetrable continent, are neither many nor valuable. We have Gambia and Sierra Leone on the West, a few fortresses on the Coast of Guinea, and the Cape Colony at its southernmost promontory. If we add to them the small island Mauritius, which is, perhaps, within the bounds of the African seas, we shall have made up this Continent's British accounts. The settlements of Sierra Leone and Gambia contain comparatively but a handful of whites; but costly have they been! In regard of their ostensible object, they have completely failed,—and no wonder. Look at the map, reader, and fancy an establishment for the purpose of preventing the slave trade in the Gulf of Guinea, set down where these settlements are! Their distance alone would have rendered them utterly useless; they have, besides, been wretchedly mismanaged. Sierra Leone has already cost us nearly seven millions sterling, and its expenditure seems to hold out at the rate of some £200,000 per annum. It is surely time it were abandoned. As a commercial station, it were absurd even to allude to it. The Cape of Good Hope costs every year a dead quarter of a million; and for what end, but that we formerly alluded to, it is of course impossible to tell. It is not a good colony; containing many deserts and but little land of the finest quality. Its principal export consists of a few earthy wines, and the luscious Constantia:—the official value amounting to about £240,000 yearly. The total population is 130,000; of which 56,000 are whites, 38,000 free colour, and the rest slaves. Under good and cheap government, this colony might have “progressed,” and at least produced sufficient enterprise to have enabled it to attempt an advance amongst the apparently rich and luxurious plains towards the North; but we had other purposes to serve with it; and it has long been a famed and distinguished “apprentice-school” for our “Lord Charleses.” A better or freer field for these youthful “scions” to practise government in, could, indeed, hardly be devised; as there is neither control nor check; no assembly—not even an independent council. If we retain the Cape—and its position with regard to India is certainly convenient—the absolute security of property must be established; progress will follow; and if we do not mistake our countrymen, there will result enough of daring and speculation to endeavour to bring to light the names of that vast portion of Africa on which European has never yet set his foot. The Mauritius has just got itself notorious. These planters must no longer play pranks; and the Mauritians will find so to their cost. Slavery with them is a cruelty perfectly gratuitous, as they may have as many free labourers as they choose from Malabar and Sincapore. It is a large island, and a good one; but costs us fully £60,000 annually. If it is of any territorial importance, it is to the East India Company alone; within whose charter it and its expense ought to have been included. Its population is only 100,000. The cultivation of sugar has been greatly increased, of late, by the removal of a freakish partiality of our colonial laws.

IV. To the East! and lo, the caverns of Seeva, Budha's mountain pagodas, and the bloody car of Juggernaut! We are not here, however, to speak of antediluvian fabrics, nor of the nightmares of a hideous mythology; as there rises up something yet more amazing—a colossal empire, unparalleled in the wide world in its constitution—demanding, on many accounts, an instant and especial attention. Let us first take a

rapid glance at the mighty territory governed by our merchant-kings. The countries subject to the dominion of the East India Company extend over upwards of a million of square miles, and contain about one hundred and twenty-four millions of inhabitants. With the exception of Nepaul, Lahue, the territories of the Aimers and Scindia, and the Cabul sovereignty east of the Indus, the whole of India within the Ganges, containing about one hundred and twenty-three millions of souls, is under their sway. In the Peninsula beyond the Ganges, they have several provinces South of Rangoon; viz., half the province of Martaban, the provinces of Tavoy, Ye, Zenasserim, and the Mergui Isles; also the province of Arracan, Assam, and a few petty adjacent states. The population of these last countries is about 300,000. Pulo Penang, or Prince of Wales Island, and Singapore, at the southern extremity of Malacca, are the Company's most flourishing settlements in that quarter. Penang was once a free port; Singapore still is so: and the rapidity of its progress, the promiscuous character of its inhabitants, and the great commercial activity which pervades it, are an emphatic reply to the allegation, that the inhabitants of the East require the compelling power of an overgrown monopoly to induce them to trade! In the five years previous to 1828, its population increased 40 per cent., and amounted, in that year, to 14,885; only a very inconsiderable number being Europeans, the rest Chinese, Malays, and other natives of the Indian coasts and surrounding islands. The jurisdiction of the Company also includes St. Helena, in the Atlantic, where a fortress and garrison are retained; and in the South of China, at Canton, is the Factory which conducts the tea trade.

We can spare only a short space for observations on points of most pressing interest connected with the management of this mighty empire; but a very few remarks may give our readers an idea of them. It is plain, in the first place, that the part of the East India Company's charter which refers to trade must be thoroughly re-modelled. The notion of a monopoly trade, such as that with China still is, cannot, in these days, meet with many defenders. The monopolist is never an economical trader. He is lazy, difficult to be moved; and when he does move, it is very cumbrously. The large ships of the merchant-kings are no more to be compared with a clean and smart Liverpool trader, than the lumbering fabric of Leadenhall Street, with the well arranged, economical counting-house of the enterprising capitalist. A good free trader is navigated at nearly half their charge; and, upon a single voyage to Calcutta, gains about seventy days. Add to all this the expenses of the Canton Factory, together with the needlessly extravagant salaries paid by the Company to its servants, and we shall have no difficulty in accounting for the high price of tea in Great Britain, compared with any other part in the known world. This single article of consumpt has been said to cost us upwards of L.2,000,000 annually, over and above its retail price, in consequence of the trade being so conducted, or rather bungled; and we are certainly filched in at least L.1,500,000. But we suffer far more than this actual deficit. Had our prices not been so extravagant, we might have conducted the tea trade of the whole western world; and assuredly, our ship-owners would find it to better account to assist us in an endeavour to destroy this injurious monopoly, than to clamour in support of a pitiful timber trade with Canada! Reform is also deeply necessary in the trade with Hindostan. Although nominally free, it is not so; nor will it ever be so, whilst the Company is allowed to trade. What we mean by free trade is this: it is a trade whose condi-

tions are regulated by free competition amongst capitalists acting upon the common principles of profit and loss; and it is clear that no such trade can exist, when the market is ever liable to be pounced upon by one large capitalist who cares neither for profit nor loss; who often purchases for no other object than to make a remittance of surplus revenue; and whose acting servants are paid, not by a per centage on their profits, but in proportion to their purchases. We hold that the constant interference of these monopolists with the Indian markets, is almost the sole reason of the continued inadequacy of the commercial intercourse of Britain with Hindostan;—for inadequate, and miserably so, it still is, great though its progress under the free trader, since last renewal of the charter, has unquestionably been,—and it is the surest proof of the accuracy of what we assert, that up to this hour the Company cannot show that it has been a gainer, in circumstances where private capitalists would have realized uncommon fortunes! But we have yet another matter to settle with these sovereigns of India; one of higher importance than even the foregoing; a matter still more interesting to the human race,—the question as to the nature of their government. The fact is not to be disguised,—India groans under a military despotism. Our hold over the natives appears to be, that their fierce masters were harder than we, and oppressed them still more relentlessly,—a strange security for civilized and Christian Britain to adopt as the sheet anchor of her Indian dominions! No check against bad government; no power to obtain justice upon the provincial oppression; no opportunity of advancement, either commercially or morally, have we yet granted to the prostrate Hindoos. The Moslems, indeed, planted a conqueror's foot upon their necks; but, like the Romans of old, and the Russians\* in modern times, they dispersed themselves amongst the conquered, took part in their concerns, and communicated their own superior civilization. Our merchant-kings tremble at the bare name of civilization. Their wise men have talked even of a prohibition of Christianity. They only vouchsafe to India collectors of a worse than tithe-tax, and quarter upon her "spots of greenery" hordes of avaricious adventurers, actuated but by two moving principles—the determination to extract money, and the desire to return home. The time for correction is at hand; and shall the destinies of South Eastern Asia tremble in the balance? Shall we weigh ignoble fears, and corrupt desires, against the fates of those

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\* Let us give Russia her due:—She has done more for the barbarians under her sway than any other European power for the natives of its colonial dominions. Siberia is overspread with military colonies, schools, and other instruments of civilization; and the northern nomades are fast assuming an appearance of settlement and order. If Russia confines herself to what is clearly her intended function, she may be the blessing of mankind, and not its curse. By her very backwardness in social culture, she is better fitted for arousing these wandering pagans and Mahomedan hordes, from their moral torpor; because she is nearer them, and holds with them closer sympathies, than any western nation. Give Siberia to Great Britain, and we would exterminate, feeling that we need not the aid of the poor savage. Russia needs it, and she takes pains to obtain and cultivate it. Well pleased we would in truth be, to divide with her the Empire of Asia, and to perceive her eagles triumphant, from the Araxes to the wall of China, from the Icy Ocean to the snows of Himalayah; but let her beware of the countries on the Atlantic! If, unhappily, she shall overlook her true interest, and, unwarned by that uneasiness which, as it cannot be mistaken, the very neighbourhood of western civilization causes her, be spurred by diseased ambition to extend herself farther towards the setting sun; there is not a doubt that her giant strength will fail, and her overthrow be sure, although she should bury Europe beneath her ruins!

countless millions? Shall we refuse to India a population of industrious COLONISTS, who would accept her as their home, and under whom liberty and civilization would assuredly grow? By such men would the Hindoo be taken up on the one hand, and accustomed to the securities of Europe; and on the other, an effective responsibility of some sort would be infallibly attached to every official within the broad Peninsula. The seeds of freedom would thus be sown, and the tree of goodly shadow would, in due course, arise. In that land, we can never look for a New-England: its character and the proportions of its population forbid; but it may be a new country of peace, a new refuge for humanity, a new field for the unfettered exercise of human ingenuity, the spread of human happiness, and the exercise of the mind's best powers.

V. The survey we have undertaken hastens to a close; but the objects now to be treated, although last in order, are not in interest the least. In these same eastern regions, we possess, independently of the Company's territories, Ceylon at the south of Hindostan, and the continent of Australia, with the adjacent island of Van Diemen. Ceylon, immemorially famous for its cinnamon, was eagerly coveted by the Directors at the last renewal of their charter; and we have yet to learn why they were not allowed the pleasure of expending upon it the monies it has since cost us. During the fourteen years previous to 1824, we laid out upon it the enormous sum of L.1,365,452; and there is reason to think that the excess of its expenditure over income is still nearly L.100,000 per annum. This is owing to a system of establishments, which, in point of magnitude and expensiveness, are almost unequalled in any similar territory at present known. Its productive powers, too, are cramped by monopolies in every thing,—the absurd Dutch system being pertinaciously kept up. Notwithstanding, it is a fine island, its total yearly exports do not much exceed L.200,000! Surely the Reform Bill is not altogether unneeded in Ceylon! New Holland belongs essentially to futurity. It contains about 36,000 Europeans, and the neighbouring Van Diemen's Land 18,000: of these 24,000 are convicts. But for the expenses induced by our convict system, these settlements would already sustain themselves. As it is, they cost us upwards of L.100,000 annually. Every fresh account from Sydney, every fresh assize in Great Britain, convinces us that our transportation system must speedily be abolished as inefficient; and the theory and practice of secondary punishments thoroughly revised. Whether or not we made a mistake in adopting our present system, is a question which admits of wide discussion; but one thing is clear—these new countries have benefited, as they thereby obtained that stem of hardy population. We have planted the groundwork of a future people possessed of all the knowledge of modern industry, and with an impulse towards a generous civilization. These, in an after age, cannot fail to bring forth due fruits; and we must look upon the waste and silent plains, now stretching out in dull monotony beyond the telescope's powers, as the future theatres of a stirring life and vigorous activity, which will play no mean part in the history of the British Oriental Empire, and enter with effect amongst the conservative forces of a regenerated and progressing Asia.

At the conclusion of this wide survey, many reflections throng upon us; but we confine ourselves to one. Resuming our documents, we find that, in consequence of our colonial possessions, we are at present *minus* by upwards of Seven Millions Sterling every year; and of this immense

sum, not more than about £400,000 can be termed requisite expenditure. To the labourer, the overtaxed operative, and the burdened merchant of Great Britain, it is not to be supposed that the prospect of relief from so heavy a load would be unwelcome. But we advocate, we insist upon, its immediate removal, and a thorough revision of our Colonial system, on other and still wider grounds. A wasteful government *must* be a bad government; for it is one of those exquisitely beneficent laws which regulate the moral world, that tyrannies, if they fall not through their brutal violence, will ultimately fall because of their expensiveness. No government, it is evident, can be wasteful but for one of two reasons,—either it must require to employ and support a large machinery of force, an army; or, it must overpay its servants. Now, the prior case just proves that there is no constitutional government whatsoever; that the people are compelled; not conciliated nor encouraged to develop freely their resources and national spirit: and there is an equal security in the second, in favour of the prevalence of abuse. So long as an office is merely paid in proportion to its duties, there will be no competition for it but amongst capable and laborious men; but when the limits of *remuneration* are overpassed, we have straight a noisy competition of idlers; a possibility of having deputies to do the *drudgery* has been constituted, and the colonists must suffer from “my Lord Charles!” So, in regard of that money of which we are filched by the monopolies. Monopolies not only ensure loss, but they derange the progress of society; and we in England are aware what struggles are requisite ere its course can once more be smoothed! Our future colonial policy is plain. We have got quit of our own Oligarchy; we must get quit of the whole of the evils it constituted, and so surely would have entailed. We must henceforth teach our colonists, if not as freemen, at least as fellow subjects; and thereby provide effectually that in none other of the first histories of the States of the future world, shall we cut the mournful figure in which we must unfortunately appear to the Inquirer of every age and nation, who meditates upon the origin of the Great Republic of America.

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#### CUSTOMS AND MANNERS OF PERSIAN WOMEN.\*

THIS, we do not hesitate to say, is the most important work that has ever been published on the East. Whether it has been honoured with a royal or gold medal, does not appear; but that it contains more information respecting the state of society in Oriental countries, (which are all as much influenced by Persia as the Continent was by France,) more solid wisdom, pure morality, and judicious rules of life, than any other profane volume of the same size, will not be doubted by those who read it. The false notions, in particular, which have prevailed about the “slavery” of women in the East, are completely blown away.

It seems that a royal commission was directed (we do not accurately know when, or by whom) to five ladies of distinguished breeding and quality, empowering them to draw up a complete code of laws for the women of Persia; and, in the prosecution of their labours, to call in, as often

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\* Customs and Manners of the Women of Persia, with their domestic superstitions. Translated from the original Persian Manuscript, by James Atkinson, Esq., of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Medical Service. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund of Great Britain and Ireland.

as their advice might be necessary, two other women of great distinction and learning to aid their deliberations ; precisely as the judges are sometimes required to deliver their opinions to Parliament on difficult questions of law. The names of the first five are,

Kulsúm Naneh (President,) Shahr-Banu Dadeh, Dadeh-Bazm Ará, Bági Yasmin, Khála Gul-bari ;

The assessors or judges are,

Khála Ián Aghá, Bíbí Ián Afróz ;

And the work before us is the pandect of laws collected, arranged, and settled by them. As we proceed, it will be seen how erroneous were the opinions that regarded freedom, pin-money, separate maintenance, divorce, &c., as peculiar privileges of Western women. It will, on the contrary, be made manifest, that these have come, like the Cholera, Light, &c., from the East ; and that the circle of a Persian lady's amusements, though the links may be apparently different, is as large as that of any woman of fashion here ; while the ties of morality are equally strict in both countries. If the one has her private box at the opera, church, the race-course, the ball, the carriage ; the other has her bath, mosque, litter, pipe, and Almehs, who dress and dance as voluptuously as Tagliioni herself. But one circumstance deserves notice :—The good treatment of women here is secured partly by sentiment, and partly by law. In Persia, besides law and sentiment, they have religion on their side. A man who abuses his wife is not only exposed to the tongues of all her friends, and a bastinado from the Kázi ; but he is turned up at the day of resurrection, and lucky is he if his legs are able to carry him into Paradise. If we consider the nature of Al Sirat, it is evident that he must have great difficulty in keeping his footing upon that very narrow pass. The code (and it may be observed that its mere existence proves the great consideration of women in Persia) contains numerous enforcements of this great principle, some of which we proceed to lay before the reader ; premising that there are four degrees of obligation mentioned—*Wajib*, necessary ; *mustahab*, desirable ; *sunnat*, according to the law and traditions of the Prophet ; and *sunnat mu'akkad*, an imperative duty of religion.

#### IMPERATIVE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF WOMEN.

" 1.—A husband should give his wife money without limit. Allah forbid that she should die of sorrow and disappointment ! in which case her blood would be on the head of her husband. The learned cofilave are unanimous in declaring that many instances have occurred of women dying from the barbarous cruelty of their husbands in this respect ; and if the husband be even a day-labourer, and he does not give his wages to his wife, she will claim them on the day of judgment. "It is incumbent on the husband to bestow on the wife a daily allowance in cash, (not yearly or quarterly, but daily,—this is a decided improvement on pin-money ;) and he must *also* allow her every expense of feasting, and of excursions, and the bath, and every other kind of recreation. If he has not generosity and pride enough to do this, he will assuredly be punished for all his sins and omissions, on the day of resurrection."

This is not all. He is accountable, not only for his own soul, but his wife's. As in this country, so in the other world, any debts she contracts he becomes liable for ; and they are exhibited on the debit side against him, upon the day of judgment.

" 2. As long as he will not allow his wife the fees for the bath, and she is thus prevented from performing her ablutions, so long will fasting and prayer be of no use."

How pleasant it would be, if, on the eve of an Election, a cry of Atheism could be raised against a candidate, because he did not allow his wife a private box at the Opera ? If Sir James Scarlett could intro-



duce such a doctrine from Persia, he might then indeed pen luscious addresses to the ladies of Norwich. How much the salvation of a Persian woman's soul depends on the due use of the bath, will be plain from the following extract. Particular attention is requested to the nature of the figures; especially to those of the sun, moon, and beasts. Had not the writer overlooked that essential point, we might have been spared his concluding absurd remark, as he would have seen that the whole is religious in an extreme degree. The correct view is taken by the Wise Women.

"The Persian ladies regard the bath as the place of their greatest amusement. They make appointments to meet there; and often pass seven or eight hours together in the carpeted saloon, telling stories, relating anecdotes, eating sweetmeats, sharing their kalyouns, and embellishing their beautiful forms with all the fancied perfections of the east; dyeing their hair and eyebrows, and curiously staining their fair bodies with a variety of fantastic devices, not unfrequently with the figures of trees, birds, and beasts, sun, moon, and stars. This sort of pencil-work spreads over the bosom, and continues down as low as the navel; round which some radiated figure is generally painted. All this is displayed by the style of their dress, every garment of which, even to the light gauze chemise, being open from the neck to that point; a singular taste, and certainly more barbarous than becoming."—*See Porter's Travels in Persia.*

"3.—On the last Friday of the blessed month of Ramazán, the women ought to dress superbly and perfume themselves, and put on their best ornaments, and go to the porticoes of the mosques; because young men of cypress forms, with tulip cheeks, and amorous demeanour, assemble there in greater numbers than at other places. There they must sit down and stretch out their feet, and every one must light twelve tapers; and in doing this, care must be taken to lift the hand high above the head, so as to raise up the veil, as if by accident, and thus display their beautiful faces. Their crimson-tinted toes must also be exposed, in order that the young men may see and admire them with wounded hearts; but it would be an unlucky omen if one of the tapers was left unlighted. Bibi Ián Aghá, and the rest of the learned conclave, are unanimous in this opinion. Further, it is not at all necessary that, in lighting the tapers, silence should be observed. On the contrary, lovely women should always let their sweet voices be heard."

This must be understood to be an important religious ceremony. It will be rendered plainer presently.

"4.—Should a favourable opportunity occur for the beautiful young girls to remain with the young men for a short time, and especially if their intercourse arises from mutual affection, there can be nothing wrong in the indulgence of their attachments. Indeed, it is a fortunate circumstance, and, upon the whole, more gratifying and satisfactory to them than fasting the whole year.

"5.—And whenever the young women visit their female friends upon that blessed day, for the purpose of meeting their lovers, they may be permitted, without any violation of decorum, to remain till a late hour."

The love here meant is Platonic love.

"6.—If a woman's husband presumes to ask where she has been, and why returned so late, it is highly reprehensible on his part; for, through the sacred influence of that blessed day, she stands acquitted of all impropriety."

This is what we were insisting upon above.

"7.—Dadeh-Bazm Ara, Bagi Yasmin, and Shahr-Banu Dadeh, are of opinion, that when a woman applies the end of a taper to the tips of the toes of her right foot; and, at the time of lighting it, displays the beautiful shape of her leg, she will undoubtedly be in no danger of hell-fire."

The Seven Wise Women are careful to lay down axioms, as the ground-work of their reasonings on every subject. The preceding is one.

8.—"And Kulsum Naneh, the President of the Council, is decidedly of opinion, that no woman can entertain the least hopes of heaven, whose husband forbids the things that are herein commanded, and considered proper for her pleasure and happiness in this world. For, with what comfort (it is logically and forcibly asked) can a woman remain in the house of her husband, who is continually opposed to those recreations to which her whole soul is devoted?"

This, to us, seems conclusive. Indeed, the husband who can digest so powerful an argument, must have a stomach at least equal to that of an ostrich. But the Learned Women leave no loophole for escape.

"9.—Dadeh-Bazin Ara says, I have proved, from the instructions of my master Iblis, (a great eastern philosopher, not to be confounded with Eblis, Satan,) that the man who does not allow his wife to visit holy places and mosques, and the houses of her friends, male and female, and who prohibits other innocent and agreeable proceedings, such as we have deemed proper and expedient for her own satisfaction and comfort; that man, I say, will be damned hereafter."

Nothing can be more clear or satisfactory than this. The crimes, however, of the husband, do not escape punishment in this world :—

"Should his wife die of a broken heart, he and his relations are liable to pay the expiatory mulct, as in cases of wilful murder."

This great right of women to innocent amusements is further insisted on; and the precise mode of the husband's perdition explained, in another article of the code. It appears that he is to be accused and condemned at the day of resurrection, by the Seven Learned Women.

#### SCIENTIFIC DIVISION OF MEN.

##### *The Proper Man, the Half Man, and the Hupul-hupla.*

"There are three sorts of men : 1. A Proper Man ; 2. Half a Man ; 3. A Hupul-hupla. A Proper Man at once supplies whatever necessities or indulgencies his wife may require ; he never presumes to go out without his wife's permission, or do any thing contrary to her wish."

It strikes us, that this is the character, which, in these countries, is called "A Jerry Sneak." In the East he seems to be held in high honour.

"2.—Your Half Man is a very poor, snivelling wretch, always meddling ; with but little furniture in his house, and just bread and salt enough for bare subsistence : never on any occasion enjoying the least degree of comfort. The wife sits in his house, and works, and all she earns is applied to procure food and light. It is, therefore, wajib in that industrious woman to reply harshly to whatever he says ; and if he beats her, it is wajib to bite and scratch him, and pull his beard, and do every thing in her to annoy him. If his severity exceeds all bounds, let her petition the Kazi, and get a divorce."

These rules carry on them such a stamp of wisdom and reasonableness, that it is unnecessary to express our full concurrence in their perfect propriety. There can be little doubt that they will soon be used to enrich the law of Doctors' Commons. And to whom can the task of improving the social condition of our countrywomen be more safely intrusted, than to the man who has struggled, with such purity of motive, for the happiness of the women of India—Dr. Lushington? The right side of the question, important as it is, may, without hesitation, be confided to him, unless he get money to advocate the opposite side.

It would be unjust to omit noticing the judicious mode in which the Seven Learned Women direct a wife to resist her husband. We allude more particularly to the application to be made to his beard. In this point, Eastern women have a decided advantage over the women of the West. For here, unless a woman's husband happen to wear large whiskers, there is nothing on which she can fasten. Then the whiskers may be false ones ; and as to mustachios, we are assured that they afford no grip whatever. But in the East, independently of the fact, that both hands may at once be stuck in it,—and that with a powerful purchase,—the beard is the seat of honour, and is looked up to with profound veneration by both sexes. Without a large black beard a man is nobody ; he is a being whom, as Hajgi Baba says, "a hundred dogs may make a corner-stone of, and bring their friends." The respect in which any

individual is held, varies in the compound ratio of his own length, and that of his beard. Madden, in his very instructive and amusing travels, tells of a French serjeant-major, who, by a portly person, and a huge mane to his chin, obtained great consideration in Constantinople. He was an Effendi, a Prince, a Sultan, to them. As soon as Napoleon's career of victory in Egypt commenced, the most extravagant stories were circulated about his stature and his beard. The Turks declared that he was a giant, with a beard as large as the three tails of a Pasha! and, accordingly, they resolved to submit to such a Child of Destiny; but as soon as they actually saw that he was even under the middle size, and, instead of the phenomenon represented, had no beard whatever, they cried out that he was an infidel; and the rebellion in Cairo was the consequence. The veneration paid to the beard must not be understood to arise merely from motives of personal vanity. It is a part of that mass of religious prejudices which is so firmly rooted in the Eastern mind. Men swear by it as something mysterious and holy. The most dreadful insult, therefore, that can be offered to an Oriental, is any disparagement to, much more manual intermeddling with, his beard. The pity of the Janizaries for Charles XII., at Bender, was converted into fury when he ordered their beards to be cut off.

"3.—The Hupul-hupla has nothing; no friends. He wants to dress and live luxuriously, but is totally destitute of means. If the wife of such a man absents herself from his house even for ten days and ten nights, he must not, on her return, ask her where she has been; and, if he sees a stranger in the house, he must not ask who it is, or what he wants. Whenever he comes home and finds the street-door shut, he must not knock, but retire, and not presume to enter till he sees it open."

Should he be a person of so violent a temper as to think there was any thing in all this, his wife must get divorced *instantly*; as evidently it would be impossible for any prudent or virtuous woman to live with so suspicious a husband. Considering the Proper Man as the pivot, and the Half Man and Hupul-hupla as the descending part of the series, the ascending would be the *Sunnat*, (or Godly Man,) who looks up with reverential awe to his better half; and the *Sunnat* Mu'akkad, or, as we might say, the Martyr.

But in the case last extracted, there seems an omission on the part of the Seven Learned Women:—Should the husband see the street door open, and a young man, of cypress form, &c., come out, might he, in that case, provided it was not the blessed month Ramazan, suspect that there was any thing suspicious in the case? We confess we should like to hear Kulsum Naneh, or a grave Mollah on that point. Our present leaning decidedly is, that he might ask the young man, of the cypress form, &c., what was his business in that house?

#### OF LIFTING THE VEIL FOR FRANGEES.

"1. The Seven Learned Women declare that, among the forbidden things, is that of allowing their features to be seen by men not wearing turbans unless, indeed, they are handsome, and have soft and captivating manners; in that case their veils may be drawn aside. But they must scrupulously and religiously abstain from all such liberties with mullahs [priests] and Jews; since, respecting them, the prohibition is imperative."

There is as much liberality as sound judgment in this article of the code.\* Indeed the learned women seem rather beyond their age; for Madden says, that none spit farther or oftner at him than women. Captain Franklin says, that being one day beyond the walls of Constantinople, sketching some scenery, a Turkish lady came up, with, we believe,

a child ; and, having ascertained his employment, sat opposite to him, lifted her veil and made signs to him to draw her portrait. As she was young and very handsome, the Captain began with pleasure. But after some time, growing apprehensive that the Turks about the place might notice this *tête-à-tête*, (and for such things there are summary modes of proceeding on the Bosphorus,) he ceased sketching, and began to blow kisses from the end of the pencil towards his fair sitter. At this she coloured up to the temples, and drew her hand several times violently across her throat ; a hint which the gallant Captain thought was not to be neglected, at least within the sound of the Euxine. The cause of this dislike depends, no doubt, somewhat on national prejudices ; but in a far greater degree on the want of a beard. The singular European dress, to their notions, (but surely without any just grounds,) tight and indecent, is another powerful obstacle ; but the shaven face, on which even a goat may look with contempt, is the greatest. Mahmoud, for a Turk, a great man, and not to be compared with the blood-stained knave of Egypt, has done much to remove those prejudices, and approximate Europe and Asia. A few years since, it was death upon the spot for any man, even by chance or necessity, to have seen one of the sultan's harem ; but, not long ago, an English traveller, without the slightest danger, beheld one of Mahmoud's daughters standing at the window of the palace at Buyukderé. No stronger proof could be given of a change in opinion, than that furnished by the Seven Wise Women.

#### OF PRAYER.

The learned Women next lay down, with judgment and clearness, the occasions on which prayer may be dispensed with.

" 1. When females are engaged with their friends in pleasant conversation, and in the mutual communication of secrets.

" 2. Upon hearing the sound of the drum or other musical instruments.

" 3. When a husband does not allow his wife enough of money.

" 4. Upon the nuptial night.

" 5. If the marriage happen during the blessed month of Ramazan, prayers and fasting also may be omitted during the whole month.

" 6. When a woman is listening to her lover.

" 7. When a husband goes on a journey.

" 8. If a woman engaged in prayer, happen to discover her husband speaking to a strange damsel, it is wajib for her to pause and listen attentively to what passes between them ; and, if necessary, to put an end to their conversation."

Prayer is proper,

" 1. If a woman have a slave girl in the house ; for she must on no account leave her alone, and go to the bath, because the husband might come in the meantime and make love to her.

" 2. Kulsum Naneh is decidedly of opinion ' that, when resting from a promenade in the garden, or other amusements, prayer may be indulged in without any evil ensuing.' "

This seems a sound and well-considered *dictum*.

#### TREATMENT OF A HUSBAND.

Of this important subject a profound scientific view is taken, and masterly rules are laid down for conducting the war. The husband is considered as a fortress ; his wife the besieging, and his mother, relations, &c., as the relieving army. The latter must be first defeated ; the most approved mode being, " by, at least, once a day using her fists, her teeth, and kicking and pulling their hair, till tears come into their eyes, and fear prevents any further interference with her plans." From the moment the sword is drawn, the scabbard is to be thrown away. Like an experienced manœuvrer, as she is, Kulsum Naneh despises half mea-

tures, or half victories. "She says that the wife must continue this indomitable spirit of independence until she has fully established her power." The relieving army being annihilated, and the besieger at liberty to open the trenches, without molestation, against the husband; two modes of proceeding offer themselves. First, to consider him as *enchanted*; or, secondly, as a person in his senses, but cursed with an infernal disposition.

In the first and most probable supposition, "it is *wajib* that cold water be poured over his head on three successive Wednesdays;" the demon, it seems, having "an oath in heaven" against such a shower-bath. In the second case,

"She must redouble all the vexations which she knows, from experience, irritate his mind; and day and night, add to the misery of his condition. She must never, whether by night or day, for a moment relax. For instance, if he condescends to hand her the loaf, she must throw it from her, or at him, with indignation and contempt. She must make his shoe too tight for him, and his pillow a pillow of stone; so that at last he becomes weary of life, and is glad to acknowledge her authority. On the other hand, should these resources fail, the wife may privately convey from her husband's house everything valuable that she can lay her hands upon; and then go to the Kazi, and complain that her husband has beaten her with his shoe, and pretend to show the bruises on her skin. She must state such facts in favour of her case as she knows cannot be refuted by evidence, and pursue every possible plan to escape from the thralldom she endures. For that purpose, every effort, of every description, is perfectly justifiable, and according to law."

As to the justice of the case, there can be little doubt; but upon the law of some parts, this country seems to be behind the East. It strikes us, for instance, that in the case of conveying away a husband's property, the people, in whose house it should be found, would have a chance of being prosecuted as receivers of stolen goods. And we have an obscure recollection that, some short time since, a young man, who felt deeply indignant at the treatment of a woman by her husband, and assisted in removing various articles (including the husband's clothes) which he believed to be her property, was actually indicted for something like burglary; and, it might even be, convicted. The hair of the Seven Learned Women would have stood on end at such profligacy in our laws. But if the Frangees are behind the Orientals in some points, there are others on which they may challenge comparison. The incident of the loaf, projected at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$  at a man's head, has much spirit; but we have heard of a most amiable lady, who, one day, in a fit of absence, struck her husband across the face with a leg of mutton, and had the compliment gallantly returned by a whole tureen of soup in her bosom. It is indeed several years since this occurred; but though similar instances are now quite rare, perhaps, upon the whole, the system of female tactics is not much inferior to that of Persia, however different their external appearances.

#### PIN MONEY.

Upon the interesting question of pin money, various opinions will be formed. In our mode of securing it, there certainly is something exceedingly prosaic. It does not, like the Persian, admit that variety of adventures, and rapid succession of hopes and fears, which form the wine of life. Hear Kulsum Naneh's account of the Eastern mode:—

"When a woman has not been to the bath for a considerable period, she ought to take whatever there is in the house of her husband, to defray the expenses of the bath. And it is *wajib* that she should scold and fight with her husband, at least twice a-day, till she obtains from him the amount required. And since there is no constancy in the disposition, nor certainty in the life of a husband, [why don't they

ensure his life at some office?] who may repudiate his wife from caprice, or chance to die suddenly; it is wajib, while she does remain in his house, to scrape together, by little and little, all in her power; that, when the hour of separation arrives, she may be able to dress elegantly, and enjoy herself, until (if alive) he repents and becomes obedient to her will."

OF GOSSIPS.

"The Seven Wise Women agree, that a woman dying without gossips or friends has no chance of going to Heaven. On the contrary, she who visits every place calculated to expand and exhilarate the heart, will be seen, at the day of resurrection, dancing, with her old companions on earth, in the regions of bliss."

But it is curious to see how far, and among what different people, the same notion of similar employments in the other world has prevailed. The Easterns and Westerns held it with equal confidence. The Greeks, the Romans, the Celts, the Teutones, with the great Oriental tribes, seem to have alike believed in it; and even to the proud savage of the Pampas, it is an article of high creed. Head tells, that when the Indians see meteors, and hear noises, in the sky, they say, "that these are their ancestors, blind drunk, mounted on horses swifter than the wind, and hunting ostriches." Now, all this seems absurd; but we confess, this notion of the Indian heaven pleases us infinitely more than the long line of robber-heroes whom Anchises contemplates in Elysium.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES AND THE NUPTIAL NIGHT.

Unless we are woefully mistaken, a simple statement of the articles of the code upon this subject will entirely overturn the received notions about the condition of wives in Persia.

"1.—They must present a lighted candle before the face of the bride, and place the Koran near her, and a mirror; and also a tray with ambergris-tapers, different kinds of perfume, some arzen, and dried dates, and cress-seed, aspuud, and other articles required by ancient usage. And it is proper, also, that a person should stand at the head of the bride, and pronounce the Khotbeh of Hazrat Adam; and they should also throw over the head of the bride a sort of veil of a green colour, so that her whole person may be enveloped in its folds. The bride herself must not speak to any one. She must then be undressed; even her gauze chemise taken off; and, whilst thus hid from view, a large brass basin must be turned upside down, and a lighted lamp put under it, fed with oil made of ox-fat. Upon this basin they must place a saddle, if they have one, and then a pillow, on which the bride is seated; the attendants singing aloud,—

The husband is saddled, the journey begun,  
And the beautiful bride her own race has to run.

"2.—When the husband is introduced into the bridal-chamber, he is seated by her side. The right leg of the bride is placed on the left leg of the husband, and her right hand is placed on the hand of her husband, to show that she ought always to have the upper hand of her spouse. It is wajib that the husband should then make two prostrations in prayer, [one, we suppose, for his leg, and another for his hand.] A basin, and ewer and water, are then brought; and the right leg of the bride and the left leg of the bridegroom are placed together and washed, and their hands also in the same manner. The husband then takes the bride in his arms and places her on the nuptial couch, and scatters cotton seed over her head."

There is in the next article much profound truth.

"3.—Fresh fish fried and mixed in the food of the bride and bridegroom on the nuptial night, is of great advantage. If it rains upon that night, the bridegroom will doubtless be prosperous.

"4.—It is wajib that a handsome woman should throw the sleeping apparel of the bride,\* that the husband may be constant and true to his wife; and it is lucky that both should sleep on one pillow."

We regret that the prudery of European Manners will not permit us to proceed farther in expounding the pandect of the Seven Wise Women.

\* Something like throwing the stocking, in several parts of England.

## THE MEETING OF THE SELF-ELECTED.

**A CANTATA.**

"On fasten-e'en we had a rockin,  
To ca' the crack an' weave our stockin';  
And there was muckle fun an' jokin,  
Ye needna doubt;  
At length we had a hearty yokin'  
At sang about."

**RECITATIVO.**

**HARSH** the steeple cock was creakin'  
On it's rusty spindle auld ;  
**KEEN** December winds were sughin'  
Through the windows, snell an' cauld.

**Aye the storm wax'd loud an' louder,  
As the shades o' gloamin' fell ;  
Gifted Gibbie said that Sathan  
Got an inch, an' took an ell.'**

Wild as fire the tempest rattled  
'Gainst the shutters, auld an' frail ;  
Moanin' through the narrow closes,  
Wi' a mad unearthy wail.

**Slates an' tiles, frae aff the houses,  
On the causey crown play'd smash ;  
Deacon Draff, the brewer's stable  
'Tumbled wi' an awfu' crash.**

**"Deil-ma-care," says Provost Pawkie ;**  
**"Let it hail, an' rain, an' blaw ;**  
**We maun meet in Luckie Lyon's,**  
**Though the lift itsel' should fa'.**

“ Though the Whigs<sup>d</sup> may clip our pinions,  
Thwart our plans, an’ gi’e us pain ;  
Hooly lads !—our nests are feathered,  
Safter, may be, than your ain.”

Provost Pawkie's first-rate genius  
Ruled the town for thirty years ;—  
Many a member o' the council  
He had kicket down the stairs.

If his schemes were ever thwarted  
By a nod, a look, or word ;  
Instantly that man was marked,  
Syne mix'd wi' the common herd.

**Frightened thus, the civic quorum  
Acted blindly, spoke by rote,  
Whisper'd round the council table, .  
" Whilk way does the Provost vòte?"**

**Five o'clock,—the hour appointed,—  
Loudly chappit on the town ;—  
Enter a' the Self-elected,  
Duly at the blithesome soun'.**

"Waiter! where's laird Pickletillum?"

Cry'd the Provost wi' an air;—

"Gudesake, sir, I hear his honour

Comin' *pechin* up the stair!"

Pure as snaw the diaper glistened

'Neath a sumptuous digner rare;

A' was welcomes, smiles, an' greetin',

As the laird drew in his chair.

Brief's a shot, the grace was mutter'd,—

'Twas three minutes yoht the time;—

Knives an' forks, an' plates an' glasses,

Rang an Epicurean chime.

Courses swift succeeded ither;

Port an' Sherry pour'd like rain;

While aboon the saut they sported

Lots o' Claret an' Champagne.

Speedily the bowl was emptied;

Naething could allay their thirst;

In a trice anither mantled

Muckle better than the first.

"Gie's a sang!" exclaimed the chairman;

"Let the tempest rair an' rave;

Pickletillum, first an' foremost,

Tip us aff a can'ty stave!"

"At your service, Provost Pawkie;

'Gainst the chair I'se ne'er rebel;

Thole until I clear my windpipe.—(Coughs.)

Here's a sang I made mysel'!"

AIR.

TUNE—I hae a wife o' my ain.

I'm a Conservative laird,

Hand an' glove wi' nobility;

Age has my morals repair'd,

An' siller's improv'd my gentility.

I hae a braw estate,

Wi' a turreted ha' on the manor;

The villagers used of late

To tickle my lugs wi' "Your Honour!"

But now, the children o' toil

Gae by wi' a strut an' a swagger;

They care for the lords o' the soil

Nae mair than I care for the beggar;

For aye sin' the Bill o' Reform

Has been the law o' the kintra,

Wi' Radical principles warm,

They scoff at the peers an' the gentry.

I had three parchment votes,—

The voters may now gae whistle;

They're no worth three grey groats,—

The devil thank Grey an' Russell.

A plague on the Radical crew,

The thought o' them's like to wrack me;

But I'se gar the niggers look blue,

Gin I get a party to back me.



*The Meeting of the Self-Elected.*

I'll put them down by force,  
 Sabre them a' to a nicety;  
 Gar saddle my yeomanry horse:—  
 VENI, VIDI, VICI-TY!

RECITATIVO.

The Provost got upon his shanks,  
 An' tendered Pickletillum thanks,  
 In good set civic phrase:  
 The clamour for a wee was hush'd,  
 But up the laird's life-current rush'd,  
 An' ance intil his life he blush'd,  
 To hear sic fulsome praise.

Let cynics snarl an' sages sneer,  
 Yet praise to ilka heart is dear,  
 Though it comes frae a coof;  
 The laird his throbbin' forehead wipes,—  
 "Come, Maister Pawkie, tune your pipes,  
 Ye canna say ye're drinking swipes—  
 I'll join you,—there's my loof!"

The Provost was a joyous soul  
 As ever toon'd a cup;  
 He took a drappie frae the bowl,  
 Syno "roar'd this ditty up."

AIR.

THE—*Gilderoy.*

'Twas when I left my father's cot,  
 Some forty years ago  
 I knew that wealth was to be got,  
 But where, I did not know.  
 The world was wide, an' I was young,  
 A hardy loon, an' hale;  
 Besides, I had a sleekit tongue,  
 That ne'er was known to fail.

Baith east an' west I glowr'd like daft,  
 To see what wad befa';  
 For och! I hated handicraft,  
 An' manual labours g'.  
 Compell'd at last to catch the plack,  
 Whatever might betide;  
 I took the ellwand an' the pack,  
 An' roam'd the kintra side.

My mither, as a parting boon,  
 Wi' tears intil her e'e,  
 A Bible an' a horn spoon,  
 That day presented me.  
 She squeez'd my hand, an' conjured me  
 To use them baith wi' care;  
 An' *ane* o' them, as ye may see,  
 I'm master o' an' mair.

For seven years, an' somewhat mair,  
 I wander'd mony a mile;  
 An' faithfully I gather'd gear,  
 By mony a quirk an' wile.  
 At length a sonsy damsel's glance  
 Gar'd a' my ramblings stop;  
 I woo'd her,—for I stood a chance,  
 To heir her father's shop.

Day after day, I urg'd my claim,  
O' naething stood in awe ;  
An' in a fortnight I became  
A Bailie's son-in-law.  
By mither wit, an' norlan' skill,  
I scal'd the Council stair ;  
Nor ever look'd behind, until  
I fill'd the Civic chair !

An' I'd haerul'd the roast, I trow,  
Until my dyin' day ;  
But a' my schemes are blasted now,  
By auld Reformer Grey.  
Come, fill your glasses to the brim,  
We'll drink it, as 'tis fittin',—  
"To a' his colleagues, an' to him,  
An unco' speedy fittin'!"

RECITATIVO.

Confound the bards of ancient days—  
A set of ruthless tigers ;  
'They've stol'n my very best ideas,  
Likewise my tropes and figures ;  
They've filch'd, I think, my genius too ;  
Which makes me look a *leetle* blue :  
So, if my narrative be tame,  
Say, gentle reader, who's to blame ?  
The brimming glasses, glancing bright,  
Were emptied, with the speed of light,  
By all the festive crew ;  
Shouting, around the table's verge,  
As loud as when the final charge  
Was made at Waterloo !

Next, in enthusiastic fit,  
They drank the Memory of Pitt :  
Their maudlin hearts were tender.  
The goblets, that ill-fated hour,  
Though grac'd with star, and tree, and flower,  
Descended in a crystal shower,  
Clish, clash, within the fender !  
The dazzling ruin strēw'd the hearth,  
Like Chaos, ere Creation's birth.

The landlord, in a lorn condition,  
Beheld the work of demolition,  
And thought the party fools ;  
Yet, nathless, with the speed of thought,  
He, from the parlour cupboard, brought  
Another set of tools :—

The hearth was swept with might and main,  
The board was cleansed from every stain,  
And all was decency again.

By this time all the *clique* had found  
The zenith of hilarity ;  
The "mantling bliss" went round and round  
With even increased celerity.

*The Meeting of the Self-Elected.*

The burly Brewer, Deacon Draff,  
 A verse or two *would* hollo ;  
 Then, something like a dying calf,  
 He drawled the following *Solo*.

AIR.

TUNE—*The Quaker's Wife.*

There are fouk i' the earth  
 Wha crack o' their birth,  
 An' brag o' their gentle connexions ;  
 There are ither, again,  
 Insufferably vain,  
 Because they ha'e votes at elections.  
 Let patriots storm about Grey an' Reform,  
 An' thorough-paced Tories despise man—  
 I ne'er cared a curse  
 For the government purse,  
 Whene'er I could cheat the exciseman.

My speeches were rife  
 O' "fortune an' life,"  
 Whene'er there occurred an occasion ;  
 I donned a cockade,  
 And flourished my blade,  
 When Buonaparte threatened invasion.  
 To shew them my spunk,  
 I got gloriously drunk,  
 When Boney came over a prize, man ;  
 Yet I thought it nae fau't,  
 When turnin' my maut,  
 To bilk my auld friend, the exciseman.

'T ha'a'ye been my plan  
 To mind number one :  
 Although I supported the Tories,  
 I aye did my best,  
 To feather my nest  
 While I fuddled and drank to their glories.  
 I trained my best horse  
 For the yeomanry force,  
 An' praised Castlereagh to the skies, man ;  
 But I aye thought it right,  
 Nay, it was my delight,  
 To diddle my frien', the exciseman.

RECITATIVO.

Leng and loud were the plaudits that rung,  
 When Kemble acted, or Braham sung ;  
 When Vestris danced, like an airy sprite,  
 Thrilling the Cocknies with delight ;  
 When Paganini, music's lord,  
 Bewitched the world with his monochord ;  
 But louder and heartier were the cheers  
 That greeted the drowsy deacon's ears.  
 Old Bailie Macfun—a thirsty soul—

Encored the Brewer's song ;  
 And struck, with a ladle, a toddy bowl,  
 Till it rung like an Indian gong :  
 One stroke too hard on the china fell,  
 Alas ! it burst like a mortar-shell !

Macfun a mariner had been,  
And countless dangers brav'd and seen ;  
In sooth he was a patriot tried,  
Who oft his country had supplied  
With brandy, wine, geneva, tea ;  
And always did it *duty free*.  
Yes ; many a cargo contraband,  
Old Mac, the smuggler, brought to land,  
And, like the prophet,\* hid it in the sand.  
But since the Exchequer laws ne'er reach'd him,  
Pray, who so merry as he ?  
So he fill'd up his glass, in a trice, to the brim,  
And sang like a bird on a tree !

AIR.

TUNE—*The Roast Beef of Old England.*

Come, bustle, my hearties, she lies like a raft ;  
Up, shake out a reef, let us crack on the craft ;  
Be handy, be active, brace up and haul aft.—  
Success to the Free Trade for ever !  
Hurrah ! for the funny Free Trade !  
Old Lintstock, I swear, you're no fair weather spark,  
Your bull dogs, my bleacher, must bite if they bark,  
We soon may fall in with a custom-house shark.—  
But here's to the Free Trade for ever !  
Success to the funny Free Trade !  
My trig little vessel's the queen of the sea ;  
She skims like a water-witch, close haul'd or free ;  
I ne'er saw the man could manœuvre with me.—  
So here's to the Free Trade for ever !  
Good luck to the canny Free Trade !  
I've landed the stuff when the tempest howl'd high ;  
Not a light on the beach, nor a star in the sky ;  
The cruizers !—the lubbers, they're all in my eye.—  
Good luck to the Free Trade for ever !  
Success to the honest Free Trade !

RECITATIVO.

“ Bravissimo !” the Provost roar'd,  
In rapturous delight ;  
“ That glorious sang maun be *encor'd*  
'Boon a' the sangs thjis night !  
Faith, Bailie, ye're a man o' pluck,  
As ever toom'd a bicker ;  
An' fervently I wish ye luck,  
Baith in and out o' liquor !”  
Lang, lang ere order was restor'd,  
The clock had struck eleven ;  
The candles on the festive board  
Seem'd multiplied by seven.  
The landlord bustled through the room,  
Fu' portly an' fu' fat ;  
An' Deacon Draff, wi' surly gloom,  
Cried “ Whatna man is that ?”

\* Exodus, Ch. 11, v. 12.

*The Meeting of the Self-Elected.*

Young Donald Dhu, the halberdier,  
 Humm'd loudly "Turnamspike ;"  
 For drink, like Death, the leveller,  
 Makes every rank alike.  
 Like fire and tow, the maudlin squad  
 Roar'd for the piper's lay ;  
 An' Donald, like a lusty lad,  
 At once began to bray.

## AIR.

TUNE—*Will ye gang to the ewe bughts, Marion ?*

Nainsel fra' ta hills wad pe flittin',  
 An' come to a toon on ta coast :  
 An' as it was proper an' fittin',  
 She soon got a shentleman's post.  
 Her cousin, ta laird o' Pitgrunsel,  
 A letter did send in a crack :  
 An' syne frae ta provos an' council  
 She cot a toon-coat till her pack.

She disna pe drink in ta mornin',  
 Except it pe trams ane or twa ;  
 An' when ta Lord Provos gies warning,  
 She aye stan's his henchman fu' pra'.  
 She disna pe drink in ta e'enin',  
 Unless it pe twa or tree cann,  
 An' if she behaves whan she's peen in,  
 She'll soon pe ta Provos' pest man.

She marches ilk week to ta preachin',  
 An' shoulders her halbert like daft ;  
 An' aye while ta minister's teachin',  
 She sleeps in ta magistrate's laft.  
 But tho' she's o' gentle connexion,  
 She scorns for to prag or to plaw ;  
 Weel may ye digest your *refection* !  
 Gude night, sirs, an' shoy wi' ye a' !

## RECITATIVO.

The party scream'd, with sheer delight,  
 Discordant as a flock of solons,\*  
 When, from St. Kilda's dizzy height,  
 A shot expels them, *nolens volens*.

"*Sans ceremonie*," was their motto,  
 For form was fled, and rank was levell'd ;  
 Like bandits bousing in a grotto,  
 They laugh'd and sang, and drank and revell'd.

Old Draff beneath the table snor'd ;  
 Macfun gave many a sprightly sally ;  
 And Pawkie jump'd upon the board,  
 And, dancing, sung the grand finale.

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\* By *SOLONS*, the writer does not mean legislators, but only gaffnets, or Bass Geese.

AIR.

TUNE—*Jenny's Bowbee.*

Here! landlord, bring us in the bill—  
We maunna langer sit an' swill—

I'm sure o' drink we've had our fill;

But use an' wont is law:

Then thinkna' we're sic simple spoons,

As drink sae mony score o' roun's;

Syne pay the bill, like ploughman-loons;

The toun maun pay it a'!

We're magistrates, an' men o' rank,

Wi' purses neither lean nor lank;

But tho' we've siller in the Bank,

We're unco' sweer to draw:

We've only done what's just an' right:

The morn ye'll get a note at sight,

But de'il a rap ye'll get the night;

The toun maun pay it a'!

(*Exeunt omnes, very uproarious.*)

## MINISTERS AND THE BANK CHARTER.

THE times are strange indeed! Nowadays, we not only have a Whig government, a Whig system of pacifying discontented countries, a Whig financier, &c., &c.; but it seems we must also have a Whig system of abstract science,—a Whig political economy! And by and by, we doubt not, should there be any end to answer by it, we shall have, from Oxford or Cambridge, or some other orthodox University, a Whig code of new mathematics!

We have been led into this anticipation by the manifesto in the Edinburgh Review on the Bank Charter,—a manifesto containing much that is ingenious and forcible, but coming to very wrong conclusions; and as it so happens, in apparent contradiction to several of the best established principles in commercial science.

We have been long aware that Ministers wished to renew the Bank Charter. Their intentions upon this subject were long ago announced in our Magazine; and there is no reason for concealing that *they would* have renewed it, but for the resolute stand made by Sir Henry Parnell. The evidence before the Committee, in so far as it went, was a mere cloak; and had the Committee been prevailed upon to make a report in accordance with it, there is no doubt that a subservient House,—a House, too, which had signed the confession of its own corruption and unfitness,—would have been an instrument in inflicting this great wrong upon our commercial community. But for a press of other matter, we should this month have entered the lists with the reviewer, and made fair trial of his mettle; but we cannot send our number forth without entering our full protest against the doctrines he upholds—our protest against the known design of Ministers—and our protest against any scheme which shall leave the active management of the currency of England in the hands of a body, so situated, that they would almost, of necessity, and in the most critical times, abuse that trust.

There are many sinister interests connected with this question; and we take the opportunity of briefly exposing them. The *exposé* will ena-

ble our readers the better to sift the evidence, and weigh the value of the testimony offered them.

*First*, There is Lord Althorp's interest. To the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a body at hand, like the Bank, must always be convenient; and by so much the more, according to the Chancellor's acquirements in the science of blundering. Lord Althorp is well aware of his own acquirements in this way; and, doubtless, they have inspired him with a strong affection towards the Bank. Had his lordship, with his *clique*, been Minister *pro tempore* only, we should have trusted the matter with him—he might have done right; but they think they have now a good hold of office, and therefore Downing Street must be made as comfortable as possible! But Lord Althorp's *interest* happens to be quite opposite to the interests of the country. It is our interest, in the first place, to have clear and regular Treasury accounts, independent of any Bank; and in the second place, to have a Bank that will work well for us. In regard of blundering financiers, we should probably find out some other method of dealing with them.

*Secondly*, There is the Bank's own interest. That we need not explain; it is the interest of all monopolists. Let the monopoly continue; *Esto perpetua*—is the cry. Nothing like monopoly!

*Thirdly*, What may sound odd—there is the interest of the private banker in London, in favour of the Bank. Most people think these private bankers *rivals* of the Great Lady of Threadneedle Street! Rivals indeed! Banks forced *upwards*—forced on a free system—might be rivals; but then, *they would rival the present private banker too!* The present private banks are, in fact, a set of subordinates. They have been formed under the existing law; they nestle within the shadow of the “Great Lady;” and if she tumbles,—why, the wind will be too rough for them. The private bankers all know this. They are quite aware that the dissolution of the hulk which shields them would be fatal also to them, and that they would necessarily disappear before the strong and compact institutions which would arise around them. At present, the private banks have a sort of inferior monopoly; which would be broken in upon and destroyed by great Banking Companies, formed upon the Scottish, or free system. The private bankers would be obliged to change the nature of their business, and adapt themselves to the new system; which they cannot be supposed willing to do. If our readers will but think of this, it will thoroughly explain all the private bank adulation in the evidence, and it will enable them to weigh it.

There is one man whom we shall miss from Parliament, when this vital subject is discussed—and that is SIR HENRY PARNELL. Might not the livery and electors of London consult their own honour and the national interests by returning him? If there is a man in Britain who knows thoroughly all the windings of our complex finance system, it is Sir Henry; and he has already done us inestimable service upon this very question, by preventing the renewal of the Bank Charter. How different, a representative of that sort from a clumsy-headed alderman! But we do not conceive that the electors of the metropolis could require one word of persuasion as to their choice.

These few hints we have thought it our duty to throw out. They contain matter to be thought over; and they will shew every one acquainted with the evidence, on what kind of grounds Lord Althorp would deal with one of the most important questions which can be presented to the reformed Parliament.

## NATIONAL EDUCATION.

ONE of the first proceedings of a Parliament calling itself *reformed*, should be a thorough investigation of the means by which a comprehensive national, or universal education, may be established. If the present Parliament do not immediately enter upon such investigation, this single fact is sufficient evidence of a necessity for further reform; for then, evidently, the Parliament cannot be said to represent fairly the public feeling. That feeling now being one of intense anxiety to extend the blessings of education to every human being in the land; to extend to all an education the most complete and excellent, which the civilization of our people will enable them to afford and receive. All know that there is much difficulty in devising means, by which this may be effected, but none doubts of the desirableness of its being done, nor of the duty we lie under of attempting to discover the means.

We have no intention of declaiming on the advantages of education, or indulging in the commonplaces of this much-talked-of, but very imperfectly understood matter, throughout the present paper. We shall assume the urgent necessity for a National Education, and the manifold benefits that would result from it. Any one who calls in question these assumptions, must seek elsewhere for refutation. It, nevertheless, is deemed advisable, to lay before the reader some observations on the kind of benefits likely to flow from an universal instruction of the people. This may tend to make many who are merely lukewarm adherents, zealous workers in the cause. Our practical Legislators, (a very narrow minded and bigoted race,) may also see good reason to extend their views somewhat beyond the routine of their ordinary proceedings, to consider something of importance, not hitherto included, by the politicians of this country, in the business of administration.

Of the evils which the members of a community suffer, some may result from the mal-administration of the government; some from their own negligence or error; or from the negligence or error of their fellow-members acting in their individual or private capacity. The remedies, therefore, for certain evils, may lie in reforming government abuses; the remedies for certain other evils may wholly rest with the people themselves acting as individuals. To give an example of this, we may make the following suppositions: A government, being ignorant or knavish, puts a tax on bread, thereby diminishing the resources of the country; and by increasing the difficulty of obtaining the means of subsistence, increasing the misery of the people. The remedy for this mischief is, reforming the government. The evil springs from the acts of the government, and, therefore, by improving the intelligence and probity of that body, you may remove the evil. But, suppose the mass of the labouring population utterly careless of their own well-being, thriftless and idle, ever yielding to the temptation of present enjoyments, regardless of the future, and improvident in preparing the means of supplying the wants which the future may bring. The result will be immense misery among the people, but the remedy will not be reforming the government, but in changing and improving the people. Make the government ever so efficient, excepting in so far as you may make it active in educating the degraded population here supposed, and you do nothing towards alleviating the evils existing. A complete representa-



tion of the people, will not of itself make them industrious; the most perfect scheme of administration; the most scientific, perspicuous, and well-administered law, will not remove the mischiefs resulting from popular improvidence. Make the whole government perfect and you have done nothing, unless you also reform the individuals who compose the nation. The mischief is in their conduct, and the only mode of altering that, is by improving them.

It would be well, if they who write for the people, and for those who govern them, would so far analyze the condition of the labouring population, as to be able distinctly to state, what part of their condition is dependent on themselves,—that is on the people; what part may be improved by improving the government. A thoroughly honest and courageous exposition of this single circumstance and its results, would convey more useful information, than has ever yet proceeded from the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, or than will do so, from twenty Poor Law Commissions, headed by the dignitaries of the church.

One of the first and most important results from a general and well directed education of the people, would be a practical understanding by the many, of this great distinction existing in the various ills to which their lot is subject. They would learn, what they could by their own forethought and prudence remedy, and what they could not. They would become docile and patient citizens under a good government, while they would be irresistible enemies to a bad one. We should have no wild cries against machinery, no stupid burnings of ricks, no sturdy and overgrown pauper population. If discontent existed among the people, it would arise from legitimate causes, from a pressure of evils brought on by a bad government. At the present moment, amid the many outcries against the oppressive government which has existed amongst us for centuries; ay, from the very beginning of our history, a most important circumstance seems to be almost entirely forgotten. The evils of bad government, particularly in this country, are not so much of a positive as of a negative description. The government does not often immediately inflict misery on the people by any brutal or barefaced oppression; but by abstaining from its duty, by shrinking from doing the good that is incumbent on it, enormous misery is allowed to spring up. By fostering, and perpetuating ignorance among the people, it inflicts more injury than by any or all of its direct oppressions. All its immense taxation, as a burthen, is a feather in the scale when compared with the miseries produced by the ignorance it has engendered. Could we enlighten the whole population, could we at one moment give all of them knowledge and forethought, a thorough understanding of the circumstances on which their happiness is dependent, and, at the same time, endow them with fortitude to resist present temptations to enjoyment, in a few short years they would laugh at the taxes when called a burthen, and wonder at those who believed, that so long as they existed, no happiness for the people could ever be known.

At this passage of our paper, many of our readers, we doubt not, are ready to exclaim, "Do you truly expect such magnificent results from a general knowledge of reading and writing? Do you really believe that, by teaching the poor weavers and the unhappy farming hind to read with ease, and to write a legible hand, you can produce a population such as you describe?" We know that there will be many to ask the question, and we now shall attempt to answer it; because, before we proceed to details, it is proper to understand the object we are en-

deavouring to attain. Our present object is, the Education of the People; and our immediate purpose will be, to describe what we mean by such education.

Without reference to any peculiar condition of men, we may say, in general terms, that a man, to be happy, should be able, with moderate labour, to acquire the means of his subsistence; and should, moreover, possess a cheerful, tranquil, confiding spirit, and be one seeking his enjoyments rather in intellectual than sensual pleasures. The business or object of education should be, so to frame the moral and intellectual man, that he have the temper and habits here described, and possess the knowledge requisite, with this moderate labour, to obtain the means of his subsistence. This is the object of education:—education itself is the process, is the actual exercise by which this moral and intellectual character is formed. Making the whole population of any kingdom or country go through this process or exercise, would be giving what we here term Universal, or National Education.

The only matter in doubt here, is, whether, by any intellectual and moral training that could be devised, the whole population could be placed in a situation wherein they could, with moderate labour, obtain the means of their subsistence. Our answer to this difficulty is as follows:—The great mass of the population live by the wages of labour; (it may be remarked, that the difficulty exists about these alone;) their well-being is dependent upon the rate of their wages. This rate depends upon the quantity of capital to employ them. If their numbers be great as compared with this capital, their wages will be low, their labour excessive, and their condition miserable—this is the condition of the English labourer. If, on the contrary, their numbers be small, their wages will be high, their labour light, and their condition happy—this is the condition of the American labourer. All good education has a tendency to create habits of forethought, and power to resist present temptation, when attended with future misery. Such forethought and fortitude would, therefore, induce, or have a tendency to induce, the labourers not to increase their numbers beyond the point which alone could secure them high wages. The strength of this tendency would be in exact proportion to the goodness of the education imparted. And we have every reason to hope, that a scheme may be devised by which this efficient education may, though perhaps with difficulty, be imparted to the whole population of this kingdom.

It must be evident to any one who has read the foregoing statement, that education, when used by us, does not merely signify reading and writing,—ay, that it even means something more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. It means, in fact, the fashioning of the whole mental, moral, and physical being; the end or scope of which is, to make that being a means of happiness to himself and those around him. To this are to be applied varied means; extensive and powerful instruments; the resources of a great, intelligent, and wealthy community. Its wisest heads, most beneficent and active spirits, are to labour in this vast, this all-important labour. For the attainment of our purpose, no pains are too great, no expenditure must be grudged. No man, however great and exalted his genius and acquirements, should shrink from lending his assistance; for never can those talents, those acquirements, be employed to so beneficial a purpose as that of educating a whole people. Many difficulties lie in the way. To obviate these, our best judgments; most commanding intellects, ought to lend their hearty assistance. The road

must be smoothed ; all impediments must be removed ; the high cultivation of a part must be pressed into the service of the whole ; the philosopher must labour (and deem it no condescension) for the instruction of the peasant ; the highest and brightest wits for the lowest and most obtuse. Tell us not that this is lowering the high estate of genius and knowledge ; a more godlike employment was never proposed for human ingenuity and industry to attain.

In addition to the reason resulting from the necessity under which we lie, of imparting to all the blessings which all can be made to attain, there is another more narrow, but still very potent one, for making education universal or general for the mass of the population. Evils may be of such a description that neither the Government, nor an individual, may be able to remedy them ; and yet they may be susceptible of remedy from the whole community, or a very large part thereof, acting individually. For example, excessive population, with all its hideous train of miseries, cannot be remedied by Government ; and although any individual, by abstaining from begetting a large family, may keep himself from many encumbrances, yet he cannot, if his neighbours be improvident, prevent them from throwing a large addition into the labour market ; and thus, by his individual prudence, he cannot prevent depression in the rate of wages. This can only be properly prevented by a general forethought, which forethought can only be created by a general improvement of the moral and mental condition of the labourers. This of itself is a sufficient argument in favour of Universal Education.

The next subject of inquiry is, admitting these benefits as likely to result from such a provident and sagacious frame of mind, what are the modes by which it may be universally created.

A man's character depends upon the sort of desires to which he is subject, their relative strength, and the modes by which he deems they may be legitimately gratified. If you so educate him, that his desires are numerous, and not to be attained without much difficulty ; and if, at the same time, you so frame his mental associations, that he shall repugn all modes of gratifying them, but such as are conducive to the general well-being of society, you have done much towards making the man himself a worthy member of the community. Let us illustrate this by a comparison : An Irish labourer is a being of few wants, and those wants are easily satisfied. What has been the result ?—an improvidence actually unprecedented amid the annals of human thoughtlessness. He marries early, begets a large family, lives on a wretched diet of potatoes, dwells in a cabin inferior to an English pig-stye, is prone to sensual indulgences, and little anxious respecting the canons of a sane morality. Put, in opposition to this miserable sample of humanity, an American peasant, or labourer : we see in him one accustomed to many comforts and luxuries,—comforts and luxuries which habit has made necessities. He has a nutritious and plentiful diet ; he has decent, nay, luxurious clothing ; his house is a clean, comfortable, commodious abode ; he himself is instructed ; he is conversant with the laws and politics of his country ; takes an intense interest in her prosperity, and, considering himself and his happiness an important fraction of the whole community, and of the general well-being, he contemplates his position among men with an honest pride ; and, by industrious, honest habits, maintains himself and family in the enjoyment of these comforts and this position. What a miserable difference between these two pictures ! If we were to lower the wants of the American, make him satisfied with a potato,

diet, a miserable cabin, and wretched clothing; if you made his chief pleasure a cup of whiskey and a row; if you took away his independent proud spirit, taught him to consider himself as an utterly insignificant atom among his countrymen, you would quickly reduce him to the condition of the Irish peasant. On the contrary, make the Irishman a being of many wants, teach him to feel wretched, when badly fed, and badly lodged; teach him to feel humiliated by abject poverty, to be ready to sacrifice his present desires till a decent competency had been obtained; teach him that he is an important fraction of the state, and you would quickly raise him to the condition of the happy American. We know that it will be said, that the American's comfortable situation springs from the favoured condition of the people generally, from the fertility and extent of their country. For an instant, admitting this, and what is proved? Nothing. The same result may be obtained for Ireland in a different way. What America obtains, or is supposed to obtain, through the fertility and quantity of her soil, Ireland might attain through the forethought of her people. What is it that America has attained?—a population well-proportioned to the extent of her capital, and endowed with a high moral and mental character. A careful education of the mass,—an education sedulously superintended by the government, and by those who are themselves out of the immediate reach of poverty, would quickly procure the same blessing for Ireland. In England, the object is far more easy of attainment. There is among her population, particularly those of the towns, a longing desire for improvement. This feeling exists among a very large number of the town population in an intensity little appreciated, little known by the gentry of England. If education were within the reach of these, the example they would set, in seeking to avail themselves of its inestimable advantages, would soon be followed by the remainder; and then would quickly follow that improvement in their habits, that increase in their wants and desires we have described.

Much of the misery now existing among our labouring population is mainly attributable to a mode of proceeding diametrically opposed to this. Such persons as have attempted to educate the poor, have invariably commenced by lowering their pride, by making them believe humility a virtue, a lowness in their desires as the great business of their moral training. This, doubtless, in many cases, has been well meant, but has been attended by disastrous consequences. The error has, in great part, arisen from the want of a proper distinction between spiritual and worldly humility. Teach men, if you will, that they should feel humbled, on comparing their imperfections with the exalted and ineffable excellence of a supreme Creator. This humility is not only not incompatible with self-dignity and proud feelings, but never properly arises in the mind of a man not highly cultivated, not possessed of a high notion of his own importance, amid the varied productions of the great Creator. The mild, intelligent, self-respecting patriarch of the American woods, is far more likely to feel humbled in contemplation before the excellence of a sublime and Almighty God, than would the half-savage, roaring, brutalized, and thoroughly-degraded, humbled Irish peasant. This last can make, can understand no comparisons between divine excellence and himself; while the intelligent, thoughtful, virtuous, and, to man, proud peasant of America, can acutely feel his own unworthiness, when tried by such a standard. To true spiritual humility, a conscious self-dignity is absolutely requisite. Those people are most truly

humble before God, who are most proud and independent towards men: How can we make men believe that the Creator is solicitous about the immortal welfare of those whom they every day are accustomed to see treated after the fashion of beasts of the field? Nothing but a powerful stretch of the imagination, and a steadfast exercise of the intellect, could make a man disconnect the ideas of worthlessness here, and worthlessness hereafter. But such efforts of the intellect are beyond the capacity of the ignorant and degraded. The trained, cultivated, and obedient imagination of the educated man may console him, even under actual distress, by its pleasant anticipations of the future. Self-conscious of worth, he depends not on the mere opinions of others for his estimation of his own excellence. The bad may assail, the proud and arrogant, neglect and despise him, but he hath that within which enables him to bear up against contumely; he knows himself to be pure in his intentions, moral in his conduct, and therefore worthy of esteem though he obtain it not. This man can turn to his God, and believe, that from a heavenly and just distribution of happiness, he may receive that portion which is his due; and this expectation may to him be a source of great and permanent consolation. This, however, is not the process of mind in the uncultivated. They have not this stay on which to rest. They are weak in intellect, and weak in moral resolves. They sink under the ill-treatment of their fellows, despairing and broken-hearted. The joys of heaven present to them no consolation, no alleviation of their wretchedness. The effulgence of a glad futurity waxes faint and dim to eyes blinded by continual tears; and the soul borne down and "embruted" by worldly sorrow, and thorough ignorance, hath no aspirations beyond escape from present suffering. Let no man fancy this picture of despair over-wrought. He who doubts, let him win the confidence of the thoroughly wretched, and then will he learn the sad lesson which suffering humanity alone can teach.

Many who have assisted in the instruction of the poor, too many alas!) have acted in complete defiance of the rule which these circumstances teach us to frame. They have improperly humbled the minds of the poor, the weak, and the wretched, and thus most actively contributed to render them miserable. This is not asserted in any spirit of angry complaint, or with the desire of persuading the poor to refuse the aid of the rich in the business of education, or of inducing jealousy between the various classes of society. Our observations are addressed to the rich themselves, and our intention is to point out certain evils for their consideration, in the hope that a remedy may by them be applied. We are not of that class of the friends of the people, who, under the name *people*, include only a very small portion of the nation. The *people* is the whole body of our countrymen; it is *their* general welfare we seek, and that assuredly cannot be promoted, by creating jealousy and hostility between various sections of this great whole. Of these various sections, some are placed in more happy circumstances than others; they are not for that reason less deserving; their happiness is not to be disregarded because they are rich, any more than that of the poor because they are poor. All alike are of importance; and that the welfare of all should be increased, we here signalize certain evils, which militate sorely against the general good. We wish to change the method adopted hitherto by the rich who have aided in the education of the poor, not to drive them from participating in that great work. All important ameliorations must come from the more instructed; and it is only by

their assistance that we can work the reformation we are here attempting. Their service is invaluable—if well directed.

If the preceding observations be correct, we may now deduce from them some extremely important conclusions respecting the mode of educating the mass of the population.

Since the immediate object would be to frame the minds of the people generally after the fashion or model of the most highly educated, it is clear, if such course be practicable, the right mode of attaining this object would be to pursue, with the mass of the population, precisely the same methods that are pursued with those best educated persons; and the practical matter of inquiry is, in how far is it possible to pursue this course, and what are the difficulties or obstacles in the way of doing so.

The training called education, as we have already observed, consists partly of a training of the moral, partly of the intellectual being. They both, of necessity, reciprocally influence one another; they, nevertheless, must be kept in view as two distinct matters of consideration.

Now, it is of the highest possible importance, that the morality of all men be alike. The same necessity does not exist for a similarity in their knowledge or intellectual acquirements. We will consider these two subjects in succession.

It is of the greatest possible importance, that a man, no matter what his position in the community, be of a benevolent, gentle, firm disposition; that he be active, industrious, and provident: with these qualities, he will be a good son, a good father, a good husband, a good friend, a good citizen; in other words, a good man. If we look closely into the condition of every man, we shall find, no matter what may be his position, that his moral relations are, for the most part, like those of other men; that, consequently, most of the moral qualities which he needs, must be like those of other men also. The poor man who is a father, needs, for the proper fulfilment of the duties of a father, the same qualities which a rich man in the same condition requires; and so of all the other social or moral relations. The rich man and the poor man have to meet and resist temptations; and although the temptations be different in their kinds, still the peculiar frame of mind requisite to resist them is the same in all cases. If the frame of mind should be similar in both cases, the training which is to produce it should be similar also.

The case is different in the matter of intellectual acquirement. A distinction must here be taken notice of, between what is termed knowledge, and the capacity of acquiring it. It is necessary that all men should have a capacity of acquiring knowledge; and the greater this capacity, no matter what may be the position of the individual, the better for himself and the community. But seeing that one man cannot attain all knowledge, "so great is art, so narrow human wit," it is necessary to make a partition of the labour of acquiring it—one man must learn one thing, one another. But so long as they all are being trained merely for the purpose of producing the capacity of acquiring knowledge, that capacity being the same thing in all, so long the mode of training should be alike in all; but when the time comes for the acquiring of knowledge, as the knowledge is different, so, then, the training becomes different also. The education of different men begins then to diverge; and as the knowledge needed differs in part, in consequence of difference of condition, the education of persons differing in condition, becomes dissimilar in consequence of their difference of position.

For the present, we will keep out of consideration the subject of ex-

pense, and conceive, upon the principles here laid down, a scheme of general education.

The good of the community requires that there should be diversity of pursuits, consequently diversity of knowledge—identity of sagacity in the acquirement of knowledge, consequently identity in the mode of producing that sagacity—identity of moral habits—therefore, again, identity in the mode of framing such habits—this is a short re-statement of the principles upon which we are to frame our scheme.

Every plan of universal education must draw a line between the modes of conducting the education, and the modes in which the persons conducting it are controlled or governed. This latter subject, fraught with appalling difficulties, we reserve for discussion after the former has been disposed of.

The plan of general education which we should propose, would consist of a gradation of schools—from infant schools in every parish, up to all-comprehensive universities. As one chief concern at present, however, is respecting the mass of the population, our attention will be, for the most part, directed to the first portion of the scale of graduated schools, and the modes of conduct to be pursued therein.

We would propose, then, that throughout the whole of the country, there should be established, 1st, Infant Schools; 2d, Schools for children leaving the infant schools. These two sets of schools ought to be so numerous, that every individual in the State might receive his early education therein. They would receive the whole population, from their infancy up to the age of fifteen.

No one, assuredly, will be called on to prove that the infancy of all should be passed in similar training. At that tender age, the chief object is, or ought to be, to preserve the body from disease, and the mind, such as it then is, careless and happy. Indelible impressions are made in infancy. To us, indeed, it appears, that all the great foundations of the character are then laid. But the treatment, therefore, of the rich and the poor need not be dissimilar. These foundations are chiefly moral; and in so far as they affect the intellectual character, it is only as respects the capacity of acquiring knowledge, not the knowledge imparted. Little is then learned in the ordinary sense of the term. Habits of mind are framed, indelibly traced, but all specific acquirements of that age may be considered as nothing. The National Infant Schools would have for their object the training of the children in their habits—the framing of their young minds, so that the foundations of a good and virtuous character might then be efficiently laid; and all pastimes, all exercises needful for this, and applicable to that tender age, should there be practised. To describe what these should be, would be to write a detailed treatise on education. This is not exactly the task which we have here proposed to ourselves, our present object being no more than the giving a general view of a scheme of National Education. We would here also remark, that this detailed treatise has yet to be composed: the proper scheme of Infant Education has yet to be framed;—however advanced we may deem ourselves to be in civilization, we have not yet arrived at a knowledge even of the mere rudiments of education. The importance of the discipline of the first years of our lives is not yet properly appreciated; neither have the modes of framing the right habits in those early years been at all sufficiently investigated. Rousseau is almost the only writer who has conceived the difficulty and importance of the task; but, unfortunately, Rousseau is a sealed book to

the general reader,—the ignorance and wretched bigotry of our raving priesthood and overbearing Aristocracy, having contrived to make men generally believe, that they will find nothing in the writings of that great philosopher, but attacks upon religion and kingly government. In consequence of this atrocious libel on the character of his works, they have been lost to the English public. We have therefore only to hope, that what Rousseau did for the French people above seventy years ago, may soon be accomplished for the English nation by one of her own citizens. No investigation that can be conceived equals in importance the one here recommended to the attention of the present race of our philosophers.

When recommending this universal and similar education to *all* the infants of our country, a question may very properly be started as to the propriety of mixing together the children of all classes. Would it be advisable to unite in one school the infants of the poor labourer and his rich employer—the child of the nobleman, country-gentleman, professional men, merchants, rich and poor tradesmen, and labourers? Considering the powerful aristocratic feelings of every class of our people, a more delicate inquiry could hardly be set on foot. A strong suspicion haunts our minds that a universal clamour will be raised against us in consequence of the opinions we shall hazard on the occasion.

It should be remarked at the outset, however, that the plan proposed contemplates not the necessity of any such mingling of ranks. There is no intention of proposing to make it incumbent on any to send their children to the National Schools; and to those who know the feelings of English society, every expectation of getting people at present to accede to such a plan, would appear in the highest degree preposterous and absurd. The bare possibility of such a thing is all here contemplated; and the advantages and disadvantages of such possible proceedings is what we are desirous of considering.

In a thoroughly well organized society, the mere children of all the inhabitants would suffer no unnecessary privation. To the full and complete development of the physical being, an infancy of thorough comfort is absolutely requisite;—therefore, if the proper proportion existed between population and capital, whatever might be the frugal and simple fare and living of some of the adults, the children would all be equally well provided for; that is, they would all be fully fed, warmly clothed and lodged, and kept in a state of perfect cleanliness. This is all that is needed: any thing more is not only not an improvement of the condition of the children, but is actually a positive mischief. The children of the rich merchant or tradesman, (and we mention these as most likely to fall into the error,) who are never permitted to brave any inclemency of the weather, who are the hot-house plants of a drawing-room, are not physically well reared; their luxurious living is an evil of fearful amount. The more *thorough-bred* parts of our society—that class who are what may be termed *gentle*, in the narrowest use of the term, are not accustomed to bring up their children in any of this mischievous luxury, but accustom them to an exceedingly plain and simple fare, to active exercise in the open air. They clothe them well, keep them warm, and defended against the severe inclemency of the weather; but, nevertheless, make them hardy and robust, by partial and well-directed endurance. In all essential particulars, the physical education of the young children of a nobleman is similar to that of the children of a peasant who has a sufficiency. So far, then, as regards



their mere physical well-being, the mingling together of all classes would produce no mischief. The Infant National Schools would, according to the proposed scheme, possess everything needed for the comfort and well-being of the children; and the training and discipline to which they would be subjected, would be that which the most instructed and experienced minds of the community should suggest as best fitted for their perfect education. What then, we ask, would be the evil, morally or mentally, to the children? To us, no evil appears likely to arise to them, while great and lasting benefit might from thence result to the community at large. Many an anxious mother will exclaim against us, and accuse us of having very hard hearts, and dull heads, for proposing that her dear little ones, that the elegant, well-bred, little Miss —— should be permitted to come in contact with the offspring of John Robin, the ploughman; that the gentlemanly Master —— should consort with the said John Robin's eldest boy, Dick, who is destined perhaps to succeed his useful father in the humble character of a poor tiller of the soil. The very idea will appear revolting to the well-bred mother, to the fashionable, *elegante* Mrs. ——.

The whole matter does certainly look very horrid at a distance. Let us, however, take courage, and approach somewhat closer to it. Let us learn its bearings in detail. It may, by way of preface, be remarked to the delicate and polished lady, who is now made the representative of her class, that previous to the dreadful overturning of the happy old *regime* in France, there was a certain class of persons called *nobles*, who were the absolute *beau ideal* of all that was polite, refined, and elegant. The word *fashionable* is of modern growth, is a vulgar plebeian word, and has only come into use in consequence of the possibility of superiors and inferiors mixing together in society. They managed these things better in Old France. This very polished and refined class were almost all of them reared in the family of a peasant. Their infancy was passed in the care, and among the children, of some poor and attached retainer. Every noble had a foster-brother, which foster-brother had been brought up with him. They had been governed in the same way; had been accustomed to the same food, warmth and clothing; and yet this identity of training, did not prevent the noble in after years from becoming all that his polished and delicate and exclusive-minded mother desired. Why, then, under similar circumstances, might not English *fashionables* reach the same excellence? Is the Englishman so addicted to rude and boisterous manners, that nothing but exclusion from all intercourse with the rest of the world, from his very infancy, can give him even the semblance of politeness? Leaving, however, this reasoning from analogy, we will take an example.

Suppose a village in the country, (let the reader choose any which he knows,) to have a National Infant School: suppose the gentry around to send their young children to this school. One thing in the outset is certain, viz., if they did so, they would be extremely careful in selecting the teachers; in providing for the comfort of the children; and in seeing that all were specially clean and neat. Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. and half the alphabet, send their darlings there,—the hopes of their separate families,—the representatives of all the many excellencies of the A.'s, B.'s and C.'s. Is it not certain that Mrs. A., and if there were any, the Misses A. and X. and Y. and Z. would constantly be where the children were? Would it not become a part of their daily avocations, their most important and agreeable duties, to inspect the conduct of such school,

and the welfare of the little beings whom it contained? In fact, should we not list into the business of education all that was kind, good, and instructed among women? And from whence, we would ask, could there be obtained more powerful, more excellent assistance? Could this single step once be effected, we should have no fears for the remainder.

In the present condition of the population of the great towns of the empire, this intimate union of all classes may not be considered practicable. In the country, where the various portions of the population are much more intimately known to each other than in the towns, the difficulties do not seem to arise from any thing but the prejudices of some portion. These prejudices, we feel certain, would quickly disappear, and gradually the system contemplated would spontaneously be followed. In the towns, particularly in London, the poor live wholly unknown to the rich. They have no intercourse with them; and have never been accustomed to look upon them with much kindly feeling. The poor of a parish in London never even know who are the rich of their parish; the rich know not the countenances of the poor. In the country it is otherwise; and, consequently, there is a degree of confidence respecting the poorer classes which does not pervade the minds of the rich in London: and in London, therefore, there could be no mixture of the classes. This circumstance, however, need not, ought not to deprive the poor of the aid and countenance of their happier brethren. If national infant schools were established in every parish in London, it ought to be considered part of the duty of the classes who have wealth and leisure, to superintend the management of these places of public education. The visits of the better instructed women of society might be of the same essential benefit in the town as in the country. They would introduce improvement, good order, cleanliness. They would bring to the consideration of a difficult subject instructed minds and kind sympathies; and great and lasting benefits would result to the mass from the well-directed endeavours of this small and favoured portion of society.

The limits to which we are necessarily confined, preclude the possibility of comprehending in one paper the whole of this extensive subject. Many papers can alone accomplish it; and assuredly no right-minded reader will deem the space ill employed which is devoted to such a purpose. Our next paper will discuss somewhat in detail the subject of infant schools. The one which will succeed that second paper will be occupied with the consideration of the schools which are to receive the children leaving the infant schools; the next and last of this series, the expense, and mode of government of the whole. The subject of universities, though forming an important part in any well-connected scheme of national education, had better, for our purposes, be left for separate consideration.

J. A. R.

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CORN-LAW HYMN.—No. 7.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

Why prosper they who curse the soil  
Ordn'd to feed the sons of toil?  
They, who make pain of sun and rain—  
Of seas and winds, a dungeon-chain?

God! was thy earth by thee designed  
To feed, or famish humankind?  
To yield us food? or tax our bread,  
And libel heaven with mouths unfed?

## Corn-Law Hymn.

God ! do thy nation-girding seas  
 Obey alike the storm and breeze,  
 To sever wide our social race ?  
 Or clasp us all in *one* embrace ?  
 God of the poor ! shall labour eat ?  
 Or drones alone find labour sweet ?  
 Lo, they who call thy earth their own,  
 Take all we have—and give a stone !  
 They toil not, neither do they spin,  
 But call us names of shame and sin ;  
 And eat our lives, our children's souls :  
 Behold, oh, Death, in life thy gouls !  
 The gnat sings through its little day ;  
 The tiniest weeds, how glad are they !  
 Man only lives, on tears and sighs,  
*A living death before he dies !*  
 Yet, while the tax-gorged lords of land  
 Blast toil's stout heart, and skill's right hand ;  
 We curse not them who curse the soil ;  
 We only ask—"for leave to toil !"  
 For labour, food—to us, our own ;  
 For wove, wool, a mutton bone ;  
 A little rest, a little corn,  
 For weary man, to trouble born !  
 But not the sneer of them we feed !  
 Their workhouse graves ! their chains for need !  
 The dying life of blighted flowers !  
 And early death for us and ours !  
 We only ask—to toil and eat !  
 But hungrier men with us compete !  
 For they who tax our bread and smile,  
*Deprive of bread our sister-isle !*  
 God bids us *Live* and multiply :  
 His foes say, *Die*—unmarried, die !  
 Make room for hordes of root-fed kernes,  
 Ye countrymen of Locke and Burns !"  
 "Become extinct !" Saint ——— cries ;  
 "Our kinglings can refute the skies ;"  
 And soon, with many an emerald gem,  
 Adorn the sea's stripped diadem.  
 Yet not for vengeance rave the wrong'd,  
 The withering hopes, the woes prolong'd.  
 Our cause is just, our Judge divine ;  
 But judgment, God of all, is thine !  
 We call not on thy foes the doom  
 That curs'd the proud & wretched Rome ;  
 Who stole for few the lands of all,  
*To make all life a funeral !*  
 But not in vain thy millions call  
 On thee, if thou art lord of all ;  
 And by thy works, and by thy word,  
 Hark ! millions cry for justice, Lord !

\* I have spoken harshly of a great man in error ; his errors being the more dangerous because he is great. But it becomes me to shew why I think him in error. If we are to be corn-lawed, and no improvement is to be made in the condition of Ireland, the moral restraint of Messrs. Malthus and Co.—I know not whether a personage, who shall be nameless, is one of the firm—would, if acted upon, produce the gradual extinction of the English and Scotch people. True, their place would be supplied by Paddy, who boasts that he has tinged our language with the brogue ; and that two in six us are already Irish, *one way or other*. But will those comfortable philosophers, who are at ease in their possessions, tell us what would be gained by the exchange ? Do they really think that England and Scotland could be gainers by carefully draining from their veins every drop of the blood of Knox and Hampden—Locke and Watt ? Are nations to be self-sacrificed, without any possible motive, individual or national ? What considerate and fat personages our saintly ages must be ! No ! rather let the " scourge of God," the law of population, become, in his hands, another Alaric—till the executive and the monopolists fight for the taxes ! " Give us the malt-tax," already cry the landlords. Their next cry will be, " Transfer to us all the taxes, and rob the national creditors ! but touch not the corn laws ! So shall those transfers, and that robbery, take not from the public burdens the weight of a brass farthing.

## CORN-LAW HYMN.—No. II.

God of the poor ! thy foes and ours  
 Say, Good is wrought by evil powers ;  
 The woes that scourge the tolling throng  
 Make Commerce rich, and Science strong.

Dread they the cloud which, splendour-nurs'd,  
 Frowns o'er their pomp, and longs to burst ?  
 No, " See," they cry, " our wealth ! our bliss !  
 What land," they ask, " can vie with this ?"

But why plant thorns, that flowers may grow ?  
 To lift the high, why crush the low ?  
 Let commerce plough the tranquil main,  
 And sinking hope will rise again.

Seest thou, oh God ! our deadly strife,  
 Our war for bread ? for life, for life ?  
 How like the strife of seas and skies,  
 While struggling thousands fall and rise !

On howling foam, and tossing wave,  
 The rich and poor, the lord and slave,  
 Float like frail shells, amidst the shocks  
 Of senseless logs, and solid rocks.

What, though at times, the sun shines down,  
 Through shatter'd clouds, on ocean's frown ?  
 Though rocks may scorn the sea and sky,  
 While logs are safe, and navies die ?

Can sun-lit surge, or sun-lit shore,  
 Cheer them who shriek in ocean's roar ?  
 Lord, what avails the transient blue  
 That smiles on storm, and shipwreck, too ?

Ah ! what avails the dying might  
 That struggles still, through gloom and light,  
 If in them both we feel and see  
 The might of fatal prophecy ?

The sun that shines from deadly skies,  
 No comfort brings to him who dies :  
 A torch may glare on jail or tomb,  
 But chains are chains, and doom is doom.

Seest thou the worms that base, y bind,  
 In loathsome bonds, the sea and wind ?  
 To be like Death, and frown alone,  
 Those worms would overthrow thy throne.

Teach them, but not too sternly teach,  
 That each on all, and all on each,  
 Depend alike, for weal or woe,  
 Because the Lord hath will'd it so.

Oh, give thy toil-redeemer birth !  
 Let slaves be men ! enfranchise earth !  
 Let plenty smile on famine's tomb !  
 Where danger shrieks, let safety bloom !

Could Love divine, and boundless Might,  
 Bid sailless worlds plough seas of light,  
 That pride might float on servile forms ?  
 And reptiles feast on angel-worms ?

No. Let all lands exchange with all  
 The good which freights this foodful ball ;  
 Then will the strife of millions cease ;  
 For Free Exchange is Peace ! is Peace !

## MAYNOOTH.

## A PENCIL SKETCH.

"They came unto Lalah, unto a people that were at quiet and secure."  
JUDGES, xviii. chap., 7th verse.

WHEN I was a little boy, which, I am sorry to say, is now a great many years ago, I passed much of my time in Maynooth, a village that has since become celebrated by the repeated declarations of those *pious* men, Captain Gordon, and Lord Roden ; that it is the hot-bed of sedition, infidelity, profaneness, villany, and atheism ; for there is erected the College, from which issue, in yearly migrations, a fresh flight of Popish priests.

To look at Maynooth, no one would suppose it to be the pandemonium which our *modern* "saints" describe. It is as plain, and as quiet a looking town, as you would wish to pass through. There is but one hotel for the accommodation of the carriage and jaunting-car traveller, and that is kept up by his Grace of Leinster, more "for ornament than use ;" for from the time that I played marbles in its flagged hall, to the day I visited it, about five months ago, when there was a splendid Anti-tithe Meeting held in Maynooth market-place, I cannot recollect looking at a regular breakfast-dining-and-sleeping visiter, in the solitary hotel. As to the few public-houses that are found lurking in its lanes, they are as little frequented as the apothecaries' shops. Feasting, dancing, drunkenness, and debauchery, appear to be banished beyond its precincts. Its sober male inhabitants, look, as they pass placidly through the town, as if each of them were going to confession, or were meditating on their penitential prayers. The females seem to be nuns, and walk as demurely along the main street, as those valuable women, "the Sisters of Charity," pass through the crowded thoroughfares of Dublin.

The very boys are remarked to be less bold in Maynooth than elsewhere ; for if they want to play "prison-bar," or any other noisy game, they must betake themselves to the banks of the canal, which lies behind the town, or bury themselves in the verdant and luxuriant fields which invest it on every side. As to boxing, the puny lads never think of it, *unless it be in the old lime-kiln* ; and even then, it is necessary, if "the cause of quarrel" occurs at school, in order that "the master" may know nothing of it, that your challenge should be written with a *cutter* on your own *slate*, sent by your second, and rubbed out by the *sponge* of your adversary, if he deems it prudent to accept your cartel. Presuming on the aristocracy of my broad cloth, I recollect that, when I was a little boy, I transgressed the regular rules of the town, and challenged Terry Kelly, a hard-grown chap about two years younger than myself, to fight. I was punished for my offence ; for the wiry, potato-fed brat, in the course of two rounds, put my nose in "schedule A", and my eyes in "schedule B", by completely *disfranchising* the one, and permitting me to have with the other, but *the return of a single visual member*. This was an awful example to all juvenile pugilists, whether they were well-dressed Tories or shoeless Whigs ; and never since then, I believe, has the market-place of Maynooth been horrified even by the monomachy of two pugnacious urchins.

The little girls in this town appear destitute of all precocious ideas of maternity. You see no waxen dolls with sky-blue eyes, pink cheeks, cock-

noses, flax wigs, and protuberant busts, dandled in the arms of infantine misses; not even a papa's pocket-handkerchief, nor a mamma's shawl, is rolled up into the clumsy form of a sucking baby, as you behold them twisted by the imaginative children of the metropolis. All is the strictest propriety; and if you do hear a slight uproar in a house well stocked with "the rising generation," be assured, it is only a mother whipping a young one for *making a noise*.

There are none of the followers of vanity countenanced in the town. Two or three music-grinders made the attempt, and left the place starving, and in despair. The only one I ever heard of making money in Maynooth, was a poor little Italian, who broke his organ in playing "*adeste fideles*" for the pious inhabitants. He tried to vary it once or twice by striking up "I'd be a butterfly," and "I've been *roaming*;" but he got some significant hints, that if he continued such lively tunes, he would have to "fly" out of that, and "roam" elsewhere. As to rope-dancers and tumblers, they might caper away "in the air, or on the earth," as they pleased; but no Maynooth man or woman would look at them, much less give them a half-penny. The poor showmen, who live by exhibitions of "battle, murder, and sudden death," seldom think of visiting the curious here. I was myself, when a little fellow, and beginning to notice the talk there was about Napoleon's victories, the only one in the entire district gave a poor man "a *fi'penny bit*," for letting me look five times successively into a narrow deal box, through a dirty bit of magnifying glass at "Alexandria," "London Bridge," "the Battle of the Nile," "the Pyramids of Egypt;" and last and greatest attraction of all, "*General Boney-part* on his white horse, cutting down 'at one fell swoop,' an entire column of headless opponents." The "poor players" never engage a barn at Maynooth. As to the "Buy-a-broom Girls"—those lovely followers, and fellow-countrywomen of "Her most gracious Majesty"—much as their incursions are complained of by Cobbett, into all parts of the empire, he can be assured, that not one of them has had the audacity to shew her short petticoats in Maynooth. If one of them were seen there, the very dogs would bark at her, and, it is not improbable, hunt her out of the town as a non-descript monster, bearing to them neither the appearance of "a man or a fish."

The fair day of Maynooth is not like a fair day in any other part of Ireland. The strangers that come in with their cattle seem to be infected with the placability of the inhabitants: a bargain is made, not with shouts, and asseverations, and loud clapping of the hands, and occasionally a knock-down, if "the baste" be too much underrated.—No; every thing is peaceable, orderly, and, in fact, Quaker-like. The price is asked in a low tone—the higgling is carried on in soft sounds, and the sale is completed in a whisper. The ruddy-cheeked lasses of Kildare, and of Meath, buy their prim mob caps, their flashy silk ribbons, and their stout brogues, by signs—and either choose or reject them, as if they were so many automata, instead of being, as they are, the merry, buoyant, and buxom daughters of "Old Ireland." Then the close of these fairs, which I have witnessed as a boy, was so different to what I have looked at as a man in Tipperary! How insignificant, and how dull the peaceable termination of a Maynooth fair, to the dash, and the spree, the kick-up, the fighting, and the fury of a real fair at Thurles!

It would be a gross injustice to that town, which is "the centre of Tipperary," not to mention that it is the only place that preserves, in all its pristine purity, "the old spirit of the country." There are the

"pudding-lane boys," and the "high-hill boys;" the "Hickey boys;" and the "Hogan boys;" the "three-year old boys," and the "four-year old boys;" the "white-hen boys," and "the magpie boys," with divisions, subdivisions, fractions, and particles of "boys," that make is a matter of as complete certainty, that you will see a fight in Thurles, as that there is a fair holden in the town. Then there is, when all appears most quiet, a rush from one faction or another—a glorious tattering sweep of the stronger party through the entire street, driving tables, chairs, bed-steads, pannikins, rolls of cloth, bundles of linen, *chaney*, crockery, gingerbread, toys, boys, girls, old men, and young women, into one inextricable mass of confusion. Then there is the rally of the weaker party—the out-fighting, the in-skrimmaging, the shillelahs going, the stones flying, the alpeens whirling—then the dash of the police, the flashing of bayonets, the smashing of iron, the slating of the *peelers*, the taking of prisoners,—and when the matter becomes serious, a peppering discharge of fire-arms—the cries of the wounded—the clearing of the town by the military—the distant shoutings of "the boys;" and—thus closes a fair at Thurles. How different! how very different, is such a spirit-stirring scene to the dull, the quiet, and the business-doing fair of Maynooth!—but such is one of the *evil* influences of the Catholic clergy!

The College of Maynooth stands at the upper end of that riot-aborring town. It is a very large, and a very plain-looking edifice, supported upon one side by the old castle of the Geraldines, which still retains, in its dilapidation, traces of the frightful devastation which Oliver Cromwell inflicted on the finest fortresses of Ireland. Upon the opposite side, the College is supported by the temple of worship resorted to by the Protestants of the Church of England. This is an extremely small building, so small, that it might be lost in one of the wings of the Popish college; and presenting, by the contrast, the difference with respect to followers of "the Church as by law *established*," and "the Church *tolerated* by the law." There, however, are the two churches, closely united together, holding out an example, which unfortunately is not generally followed, that Protestants and Catholics can, if they choose, be very good neighbours. Taking the three buildings together, they cannot but remind the spectator of the history of Ireland—the castle of the chieftain, ruined in the vain attempts of its owner to repel the aggressions of the Sassenach; the small, but enormously wealthy Church raised out of the ruins of those who were once the mightiest of the land; and next, that which was the old religion of Ireland overtopping the modern church, and outlasting the earthly strength, and the towering pride of mere mortal man.

The gates of Maynooth College are thrown open twice in the week; thence are seen to issue, at those stated periods, a procession which, to a stranger, would be inexplicable. Black coat after black coat comes forth in an apparently interminable line; the stranger would suppose he was gazing upon a funeral, as he saw the dark files of sable-vested youths pass on before him; he would perhaps look anxiously for the coffin which he might expect to follow their melancholy march. Any Maynooth man would at once tell him he was looking on the future priests of Ireland. Here and there the youthful faces of the lugubrious troop would be dotted with the sage countenance of the important professor, or contrasted by the ruddy and sun-burnt face of a country priest "on a visit." Amongst the students, he would behold many care-worn with thought, and pale from study; while, upon a closer inspection, he would

find, in company with the clerical robe, the light joyous countenance, the merry tones, and the hearty laugh that belong to an Irishman. *Here* he would see the unmitred bishops, the unstoled priests, and the unanointed, but determined curates of Ireland, resolved to enter upon a life, which affords no temptation to avarice, but presents, to those who follow it, the certainty of encountering, in the wretched and deserted wilds of Ireland, famine, pestilence, and death. Such would, or at least, such should be the spectator's thoughts, as he viewed "the priests walking." I remember the first time my grandmother's servant girl, Antey May, saw them; her characteristic exclamation was, "Oh! there they come, the darlings! my blessings on them! there they come swarming out of the college, like a hive of bees with black caps upon their heads!"

Many and many is the pleasant day I have passed, when a boy, with those excellent young men. It was then expulsion, and I believe is so still, for a student to be found reading a newspaper. I recollect, as if it were only yesterday, taking a loan out of my grandfather's bed-room of "the *Evening Post*," which was the Catholic paper at that time, as "the *Weekly Register*" is now, concealing the precious document in my little blue cap, stealing over to the College to my favourite students, giving them the wink, that I had got "the *Post*," and then manœuvring with them into the gripe of a ditch, where they sat, and read from the beginning to the end what to them was the news of the day, but which, to all the rest of the world, was a week or a fortnight old. They returned to their rooms delighted, and I betook myself to the confectioner's, where I was able to purchase in cakes double the original price of the old journal.

Such was Maynooth College when I was a boy; such is it now. I felt, when gazing on it a short time since, as if all that were in it, and about it, were still the same, and that I alone had changed. It was to me like the acting over in real life of that which had once been a vivid, but had become a nearly-forgotten dream. Even the town itself had not increased in the course of twenty-five years; it seemed as if a census of the inhabitants taken in 1807, would have answered for 1832. This unnatural state of permanency in an Irish population, is only to be accounted for on the principle, that those who do not like a quiet town, have, as they grew up to "the years of discretion," been drafted off to the *uneasy* parts of Ireland. The same houses that were whitewashed in 1807, were whitewashed last summer; and those that had dirty fronts, and broken panes of glass, when I was a boy, retain the same distinctive marks of filth when I am old enough to record them. In all the place I could see but one change; and I notice it as a solitary instance of the march of *improvement*. The two-storied house in which I learned my A, B, C, from Mark Usher, has lost its ancient "Professor of the French and English Languages," and is now changed from a modest, plain, chalky-faced academy, into a slatey-blue painted depository of soft goods. The Rattan has given place to the Yarn, and the broad-cloths of Yorkshire have superseded "the pot-hooks and hangers" of the writing-master. "*Sic transit gloriâ pedagogi*," so passes, in an evanescent paragraph, the snuff-box, the ferula, the brown wig, the orthœpey, and the incessant labours of hand and head of poor old Mark Usher.

I trust I will be pardoned for this description of an Irish village. My excuse is, in the first place, that a great Captain, a mighty tactician with Bible phrases, and a grand marshaller of Scripture quotations,—even he the Gordon!—has rendered it celebrated by his Parliamentary and



peripatetic vituperations. My next apology is, that with the name of Maynooth are identified all my earliest impressions of rural life; my first childish ideas of the green grass, the star-like daisies, the glossy buttercups, the trailing honeysuckles, the intermingling of the pensile blossoms of the laburnum, and the bold and delicious-scented flowers of the lilac; the running stream, the fishing with my freshly-plucked rush and knotted worm, in its pebbly waters, for the diminutive pinkeens; the sweet odours and the inexpressible luxury of rolling and revelling in the new-mown hay; the budding hawthorn, bursting into beauty like a maiden into womanhood; the notes of the cuckoo; the soothing tones of the corn-craik, which, to this day, remind me of the balmy repose of spirit, the dewy delight of gratified sense I felt when a *gosssoon*, of looking on the gorgeous setting of the glorious summer's sun: with the name of Maynooth, all these things are concentrated in my mind, and the reader must for these, if I have no better reasons to advance, excuse me for detaining him thus long in a small town only twelve miles from Dublin.

### • MERRILY DANCED THE QUAKER !

*A New Song to an Old Tune.*

INSCRIBED TO THE ELECTORS OF SOUTH DURHAM :

BY A FRIEND.

'Twas merry, 'twas merry in Darlington,  
The darling town of schism,  
What time the battle was fought and won  
With Church-of-Englandism.  
From Berwick bounds to thine, Bow-bell !  
From Perth to Pedlar's Acre,  
Friends of Reform ! the chorus swell—  
*Merrily danced the Quaker.*

'Twas echoed from Wynyard's \* haughty walls,  
And rous'd their Lord in dudgeon—  
'Twas echoed from Durham's ghostly stalls,  
And scar'd each cassock'd curmudgeon.  
But lordly frown and priestly gown,  
Prelate and prelate-maker,  
Couldn't put *Peace and plenty* down—  
*Merrily danced the Quaker.*

Merrily dance the Quaker still  
Through charm'd St. Stephen's portal ;  
On that door-sill swart shapes of ill  
Oppose th' audacious mortal.  
Through cavillings all, that round him fall  
From trickster and wiseacre—  
Obsolete prate of Church and State—  
*Merrily dance the Quaker !*

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\* Lord Londonderry's.

WORKS AND LIFE OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL.\*

NEXT in power and activity to the press, the Dissenting Clergy of England have, since the civil wars, been the most enlightened and vigilant guardians of constitutional liberty ; and hence, as a body, the most obnoxious of any class of men to High Tories and zealous Churchmen. The Dissenting Clergy, collectively, may not at all times have been animated by the most enlarged spirit, or the highest motives ; but however complicated the originating impulse, the effect has been uniform ; and, whether Puritans, Non-conformists, Baptists, or Unitarians, the cause of right and of Freedom has in them found a phalanx of zealous partisans ; keen-sighted to discern the signs of the times, active to seize every advantage ; and opposed, by their interests, their position, and their natural instincts and hereditary bias, to the domination of Church and State, and to those slavish principles of Government promulgated by the priests of all establishments, Papist or Episcopal, and whether of Brahma or of Mahomet. As Protestant Christians they are opposed to the abuses and corruptions engendered by the monstrous alliance between Church and State—that mystery of iniquity designated by Hall as “ a compact between the Priest and the Magistrate to betray the liberties of mankind ;” and as men of like passions with the laity, the Dissenting Ministers have not been superior to those just feelings of indignation kept alive by the jealous policy of the State Church, and the intolerance, contumely, and persecution to which they have been exposed, almost down to the present hour ; emancipation from which, they owe mainly to their own efforts, and not to the growing liberality of their malignant opponents. Happily for Britain, since the principles of free Government began to be understood, and to take a definite form, she has never wanted a succession of leading and guiding spirits among this body of the natural guardians of her rights. Widely different as their religious tenets have been, this illustrious line has been continued to our own day, descending through Priestley to Hall, whose part in politics, though less prominent, and though he at one time betrayed symptoms of wavering, has been even more influential and diffusive than his whom we name his immediate predecessor ; and to whose services for mankind he has done such generous homage.

This collected edition of the works of Mr. Hall is published under the superintendence of Dr. Oliphant Gregory, who furnishes a memoir of his friend. For the imperfections of the memoir the biographer makes numerous apologies. It was a task devolved upon him by the lamented death of Sir James Mackintosh, and hastily executed under many obstacles and interruptions. Our objections rest on points which we conjecture the Doctor's apologies were not intended to reach ; but we shall come to them in order, having first told the reader something of the private history of one of the most eminent men among the English Dissenters for the first thirty years of this century.

The ancestors of Robert Hall were respectable Northumbrian yeomen. His father was the pastor of a small Baptist congregation at Arnaby,

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\* Holdsworth and Ball, London.

† It is not a little remarkable that many of the eminent men of the present time have been sons of Dissenting Clergymen ; Hazlitt, Hall, John Galt, Leigh Hunt, John Gibson Lockhart, and many more, bred in comparative poverty beneath the shade of the humble altar of Dissent or of Presbyterianism.

Northamptonshire, where Robert, the youngest of fourteen children, was born, in 1764. The elder Hall was not a man of classical learning, but one of great natural powers, pious and eloquent; a man, in the powerful words of his son, "the natural element of whose mind was greatness." The infancy and childhood of Hall, like that of many great men, were feeble and sickly; and he was two years old before he could either walk or speak. His first preceptor was *Dame Scotton*; and at nine years old, his biographer tells us that he read the works of Jonathan Edwards "with intense interest," and Butler's *Analogy* "with like interest." Our precocious poets are nothing to this. That he should write religious essays at ten, preach to his brothers and sisters at the same age, and be exhibited by injudicious friends as a sort of religious learned pig at eleven, is, however, not in the least surprising, and quite credible. After passing a short time at a country school, where, at ten years of age, he tasked the teacher so severely, that even with sitting up all night he could not keep pace with his pupil, young Hall was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Ryland of Northampton, when he ceased to be a prodigy and became an attentive student. This fervid-minded classical tutor\* was exactly the kind of man with whom boys of extraordinary capacity are not lost. Dr. Gregory, though a worshipper of the proprieties and decorums, appreciates aright the man who first awakened the mind of Hall. "In him," he remarks, "were blended the ardour and vehemence of Whitfield, with the intrepidity of Luther.—In his school he was both loved and feared; his prevailing kindness and benevolence exciting affection, while his stern determination to do what was right, as well as to require what he thought right, too often kept alive among his pupils a sentiment of apprehension and alarm."

The mental powers now unfolded, and the passion for knowledge fully

\* In a work entitled *Reminiscences of the Rev. Robert Hall*, by John Greene, a book which, we presume, Dr. Gregory does not admire, since he has no where noticed it, we have the following extraordinary relation:—

"One evening, our conversation turned on the subject of the war with America, previously to the acknowledgment of the independence of the United States. Mr. Hall said, 'Sir, that war was very unpopular, and considered to be very unrighteous by men of true liberty principles. My father, Sir, warmly advocated the American cause. When I was a little boy he took me to the school of Mr. Ryland at Northampton, the father of Dr. Ryland, of Bristol: this Mr. Ryland was very eccentric, and a violent partisan of the Americans; it was in the hottest period of the American war, Sir, and many persons were very indignant at the conduct of the English Government. That war, Sir, was considered as a crusade against the liberty of the subject and the rights of man. The first night we arrived at Northampton from Arnsby, Sir, the two old gentlemen (my father and Mr. Ryland) talked over American politics until they both became heated on the same side of the question. At length, Mr. Ryland burst forth in this manner: 'Brother Hall, I will tell you what I would do if I were General Washington.' 'Well,' said my father, 'what would you do?' 'Why, brother Hall, if I were Gen. Washington, I would summon all the American officers: they should form a circle around me, and I would address them, and we would offer a libation with our own blood; and I would order one of them to bring a lancet and a punch bowl; and he should bleed us all, one by one, into this punch-bowl; and I would be the first to bare my arm; and when the punch-bowl was full, and we had all been bled, I would call upon every man to consecrate himself to the work, by dipping his sword into the bowl, and entering into a solemn covenant and engagement, by oath, one to another; and we would swear by Him that sits upon the Throne, and liveth for ever and ever, that we would never sheathe our swords while there was an English soldier in arms remaining in America; and that is what I would do, Brother Hall.' Mr. Hall said to me, 'Only conceive, Sir, my situation: a poor little boy that had never been out of his mother's chimney corner before, Sir, sitting by these two old gentlemen, and hearing this conversation about blood. Sir, I trembled at the idea of being left with such a bloody-minded master. Why, Sir, I began to think he would no more mind bleeding me, after my father was gone, than he would killing a fly. I quite expected to be bled, Sir.'"

inspired, at the age of fifteen young Hall was sent to the Baptist seminary at Bristol; and shortly afterwards, by a rather singular transition, went to King's College, Aberdeen, on Dr. Ward's foundation. In Mr. Stuart's "Residence in America," which is at present in every body's hands, there is a delightful anecdote of a gentleman who shewed the traveller great attention and hospitality, in memory of the kindness of his venerable grandfather, Dr. Erskine, some forty years before. In passing through Edinburgh to Aberdeen, young Hall saw the same excellent clergyman, and, for many years afterwards, used to speak of the affectionate attentions of Dr. Erskine on this occasion; and of his own feelings when, on taking leave, the venerable man of God exhorted him to self-vigilance, kissed him, laid his hand upon his head, blessing him, and commending him to the care of the Great Head of the Church. At Aberdeen, Mr. Hall remained for four or five years, and acquired (a possession for life) the esteem and cordial friendship of his fellow-student, Sir James Mackintosh. Dr. Gregory's account of the two youths, nicknamed by their fellow-students *Pluto* and *Herodotus*, of their rambles about the Don, and friendly disputes, and "search of deep philosophy," and generous emulation in study, is extremely pleasing and interesting. At this period the fine imagination of Hall banqueted so high on the bold mountain scenery of the north, that we are seriously told the flats of Cambridgeshire, to which he was afterwards consigned, actually affected his spirits, and partly induced him to leave Cambridge, after being long settled there as a preacher.

While still at Aberdeen, Mr. Hall was invited to become assistant minister of the Baptist Church of Broadmead, Bristol; and here he officiated for one or two years, during the recesses of his College, and became, young as he was, exceedingly popular and beloved, though not exempt from the faults of a very young man of lively temperament, conscious of great powers, not yet disciplined by wisdom or experience. He was somewhat sarcastic, a lively heedless talker, full of wit and imagination, which he could not always restrain within the bounds of clerical discretion. Frank, moreover, in the avowal of his opinions, whether speculative or actual heresy, he was soon taught, that "the imprudent should never come into company with the malicious." His talents and powers appear to have absolutely startled while they commanded his timid and less gifted admirers among his brethren; and, in their journals, we find such entries as these of *Mr. Fuller*, and *Dr. Ryland*, the son of Hall's tutor, "1784: Heard Mr. Robert Hall, jun.: 'He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow;' felt very solemn in hearing some parts. 'The Lord keep that young man!'" "June, 1785: Robert Hall preached wonderfully from *Romans*, viii. and 18. I admire many things in that young man, though there are others that make me fear for him. Oh! that the Lord may keep him humble, and make him prudent!"

There is little doubt that the young preacher, about this time, his mind still in a state of effervescence, displayed some of the extravagancies and petulancies of young genius. He at one time took the fancy of imitating Mr. Robinson, a fine-mannered, sonorous preacher of his own sect. This is a besetting sin with young divines; but Hall's pride soon recalled him from the unseemly absurdity, and his good sense, from other affectations as ridiculous, as the imitation of the pompous and lofty manner of Dr. Johnson, of which he could only know at second-hand. This whim, at one time, carried him the length of swallowing thirty cups of tea in an afternoon!

Mr. Hall, unfortunately, had a serious misunderstanding with his colleague at Bristol, Dr. Evans; and was suspected, moreover, of heresy, or of abandoning the standard of orthodoxy; of which, when about to leave Bristol for Cambridge, he indeed made no secret.\*

In 1790 he succeeded Mr. Robinson in care of the Baptist Church of Cambridge. Half the members of the congregation were Unitarians, according to Dr. Gregory, in which belief their pastor had died. But with the changes of Mr. Hall's theological opinions, and the tenets he finally embraced, we do not propose to interfere. It was now that he entered the political arena, and took that prominent part in public affairs which the worthy Doctor, as painfully explains, and as elaborately apologizes for, as if the memory of Mr. Hall required vindication for some of the noblest acts of his life. The political principles of Hall can neither be hidden nor explained away: they are, with one memorable exception, blazoned on nearly every page of his writings. The Doctor labours rather strenuously to prove that he was entrapped, or betrayed, into the unbecoming act of writing and publishing his sentiments; though, as we think, not very successfully. Mr. Hall, at this time a man still under thirty, already one of the most distinguished of the Dissenting Clergy, of high intellectual powers, great natural ardour, and of undaunted spirit, required neither prompting nor abetting in the part his conscience compelled him to act; nor was he one likely, in a great crisis, to conceal his opinions. A time, in his own words, had arrived, "when attention to the political aspect of the world, was not the fruit of an idle curiosity, or the amusement of a dissipated and frivolous mind."

\* \* \* The scenes of Providence," he says, "thicken upon us so fast, and are shifted with such strange rapidity, as if the great drama of the world were drawing to a close. Events have taken place of late, and revolutions have been effected, which, had they been foretold a few years ago, would have been viewed as visionary and extravagant; and their influence is yet far from being spent. Europe never presented such a spectacle before; and it is worthy of being contemplated with the profoundest attention by all its inhabitants. The empire of darkness and despotism has been smitten with a stroke which has resounded through the universe. When we see whole kingdoms, after reposing for centuries on the lap of their rulers, start from their slumbers, the dignity of man rising up from depression, and tyrants trembling on their thrones, who can remain entirely indifferent, or fail to turn his eyes towards a theatre so august and extraordinary! These are a kind of throes and struggles of nature, to which it would be sullenness to refuse our sympathy."

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\* The extreme liberality, and even *laziness* of opinion among the English Dissenters at that period, which is apparent in this Life of Hall, is to us not a little surprising. When about to leave the Church of Broadmead, Mr. Hall formally writes to his brethren, that he "is no Calvinist in the strict and proper sense of that term," and denies the federal headship of Adam, "or the imputation of sin to his posterity." In another place he says, "I am, and long have been a *materialist*, though I have never drawn your attention to the subject in my preaching. My opinion upon this subject is, that the nature of man is simple and uniform; that the thinking powers and faculties are the result of a certain organization of matter; and that, after death, he ceases to be conscious till the resurrection." Important changes soon came over the sentiments of Mr. Hall; nor is our surprise excited by such heresies being entertained, but by the impunity with which they are confessed.

At such a crisis, Mr. Hall was not likely to require much "*abetting*" to take the part which he did in political discussion; holding, too, as he held, that it was the *duty* of Dissenting Ministers to interfere in politics, as no teacher could explain or enforce the reasons of submission to governors, without displaying the *proper end* of government. On the *proper end* of government, we need not say that Mr. Hall's opinions were what we regard as most orthodox. His generous and triumphant vindication of Dr. Priestley is, of itself, sufficient to prove how far Mr. Hall conceived spiritual teachers warranted in expounding and inculcating political as well as moral ethics, unhappily too long separated. Mr. Hall's notions of the obligations of ministers to be political enlighteners, went yet farther before he declared, that "*he who is instrumental in perpetuating a corrupt and wicked Government, is also instrumental in unfitting his fellow-men, for the felicity of the celestial mansions.*" With such sentiments, and under such influences, Mr. Hall composed the political pamphlets which laid the true foundation of his reputation far beyond the limits of his own sect. His first pamphlet, "*Christianity consistent with the Love of Freedom,*" was called forth by a time-serving sermon, in which the preacher had endeavoured to spread alarm among all dissenters, by endeavouring to shew that the principles of civil liberty had been advocated only by Dr. Priestley and the Unitarians. It abounds in noble and eloquent passages; but, as a whole, is inferior to his "*Apology for the Freedom of the Press,*" into writing which, Dr. Gregory alleges, that he was urged or betrayed. The origin of this pamphlet is memorable; it is *historical*. Simultaneous with the riots in Birmingham, when the lives and property of Dissenters and Reformers were exposed to the fury of an ignorant and brutal rabble, (a "*CHURCH-AND-KING*" mob, stimulated to excess and violence by the vilest arts of the ASSOCIATIONS, the Conservative Clubs of those days,) there were riots in Manchester, and in Cambridge, where Mr. Hall was then a popular minister. Mr. Musgrave, a respectable reformer, was subjected to insult and indignity, aggravated by the sarcastic notice taken of the matter in the House of Commons, by the member for Cambridge. That honourable person said, "*Mr. Musgrave had spoken seditious words, and the (loyal) mob had compelled him to sing God save the King.*" Mr. Hall, in his pamphlet, denied this statement; and asserted that the whole crime of Mr. Musgrave, heinous enough in those times, was "*love for his country, and zeal for Parliamentary Reform; and that it would be happy for the nation if a portion only of the integrity and virtue which adorned his character, could be infused into our great men.*" On the evening after the outrage, Mr. Hall was at a book-society meeting, when every individual present expressed himself in the strongest terms of indignation at the insult, and argued how desirable it was that some man of talent in Cambridge should advocate the cause of the friends of liberty. To this office Mr. Hall yielded "*in an evil hour;*" at least, as he says himself, if "*I had any wish to obtain reputation as a political writer.*" But the principles advanced he believed correct, and they were his; and his apology is concluded by his reported saying,—"*Perhaps the pamphlet had its use in those perilous times*"—no very violent deprecation of his first great political transgression. This pamphlet became exceedingly popular both in Britain and America. From the advertisement prefixed to the third edition, we beg to submit an extract, as a fair specimen of Mr. Hall's forcible style, and an emphatic statement of some of his opinions.

"Since this pamphlet was first published, the principles it aims to support have received confirmation from such a train of disastrous events, that it might have been hoped we should have learned those lessons from misfortunes which reason had failed to impress. Uninstructed by our calamities, we still persist in an impious attack on the liberties of France, and are eager to take our part in the great drama of crimes which is acting on the continent of Europe. Meantime, the violence and injustice of the interval administration keep pace with our iniquities abroad. Liberty and Truth are silenced. An unrelenting system of prosecution [Query, persecution?] prevails. The cruel and humiliating sentence passed upon Mr. Muir and Mr. Palmer, men of unblemished morals, and of the purest patriotism, the outrages committed on Dr. Priestley, and his intended removal to America, are events which will mark the end of the eighteenth century with indelible reproach. But what has Liberty to expect from a Minister [Pitt] who has the audacity to assert the King's right to land as many foreign troops as he pleases, without the previous consent of Parliament. If this doctrine be true, the boasted equilibrium of the Constitution, all the barriers our ancestors have opposed to the encroachments of arbitrary power, are idle, ineffectual precautions."

After pursuing this train of reasoning with the same clearness and vigour, it is pushed home to the character of Mr. Pitt in this splendid passage:—

*Robt. Hall on Mr Pitt*  
 "But it is needless any farther to expose the effrontery, or detect the sophistry of this shameless apostate. The character of Pitt is written in sunbeams. A veteran in fraud, while in the bloom of youth; betraying first, and then prosecuting his earliest friends and connexions; falsifying every promise, and violating every political engagement; ever making the fairest professions a prelude to the darkest actions; punishing, with the utmost rigour, the publisher of the identical paper himself had circulated,\* are traits in the conduct of Pitt which entitle him to a fatal pre-eminence in guilt. The qualities of this man balance in an extraordinary manner, and sustain each other; the influence of his station, the extent of his enormities, invest him with a kind of splendour; and the contempt we feel for his meanness and duplicity is lost in the dread of his machinations, and the abhorrence of his crimes. Too long has he insulted the patience of his countrymen; nor ought we, when we observe the indifference with which the iniquities of Pitt's Administration are viewed, to reproach the Romans for tamely submitting to the tyranny of Caligula or Domitian. We had fondly hoped a mild philosophy was about to diffuse over the globe the triumph of liberty and peace. But, alas, these hopes are fled! 'The Continent presents little but one wide picture of desolation, misery, and crimes; on the earth, distress of nations and perplexity, men's hearts failing them for fear, for looking after those things which are coming on the earth.'"

What follows, takes the tone of prophecy. It may be as beneficially heard by the Government of Lord Grey in 1833, as by that of Mr. Pitt in 1793.

"That the seeds of public convulsion are sown in every country in Europe, (our own not excepted,) it were vain to deny; seeds which, without the wisest precautions, and the most conciliating councils, will break out, it is to be feared, in the overthrow of all Governments. How this catastrophe may be averted, or how,—should that be impossible,—its evils may be mitigated and diminished, demands the deepest consideration of every European statesman. *The ordinary routine of Ministerial lechianery is quite unequal to the task.* A philosophic comprehension of mind, which, leaving the beaten road of politics, shall adapt itself to new situations, and profit by the vicissitudes of opinion; equally removed from an attachment to antiquated forms, and useless innovations; capable of rising above the emergency of the moment to the most remote consequences of a transaction; combining the past with the present and the future, and knowing how to defend with firmness, or concede with dignity; these are the qualities which the situation of Europe renders indispensable. It would be mockery of our present Ministry to ask, whether they possess those qualities."

In composing another new preface to the Apology, nearly thirty years

\* Mr. Hall has this note "Mr. Holt, printer at Newark, now imprisoned in Newgate for two years, for reprinting, verbatim, 'An Address to the people on Reform,' which was sanctioned for certain, and probably written by the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Pitt."

later, in 1801, Mr. Hall, so far from retracting or softening the severity with which he had treated Mr. Pitt, deliberately repeats his opinion; convinced, as he asserts, that "The policy, foreign and domestic, of that celebrated statesman, has inflicted a more incurable wound on the constitution, and entailed more permanent and irreparable calamities on the nation, than that of any other Minister in the annals of British history. A simple reflection," he continues, "will be sufficient to evince the unparalleled magnitude of his apostacy,—which is, that the memory of the son of Chatham, the vehement opposer of the American war, the champion of Reform, and the idol of the people, has become the rallying point of Toryism; the type and symbol of whatever is most illiberal in principle, and intolerant in practice."

If Mr. Hall afterwards felt his habits of study and retirement disturbed by political discussion, and his ministerial usefulness impaired by association with men whose characters and conduct he could not in all respects approve; and if he receded from the open field in which he had gathered so many laurels, to a quieter station, it will still be seen by reiterated declarations much later in life, that he neither abandoned his early principles, nor shrunk from their avowal. In instances more within the prescribed range of a clergyman's duty, he still occasionally employed his pen on such topics as the Test Act, West India Slavery, and those acts contemplated by the administration, under the influence of the Established Clergy, to infringe the liberty of Dissenters as teachers and preachers, disguised by the odious pretext, that infidelity and rebellion were covertly taught in the schools and places of worship they were diligently opening in those villages left by the Establishment destitute of religious or human instruction. He was the champion of the Dissenters from the incessant and malignant attacks of that fit successor, in his slavish principles, of the Bonners and Lauds—Bishop Horsley; against whom Mr. Hall directed the whole force of his reason, eloquence, and powers of sarcasm. But we must revert to his first years in Cambridge, before he had yet girded up his loins for this combat. The description of the private life of this politician, polemic, and popular *sectarian* preacher, while he resided at Cambridge, is extremely winning and delightful. His conversation among his friends was brilliant and playful; witty, in the best sense, from the great justness, as well as the acuteness of his remarks. His congregation were his friends, and he lived a great deal among them; enjoying their society, and conciliating their regard by steady attention to their best interests, and by familiar kindness. He made it a rule to visit all his people, whether merely hearers of members of the church, once a quarter. "These," says his biographer, "were not *calls* but *visits*, and usually paid in the evening, when he could meet the whole assembled family. Among the lower class, to make them quite at their ease, he would sit down to supper; and, that this might involve them in no extra expense, he took care they should all know that he preferred a basin of milk." The poorer widows of his flock were not forgotten in these periodical visits. To them, he said, he repaired for religious instruction, and was seldom disappointed. On such occasions, he selected his ever favourite repast of *tea*; and it was his practice to carry tea and sugar with him, taking special care that there should be more than could possibly be needed, and asking permission to leave the remainder behind him." Conceive the Dean, or the Rector, or even the plain Presbyterian D.D., carrying his paper bag of sugar and tea in his pocket, to spend an evening with Widow Smith or Dame Brown! These, we presume, are what churchmen call the "insidious arts of sectarians."



He persuaded the poorer members of his church to associate in little friendly bands for reading, pious conversation, and prayer, going "from house to house;" and in these social and pious exercises, he frequently met them, besides in weekly meetings in the vestry of his chapel.

Contemporary with these evenings, were mornings devoted to the Greek Classic Poets, the study of Plato's Philosophy, and the higher mathematics. Hall also acquired a knowledge of the Hebrew language, under the Hebrew teacher in the University; and, as he said, qualified himself for the society of Doctors of Divinity, by learning to smoke tobacco under the great Dr. Parr, the pipe being the test of admission. We now approach the critical point of Mr. Hall's life, the publication of his celebrated Sermon on *Modern Infidelity*; on which Dr. Gregory, who had a hand in bringing it into the world of letters, rests as the chief corner-stone of his friend's reputation, and which is here marshalled first in order among his collected works. We have seen Mr. Hall's sentiments in 1793. The purity of motive which dictated the political Sermon of 1799 we cannot question; though that sermon is, in many essential points, at variance both with the previous and the later recorded opinions of the author. A *Radical* would at once detect the source of this aberration, on discovering that, in a period when the military usurpation of Bonaparte had destroyed the fairest hopes of the friends of freedom, and a considerable re-action had taken place in England in consequence of the atrocities which stained the French Revolution, Mr. Hall had fallen into the dangerous association of his *Whig* friend, Sir James Mackintosh, and of Dr. Parr. The All-Hail! with which his Sermon was received by Churchmen, by the very moderate Whigs, and by temporizing Reformers, and the ferment this defalcation in a brother excited among the tried friends of liberty, are pregnant circumstances. The sermon was admired, "and recommended to every body," by Mr. Windham; praised by the Bishop of London; read by the Bishop of Bangor, and by him recommended to Lord Grenville; celebrated in the notes of Dr. Parr's famed Spital Sermon; reviewed by Dr. Nares; mentioned with approbation by Dr. Ketts; loudly praised by the members of Cambridge University; and whispered of at "the *Duchess of Gordon's route*." The students thronged the Baptist Meeting-House, and a kind of negotiation was opened with Mr. Hall, who would have been warmly welcomed to conform. The best apology that can now be alleged for this act of inconsistency, is that Hall died at last a Baptist pastor; though for a season he took a position almost under the wing of Bishop Horsley, and all but adopted the sentiments, and even the language, he had so manfully exposed and castigated in that arrogant prelate.

In a happy vein of sarcasm, Mr. Hall, in one of his earlier publications, contrasts the tender relentings of this pious Protestant Bishop over the downfall of Antichrist, his lamentation for "those venerable exiles" the prelates and clergy of the fallen Church of France, with his inveterate, unceasing malignity towards Protestant Dissenters of every denomination. How painful to find Mr. Hall himself, a few years afterwards, in speaking of the same fallen Hierarchy, describe it as the "Christian priesthood," whose "religious institutions," Atheists and Infidels had trodden down; forgetting for the time that this same "priesthood" had been mainly instrumental in so corrupting and brutalizing a whole people, as to render them not alone unfit "for the felicity of the heavenly mansions," but for together living in civilized human society. But this was but one, though a very prominent feature of a sermon otherwise powerful, useful,

and highly eloquent. It was an aberration, but was short-lived; and since Dr. Gregory has omitted, or has not thought it necessary to bring this act, of which he is indeed rather boastful in his friend, into complete harmony with his previous conduct, we shall, merely by borrowing a few of the Doctor's own gatherings. On the restoration of the Bourbons, a gentleman called upon the author of the sermon which imputes not to tyranny and priestcraft, the atrocities of the French Revolution, but solely to the writings of Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau, and expected him to express himself in terms of the utmost delight at the Restoration. It was in those days when the English ladies were kissing old Blucher, doting on the whiskers of Alexander, and making white cockades to be worn by patriotic gentlemen; days when the Guelphs and Bourbons, "natural enemies," were mingling tears of joy, and exchanging embraces; that the congratulations of Mr. Hall were expected, on the event which spread universal joy over British society.—"I am sorry for it," he said; "the cause of knowledge, science, freedom, and pure religion on the Continent will be thrown back half a century." Of the Battle of Waterloo he pronounced, "That Battle and its results seemed to me to put back the clock of the world six degrees." This may atone for the equivocal passages in a discourse rendered of suspicious tendency by the praise it received in very suspicious quarters. One or two more of his political sermons contain exceptionable passages, and *The Sentiments Proper to the present Crisis* preached to rouse the country against France, after the rupture of the peace of Amiens, might, in its railing at Bonaparte and exhortations to silent, respectful submission to rulers, have fitted the lips of any Churchman of the day. But with this, much that is estimable is interwoven.

From boyhood, Mr. Hall had been subject to some organic disease, seated in the lower part of the back, which, through life, occasioned him frequent and intense pain; and was the ultimate cause of his death. In 1803, after a violent and long-continued attack of this singular malady, attended by sleeplessness and great depression of spirits, he left Cambridge for the neighbouring village of Shelford, for the benefit of riding on horseback. But here he missed, says Dr. Gregory, "his delightful evenings, spent in the society of the intelligent classes of the congregation; and he missed still more the simple, heart-refreshing remarks of the poor of his flock, whose pious converse had always been peculiarly soothing to his mind." His social habits thus suspended, he betook himself to severer study. His solitude was unbroken, his nights became sleepless; and after a long continuation of nervous excitement, his mental health was completely subverted. He was restored in about two months; but had a second and worse attack, and retired from the pastoral office, after having officiated for fifteen years at Cambridge. The estimation in which he was held by his flock, was manifested by the generous provision made for him for life, immediately on his first seizure, by a subscription set on foot among them and his other friends. A letter from Sir James Mackintosh, then Recorder of Bombay, written on hearing of the mental indisposition of his early friend, is so affectionate and amiable in spirit, and so elegantly written, that we cannot forbear transferring part of it to our pages.

Bombay, Sept. 21, 1805.

"MY DEAR HALL,

"I believe that, in the hurry of leaving England, I did not answer the letter which you wrote me in December 1803. I did not, however, for-

get your interesting young friend, from whom I have had one letter from Constantinople and another from Cairo, where he now is. No request of *yours* could indeed be lightly esteemed by me.

"It happened to me a few days ago, in drawing up (merely for my own use) a short sketch of my life, that I had occasion to give a faithful statement of my recollection of the circumstances of my first acquaintance with you. On the most impartial survey of my early life, I could see nothing which tended so much to excite and invigorate my understanding, and to direct it towards high, though, perhaps, scarcely accessible objects, as my intimacy with you. Five-and-twenty years are now past since we first met, yet hardly any thing has occurred which has left a deeper or more agreeable impression on my mind. I now remember the extraordinary union of brilliant fancy with acute intellect, which would have excited more admiration than it has done, if it had been dedicated to the amusement of the great and the learned, instead of being consecrated to the far more noble office of consoling, instructing, and reforming the poor and the forgotten."

Sir James then delicately approaches his friend's mental malady, which was the probable cause of his writing.

"It is not," he continues, "given us to preserve an exact medium. Nothing is so difficult as to decide how much ideal models ought to be combined with experience; how much of the future ought to be let into the present, in the progress of the human mind. To ennoble and purify, without raising us above the sphere of our usefulness; to qualify us for what we ought to seek, without unfitting us for that to which we ought to submit, are great and difficult problems which can be but imperfectly solved."

"It is certain the child may be too manly, not only for his present enjoyments, but for his future prospects. Perhaps, my good friend, you have fallen into this error of superior natures. From this error has, I think, arisen that calamity with which it has pleased Providence to visit you: which, to a mind less fortified by reason and religion, I should not dare to mention; but which I really consider in you as little more than the indignant struggles of a pure mind with the low realities which surround it—the fervent aspirations after regions more congenial to it—and a momentary blindness produced by the contemplation of objects too bright for human vision. I may say, in this case, in a far grander sense than that in which the words were originally spoken by our great poet,

"And yet,  
The light that led astray was light from Heaven."

On your return to us, you must surely have found consolation in the only terrestrial produce which is pure and truly exquisite; in the affections and attachments you have inspired, which you were most worthy to inspire, and which no human pollution can rob of their heavenly nature. \* \* \* I exhort you, my most worthy friend, to check your best propensities for the sake of obtaining their object. You cannot live *for* men without living *with* them. Serve God then by the active service of men. Contemplate more the good you can *do* than the evil you can only *lament*. Allow yourself to see the loveliness of virtue amidst all its imperfections; and employ your vivid imagination, not so much by bringing it into contrast with the model of ideal perfection, as in gently blending some of the fainter colours of the latter with the brighter hues of real experienced excellence; thus heightening their beauty instead of obscuring it, which must surround us till we awaken from this dream in other spheres of existence.

The calamity by which Mr. Hall was visited, like every remarkable dealing of Providence with a good and wise man, was attended with blessed consequences. He came forth of the furnace like refined gold. Though his masculine mind soon recovered its natural hardy tone, his spirit was, from this time, more affectionate and humble, and his devotional feelings were more deep and intense, than in his more ambitious years. After his recovery, he spent an interval of soothing and restorative quietude, amidst the scenes of his youth, and began again to preach to the small scattered flocks in his neighbourhood. Some short time afterwards, he accepted the charge of the Baptist congregation at Liecester; a charge more in accordance with his present frame of mind, than the guidance of the refined and critical audience of Cambridge. They

were, he says, "a single-hearted, affectionate, praying people;"—of a character, probably, more in unison with the higher moral and religious sympathies of his nature than the polite auditory who had tasked his literary and oratorical powers to the utmost. Soon after settling in Liecester, he married; and in this obscure station he spent twenty years of his valuable life. He died Minister of the Baptist Church of Bristol, in which he had first officiated. The death of Mr. Hall took place early in 1831, after a series of physical sufferings, extending over nearly a whole life, which it is painful, nay almost frightful for shrinking humanity to contemplate; though he bore this protracted fiery trial of his faith and patience with fortitude and equanimity which excites our wonder, as highly as admiration. For twenty years he was not able to pass an entire night in bed, so incessant were the attacks of what his physicians named "an inward apparatus of torture." The only relief he received was from the use of anodynes and soporifics, and he at last took laudanum in great quantities. But these things have perished, while his memory, and the noble service he rendered to genuine and universal Christianity, will remain for ever, waxing brighter and brighter. The most celebrated of Mr. Hall's discourses, that Sermon we have formerly noticed, his eloquent Funeral Oration on the Death of the Princess Charlotte, and his Public Thanksgiving Day Discourses, are, in our apprehension, not at all comparable in religious and moral utility with some of his less ambitious and less distinguished efforts. But to these more obscure productions, we hope, in an analysis of his published works, soon to return.

The high reputation of Mr. Hall as a preacher, at a time when pulpit eloquence was at a rather low ebb, and the part he had taken in public affairs, continued to draw upon him the attention of the political and literary, as well as the religious world; and many of his surviving friends and brethren have laboured to convey an adequate idea of his achievements, and of the peculiar characteristics of his genius and manners as a man and a minister. The fragments of his conversation, and the anecdotes preserved by Dr. Gregory, give us, however, a more precise, definite, and favourable idea of Mr. Hall, than all those sketches and eulogiums put together; with the striking exception of Mr. Foster's "Observations on Hall's Character as a Preacher," which, besides being a guide to a proper estimate of Hall, should be a study to all young clergymen. With a selection of these characteristic sayings and anecdotes, we shall conclude this paper, and our notice of Robert Hall, the man; what may follow being intended to be more strictly confined to Hall, the writer and preacher.

And, first, we notice the acute estimate of literary and philosophical character displayed in many of Hall's observations on the more remarkable of his contemporaries. When Dr. Gregory carried him Dr. Parr's renowned "Spital Sermon," he hastily turned over the leaves, greatly amused by the cursory examination. "What a profusion of Greek, Sir! Why, if I were to write so, they would call me a pedant; but it is all natural in Parr. What a strange medley, Sir! The gowmsmen will call him *Farrago Parr*." When his eye fell at last upon the notes which refer to his own Sermon on *Modern Infidelity*, his countenance underwent the most rapid changes. "Poor man! poor man!" he exclaimed, throwing down the book in pity, "I am sorry for him. He is certainly insane, Sir! Where were his friends, Sir? Was there nobody to sift the folly out of his notes, and prevent its publication? Poor man!" We must set the learned Doctor right with such of the public as may

not see these notes. They are generally highly complimentary; but even the *Whig* Dr. Parr saw and hinted at inconsistency between the opinions of the "Apology for the Freedom of the Press," and those of the Sermon on Modern Infidelity; and hence, probably, the extreme sensitiveness of Hall. Of Dugald Stewart he had a slighter opinion than that commonly adopted in Scotland. "He is," said Hall, "a feeble writer. I would never compare him with any of our great metaphysicians—with Malebranche, or Locke, or Berkley, or even with Tucker. Reid had a more original and vigorous mind than Stewart; and Campbell, I suspect, was superior to both. There is also too much egotism and pride about Stewart. He is always polishing away at the corner of a subject; but he could not rear a system of his own." He, however, admired Stewart's style. Of a celebrated modern preacher, whose general character he greatly admired, Mr. Hall said, "Why, Sir, did you ever know any man who had that singular faculty of repetition possessed by Dr. —? Why, Sir, he often reiterates the same thing ten or twelve times in the course of a few pages. Even Burke himself had not so much of that peculiarity. His mind resembles that optical instrument lately invented; what do you call it?"—"You mean, I suppose, the kaleidoscope."—"Yes, Sir; it is just as if thrown into a kaleidoscope. Every turn presents the object in a new and beautiful form; but the object presented is still the same. Have you not been struck, Sir, with the degree in which Dr. — possesses this faculty? His mind seems to move on hinges, not on wheels. There is incessant motion, but no progress. When he was at Leicester, he preached a most admirable sermon on the necessity of immediate repentance; but there were only two ideas in it, and on these his mind revolved as on a pivot."

Though Hall was himself a man of high and warm imagination, and brilliant fancy, his truly noble mind sympathized far more strongly with moral than with intellectual greatness. Hence his low opinion of Lord Byron, the idol of the day. "I tried to read *Childe Harold*," he said to a friend; "but could not get on, and gave it up." "But, Sir," replied the friend, "independently of the mere poetry, it must be interesting to contemplate such a remarkable mind as Byron's."—"It is well enough, Sir, to have a general acquaintance with such a character; but I know not why we should take pleasure in minutely investigating deformity."

When some one admired Madame de Stael's "flights of fancy," Hall said, "He could not for his part admire her flights, for to him she was ~~only a flight of fancy~~ because she ascended to a great height above the ~~earth~~ ~~and~~ ~~became~~ ~~she~~ ~~thereby~~ ~~selected~~ ~~a~~ ~~foggy~~ ~~atmosphere~~." This lady, it may be remembered, was almost worshipped by his friend Sir James Mackintosh. Of the powers of that celebrated person, with an allowance for the natural partiality of early friendship, Mr. Hall appears to have formed a true and penetrating estimate. "I know no man," he said emphatically in conversation, "equal to Sir James in talents. The powers of his mind are admirably balanced; he is defective only in imagination;" and, by imagination, Hall appears to have understood originality, power, invention. At his statement of the defect of imagination, his friend expressed surprise; remarking, "That he never could have suspected that the author of the eloquent oration for Peltier\* was

\* Dr. Gregory notices that Sir James, in this defence, draws liberally upon his friend's Sermon on Modern Infidelity, and the remark is quite just.

deficient in fancy." Hall replied, "Well, Sir, I don't wonder at your remark. The truth is, he has imagination, too; but with him imagination is an acquisition rather than a faculty. He has, however, plenty of embellishment at command; for his memory retains every thing. His mind is a spacious repository, hung round with beautiful images; and, when he wants one, he has nothing to do but reach up his hand to a peg and take it down. But his images are not manufactured in his mind; they are imported." Mr. Hall believed the genius of his friend, Sir James, essentially metaphysical, and Mr. Balmer expressed admiration of some of his philosophical papers in the Edinburgh Review; his article on Madame de Staël's Germany,\* and on Dugald Stewart's Preliminary Dissertation, among others; yet said there seemed a *heaviness* about them, and that Mr. Jeffrey could expound a metaphysical theory with more vivacity and effect. "With more vivacity, perhaps," returned Hall; "but not with equal judgment. He would not go so deep, Sir. I am persuaded, that if Sir James Mackintosh had enjoyed leisure, and had exerted himself, he could have completely outdone Jeffrey, Stewart, and all the metaphysical writers of our time.

Though Hall was himself fond of metaphysical studies, he felt their barrenness and inutility. A friend observed to him, that, admitting those studies did not terminate in profitable discoveries, still they were advantageous as a field for cultivating and invigorating the mental powers. Mr. Hall's ready reply was characteristic of his acuteness and brilliancy, and also of the soundness of his understanding: "An *arena*," he said, "not a *field*. Metaphysics yield no fruit. They are not a field. They are only an arena, to which a man who has got nothing to do may go down sometimes, and try his skill in intellectual gladiatorship. This at present is their chief recommendation." His favourite authors were such as discovered, on abstract subjects, "subtlety, depth, or vigour of thought." In this class he placed, we are told, the late Jeremy Bentham; for whom he entertained the highest estimation, as an original, profound, and accurate thinker; observing that in the particular province of his speculations, the science of legislation, he had advanced to the limits of reason; and that if he were compelled to legislate for the world upon uninspired principles, he should take Bentham, and go from state to state with as firm a step as though he walked upon a pavement of adamant.

We shall give an example of the soundness of Mr. Hall's literary taste, apart altogether from his religious or political opinions. Dr. Gregory, who was a very young man at the beginning of their acquaintance, one day employed the word *felicity* very frequently in conversation. "Why do you say *felicity*, Sir?" he asked; "Happiness is a better word, more musical, and genuine English, coming from the Saxon." "Not more musical, I think, Sir." "Yes, more musical; and so are words derived from the Saxon, generally. Listen, Sir: 'Under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.' There's cheerful music." "Yes; but *rejoice* is French." "True; but all the rest is Saxon—and *rejoice* is almost out of tune with the other words. Listen again:—'Thou hast delivered my eyes from tears, my soul from death, and my feet from falling.' All Saxon, Sir, except *deliver*. I could think of the word *tear*, Sir, till I wept. Then, again, for another noble specimen, and almost all good old Saxon-English.

\* Of this work, so favourably reviewed by Sir James Mackintosh, Hall entertained an almost contemptible opinion; having discovered that the authoress spoke of a well known idealist as an opponent of the ideal theory, and, from thence, inferring her ignorance of German philosophy.

‘Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.’

As a specimen of Mr. Hall’s ordinary vivacious conversation, we might refer to his *talk* on the flat scenery of Cambridgeshire, which seemed to lie like a load on his heart and his eyes. Even on his latest visit to that county, shortly before his death, the impression was not deadened. A friend, in a morning drive, shewed him all the new improvements, &c. “True,” he replied; “but there is still an odious flatness, and an insipid sameness of scenery all around;”—and he added more seriously, “I always say of my Cambridge friends, when I witness their contentedness in such a country, ‘Herein is the faith and patience of the saints.’ My faith and patience could not sustain me under it, with the unvarying kindness of my friends in addition.”

Somewhere or other, we have seen Mr. Hall’s description of this dreary monotony, where, in words more pithy and picturesque than we can remember, he speaks of the scanty and stunted vegetation of the flats, as of “Nature putting forth flags of distress.” One of his first conversations with Dr. Gregory, was upon this subject; and, as it gives a lively idea of his rapid impetuous manner, we copy part of it. “What do you think of Cambridge, Sir?” said Mr. Hall. “It is a very interesting place.” “Yes; the place where Bacon, and Barrow, and Newton studied, and where Jeremy Taylor was born, cannot but be *interesting*. But that is not what I mean; what do you say of the scenery, Sir?—what do you think of the surrounding country? Does it not strike you as very insipid?” “No; not precisely so.” “Aye, aye, I had forgotten, you came from a flat country; yet you *must* love hills; there are no hills here.” Young Gregory replied, “there were Madingley Hill, and the Castle Hill, and Gog Magog Hill,” which amused Mr. Hall exceedingly. He took these *mountains* to pieces in a few words, and went on. “Before I came to Cambridge, I had read in the prize poems, and some other works of fancy, of ‘the banks of the Cam,’ of ‘the sweetly flowing stream,’ and so on: but when I arrived, I was sadly disappointed. When I first saw the river as I passed over the King’s College Bridge, I could not help exclaiming, Why the stream is standing still to see the people drown themselves! and that, I am sorry to say, is a permanent feeling with me. Shocking place for the spirits, Sir! I wish you may not find it so. It must be the very focus of suicides. Were you ever at Bristol, Sir?—There is scenery—scenery worth looking upon, and worth thinking of; and so there is even at Aberdeen, with all its surrounding barrenness. The trees on the banks of the Don are as fine as those on the Cam, and the river is *alive*, Sir; it *falls* over precipices, and foams and dashes, so as to invigorate and inspire those who witness it. The Don is a river, Sir, and the Severn is a river; but not even a poet would so designate *the Cam*, unless, by very obvious figure, he termed it the *sleeping river*.”

We have already said that the fragments of Mr Hall’s conversation, scattered through his works and life, give us a better and higher idea of the man, moral and intellectual, than the accounts of his friends. He was, indeed, a brilliant and powerful *talker*; combining the strength of Johnson, with a vigour of imagination peculiar to himself. The few scattered sentences we have still to give shew something both of his mind and his manner. Some one remarked, in his hearing, that compliments are pleasing truths, and flatteries *pleasing* untruths. “Neither,” said Hall, “are pleasing to a man of reflection; for the falsehoods in this case so nearly assume the semblance of truth, that one is perplexed to

tell which is actually given ; and no man is pleased with perplexity." Of compliments, he also often said, "Two and two do not make four, and twenty and twenty fall far short of forty ; deal not, then, in that deceitful arithmetic." Mr. Balmer, a friend of Hall's, to whom we are indebted for the conversational remarks which form so valuable a portion of Dr. Gregory's Memoir, says, "It was interesting and amusing to observe how Mr. Hall's exquisite sensibility to literary beauty, intermingled with, and qualified the operation of his principles and learning, both as a Christian and a Dissenter. Of this I recollect various instances ; but shall give only one. While conversing respecting Archbishop Magee, his talents, sentiments, conduct, &c., I quoted, as a proof of his High-Church principles, a remark from a charge then newly published : it was to this effect : That the Roman Catholics have a church without a religion ; the Dissenters have a religion without a church ; but the Establishment have both a church and a religion. Mr Hall was struck with the remark.—"That, Sir," he exclaimed, "is a beautiful saying. I have not heard so fine an observation for a long time. It is admirable, Sir."—"You admire it, I presume, for its point—not its truth ?" "I admire it, Sir, for its *plausibility* and cleverness. It is false, and yet it seems to contain a mass of truth. It is an excellent stone for a Churchman to pelt with."

On being asked if he had read the Life of Watson, Bishop of Landaff, then recently published ; he said he regretted that he had—as it had lowered his estimate of the Bishop's character. Being asked why, he expressed his reluctance to enlarge upon the subject, but added, "Poor man, I pity him ! He married public virtue in his early days, but seemed for ever afterwards to be quarrelling with his wife." Hall, himself, had made a marriage of the same kind ; but his conjugal quarrels only produced a slight and temporary misunderstanding, scarcely an estrangement of a vowed affection, strengthened by many pledges.

Of a penurious person, a friend said, "Poor wretch ! you might put his soul into a nut-shell." "Yes, Sir," replied Hall, "and even then it would creep out at a maggot-hole."

On being asked if Dr. Kippis was not a clever man ; Hall said, "He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know ; but he laid so many books upon his head that his brain could not move." Disgusted, on one occasion, by the egotism and conceit of a preacher, who, with a mixture of self-complacency and impudence, challenged his admiration of a sermon ; Mr. Hall, who possessed strong powers of satire, which he early learned to repress, was provoked to say, "Yes, there was one very fine passage in your discourse, Sir." "I am rejoiced to hear you say so,—which was it ?" "Why Sir, it was *the passage from the pulpit into the vestry.*"

In confessing that he had been led into the folly of imitating Dr. Johnson, he said, "I aped Johnson, and I preached Johnson, and, I am afraid, with little more of evangelical sentiment than is to be found in his essays ; but it was a youthful folly, and it was a very great folly. I might as well have attempted to dance a hornpipe in the cumbrous costume of Gog and Magog. My puny thoughts could not sustain the load of the words in which I tried to clothe them." In speaking of Johnson himself, he said, "He shone strongly on the angles of a thought."

But Mr. Hall had a higher style of conversation, in which fancy, playfulness, and point were laid aside, or made subservient to the inculcation of some great moral lesson. To a clergyman who, from evil habit, had be-



come fond of brandy and water, to an extent that involved his character and his peace, Mr. Hall, by a premeditated effort, when the brandy-bibber asked for the favourite beverage, replied, "Call things by their right name, and you shall have as much as you please." "Why! don't I employ the right name? I ask for a glass of brandy and water." "That is the current, but not the appropriate name; ask for a glass of *liquid fire*, and *distilled damnation*, and you shall have a gallon." The poor man became pale, and seemed struggling with anger. "But," says Hall, "knowing I did not mean to insult him, he stretched out his hand and said, 'Brother Hall, I thank you from the bottom of my heart;' and from that time he ceased to take *brandy and water*. To a lady who told that she had put on her nightcap, and lain down with her little girl, to get her to sleep, pretending she was to sleep with her, Mr. Hall said, "Excuse me, Madam: do you wish your child to grow up a liar?" When the lady protested not; "Then bear with me while I say, never act a lie before her: children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not, is a lie, whether acted or spoken." And this was uttered with a kindness which precluded offence. In his own system of education, Mr. Hall does not appear to have been either active or strict. He had no laid-down plan of training or discipline. "He was," says his biographer, "remarkably affectionate, and indulgent; but he did nothing systematically to correct defects, to guide or excite their minds. Now and then he recommended a book to his daughters; one, perhaps, which he had read himself with peculiar satisfaction." There are one or two more points on which we should have liked to mention the opinions of Mr. Hall; and among these is the modern system of "reviewing," of which, from feeling and principle, he had a fixed and conscientious detestation. Nothing annoyed him so much as some intrusive friend or brother soliciting his pen to usher a volume into the world—as "the review," written by so eminent a person, threw over the work a reflected lustre. "With respect to the reviewing Mr. ——'s Sermon," he writes to a friend, I must be excused. I have entirely done with reviewing. It is an occupation, of all others, I dislike. If you wish me to publish, you should never wish me to review; for you are not aware what a serious interruption it is." Another unanswerable reason follows: "I have read Mr. ——'s Sermon with much pleasure. It is judicious, serious, and affecting; but I am well aware how extravagantly his friends at —— have always over-rated his talents; and were I to review, and express myself in such terms only as the occasion would justify, I should mortify instead of gratifying. In truth, reviewing at the request of particular friends is a snare for the conscience. I never wished any person to review for me."

As frequent exactions of this kind were made upon Mr. Hall, we find, in his correspondence, many remonstrances against the *unreasonableness* of such demands, as a mere inroad on time; besides that repugnance which, in his mind, became an almost morbid feeling. In a letter to Mr. Josiah Conder, who had been assailing him for some special (not personal) object, he says, among other strong things, "Were such things determined by choice, it is my deliberate opinion, I should prefer going out of the world by any tolerable mode of death, rather than incur the necessity of writing three or four articles in a year. I must, therefore, beg and entreat I may not be urged again upon a subject so ineffably repugnant to all the sentiments of my heart." Mr Hall's apprenticeship to the review.

ing craft was served in the *Eclectic Review*; and we see how he took to the trade. This *Review* began about 1804; and in 1824 Hall protests—he “never looks into either the *Eclectic*, or any *Review*”—*Edinburgh and Quarterly* included no doubt—and wishes “the whole tribe could be put an end to.” The *Westminster and Tait’s Magazine* must rejoice in not having been in existence when this stern denunciation was made, with some other fell curse, conveyed by Dr. Gregory in a series of portentous stars, shedding lurid light over page 339, vol. v. In the same volume Hall asserts, that, under the then *regime*, we were “doomed to receive our first impression and opinion of books from some of the wickedest, and others of the stupidest of men; men, some of whom have not sense to write upon any subject, nor others honesty to read what they pretend to criticise; yet sit in judgment upon all performances, and issue their ignorant and foolish oracles to the public.” The shameless want of principle in the system of reviewing, justly stigmatized by Hall, has, like every other wickedness which becomes excessive, tended to correct itself. Reviewing is still far from perfect: but arrogance, petulance, flippancy, gross ignorance, and intolerable insolence, have received a decided check.

It would be unjust to take our temporary and reluctant leave of this most important work without acknowledging our deep feeling of the affectionateness and reverence with which Dr. Gregory has fulfilled the most delicate office which one friend can perform to another. There is, as we have intimated, in a solitary instance, either an extreme caution, or a cast of thought, which we, as fervent admirers of the manly-minded, though not all-perfect preacher, cannot approve. There are, moreover, a want of concoction, and sundry faults of arrangement, sufficiently explained by the circumstances under which the work is brought out, and which, in a second edition, may easily be removed; but the right spirit is here, and to us this is all in all.

#### THE SLAVE TRADE.—VOYAGE TO WESTERN AFRICA.\*

THE gracious speech of his Majesty at the opening of Parliament, has produced, at least, one disappointment. It gives no echo to the long and loud professions of the Whig party generally, nor yet to those of the individual members of the Whig administration, who formerly took a lead in the emancipation of British Colonial Slaves. This, in the manifesto, so to speak, of a liberal government to a new and reformed Parliament, and to a people now first enjoying a large measure of representative freedom, is a singular omission; and we can easily conceive the disappointment to thousands in both kingdoms, and particularly to those English dissenters in the North of England, in whose ears the eloquence of Mr. Brougham, in the last popular oration he ever made, is still ringing, when they perused a royal speech, made at the most august period of our history, the assembling of a free Parliament, and found no allusion to the existence of the monstrous iniquity, the national sin, of Colonial Slavery. There may be reasons for this silence; but they should not, and cannot, prove satisfactory.

To the actual state of slavery in the Colonies, which presents nothing to make the friends of emancipation abate one jot in their efforts, we

\* A Voyage to Western Africa. By F. Leonard. Edinburgh: W. Tait.

may soon have occasion to recur. At present, our attention has been drawn to the state of the trade,—the fountain-head of the iniquity, in which it must be vigorously attacked, if it is to be successfully attacked at all,—by a highly meritorious volume, drawn up from actual observation; in which the traffic, not of past times, but as it exists, in defiance of all our Treaties and Acts of Parliament, at the present moment is depicted. This simple record of facts is worth volumes of eloquence. In September, 1830, the writer, Mr. Leonard, sailed from England for the Western Coast of Africa in the Dryad frigate, commanded by Captain Hayes, who had been appointed to the African station for suppressing the Slave Trade. The early objects seen by the voyager are described with liveliness and force; but, to us, these are of minor importance; and the first event demanding notice is the Dryad meeting, near Sierra Leone, the brig Plumper, which had just examined a vessel under French colours, with 300 slaves on board, bound for Guadaloupe. And, now, mark the efficiency of our treaties to suppress the Slave Trade: neither British ships, nor those of any other power, are permitted the right of search in French vessels; the French prevention Squadron shows no great zeal in the service; and, accordingly, this slave ship, like many others, sailing at one time under the white flag, but now under the *tricolor*; could not lawfully be detained, and so proceeded in peace to the end of her voyage. The colours of France, and fictitious French papers, are continually employed by the Spanish and Portuguese slave-dealers to give impunity to their nefarious speculations. It is also stated by our author to be the general opinion in Sierra Leone, that the French Government has never yet sincerely wished to destroy the traffic. Before the Dryad arrived on the coast, there had been several rather desperate actions between British vessels and slavers; the crews of the latter, from the nature of their engagement, having every motive to defend their ships to the last extremity. The basis of the agreement is exactly the old Buccaneer principle—*no prey, no pay*. Mr. Leonard says,—

“They defend themselves to the utmost, as they receive no part of their wages, which is from thirty to sixty dollars a month, according to the rank they hold, until their live cargo is safely disembarked at the destined port; when they have a certain number of dollars additional, according to the number of slaves landed alive; and, in the event of capture, they forfeit every thing.”

There is injustice in passing, in total silence, those parts of the Voyage which shows the author's descriptive powers to advantage; and which, with many readers, will form the main attraction of his work; but we have already declared our object, and must be contented with indicating, that general readers will find much to gratify them in this volume. This premised, we proceed:—The low place the African holds in the scale of being is an opinion not confined exactly to those who would palter with conscience, to gloze over their dealings in the flesh and blood of their fellow creatures. There was no evidence of this inferiority, in our sooty-complexioned brethren, visible to Mr. Leonard. In the settlement of Sierra Leone, the various clans of negroes hold as high a place in the scale of intellect, as any of the other tongues and tribes that people that singular place.

“I examined,” he says, “several classes in each school, and studiously compared the acquirements of the liberated African with the other children. *There was no perceptible difference. The lights and shades of intellect seemed to bear much the same proportion among them, as among the children of our own labouring classes at home.* For the age of these children, their progress, under the system of education adopted, seemed to be very rapid.”

We have been long blessed with a Government, which, whether at home or in the Colonies, was always far superior to the meanness of calculation

about pounds, shillings, and pence. In Freetown, is a church which cost from £50,000 to £80,000 ; which naturally being found far too large for the purposes for which churches are presumed to be intended, was converted into the uses of the synagogue at Jerusalem, a place for wrangling and bargaining. It is now undergoing reduction, and may, after the expenditure of a few more thousands, be a church at last.

Travellers and voyagers, go where they will, appear to entertain a prejudice against the Missionaries. From this Mr. Leonard is not quite exempt, and it has led him into occasional injustice. The infamous case which he mentions of the seduction of an English girl, is bad enough ; but there must have been some better reason for other missionaries refusing longer to superintend the schools of the liberated Africans, than sympathy with their fallen brother. Mr. Leonard's description of Kiskey, a village of liberated Africans, in the neighbourhood of Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone, exhibits a picture of the free settlements, which it is delightful to contemplate. It is full of promise.

"During our stay here," he says, "among other liberated African villages, I visited Kiskey, situated about four miles to the eastward of Freetown, on the side of a gentle acclivity, about a mile from the river side. There is an excellent road to this village, and Wellington, situated a little farther on, winding round the base of those lofty mountains behind Freetown, here still embellished with rich foliage, and diversified with valleys and ravines, clothed in the gayest manner imaginable. On the left hand, the wide, still, and expansive river is seen at a little distance, slowly stealing towards the sea. All between the road and its sloping bank is covered with long grass, yellow with the sun, appearing like ripe corn, waving in the gentle breeze, interspersed with groves and solitary trees, and the straggling, thatched huts of the unmanumitted slaves. The base of the hills on the right is embraced by several European villas and farms, well laid out, and ornamented with hedgerows of pine-apple plants, which grow wild here in every direction ; and close to the road, on both sides, throughout its whole extent, numerous cottages are placed, each surrounded by a piece of well cultivated ground, full of cassada, cocoa plants, and fruit trees, and hedged in, and ornamented with several kinds of creeping plants,—the residences of liberated Africans, who have been some time in the colony.

"On approaching Kiskey, the only striking objects which present themselves are the church, a large unoccupied government house, and two or three other civilized looking buildings, residences of the liberated African manager, and a few missionary assistants. All the rest has the appearance of a complete Indian village ; the huts, peeping through groves of plantain and banana trees, formed of poles stuck in the ground, interwoven with twigs of mangrove, after the manner of a basket, the crevices filled up with clay, and the roof thatched with rank meadow grass. They are separated from each other by the pieces of ground allotted to each inhabitant, and by streets of respectable width ; and consequently, although the whole contain only from eight hundred to one thousand persons, they are scattered over a very considerable extent of surface. All the liberated African villages in the colony are very similar in appearance. Of these, Regent's Town, in the mountain district, about three miles from this, is considered the finest.

"During my visits to Kiskey, I occasionally entered the church,—a large unfinished building, capable of containing nearly one thousand persons, while the negro children were singing at the pitch of their shrill voices, a diurnal song of praise, superintended by a black missionary assistant, belonging to the village. When I entered, they, of course, all looked round and smiled, but continued, with open mouths and teeth of ivory, to scream their canticle to the end of the verse ; when all was hush, and, at a given signal from the teacher, a hundred little voices squeaked "Good evening, Sir !" repeating the salutation two or three times. As my visits were always accidental, the children were, of course, quite unprepared ; and I cannot speak too highly of the progress they appeared to have made in reading and writing, of their clean and neat appearance, and the intelligent smiles of health, pleasure, and curiosity, that beamed from every countenance. In the discipline of these village schools, however, so far as I could learn, there is too much time lost in singing psalms and hymns ; the greater part of the day being passed in this exercise.

"The view from the upper part of the rising ground in which Kiskey is situated, embraces some striking and beautiful objects."

Trade here is fairly begun ; and from the happy village, and the fair landscape, we turn, with increased pleasure, to the first indications of a solid basis on which rest our flattering hopes of African civilization.

"At present," says our author, "there are no fewer than fifteen or twenty ships in this, the Mellacoree and Scarcies rivers, embarking cargoes of timber for England, and almost every week adding one or two to the number. The trade of the colony employs about fifty thousand tons of shipping annually. Since the suppression of the Slave Trade in these rivers, that system of vassalage and enlistment, under the banner of a chief, which was so necessary for personal protection during its continuance, has ceased to exist ; and the sun of freedom having poured his benignant and fertilizing influence on the desecrated soil, industry has been fostered, and every description of improvement has made rapid progress among the native tribes in the vicinity. The wood trade commenced in 1816, under the auspices of Mr. M'Cormack, a respectable merchant of Freetown, who, by much labour and perseverance, taught the native Bulloms and Timmannees to cut down the stately ancient monarchs of the forest, and prepare them for transportation to another land.

"The untaught savages at first laughed at him, and even the Europeans at Freetown considered his attempt as a wild scheme ; and nothing but the greatest exertions could have overcome the difficulties he had to encounter in the prejudices of the natives, the want of beasts of burden, of carriages, or roads of any sort, by which to convey the trees to the river side. Perseverance, however, surmounted every obstacle ; and the timber trade of this colony has so rapidly increased, that the annual duties on the importation of it alone amount to a very considerable sum ; I believe about L.20,000. The wood, which is commonly called African oak or teak, from the resemblance it bears to them, although it is in some measure different from both, is now floated down the river in rafts, and deposited in factories, as they are called, or storehouses, erected in convenient places on the different islands, or on the main, to be in readiness for embarkation. Vessels, previous to going up the Sierra Leone river to take in a cargo, discharge their ballast at a spot near the Bullom shore, a little above Freetown, called from this The Ballast Ground."

About Christmas the Dryad left Sierra Leone to cruise off the river Gallinas, a slave mart about a hundred miles to the southward, to look out for slave ships ; and so plentiful are these vessels on the coast, that several of them, fitted up for the human cargo they expected to obtain, were fallen in with, on the short cruise ; but as no slaves were yet on board, they could not be meddled with. Their practice is to stand "off and on to the land, until their cargo should be collected, which is done by an agent on shore, who, as the slaves arrive, places them in a large shed, or factory, as it is called, where they are penned up like so many cattle. These vessels have often to remain for several weeks, before the number which they are capable of taking on board can be obtained. When this is done they run in-shore towards evening, seldom anchoring ; and in the course of an hour or two, every thing being previously prepared, they embark their living cargo with the assistance of large canoes, when they immediately make all sail, and are generally many miles from land before daybreak." It is a remarkable fact that, in a colony established for the suppression of the slave traffic, and maintained at great expense of life and treasure, there are persons deeply embarked in the trade ; and that it is a common occurrence for liberated negroes to be again kidnapped and re-sold. One instance was related to Mr. Leonard, of a man who had been three times kidnapped, and as often liberated from the transport ships, on board of which he was, being captured by the British vessels Brazen, Maidstone, and Eek, at periods some years distant. Schoolmasters have been known to sell their pupils, and European settlers sell African children whom they obtain as servants and apprentices. Many arts are put in practice to betray the unwary manumitted slaves ; and for a decrease in the numbers of the colony, amounting to five thousand, Mr. Leonard can imagine no reason save kidnapping. He forgets, apparently, the numbers who take to the *Bush* ; but that cases

of this flagrant nature should exist at all, is an abuse which demands instant attention.

The way in which the colonial government proceeds with the liberated negroes is interesting in this country; and we shall, therefore, give Mr. Leonard's account, in an extract at some length.

"As soon as an illicit trader in slaves is taken possession of by one of our ships of war, which is generally done after a long chase, all her crew, with the exception of the captain, and one or two others, are removed on board the capturing vessel, from which they are usually landed on the nearest part of the coast, and two midshipmen, or other junior officers, and from five to twenty men, according to the size of the vessel, are sent on board to navigate her to Sierra Leone, where all slave vessels captured on the coast of Africa, by our cruisers, are immediately carried for adjudication by the Courts of Mixed Commission resident there. These courts, under the provisions of the treaties between Great Britain and Portugal, Spain, the Netherlands, and Brazil, ought to consist of a commissary judge, a commissioner of arbitration; and a registrar from each of the high contracting parties. On the part of Great Britain, the governor is the present acting judge; Mr. Smith, (a gentleman who has held various situations on the coast for a long period,) commissioner of arbitration, and Mr. Lewis, registrar; but at present the Brazilian commissary judge, Mr. Joseph de Paiva, is the only foreign commissioner at Sierra Leone. From the decision of these courts there is no appeal. Their duties are extensive, and the contingent expenses proportionably large; the whole of which are in the first instance paid by the British Government, but one half is afterwards repaid by the several foreign governments concerned. It appears by the report from the select committee on the settlement of Sierra Leone, 13th July, 1830, ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, that the expense of these courts in salaries and contingencies, to our own officers alone, in the year 1829, amounted to L.6097, 9s. 11d. The unhappy inmates of the holds of slave vessels brought to Sierra Leone, are landed and lodged in the Liberated African Yard, as soon as it is ascertained beyond a doubt that the vessel has been legally captured, which is sometimes not done for several days; and the slaves continue cooped up in their filthy and wretched abode, until all the tedious paltry ceremonies of the law are punctiliously attended to; but if any epidemic prevails among them, which very frequently happens, they are landed, on the representation of the surgeon to the courts, immediately on the vessel's arrival, and lodged in the lazaretto, near Kiskey. Here they remain until recovery, and until arrangements are made for locating them. After adjudication, a portion of ground, generally in the vicinage of one of the numerous villages in the colony, having been marked out by the government surveyor, or other person appointed by the governor, sufficiently large for the purpose of erecting huts, and maintaining the newly manumitted slaves, they are taken to the spot by the superintendent or an assistant, and employed in clearing it, and in cutting wood for building, and grass for thatching their future residences; and while so employed, they are lodged in a depot in the village, or in the houses of the inhabitants, if they choose to receive them.

"As the latter usually find relatives or countrymen among the new comers, they are generally willing to afford them both shelter and assistance. Sometimes they are dispersed among the different villages, instead of being located in one spot. During the first six months after their arrival in the colony, they are fed and clothed by government, each receiving for this purpose twopence per diem, which is found quite adequate to their wants; and after having completed the erection of their huts, which it takes but a short time to accomplish, they are employed at any public works that may be going forward; being permitted, during part of the six months, to cultivate the piece of ground allotted to them; the assistant superintendent of liberated Africans, before leaving them entirely to their own guidance, supplying them, from an extensive depot or store kept for that purpose, situated in close proximity to the slave yard, with articles of dress and cooking utensils, together with a quantity of esculent seeds and plants, such as Indian corn, and cassada, to rear for their future support. They are all much gratified on receiving these necessaries, considering themselves enriched.

"The article at present supplied to each male emancipated slave, on his location, cost about L.1, 10s., which, together with six months' allowance of twopence a-day, make the whole of the mere personal expense of each male adult to his Majesty's government amount to about L.3. The daily allowance is, of course, extended in the cases of persons who, from age or infirmity, are incapable of supporting themselves. Females receive twopence a-day for three months only, and as many of the

children as possible above a certain age, on condemnation of the vessel, are apprenticed out, as has been already stated, to persons of respectable appearance in the colony. With the exception of those negroes recently arrived, who, from the excessive crowding, and the bad quality and scantiness of the food and water, are almost always filthy, emaciated, and covered with disease, the manumitted slaves appear in general to be clean in their persons, sleek and well fed, and very well satisfied with their condition. After a short stay in the colony, the industrious are occasionally permitted to cultivate patches of waste land in the country, besides their own allotted piece of ground, with the understanding that their occupation of the former shall be temporary. By selling the produce of this they are enabled to obtain many of the comforts, and a few of the luxuries enjoyed by their European neighbours. Some idea may be formed of the actual condition of these people from a short description of Murray Town, a village two or three miles west of Freetown, erected in April 1829, and peopled with three hundred and twenty-six Africans just imported, placed here under the management of a discharged black soldier of the Royal African Corps. It comprises four wide streets—the huts ranged on each side, and separated from each other by pieces of cultivated ground. Each hut is formed in the following manner:—Poles about ten or twelve feet long are stuck deep in the ground, about a foot and a half apart, in the form of a square of twelve or fourteen feet, leaving vacant spaces for one or two windows, and two doors of common size; one in front, and the other behind. Round these poles, to the height of six feet, dried twigs are wattled so as perfectly to resemble a coarse basket. The outside of this is plastered over with red clay, and the roof made quadrilateral, peaked, and thatched with long rye grass. The floor is the bare ground, unpaved and unboarded, and in most of them a clay wall is run up so as to form two apartments, and thus the house is finished. The situation of the windows is, in many of them, neither supplied with glass or shutters: the weather is so hot they want neither. I have always made it a practice to enter these humble dwellings and converse with the inhabitants, who are very thankful for any attention shewn to them by a white person. They seem to like very much to be taken notice of and spoken to. "How do you do to-day, Ma'ame?" is always answered with a "Tankee, Daade," accompanied with a half curtesy and many smiles of satisfaction. I observed, during these visits, that the furniture of the houses in this town in general consisted of a cane or bamboo sofa or bed-place, with cane mats or round clumps of wood to sit on in room of chairs; a few plates, bowls, calabashes, wooden spoons, and several cast-iron pots and kettles. In some of the houses there were even small mirrors to be seen, and several articles of finery in dress hung up. In most of them there was a bin of cocoas, besides numerous heads of Indian corn, strung together and hung up to dry; baskets of cassada, which several of the inhabitants were cleaning and pounding into tapioca, and calavances, all ready for market. The huts have no chimney, and the burning log for the purpose of cooking is placed in the middle of the floor, and the smoke allowed to find its escape where it may. In the vicinity of this little village the ground is thoroughly cleared and well cultivated. Let it not be forgotten that these people have been established barely two years. Those who have been longer in the colony are in proportion better provided with necessaries and comforts.

"A great many of the liberated Africans are employed as labourers in the wood trade of the river, receiving five dollars a month as wages. Many more have been taught to employ themselves as artisans, and several are engaged daily as labourers in Freetown, and in the different villages of the Peninsula. From all that I have observed, there appears to be no lack of industry among those who have been some time in the colony, and little can be expected for a considerable period from men just escaped to light and liberty, from the dreadful privations of a slave hold. They are acute and active in bargaining, and they do not appear to be by any means deficient in intelligence. It is unfair to take, as a criterion of the natural abilities of the liberated African, the apparent stupidity of those who have been imported at an advanced age. We all know how difficult it is, even among ourselves, to learn or improve after a certain period of life, and to get rid of bad habits which have grown with us. How much more difficult must it be to do this, and also to acquire new notions and habits at an advanced period of life, where no ray of light had ever shone upon the mind, where the habits were savage, and where the only ideas which the individual possessed did not extend farther than his casual wants and necessities!

"It is among the children of these people brought up in the colony, that their mental capacity is to be judged of; and the children in the Government schools at Freetown, as well as in those of the villages, appeared to me to be equal in intelli-

gence and acquirements to European children of the same age. The liberated Africans have not certainly made that progress in civilization which might have been expected, when we consider the trouble that has been taken, and the money that has been lavished for this purpose by the mother country; but this is not attributable to any defect of natural ability among them; but to a variety of contingent circumstances, among which not the least obvious is the continued importation of their countrymen into the colony, whose barbarous habits they have, in some measure, been weaned from; but to which, from early association, they will naturally be prone to recur, on observing them practised by the new comers, for whom, as countrymen, they must feel a strong attachment; and with whom, speaking the same language, and having recently left their own paternal land and much regretted homes, they must feel the strongest inclination to associate. Another cause of their tardy improvement may have been the frequent change, by death or otherwise, of governors and superintendents, and the adoption of different methods of management, or perhaps mismanagement, consequent upon these changes. Persons unacquainted with the interests of any settlement, and who have no local experience of the country and its inhabitants, must be evidently unfit to direct and command there. The practice of sending such persons from England for this purpose has not certainly tended to promote the interests of the colony, or the amelioration of its factitious inhabitants. The want of capital and encouragement to cultivate articles of tropical produce, such as coffee, cotton, &c., which would find a market out of the colony, probably also tends to throw a damp on their industry. For of what use would it be to rear more cocoas, yams, and cassava than they can make use of themselves and dispose of in the colony, when, as these are articles which cannot be exported, they must rot on their hands. Besides these causes of the tardy progress of civilization, it does really seem to me that the superintendence of the manumitted slaves is not sufficiently close and strict. A most zealous and attentive supervision of those recently imported must be of the first consequence, so as to humanize and reclaim them from their barbarous habits,—to prevent them from relapsing into their primitive state of brutishness—to obviate their being kidnapped from the colony; in fact, to exercise a salutary degree of restraint over them—to instruct them, and to assist, overlook, and protect them in all their actions, and in their operations of labour and industry. I know that all this is said to be already effected, that there are superintendents, managers, and schoolmasters in every village for the above purposes; but it appears to me that they are somewhat too remiss in their duty, and somewhat too heedless and insensible of the humane object for which they are appointed; else no individual could be kidnapped without the occurrence being speedily known,—no individual, however wild and irreclaimable, could return to his primitive savage habits, and establish himself in “the bush,” without considerable exertion being made to bring him back. That many have thus been suffered to resume their original barbarism is evident, were there no other proof of the fact, than the numerous nocturnal glimmering fires in the woods, as well as the scattered sheds, or wigwams, to be seen in various directions among the underwood and jungle throughout the peninsula, large enough to contain only two or three persons sitting upright. No one would willingly apply any personal censure in this case, because the duties of every individual connected with the liberated African department must be, if properly performed, equally arduous, laborious and unpleasant. But, then, every one connected with it is well paid; and surely a little more paternal control than has been hitherto exercised, besides the common routine of duty, for the sake of humanity, is a great desideratum.

“Two things are worthy of remark among these poor Africans: Great external respect is paid to the Sabbath. The blacks on that day are clean and neatly dressed, the religious meetings are well attended, and the busy clamour of the week is hushed into a solemn stillness, more impressive even than the calm serenity which pervades every thing on that hallowed day in our own free and happy land. No doubt the missionaries deserve the credit of this. The other fact is, that although spirits are remarkably cheap in the colony, I have never seen, in all my excursions among them, a single liberated African in a state of intoxication. I wish I could say as much for their civilized brethren.”

There are many individuals who imagine, we cannot stand upon what grounds, that since the abolition of the trade by a solemn act of the British Legislature, that not only is the condition of the slaves in our West India islands much ameliorated, but our acts for suppressing the trade, and our treaties with Spain, Portugal, and France, if they have



"not entirely done away with slave dealing, have softened its attendant miseries. Such persons we invite to a perusal of this volume; but we may select one or two instances. In the spring of 1831, the *Black Joke*, a tender belonging to the *Dryad*, fell in with the *Marinerito*, a large Spanish slave-brig, carrying five twenty pounders, with a crew of seventy-two men, and a cargo of four hundred and ninety-six slaves—a fortune to the whole crew, could it have been safely conveyed to the islands. After a gallant action, which is described by Mr. Leonard with great animation, the Spaniard was captured. Among her wounded crew were found several Englishmen. We think more of her cargo. Those who have often shuddered at the horrors of the middle passage, have small cause of congratulation, save that the scenes of diabolical cruelty are transferred to the ships of our Christian allies:—

"Immediately after the vessel was secured, the living were found sitting on the heads and bodies of the dead and the dying below. Witnessing their distress, the captors poured a large quantity of water into a tub for them to drink out of; but, being unused to such generosity, they merely imagined that their usual scanty daily allowance of half a pint per man was about to be served out; and when given to understand that they might take as much of it, and as often as they felt inclined, they seemed astonished, and rushed in a body, with headlong eagerness, to dip their parched and feverish tongues into the refreshing liquid. Their heads became wedged in the tub, and were with some difficulty got out—not until several were nearly suffocated in its contents. The drops that fell on the deck were lapped and sucked up with a most frightful eagerness. Jugs were also obtained, and the water handed round to them; and in their precipitation and anxiety to obtain relief from the burning thirst which gnawed their vitals, they madly bit the vessels with their teeth, and champed them into atoms. Then, to see the look of gratification—the breathless unwillingness to part with the vessel, from which, by their glistening eyes, they seemed to have drawn such exquisite enjoyment! Only half satisfied, they clung to it, though empty, as if it were more dear to them, and had afforded them more of earthly bliss, than all the nearest and dearest ties of kindred and affection. It was a picture of such utter misery from a natural want, more distressing than any one can conceive, who has not witnessed the horrors attendant on the slave trade on the coast of Africa, or who has not felt, for many hours, the cravings of a burning thirst under a tropical sun. On their way ashore to this island from the prize—their thirst still unquenched—they lapped the salt water from the boat's side. The sea to them was new, until they tasted all its bitterness; they, no doubt, looked upon it as one of their own expansive fresh water streams, in which they were wont to bathe, or drink with unrestrained freedom and enjoyment. Before they were landed, many of the Africans already liberated at this settlement went on board to see them, and found among them several of their friends and relations. The meeting, as may be supposed, was, for the moment, one of pleasure, but soon changed into pain and grief. Can there be in Britain—the happy and the free—an individual with a heart in his bosom, who will, after this, advocate slavery? A single fact like this overthrows all the plausible sophistry which such an individual may make use of to obtain partisans, besides those who, like himself, are interested in its support. Such converts to the creed of the right of property in human flesh are much mislead. They have only shewn to them the bright side of the picture—the comparatively happy (yet truly wretched!) condition of the slaves in our West India colonies. They know nothing of the withering horrors daily taking place on the coast of this desolated and unhappy land, from which between sixty and eighty thousand of its poor unoffending children are forcibly abstracted annually—cruelly torn from home, friends, and kindred—from all that can alone make a life of wretchedness tolerable. The Spanish crew, with the exception of a few sent up in the prize to Sierra Leone, were kept prisoners for some time at Fernando Po, but were afterwards sent in the *Atoll* to the island of Anobona, where they were landed and turned adrift."

Some months after Mr. Leonard mentions another exploit of the *Black Joke*, which we may notice here. The reasoning he raises upon this event is perfectly conclusive.

"The *Black Joke*, while cruising in the Bight of Benue, fell in with and captured, on the 20th of July, the Spanish schooner, *Potosi*, of ninety-eight tons, twenty-six

men, and *one hundred and ninety-one slaves on board*, bound from Lagos to Havanna; and, on the 10th September, the two tenders, in company, chased into the river Bonny, and captured the Spanish brigs, *Rapido and Regulo*,—the former of *one hundred and seventy-five tons, eight large guns, fifty-six men, and two hundred and four slaves*; the latter, *one hundred and forty-seven tons, (both Spanish admeasurements,) five large guns, fifty men, and two slaves: both bound to Cuba*. Connected with the capture of these vessels, a circumstance of the most horrid and revolting nature occurred, the relation of which will afford an additional instance of the cruelty and apathy of those who carry on the slave trade,—of the imperfection of the laws enacted for its suppression, as well as of the additional inhumanity entailed upon it by ourselves, as a consequence of the very imperfection of these laws. Both vessels were discovered at the entrance of the Bonny, having just sailed from thence; and, when chased by the tenders, put back, made all sail up the river, and ran on shore. During the chase, they were seen from our vessels to throw their slaves overboard, by twos, shackled together by the ancles, and left in this manner to sink or swim, as they best could! Men, women, and young children, were seen, in great numbers, struggling in the water, by every one on board of the two tenders; and, dreadful to relate, upwards of a hundred and fifty of these wretched creatures perished in this way, without there being a hand to help them; for they had all disappeared before the tenders reached the spot, excepting two, who were fortunately saved by our boats from the element with which they were struggling. Several managed, with difficulty, as may be supposed, to swim on shore, and many were thrown into large canoes, and in that manner landed, and escaped death; but the multitude of dead bodies cast upon the beach, during the succeeding fortnight, painfully demonstrated that the account given to us, by the natives on the banks of the Bonny, of the extent of the massacre, had been far from exaggerated. The individuals whose lives had been saved by the boats, were two fine intelligent young men, rivetted together by the ancles in the manner described. Both of them when recovered, pointed to the *Rapido* as the vessel from which they were thrown into the water. On boarding this vessel, no slave was found; but her remorseless crew having been seen from both tenders busily engaged in their work of destruction, and as the two poor blacks, who endeavoured to express gratitude for their rescue by every means in their power, asserted, with horror and alarm depicted in every feature, that this was the vessel from which they were thrown, she was taken possession of. On board the *Regulo* *only two hundred and four slaves were found remaining, of about four hundred and fifty*. All of those on board of her were branded with the letter T on the right shoulder. Had the commander of the *Black Joke*, (which had been cruising off the river Bonny for a long period,) who knew that those vessels were lying there, ready to take slaves on board, been permitted to use every means in his power to suppress the slave trade, he could and would have gone up the river with his vessel, and destroyed them with the greatest ease; and thereby prevented the merciless cruelty which subsequently took place. But no! He dared not; because he was liable in heavy penalties, had he even detained a Spaniard, without having slaves *actually on board*. These inhuman scoundrels are fully aware of this; and it was this very legal impediment to the capture of Spanish vessels which induced them to throw their miserable captives into the river; so that, no slave being found when boarded by the tenders, they and their vessels might be suffered to escape. But they could not effect their nefarious design completely, for our tenders were close at their heels, and they were detected in their crime, and consequently detained. As, however, there were no slaves *actually found on board* of the *Rapido*, and as the members of the Court of Mixed Commission at Sierra Leone usually adhere to the *letter*, instead of the *spirit*, of the law, and the treaties having for their object the suppression of the slave trade—although the fact of her having slaves, *bona fide*, on board, and having thrown them out in the murderous manner described, was witnessed by some hundreds of persons—it is questioned by many here, on a consideration of the circumstances attending the trial of cases somewhat similar, whether this court, from whose verdict there is no appeal, will condemn her or not. It is quite certain, whether this may be the case or not, that there will be no punishment inflicted upon the perpetrators of so great a crime. Thus, as I have already said, the half measures we are obliged to adopt for the suppression of this merciless traffic, adds incalculably to its inhumanity. Here we see that, in a futile attempt to save their vessels from capture, these remorseless speculators in blood sacrificed more than a hundred and fifty lives. Had we let them alone, the dreadful event would not have taken place."

One more instance we give of the atrocities inseparable from the trade in slaves.

A negro female slave, on board the schooner captured by the brig *Plumper*, had, in the language of Mr Leonard, "with a purity of heart that would have done honour to the most refined and exalted state of human society, long and indignantly repulsed the disgusting advances of the master of the schooner, until, at last, the iniquitous wretch, finding himself foiled in his execrable attempts on her person, became furious with disappointment, and murdered his unfortunate and unoffending victim with the most savage cruelty, the details of which are too horrible to be conceived, far less described! And yet these inhuman miscreants, in the event of their vessel being captured, are generally allowed to go unpunished. We cannot, or at all events we do not, punish them: that is left for the laws of their own country, and they are consequently suffered to escape.

"This is but one instance of the numerous unheard of horrors entailed on the native Africans by the Slave Trade, as it is at present carried on. I shall relate another which also occurred very recently. His Majesty's ship *Medina*, cruising off the river Gallinas, descried a suspicious sail, and sent a boat to examine her, the officer of which found her to be fitted for the reception of slaves, but without any on board, and consequently allowed her to proceed on her course. It was discovered some time afterwards, by one of the men belonging to the vessel, that she had a female slave on board when the *Medina* made her appearance, and knowing that, if found, this single slave would condemn the vessel, the master (*horresco referens*) lashed the wretched creature to an anchor, and ordered it to be thrown overboard! This is an instance of the additional inhumanity indirectly entailed on the slave trade by the benevolent exertions of England. Had our Government been able to obtain from Spain, by the firmness and determination of her remonstrances, permission to seize all vessels under her flag fitted for the reception of slaves, this vessel could by no means have escaped, and no object could have been gained by the atrocious murder. As it is, our treaty with Spain limits us to the seizure of vessels with slaves *actually on board*; and this single slave, if found by the *Medina*, would have made the vessel a legal capture; to prevent which the poor creature was cruelly sacrificed—the life of a slave being considered by these wretches as no better than that of a dog, or one of the brute creation."

The author's speculations on the civilization of Africa are ingenious, and breathe a good spirit; but the recent discoveries throw all previous conceptions into the back ground, and we now await the issue of the first promising attempt yet made for the improvement of a country with which our intercourse has hitherto been unmarked by much advantage. We, however, entirely subscribe to the opinion of Mr. Leonard, that, till the Slave Trade is effectually annihilated, no progress can be made in civilization; and to this the obstacles he enumerates are indeed formidable; nor can it be questioned that the limited right of interference Britain has acquired, though it may prevent the slavery of numerous individuals, really aggravates the evils of the traffic. In the month of October 1830, the *Black Joke* boarded no fewer than five French vessels, with *one thousand six hundred and twenty-one* slaves on board, from the river Bonny alone; and, in the following month, there were ten French vessels lying in the Calabar river ready to take slaves on board, the French preventive squadron giving them no molestation. And this must go on till Britain obtains from France the right of search. Our boasted "excellent understanding" with the new French government has hitherto produced no advantage to the Africans. Were this power once granted, and the right of search of vessels under Portuguese colours extended to the southward of the equator, Mr. Leonard thinks the expectation of suppression feasible.

"Were there," he says, "no obstacles to the suppression of the slave trade—were every vessel, of whatever nation, found fitted for, or engaged in it, liable to capture—were our squadron on the coast, small as it is, ordered to go on in the glorious work of emancipation, without fear of risk by legal processes and diplomatic squabbles, and entirely unhampered—were the simple unfettered order, 'Suppress the slave trade,' issued by government to the officer commanding our ships of war here, there is not the slightest doubt that the trade on this part of the coast would be immediately and permanently put an end to. Not a single vessel could escape us. While it is otherwise, all our exertions are a mere farce—a perfect mockery of emancipation. We liberate a few of those embarked in Spanish vessels, while tens of thousands are em-

barked, and the vessels allowed insolently to pass us unmolested, under the infamous shelter of the French flag to the northward of the equator, and the Portuguese flag to the southward. Upwards of *sixty thousand slaves*, it is calculated, are annually exported from Africa. In 1826, we emancipated only *two thousand five hundred and sixty-seven*; in 1827, two thousand eight hundred and sixty-one; in 1828, three thousand nine hundred and twenty-four; and in 1829, five thousand three hundred and fifty were liberated, being a year of uncommon success, which arose from the great number of Brazilian vessels running prior to the operation of the convention of 1826, which made the trade under the Brazilian flag piracy. Since then, no vessel has appeared under that flag on the coast. In 1830 the number consequently again fell off; and in the present year little or nothing can be done. Almost every vessel laden with slaves is under the French flag, and the people on board, confident of being privileged, literally laugh at us as they pass, and often favour the escape of vessels under another flag liable to capture, by leading us a dance after them. But, besides the many other impediments to the complete suppression of the Slave Trade, while the captains of his Majesty's ships are liable to heavy damages for the detention of vessels with *slaves on board* which are subsequently, by a decision of the Courts of Mixed Commission, declared, in accordance with the treaties, to be *illegally detained*, which not unfrequently happens, there must be *much hesitation* in the minds of these men concerning the detention of vessels whose cases are at all doubtful; and those illegally employed have, no doubt, often been allowed to escape in consequence of the heavy expenses which may be incurred should they not be condemned. It is therefore evident, that all attempts at suppressing the slave trade under the present system is a mere farce; that all our expenditure for that purpose is fruitlessly; nay, in many instances, injuriously, employed."

Before we take leave of Mr. Leonard, which we do impressed with the goodness of his feelings, and the excellence of his talents, we ought, in justice, to relieve and sweeten the imagination of our readers with, were it but one specimen of his lighter sketches, until they can procure his volume for themselves. The service which his book performs to suffering humanity stamps it, in our esteem, with the highest value; but it has secondary merits, which, in another work, would be considered primary /

#### PATRONAGE OF THE FINE ARTS.

It appears that the new Society for the exhibition of paintings in water colours, sustained a money loss last season in the first working of their undertaking; and a meeting was recently held by the members, to consider the propriety of soliciting the aid and co-operation of some of the more gifted and influential professional brethren. The already existing, or parent Institution, so to speak, is composed of gentlemen who, deriving a high pecuniary advantage from its formation, are naturally disposed to act on the "exclusive" system, and to close their portals against all would-be *confreres* who seek to share in their fame or their good fortune. As a matter of business, they are clearly blameless in keeping their bread and butter to themselves. Theirs was the original risk; and, if profit result, theirs unquestionably ought that profit to be. The immediate interests of those who engaged in its primary establishment, and now support it by their annual contributions, are naturally the first objects of attainment by all the partners in the speculation; and against them no rival parties have any reasonable ground of complaint. Whatever were the first designs of the originators, it is now essentially a trading concern; and the *firm*, like all other commercial adventurers, must be protected from the incursions of the less lucky.—So they argue!

It may be within the memory of man, that, sixty-four years ago, George the Third, of blessed memory, immortalized his reign by conceiving the design of a Royal Academy, according, as the great Sir Joshua terms it, "to the true dignity of such an Institution;" and, also, by the bestowal of a power by which titular honours were to be dispensed,

among those who specially signalized themselves in pictorial skill, (or were fortunate enough to possess the private influence to secure it.) The school thus royally founded and patronized, under the benign smiles of "a monarch who, knowing the value of science and of elegance, thought every art worthy of his notice that tends to soften and humanize the mind," could not choose but flourish; so that, in course of years, it grew up to goodly maturity—an edifice fair to look upon. It fostered, encouraged, and cherished, with paternal care, talent wherever it was to be found; it patted industry on the back; it showered down its dignities and *bon-bons* with all the grace of liberality, and meted out even-handed justice to the satisfaction and admiration of all beholders. But, as it is notorious that no public body ever yet possessed a soul, and as it is equally notorious that Royal Institutions, like every other sublunary thing, have their rise, progress, and decay; it became perfectly evident that all this was far too good to last long. It did not: that is, so it was said. In an unhappy hour it began to fall from its high and palmy state into shocking disrepute, and calumny was busy in its denouncement. Cruelties the most bitter were averred of it; personalities were perpetrated; and favouritism, and exclusivism, and blighting wrong were, if we are to credit scandal, unblushingly permitted; to the terrible dismay of art, and to the subversion of its best interests. It was accused of all sorts of evil, and all manner of unkind things were unreservedly said of it; so that, in due course, it became a bye-word and a mockery among those who beheld from afar off the good things distributed among the select few, of whom themselves formed no part.

It is unnecessary to trace the host of alleged defections by which this great first National Institution became gradually blotted, as it progressed on to corruption; it will be shorter and easier to take the thing at once for granted. Certain folks either were, or, what is just as good, fancied they were, fearfully aggrieved; and as "there is a point beyond which human endurance can no further go," so these chained and galled spirits became suddenly wise in their generation; and, taking counsel one with another, devised at length a cunning means of planting a thorn in the foot which trod upon their necks. Patronage,—thus they shrewdly reasoned,—is the life-blood of an artist; notoriety the prime means of its attainment. An Academician himself is nothing if he be not an exhibitor. The exhibition room is the friendly go-between which politely introduces a painter to the public; and the public is sure to discover,—and, discovering, bestow it upon—those who most merit his friendliest grasp. Bottomed on these undeniable truths, the indignation of the oppressed many was not long in venting itself in bricks and mortar. Opposition galleries came suddenly into being, and the despotism of Somerset House became daringly disputed.

The signal success that followed this rebellious enterprise, gave birth, after a while, to the Society of Water Colourists; then a despised, albeit a large-hearted race. Their works had been ever before more *tolerated* than encouraged; and the "stainers of paper" themselves received small reverence. Oil and water never could kindly intermix. The oilmen were prone to regard the watermen with a contumelious eye; and in part pity, part contempt, (ninety-nine portions of the latter to one of the other,) ever spoke of their productions as nothing more than trashy evidences of the waste of time, the waste of labour, and the waste of paper. The public, it must be confessed, went a good way along with the oilmen in opinion, and thought so too. The ire of the watermen thus roused by little and by little, till at last it, too, burst into an open flame.

peration : they haughtily dissociated themselves from these self-imagined superiors ; and, in a moment of incense, furiously rushed, *en masse*, into the first house they could find in Suffolk Street, with a stair-case of becoming altitude. They dared an exhibition of their own, and the public stared at the novelty. The novelty produced curiosity ; curiosity, encouragement ; encouragement, emulation ; and emulation, a marvel,—the ultimate foundation of a school of painting, which astonished the eyes of watermen, oilmen, public and all.

A new source of wealth and immortality was now opened up ; and increasing numbers of gallant aspirants have, ever since that auspicious period, been eagerly striving to share in blessings so great. But these are times (were other ever known ?) when bodies, corporate, public, private, or individual, are bound to take special care of “ number one,” and to let others shift, and strain, and struggle, how they can, whether the pursuit be after gold or after glory. This same pursuit is too hot and too selfish ; the labourers swarm too thickly to allow of any indulgence in courteous liberalities, or disinterested generosity on either side.

Now, it is a long time before men, engaged in occupations of science or the arts, can discover the secrets of commercial policy : they move in a different atmosphere to that which envelopes the mere man of business. The dirty trickeries of ordinary trading are unknown to them. Their whole soul is too much absorbed in the severe delight of mental cultivation ; too much abstracted by the high and all-engrossing engagement in matters of moral perfection. They are guiltless, even in thought, of the debasing artifices of the money-getting craft, ever most rife where commerce most thrives. They are panting after honourable distinction, and upheld in their career by an ambition too noble and elevating to admit of gross and grovelling influences. Actuated by principles so lofty in their own estimation, and so ludicrous in the estimation of the man of trade, their energies are directed to that goal whence alone can be derived the great reward of imperishable renown ; while he, with a knowing wink and quiet chuckle, buttons up his subtilly-gotten gold, and thinks them all a set of nincompoops together.

It is only when depressed by poverty, or brought low by grinding necessity, when the “ helping hand,” the countenance, the encouragement, which they deem others would be ready and delighted to extend to them, is utterly refused, that their eyes become truly opened to the sordid selfishness which characterises human actions. It is then that they see, in its just interpretation, the horrible truth of that law which condemns all living things “ to eat or be eaten !” They then feel, that *generous rivalry*, and *friendly emulation*, and *mutual succour in the hour of need*, are marvellous pretty words to put together, but that they admit of a difference of signification according to the views of the speaker and the hearer, and to the change of season. “ Heels-tripping ” is the game, and they must learn to play it. Casting to the winds the feelings of delicacy, honour, and high-mindedness, which they ever cherished with jealous care, they must now prepare themselves to jostle sturdily with their neighbours, and push their fortunes with that singleness of purpose, that rude unbrotherly violence to others, which the men-of-the-world multitude display with such energy and success. Thus schooled by reality first, then by the force of universal custom, themselves utilizing the same the things they once despised : all feelings of fellowship terms it ; their hearts have got cool ; and friendship and liberality, bestowal, are mighty magnificent names, but fit only for the young sapient to prate about.

It was unwise, though excusable, in those of the profession who belonged not to the old Society of water-colour painters, to expect that its members would give assistance to *aliens* at their own immediate sacrifice; and it was unwise, though excusable in them, upon being disappointed, to aspire to a rivalry before they were properly prepared to assert, effectively, their claims to an equal participation in public patronage. There is no doubt that some reflection, and much buffeting, with the world, induced them at length to take some such glances as the foregoing, at the history of pictorial institutions, from the foundation of the Royal Academy up to the present day, and to deduce certain inferences therefrom; but it is quite clear that those inferences were prematurely drawn, and not a little unsound. There is no doubt that many gifted persons, whose names are now unknown, would have obtained an early eminence, had they gained the notoriety and support which juxta-position with those beautiful works annually appearing in Suffolk Street, would have secured for them. But it was rash to imagine, because this advantage was denied them *there*, that an equivalent was of certain attainment by the mere act of exhibition any where else. They were too eager; but their power was not equal to their eagerness: they began too soon, and they failed from sheer incompetency. It was not that other institutions had the sunlight of "fashion" upon them; it was not that they had been old established favourites, and had acquired a name which defied competition: it was, that no signal merit, no commanding skill, was apparent in the new society; they were alone in their mediocrity, and as a parent pateth not a child's head approvingly, unless for some act of special good behaviour, so the public saw no reason for the bestowal of that matchless sugar-plum—its favour—thereupon.

Equally unwise is it in them, we think, to hope for either assistance, sympathy, or commiseration from the rival institutions, or from rival artificers individually. Fortune always gives with its blessings a speculum, in which all viewed things are reflected back in an altered aspect; and though the claim now about to be made might, at one time, have been deemed irresistible, (had themselves formed some among the appealing parties,) it may now, perhaps, be regarded by them, in their changed position, as a favour which—they are very sorry, but—must not be granted. The loan of a bad unsold picture or two, may, here and there, possibly be afforded by some half-grown lion, merely for advertisement's sake; but the cordial beneficial aid of any eminent individual, whose influence, backed by intrinsically valuable and attractive contributions, should be worth the having, is more, we surmise, than will be given.

It is from the public alone that they must look for effective support. The public has little to do with private feuds, party feeling, or the false philosophy of jealous and ungenerous rivalry; and it is now, more than at any previous period, beginning to judge for itself, without favour or misleading influences, in all matters obnoxious to its impartial decision. The day is gone by when it was wont to be prejudiced by high sounding names, in persons or places. An epithet is no longer a tower of strength. The weight of titular honours is fast waxing to feather-like ponderosity; and a good artist needs not, in these times, the once magic influence of an "R. A." appendage to his surname, nor the walls of a famous edifice, to give glory to his works, in order to attain for himself popular admiration and pecuniary emolument. He needs now little of the adventitious aid which fellowship with renowned names, or connexion with favoured foundations, once used to impart. The stage of a common theatre is found to be as goodly an arena for the display of excellence as the

"Great Room" of a certain great house in the Strand :—the world cannot detect one beauty more in Stanfield's pictures since he became one of the "elect" than it observed before ; and his talent would have ranked equally high in general estimation, had he remained for ever excluded.

The public are wise enough to see that works of art are not to be regarded simply as the mere sources of a fleeting pleasure—pretty things to tickle the eye for a while, and be then forgotten. The human mind is fashioned and created in proportion to its connexion with the external world through the agency of the senses ; and the accurate representation of objects which shall convey to it any new set of impressions, is a noble substitute for absent reality. Every new impression is an item in the amount of man's knowledge ; and according as that impression is made from objects that, in their kind, most approach to perfection, by so much does mental power become extended and improved. The pursuit after perfection is not simply the surest test of a well-regulated mind, but it is a grand means by which the social relations of life become elevated and improved. Those, therefore, who, by the cultivation of their own powers, are enabled to exhibit nature in her purest and most perfect form, and to stimulate others to a contemplation of its varied and multiplied beauties, achieve a great moral good to the many, while they surely erect a lasting monument to their own individual fame, and assert a resistless claim upon the public for their gratitude and support.

The public are prepared to remunerate true excellence wherever it may be found. It may have been a little tardy in its adjudications, times gone by ; but, blessings upon the schoolmaster ! discerning philosophers are now as common as blackberries, and merit is sure to receive its due, and that promptly too. Flowers need no "longer blush unseen, nor waste their fragrance on the desert air," unless they like. Genius is sure to be detected in these publishing days ; and if cultivated to useful purposes, is sure to secure honour, and the golden opinions of all sorts of men. It is not by works of mediocrity that patronage can be secured ; excellence and perfection (as nearly as it can be approached) are the objects of public pursuit ; and all inferior claims stand the risk of being wholly unheeded.

Our advice, then, to the new Society is this : Seek not the lukewarm, doubtful succour of those who are running the same race with yourselves. Waste not your time in soliciting uncertain assistance ; neither paralyze your powers by acts of useless repining. Depend not upon others, but upon yourselves alone. Look to yourselves as the only sure source whence success will flow, and employ all your energies to command it. Strive,—earnestly, resolutely, strive,—to attain, by your own efforts, that eminence which has secured to your rivals the patronage you now seek to participate in. Paint, paint away, like Trojans ; and be not cast down. Practice makes perfect, and perseverance will accomplish wonders. Study, severely, intensely ; select the best models and the best masters ; fix your right eye upon nature and the other upon art, and fear not the issue. Talent, like water, is sure to find its level ; and though it may not be this year or the next, depend upon it that, if you are true to yourselves, you will become no contemptible rivals to those whom you now look so angrily upon. You may not all be Copley Fieldings to the full, perhaps : but—and remember this ; ponder well upon it ;—it is easier for you to approach the present excellence of that delightful artist, than it is for him to exceed it ! While those who have risen to eminence are standing comparatively still, you will be in the full activity of advancement, and the race will not be spiritless.



## STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

IN the brief limits to which an Article in a Monthly Periodical must be confined, we cannot do more than glance very cursorily at the more important features of the subject to which we now address ourselves. Even such a cursory glance may not, at the present time, be without use. We are arrived at a crisis, at which it becomes the duty of every intelligent member of the community to make himself at least generally acquainted with the circumstances in which the country is placed; that he may, in his own sphere, however circumscribed, lend his influence to the promotion of such of the many measures that must speedily occupy public attention, as he may think good, and may aid in opposing such as he may think evil. The measures already under discussion in Parliament, or that must soon be agitated there, bear too strongly upon the prosperity or adversity of the empire, and upon the social state of every member of the community, not to deserve an attention which the people have not been in use to pay to public affairs. Too much has been, in times past, left to the discretion of those, whom accident or party intrigue has placed in the seats of power. That the consequence has been disastrous, all know, and most feel. It now behoves every man to understand and take an interest in public matters, for his own particular sake, as well as for the sake of his country. Selfishness and patriotism here dictate the same course.

The course we propose to pursue, in our inquiry into the state of the country, is to advert, in the first instance, to the present condition of the three great classes of the community, the UPPER RANKS, the MIDDLE CLASSES, and the OPERATIVES. We shall next devote our attention to the state of the nation considered as a whole, pointing out the difficulties in which the nation is involved; and conclude, by endeavouring to show how those difficulties ought to be encountered. We shall have to touch upon matters of extreme delicacy. But the times require plain dealing, and forbid our turning away our eyes from any part of the prospect before us. Conscious of none but honest intentions, we shall not conceal any part of the truth. It is the part of a fool to shun the investigation of his own embarrassed affairs. A wise man looks his difficulties boldly in the face, and resolutely sets himself to overcome them.

First, perhaps, in order, although certainly last in importance, comes the inquiry into the state of the Upper Ranks, in which we include the nobility, proprietors of large landed estates, and all persons of large income not derived from personal exertion. Even this class is by no means exempted from the consequences of the general distress which prevails in the country; although their wealth, and the comparatively small portion of their income abstracted by our monstrously absurd and partial system of taxation, make them feel the pressure of the general distress, to an extent, small indeed, when compared to the abridgment of comforts, and even the necessities of life, borne by the other classes. Their rents are reduced, to be sure, very considerably; in many cases to the extent of a third; their interest on loans abated one or two per cent.; but that reduction of rents, or interest of money, is not to be named with the sufferings of the other classes. Besides, money has become more valuable since the pressure of calamity on the industrious classes. The same nominal amount of income will now exchange for more commodities than before. Still the upper classes do suffer. Be-

sides the curtailment of their incomes, it must be confessed that there is something to be taken into account for a certain degree of insecurity of property, caused not by the Reform Bill and the Revolutionary Ministry, as the Tory part of the Aristocracy choose to designate Lord Grey and his colleagues, but by the base, and irritating opposition offered to the Reform Bill, and the avowed hostility of that faction to all those measures to which the Bill was intended to lead. We wish not to create any undue alarm ; but we will not attempt to conceal our opinion, that until every one of the great measures of Reform, on which the people have set their hearts, be obtained ; until every man shall be allowed to reap the fruit of his honest industry, free from restrictions at once impolitic and unjust ; until the people have cheap and good government,—property in this country will not be perfectly safe. But there are other abridgments of their income, from causes which, although only prospective have a present effect. The apprehended Reform, perhaps abolition, of the English and Irish Church Establishments ; the reduction of the Army and Navy ; the abolition of pensions and sinecures, and discontinuance of the deadweight, or our system of maintaining an army of officers on *half* pay, besides the regular army on *whole* ; the reduction of salaries, and a near approach to the abolition of patronage and improper influences ; will go far to throw on the Aristocracy the burden of establishing in the world their younger children out of their own private fortunes, instead of out of the public purse,—a novel and grievous hardship to them, as they will, no doubt, think. Then, the abolition of the Corn Laws, which is as certain to take place as that justice, and strength, and intelligence, are more than a match for injustice, weakness, and ignorance, will cause some diminution of the incomes of the landed Aristocracy, although not so great as they apprehend. The consequence of all this is, that, besides the defalcation of rents already experienced, there is such a prospect of more, and such an abatement of the value of the unjust privileges heretofore inseparable from extensive property in land, that estates cannot be sold except at what are regarded by the owners as inadequate prices. There is such a stagnation in the market for landed property at present as was never known.

As yet, we have spoken only of those persons of the Aristocratic class, who have large incomes free from debt. That numerous portion of the Aristocracy, who have large debts, as well as large incomes, have suffered far more severely than their unincumbered brethren. While their rents have fallen 20 or 30 per cent., or even more, the jointures, the provisions to younger children, payable out of their estates, have not fallen at all ; and the interest of their mortgages only one or two per cent. Many landed proprietors are thus reduced to less than one-half of their former free incomes.

We now come to a class, with whose sufferings we sympathize more than with those of the Aristocracy,—the Middle Class, including all persons above the rank of Operatives, who live by their own exertions, and those whose incomes, although arising from property of some kind, without personal exertion, are too small to give them a place among the Aristocracy. It is more difficult to ascertain the present condition of this class, than that of either the higher or the lower order. The poor man, when times of distress come on, having no accumulated savings to fall back on, cannot conceal his poverty. The rich man, again, knowing that his income, although reduced, is still great, and that he is only suffering in common with the rest of his class, does not care for conceal-

ment of the reduction, even were concealment practicable ; which, in his case, for obvious reasons, it seldom is. But the incomes of manufacturers, ship owners, merchants, shopkeepers, and farmers, are often carefully kept from the knowledge of even their own clerks, managers, and nearest connexions, as far as possible ; always from the knowledge of the world. The quantity of business they do is also concealed ; likewise the loans and accommodations they require, and every thing which tends to throw light on the state of their business and finances. There, consequently, must be much uncertainty in any conjecture we make as to the present condition of the Middle Classes. We shall, however, make the best use of the indications of their prosperity or adversity that we can perceive.

Two things of importance will at once be admitted. First, that there is a general impression throughout the country, that the Middle Classes, generally, are struggling with diminished business, and still more diminished profits ; that, in short, much commercial distress exists among them, much gloom and depression of spirit. Secondly, that not one of the several divisions of the middle class is even supposed to be reaping large gains, and enjoying a high state of prosperity. In an average state of the country, there should, from the natural fluctuations of trade, always be some division of this class in an extra flourishing condition, as well as some other division suffering more than its proper share of adversity, from temporary causes. But at present, while all the divisions are suffering so much, that it is difficult to say which is suffering most, there, undeniably, is not one division rejoicing in the sunshine of extraordinary prosperity. The manufacturers, with greatly increased and improved machinery, and wages reduced to the lowest pittance which can keep the miserable creatures which tend their machines alive, *should*, from these causes, make large profits. Yet, such is not the case. Their profits are small ; the prices they can obtain for their goods scarcely remunerating. A large part of what they manufacture is done more because, having capital embarked in mills, an establishment to keep up, and a connexion in trade to maintain, they *must* keep manufacturing, than on account of any profit they can hope to realise from their manufacture. About the condition of the merchants, we do not profess to know more than others ; and shall only advert to the general understanding, that they, too, are reaping inadequate gains, and suffering heavy losses ; in short, that they are in anything but a prosperous state. The ship-owners have long been complaining ; even more loudly than other classes ; and their complaints were, not without apparent reason, disregarded, as long as they kept building new ships to carry on the trade they proclaimed so miserably unproductive. But of late there has been a decrease in the amount of tonnage employed in foreign trade ; and we are now disposed to believe their complaints of unproductive employment, for some time back, too well founded. That their profits have been *small* since the peace of 1815, we never doubted. We only ascribed the unwonted loudness of their outcry to the rapid fall from the enormous profits the ship-owners were making before the peace, to the same diminished, and steadily diminishing, profits realised by other classes. With the present state of that numerous division of the middle class, which consists of shopkeepers, we are better acquainted than with the condition of the manufacturers, merchants, and ship-owners ; and shall, therefore, dwell longer on the state of this class than we have done on the condition of the other classes of the middle ranks. Much of what

we have to say of them will probably be recognized by the other classes of the middle rank as applicable to their own condition.

The numerous, and important class of shop-keepers, then, we scruple not to say, we know to be in a state of unexampled suffering. Their business is diminished ; their profits reduced ; and their losses, from bad debts and unsaleable stock, increased. Their prosperity depends on that of the other classes, as they are the mere instruments of exchange between the manufacturers, merchants, ship-owners, and corn-growers, on the one hand, and the consumers, on the other. If the part of these classes suffer any diminution of trade ; if they manufacture less ; exchange with foreign countries less, or produce less than in times of prosperity ; the shop-keepers have less employment in their trade of distribution ; that is, a lesser quantity of goods to supply their customers with, in exchange for money. And if the profits of the manufacturers, merchants, ship-owners, and corn-growers are diminished, especially when their expenses are not diminished in the same proportion, and their losses increased ; these classes, who, of course, are all consumers, and customers of the shop-keeper, as well as manufacturers, producers, &c., cannot take their wonted quantities of commodities from the shop-keepers. Farther, if the rents of the proprietors of lands, houses, and shops are reduced ; if the interest of the monied capitalist is lessened, these wealthy classes, on whom the higher class of shop-keepers and tradesmen chiefly depend, contract the extent of their orders ; or, going abroad, to economise and escape the heavy burdens and high prices of their own country, carry their custom to the shop-keepers of Paris or Brussels. Then, the far more numerous class of shop-keepers and tradesmen who depend for their livelihood on the expenditure of the working classes, and of each other, suffer by the depreciated state of the operatives, to an extent only surpassed by that of the poor operatives themselves.

It must not be thought, that because both the upper ranks and the middle classes are suffering at the same time, that there is any approach to equality in their respective extents of suffering. By suffering we mean, at the present moment, *pecuniary* loss ; mental suffering in consequence of that loss, we shall advert to by and bye. The extent of the rich man's suffering from the distress of the times is easily measured. His rents from lands, houses, or shops, is reduced perhaps 20, 30, or 40 per cent. ; a heavy reduction no doubt ; but, if he is not burdened with debts, jointures, or provisions to younger children, he has a large and certain income still ; and, as has been already remarked, the reduction of the nominal amount of his income is partly compensated by the greater quantity of commodities that the present increased value of money, or fall in prices, enables him to purchase with the same sum which, before, could only purchase a lesser quantity. It is very different with the shop-keeper. If his business is reduced 20 or 30 per cent., (and it is often reduced more,) he seldom can reduce his expenses of business in the same proportion. If the diminution of business causes, as is often the case, an additional scramble for what still is to be had, keener competition, and a reduced rate of prices,—his *gross* profits on the business retained, are reduced to a rate compatible only with a greatly enlarged, instead of diminished amount of business. If, besides the operation of those causes, his losses from bad debts, and reduction in the value of his stock, are greater than usual, his gross profits are gone ; he loses annually instead of gaining by his business ; carries it on merely in the hope

of better times, and from not knowing what else to turn himself to. That this is the actual state of a very large proportion of the shop-keepers of Great Britain and Ireland, at this moment, we do verily believe. No shop-keeper whose capital and credit are not above suspicion, will admit this melancholy picture to represent his own case; but we appeal to all shop-keepers, whether they do not believe, from all that they have been able to observe of the state of trade in general, and of the concerns of individual traders, whether the picture be not too accurate a representation of the state of a large proportion of the individuals engaged in any business with which they happen to be acquainted.

In every kind of trade which is not exposed to a monopoly, from its requiring uncommon skill, hereditary reputation, or a very large capital, but is open to a great many individuals, there are always, in ordinary times, a few making rich; the far greater number merely keeping their position, making a moderate income, and spending it; and a number, not an inconsiderable proportion of the whole, slowly or rapidly, as the case may be, going on the sure road to poverty and ruin. When evil times come, when business is diminished in amount, profits diminished in rate, stock depreciated in value, and bad debts are increased; the consequences to the individuals in each of these three situations in trade, are obvious. Those who were making rich, find it difficult to make a livelihood: those who were merely maintaining themselves, even although they generally, after a certain length of experience of the calamity of the times, contract their expenditure, carry on their business at a steady loss: the progress of the previously losing class towards bankruptcy is increased in celerity. If the approach of bad times has been rapid; if there has been a *commercial crisis*; there will, in addition to the operation of the times on the three classes we have described, be an instantaneous sweeping away of numbers of the third and second, and even of a few of the first or gaining class. But if the approach of the commercial depression has been slow; and more especially, if, not long before, there happened a commercial crisis which overthrew every tottering or unsubstantial trader, the destructive operation of bad times will be of the gradual kind we have described. Such is the operation of the distress of the country at this moment.

If the pecuniary sufferings of the middle classes far exceed those of the upper ranks, the mental sufferings of the former exceed any feeling of the calamity of the times by the latter, in a still greater proportion. The aristocratic classes are brought up from their infancy amidst a carelessness of money, and a contempt for the vulgar notions of economy and pecuniary independence, that have no place among the middle class. The rich man often does not know the extent of his income, except from report; draws upon his agent or steward, until admonished that he is anticipating too much of his future rents, orders his steward to raise money in any way he can; and when at last his debts press upon him with accumulated force, the family estate is put out to nurse, as the phrase is; and the owner retires to some snug quarter, where he escapes his former expensive associates, and can, as he thinks, combine gaiety with economy; or takes his family to the Continent, where his liberal allowance from his creditors will maintain them in as many luxuries as his whole rents could do here. This is the worst that can happen to an impoverished Aristocrat; and it happens so often, that the disgrace is the part of the occurrence that is least felt. Sir John This, Lord T'other, the great Mr. B. of B. Hall, and many other neighbours, are in the same

predicament, and talk and write jocularly about it. Very differently does the poor shop-keeper or tradesmen feel, when compelled by diminution of business, reduced rates of profits, and increased losses, to trench upon his limited capital for subsistence for a succession of years, with no prospect of better fortunes, and the certainty that, without a speedy revival of trade, his ruin must ensue. Very differently from the lofty ones does he feel when, at last, stern ruin approaches; when he becomes afraid to see the door of his shop opened, or startles at the sound of his house-bell, lest the visitor be a tax-gatherer, a creditor whom he cannot pay, or a bailiff, instead of a customer or employer. *He* has been accustomed, from his youth, to regard prosperity in his occupation as the grand aim of his life; punctuality in the payment of his debts as the point of honour; and bankruptcy as the depth of disgrace. When reduced by the pressure of bad times to the state in which we have given it as our belief, a large proportion of the shop-keepers of this country are at this moment, *he* cannot contract his expenditure to two-thirds of what it was, avoid the incurring of debts, and still live comfortably, although abridged of a few accustomed luxuries. Reduce his expenditure to some extent *he* may; but, in the case we have supposed, his whole income is gone, his capital diminished, and still constantly encroached upon by his necessary maintenance. As his capital becomes more and more diminished, he feels as if the principle of vitality in him were lessened, as if what he is in the course of losing were part of himself, as if that capital, which is making to itself wings and flying away, were, indeed, what the word would seem to signify, part of *his substance*. Full of evil as the present day is, the future is, in prospect, yet more gloomy. Every newspaper he takes up suggests, if his eye catch the list of sequestrations, the dreadful thought, that on some not distant day, *his* name may be written there. The horrors of his situation are such, that when ruin comes at last, it positively brings relief. The struggles of the poor wretch with the hideous fiend which has haunted him are over, and his head sinks at night on his pillow, with a composure which he has not known for many a day.

"But," says one, "all this is very impressive, as it is meant to be; but how do you make out that the condition of the middle ranks is deteriorating? Where is the evidence of it? Don't we see the silk mercer, the grocer, the tailor, and all other classes of the middle ranks eat as well, drink as well, and dress as well, as usual? Are not the excise duties, the sure test of the consumption of the middle classes, as productive as before, or nearly so? and does not the gazette show only about its accustomed number of bankruptcies?" All this is true, or not wide of the truth. The middle classes have not yet greatly diminished their expenses; the excise duties, although deficient, are not greatly below their usual amount; the customs have even increased; the gazette shews only its usual list of bankruptcies; and the middle classes look almost as brisk as ever. Nevertheless, do we maintain that the capital of the middle classes has decreased, and that a large proportion of them have been drawing their whole present subsistence out of that still decreasing capital. Already, we have shewn the cause of this distressed state of the middle classes, viz., the greatly diminished sum which the upper classes, the working classes, and consequently the middle classes themselves have to expend on shop-keepers and tradesmen. That rents of both lands and houses, interest of money, and wages of labour, are reduced, no man will deny; that those reductions must cause a

diminution of both the amount of business, and the rate of profit of the middle classes, appears equally undeniable ; that these deductions greatly diminish the amount of business which the middle classes themselves (who never think of barter when money is scarce) do with each other, we think not less certain ; and that the effect of all these causes, for above two years, upon the middle classes, must be such as we have declared it our conviction to be, we fear is a too necessary conclusion.

How, then, are we to account for the small overt acts of that poverty, which, although he often comes as an armed man, we have represented as in these times coming on the Middle Classes as a thief in the night ? Nothing more easy. The terrible commercial storm of 1825-6, swept off, in its fell career, every commercial establishment not based upon actual capital ; and, at the same time, caused a horror of speculation that has since, in the main, had the most salutary effects. Few traders have been venturing much beyond their means ; and hazardous speculations have been wisely avoided. The catastrophe of 1826, has since been, and is yet too fresh in the recollection of all, to permit sane men incurring the danger of another such convulsion. What has, since that memorable lesson, been the evil to be dreaded, resembles consumption rather than apoplexy ; a gradual wasting away of a man's "substance," and not its sudden destruction. Hence the steady decrease of capital, for at least a few years back, unaccompanied with any remarkable increase of the bankrupt list. Then, as to the undiminished appearances of prosperity among the middle classes, so far as consumption of excised commodities goes, we account for them, by remarking, that the Customs and Excise duties fall principally upon those articles universally consumed, and which may be regarded as, in the ideas of the people of this country, the necessaries of life ; viz., butter, coffee, corn, currants, hemp, molasses, pepper, raisins, seeds, silk, rum, brandy, sugar, tallow, timber, tobacco, wines, wool, coals, (carried coastwise,) auctions, bricks and tiles, candles, (only lately repealed) glass, hops, licences, malt, paper, soap, whisky and other home-made spirits, starch, tea, &c., &c. It is evident, that while people maintain anything like their accustomed way of life, the duties on these articles, the most productive of the Excise and Customs, cannot be very materially diminished. It must be considered, too, that the diminution of the capital which we allege is going on, we do not with confidence date farther back than a few years ; ascribing its chief prevalence and greatest extent to the last two or three years, although there is reason to believe that the commencement of a diminution of capital may be traced up to Peel's Bill, if not up to the peace of 1815. Now, when evil times come, a man does not at once alter his rate of living very materially ; and least of all, that part of his expenditure which consists of his ordinary food and clothing, and the articles which we have enumerated as contributing mainly to the Customs and Excise. He flatters himself that the bad state of trade is only temporary ; "things cannot be always in this way," is his constant remark ; and he goes on maintaining the same business establishment and household expenditure on necessaries as before. To retrench, is often a difficult task ; always one reluctantly undertaken ; and seldom commenced in earnest, until a considerable time after the diminution of income. Wives and daughters are generally strongly opposed to retrenchment, even when distinctly informed of its necessity ; and it as often happens that the state of affairs is concealed from them. The incomes of most mercantile people are not easily ascertained, nor are the shop-keepers, &c. always willing to enter upon an in-

vestigation from which they apprehend no very pleasing result. There is nothing, we apprehend, very improbable in the conjecture, that the diminution of capital which we have supposed to be going on among the middle classes has been in operation for two or three years, without having yet had time to produce much effect in diminishing the excised commodities consumed by these classes, or in increasing the number of tradesmen's names in the Gazette. The bulk of the Excise duties, it must be recollected, fall on the working classes, with whom retrenchment has for some years been scarcely practicable. They must consume excised commodities to the same extent as before, or renounce every comfort.

Yet the reduction of expenditure among the middle classes, there is reason to believe, *has* already begun. It may naturally be expected to commence, not with the supposed necessities of life, on which the Excise and Customhouse officers lay their odious hands, but in the number of entertainments given, Concerts attended, Theatres, Exhibitions, &c., &c.; in the number of law-suits; in the number of fancy articles purchased; in books, and music; in pleasure excursions; summer residences; and many other things that will occur to any person as articles of expenditure not involving the necessities of life, and the absence of which would not give the appearance of sinking in the world. And has not a reduction of expenditure such as the above actually commenced? Are the same number of entertainments given, as were usual in prosperous times? Ask the confectioners, fruiterers, and grocers of Edinburgh. The capital of Scotland may surely be taken as no unfavourable criterion of other places. Are the concerts attended as usual? Ask the Professional Society of Edinburgh, who have discontinued their concerts because they cannot realize the necessary expenses. Is the theatre attended as was its wont? Ask Mr. Murray; or read the Parliamentary evidence on the causes of the decay of the drama, and the numerous speculations on the same subject in the newspapers and periodicals. Are the exhibitions attended? Ask those who have attempted exhibitions of any kind. Are law-suits, those ebullitions of the haughty spirit of prosperity, as much indulged in as heretofore? Our lawyers are notoriously starving for want of their accustomed employment. Poor fellows! you may see them walking the boards of the Parliament House at Edinburgh, their naturally lively and independent spirit quite broken; not daring to say a word against the powers that be, who have sheriffships, &c., to dispose of occasionally. Are books in the usual demand? Ask Mr. Murray, or Mr. Colburn, of London; or any bookseller in the kingdom. Are summer excursions, and summer residences, as much in fashion as before? Ask the poor Highland inn-keepers, or the shop-keepers at the watering places. In the answer to some of these questions, the cholera will be assigned as one reason for the undeniable and grievous diminution of accustomed dealings and gains. But we are convinced that the influence of cholera, short-lived at any rate, has been greatly over-estimated; and are inclined to attribute even much of its ravages to the effects of that poverty, which has overspread the land.

The diminution of capital, and the prevailing distress among one important class of the middle ranks, is well known. We allude to the farmers. But as we, eleven months ago, devoted a paper to their share of the National poverty, it is unnecessary to do more in this place than to request our readers to refer to our second number, where they will find, in the paper entitled "Present State of Scottish Lairds and their Ten-



ants," a melancholy picture, the fidelity of which has been confessed by the classes it represents.

It may not be amiss, before concluding our list of presumptions against the present prosperity of the middle classes, to mention, that the last revenue accounts, besides a deficiency in the Excise duties, exhibited also a falling off, in the Post Office, in the receipt Stamps, and in various other items intimately connected with the extent of trade, and of consumption.

There is yet another presumption in favour of the truth of our opinion, worth mentioning. To maintain the middle and other ranks of society in the style to which they have been accustomed, and enable them to bear the fearful load of taxation wrung from them in the most wasteful manner, with the many evils which monopolies and restrictions on trade occasion, it may readily be supposed that the full labour of all the industrious classes is required. Have they been all fully occupied for some years? Is it not the notorious fact, that since the Wellington administration was driven from office, the attention of all ranks has been turned to politics; that commercial confidence has been weakened, and an unwillingness to part with money created? Can all this be, without proving in the highest degree injurious to trade? Impossible.

At the risk of being very tedious, we have gone into the state of the middle classes at such length, because a knowledge of their condition is very difficult to be obtained; much more so than that of the highest and lowest ranks; and because we mean, in the sequel, to found a conclusion of no ordinary importance upon that condition of the middle classes which we have supposed.

We have now to advert to the state of the Working Classes. If we dwell a comparatively short time on *their* condition, it is not because we take little interest in *their* weal or woe. Far from such indifference is our feeling. The evils which fall upon the wealthy classes, we regard as nothing, compared with those which aggravate the poor man's lot. The bulk of a nation will always be poor. The poor, in fact,—meaning those who live by continual bodily toil, *are* the nation; the other classes being only the exceptions to the ordinary lot of humanity—that, by the sweat of his brow, man shall earn his food. Every legislative act should be considered, by the truly patriotic and humane, chiefly in relation to its operation on the poor. "Will it add to, or detract from *their* happiness?" should be the invariable question, which every legislator should ask himself, in the second place; the first question being, "Is the proposed act just or unjust?" The effect of a measure upon the condition of the rich is of comparatively trifling consequence. There are hundreds of poor men for one rich man; and let it never be forgotten that the poor are men, and the rich no more. In this country, by the operation of foolish and wicked laws, wealth has been accumulated in large masses, while the poor have been ground to the dust. One of the evils of such a state of things, is its tendency to produce an aristocratic feeling, which descends almost to the bottom of the social scale. We are all apt to be more or less aristocratical on the one hand, and the slaves of aristocracy on the other. The happiness of a Lord, or a private gentleman, or even of a shopkeeper, tradesman, or farmer, is of far greater consequence in the eyes of most people, than the happiness of a poor artisan. It is not so in the eye of God. To Him who made man, all men are alike. We are even told, in the sacred book, that God is the Friend of the poor, and the avenger of their wrongs. We are told, that he heareth their cry, but

vieweth the proud and lofty ones afar off. Let us, in this respect, endeavour to approximate to the divine feeling; and regard the happiness of the poor and the rich, as not of importance in proportion to their wealth or poverty, but as of equal value. Let the happiness of every human being be dear in our sight.

In what state, then, are the labouring classes at this time? The question is surrounded by none of the difficulties which beset us in the case of the middle classes. Men of the middle class may, for years, live upon their capital; be sinking steadily to poverty, and yet conceal their condition. But the poor man has little hoarded stock to resort to, and cannot conceal his wretched condition when his usual income ceases, or is diminished. There is no fact more generally admitted than that unusual and severe distress presses upon the working classes, both agricultural and manufacturing. One of the least satisfactory circumstances attending the late speech from the throne, is its making no allusion to that distress which the whole members of the House of Commons seem to admit pervades the country at this moment. Mr. Cobbett, a few days ago, stated in the House of Commons, that "in the district of Huddersfield, in Yorkshire, there are 40,000 persons, out of a population of 175,000, who have not more than from twopence to twopence halfpenny per day to live on;" "that this was the case throughout Yorkshire and Lancashire;" and he "read a paper, which had been generally circulated in Leicester, containing the particulars of five cases of workmen, whose average nett earnings did not amount to 4s. 6d. per week, although some of the unfortunate beings worked more than sixteen hours per day!" On the state of the Irish peasantry little need be said. It is wretchedness itself. According to Mr. O'Connell, two shillings per week is the common earnings of the people in the South of Ireland. In Scotland, the condition of the people, although not so bad as that of many of their English and Irish brethren, is yet one of suffering. The wages of labour are reduced nearly to the starving point; and poor miserable children are compelled, by their own wretched parents, to a degree of toil, the account of which, in the late voluminous Parliamentary Report on the Factory System, shocks every feeling of humanity. In point of actual present suffering, and permanent injury to the faculties, both physical and mental, the unfortunate young creatures in our manufactories may challenge the world. The Factory Report makes disclosures to which even Negro Slavery scarcely affords a parallel.

Having now discussed the present state of the three great classes of society, we proceed to the next subject of inquiry: What is the present state of the Nation, as a community? The answer is fearful. Loaded with a debt of such enormous magnitude, that payment of the principal has long been considered hopeless, and the regular discharge of the interest, a matter of some doubt and anxiety; oppressed with an expenditure on supernumerary generals, admirals, &c.; useless ambassadors, immensely overpaid; pensioners, sinecurists, and functionaries of all kinds, whose services would be dearly purchased by an individual at tens of pounds for hundreds and thousands that they cost the country in salaries, to say nothing of the evil they do in return for their extravagant pay; involved in quarrels with Portugal and Holland, with which we never should have had any thing to do, and which ought to be instantly dropt; the West India islands almost in a state of revolt; Ireland almost in a state of civil war; with a degree of distress prevailing among the people of the most alarming description; with a House of hereditary

legislators of the most aristocratic character, having interests directly opposed to those of the people, and a power conferred by our matchless Constitution to *nullify* every movement of the people and the people's representatives towards a better state of things ; with a House of Commons, which, although called *reformed*, is still very much after the composition of the old leaven, and in which there are not more than 130 declared friends of those radical reforms, to which alone the people can look for relief ; and with a ministry at the head of affairs, which, although it contain most able and estimable individuals, as a whole, does not seem equal to the crisis, and totally unprepared for leading on that encounter of the principles of Justice and Democracy with Injustice and Aristocracy ; which is as inevitable as the triumph of the side on which are found both might and right is certain to ensue. Such is the present state of the nation. Such is the result of Tory misrule. Such is the natural fruit of those institutions, which a still powerful faction ascribe "to the wisdom of our ancestors," and maintain ought to be held sacred from the touch of radical reformers ; of those institutions which the antagonist faction, now they are in power, plead should be subjected to only partial and gradual reform !

One of the most appalling circumstances of our condition is our debt. The nation is in debt the enormous sum of £800,000,000. And this is not the sort of debt which occurs when one man of skill and industry borrows the money of another man, to use it in trade for a time, and then restore it ; or to purchase or create a capital with it, of a different sort, in which the money is to be sunk for ever. In these cases, the sum lent remains in existence, either in its own form of a moveable capital, or in the form of lands, buildings, machinery, or goods. But the £800,000,000 which the nation owes are sunk into a gulf—gone for ever ; expended on "just and necessary wars," overgrown salaries, pensions, and sinecures. The money has been blown into the air, to the sound of "The Downfall of Paris," "God save Great George, our King," and other loyal and patriotic tunes ; and has not left a wreck, nor even the half-burnt paper of a cartridge, behind. The interest of this debt amounts to nearly thirty millions ; and the expenses of our government are twenty millions more. To meet these two sums, nearly fifty millions are taken from the people. And how is this sum taken ? From the rents of lands ? The landlords have often said so, and claimed the Corn Laws as a "protection from the foreign grower," necessary to enable them to pay the large share of taxation which falls on them. They have called themselves "The class which pays the Taxes." So far is that from being the case, however, that the share which they pay is comparatively trifling. Why, the whole rental of England, Scotland, and Ireland, does not amount to fifty millions ; and the rents have much to pay besides a share of the taxes. They have to maintain the proprietors and their families, pay heavy poor's rates and other local burdens ; also jointures and provisions to brothers and sisters. Moreover, the rents have to pay, in very many cases, large sums of interest of mortgages, not incurred on account of money borrowed to expend on improvements, but to be *spent* like the National Debt—to be *consumed*, leaving nothing behind. The landholders pay the taxes, forsooth ! Had the chief part of the burden of taxation fallen upon them, the burden would have been a lighter one. It was they that voted away the money ; it was they that laid on the taxes ; and they took care that the burden should chiefly fall on other shoulders than their own, viz., those of the middle and the

working classes, upon which two classes the sums raised by means of the Excise, Customs, Stamps, Post Office, and even the Assessed Taxes, chiefly fall.

If the national burdens are grievous in amount, and most unequal in their pressure on the rich and the poorer classes, the indirect manner in which most of the taxes are levied adds additional weight to the already sufficiently oppressive load. The person who consumes the taxed article pays, in addition to the article's natural price, not the tax merely, but also the same number of *per centages* upon it, according to the number of hands the article passes through, as upon the original cost of it to the person who paid the tax.

In the catalogue of the national grievances, the corn tax must not be overlooked. It has the remarkable property of being not a tax for the sake of revenue, but for the purpose of raising the rents of the landholders. This atrocious tax costs the people, it is calculated, about nineteen millions annually; while it is supposed not to benefit the landholders to more than the extent of five millions. But it is difficult to calculate how much injury to the nation the corn tax causes. This country possesses advantages for manufactures and commerce which no other nation can approximate. Our capital, our coal, our machinery, our skilful and industrious artisans, our intelligent and enterprising merchants and ship-owners, are admirably adapted to make Britain the wealthy emporium of the world; and our insular situation protects us from the necessity of any interference with the quarrels of the Continent. Our powerful navy yields us complete protection, and enables us to dispense with an army, except for the purpose of keeping, in forced subjection to bad laws, a suffering and indignant people. All we want is bread. The foreigner has it in abundance, and is anxious to exchange it for our manufactures. But the landholders, those who make the laws for this manufacturing and commercial nation, step in, and say to our artisans, "You shall not exchange with foreigners the works of your hands; you must buy your food of *us*. We cannot supply you except at a far higher rate than the foreigner's charge, it is true; nor can we, like him, purchase from you in return the large quantity of goods which you are able and anxious to manufacture. There is no denying the hardship of your case; but we must be protected from the foreign grower, although at your expense, otherwise our rents will fall." How long will this oppression be endured! Verily, our landholders are like the rich men we read of in the sacred Scriptures; they lay heavy burdens on the poor, while they themselves scarcely touch them with the tip of their finger.

It would be tedious to do more than allude to the East India and China monopoly, by which, along with the tax, our tea is made to cost us more than double its natural price; and the West India monopoly, which, besides making us abettors of negro slavery, raises the price of our sugar. These monopolies, and that of the Bank of England, we must, on this occasion, content ourselves with simply mentioning in the list of grievances. When we call the whole to mind, the immense sum taken from the people in taxes, the additional sum paid in consequence of the indirect mode of levying them, the effects of corn laws, of monopolies, of tithes, of local assessments; and, to crown the whole, the unequal pressure of the Excise duties, the bread tax, &c., upon the poor man and the rich,—the existence of great distress among the poorer classes, can excite no surprise.—We proceed to inquire into the present state of political feeling among the middle and lower classes of the community.

In times of prosperity, men are apt to give little attention to the system of government under which they live. If they are pillaged only under form of law, and their personal liberty be not interfered with, they are seldom disposed to question the acts of those in authority. They may be both heavily and unequally taxed ; but if the amount taken from them be concealed by indirect taxation, few murmurs will be heard. It is otherwise when distress comes on. The sum abstracted from a man's earnings, and the restrictions on the freedom of trade, then become objects of keen regard ; and if injustice be detected, a watchful eye is directed to the proceedings of that government by whose authority the injustice is maintained. Such an eye is now turned by the people to the proceedings of the Reformed Parliament and Earl Grey's administration. Every indication of the feeling of Ministers and the Parliament for the distress of the people is narrowly scrutinized. The ministerial organs of the press are read with eager attention. Not a single political article in the *Edinburgh Review*, not even a paragraph in the *Times* or the *Globe*, but is the subject of universal and anxious comment. There will not be a motion respecting any important measure in Parliament that will not be as keenly discussed by the people as by either House. Indifference, on the part of the people, to the conduct of their rulers, need not be hoped for. If the Ministry and the House of Commons show a sympathy with the sufferings of the people, and set earnestly about the redress of their grievances, all will be well. The people will endure the evils of their lot in patience, however great the pressure of calamity may be. But, if no sympathy with the national distress be shewn, the consequences may be terrible. Much has been hoped from the Reformed Parliament and Reforming Ministry—perhaps more than *can* be performed. If little be done, and that little with evident reluctance, great will be the people's disappointment. If that best security for the good behaviour of the present or any future Parliament, short Parliaments, be not granted ; if the ballot, in favour of which the working classes are unanimous, and the middle classes very nearly so, be refused ; if those odious monopolies, which were so eloquently opposed by the men now in power, be retained ; above all, if taxation be not reduced, and sinecures wholly abolished, there need be no expectation of quiet, nor of commercial prosperity in this country. One of two things will assuredly happen. Either the middle classes and the working classes will combine in Political Unions, to cause their voice to be heard by the Legislature, in a potential mood ; or the working classes, on whom the iron hand of poverty presses with the greatest force, will, in a moment of frenzy, caused by some deeply-felt wrong, break out into acts of outrage against their employers, whom, on account of their apathy, they may suppose to be in league with those who have given them insult for redress. Either event would be productive of much evil. The Unions have been long quiescent ; and we speak from knowledge when we declare that, if the Ministry and the Reformed House of Commons be true to the popular cause, the Political Unions will never be aroused from their present state of expectant repose, unless to lend their powerful aid to that House of Commons and Ministry, in an encounter with the House of Hereditary Law-makers, if their aid be required against so weak a foe ; or to carry triumphantly back into power, a Ministry whose devotion to the cause of the people may have a second time deprived them of office. Such a duty the Unions would perform with right good will. But if the Unions should be called into activity

against Ministers and the House of Commons, the least evil that would ensue, would be a system of agitation, producing a feverish irritation of the public mind, totally incompatible with the prosperity of the country. Should the agitation be continued for many months, commercial distress, general and severe, would be the certain consequence. Workmen, whom their masters had no longer capital to employ, would be discharged; and, rendered desperate by want, they would resort to outrage, no longer thinking of seeking redress of grievances by constitutional means. If the middle classes, instead of joining the lower at such a crisis, and heading a popular movement, should stand aloof in a state of uncertainty and trepidation, they would be regarded as enemies by the starving operatives, and lose all influence over them. We should have a renewal of the Swing fires; machine breaking; and perhaps, outrages upon even a larger scale than has been known to former times. The funds, and our whole extensive system of credit, might be in one instant blown into the air. We shall not pursue the fearful subject farther. Such a state of things, we rejoice to think, has very little chance of happening; for it could only result from the working classes being driven, by the pressure of absolute want, acting upon an intense feeling of oppression, to rise in a disorderly manner, and without the direction of those immediately above them, against that society which, by its foolish and wicked institutions, had mainly contributed to their misery; or from the middle classes deserting the lower, after co-operating with them for a certain time, instead of remaining united to them, giving the movement a good direction, and maintaining order. Neither such a separate rising, nor such a desertion, are likely to happen. We have much confidence in the working classes. Their conduct, throughout the Reform Struggle, was alike honourable to their good sense and good feeling towards those placed above them. But the possibility of such evils ought to be a subject of grave consideration to our rulers. The distressed state of the People is well known to them. Let them take care how they add the rage of disappointment, and the sting of insult, to sufferings which already have approached the utmost limit of human endurance.

## BRITANNIA COME OF AGE!

A NEW SONG.

*Inscribed to the Awkward Squad of the Rejected, at the Election of the First Reformed Parliament.*

"No one can read Sir Robert Peel's Speech, without knowing that it expresses the feelings of a great party in this country, which ought to be represented in Parliament." GLOBE NEWSPAPER.

WHEN school-days were o'er,  
And Lord Borough no more  
Could keep me under lock and key,  
I told the Tory crew,  
As they flock'd round to woo,  
That none of 'em would do for me—for me—  
That none of 'em would do for me.  
The first of the breed  
Was a big-wig indeed—  
Great bug-bear of Chan-ce-ry.  
I sent him with a bug,  
And a flea in his lug,  
Since he would never do for me—for me—  
Since he would never do for me.

Next came Weather-all,  
 With his shirt and his small-  
 Clothes, an outrage on de-cen-cy ;  
 Him too I sent a scudding,  
 For a crazy old jack-pudding,  
 And one who'd never do for me—for me—  
 And one who'd never do for me.

Then young Master Praed,  
 For the Muse who was made,  
 Though he fain would affect the M. P.,  
 Let him go *se faire valoir*  
 In some Tory blue boudoir,  
 As he will never do for me—for me—  
 No—he will never do for me.

Right honourable joker,  
 Mr John Wilson Croker !  
 It pains me your forlorn plight to see.  
 Sure you're not the self-same spark  
 That so man'd Mrs. Clarke !  
 Ah now you'll never do for me—for me—  
 Henceforth you'll never do for me.

Superb Sir Hal Hardinge !  
 Not a soul cares a farthing  
 For your spurs and your K. C. B.  
 You may take a quiet walk home  
 With the Murray and the Malcolm—  
 Or old Nicholas may take all three—all three—  
 Old Nicholas may take all three.

Lord Henley to paint  
 As a first-water saint,  
 His once wine-co-bibbers agree :  
 Being politically mute  
 About *Eden's* lawless fruit—  
 So my Lord will never do for me—for me—  
 My Lord will never do for me.

Who'd waste thought or song  
 On the pale virgin throng,  
 S\*\*\*\*o, S\*\*\*\*\*s, or D'I\*\*\*\*\* ?  
 The poor rejected rips,  
 Colonel Sibthorp, first of whips,  
 To Jericho may drive for me—for me—  
 To Jericho may drive for me.

Having now run my rigs  
 On the Tories—the Whigs  
 Themselves in the next squad may see,  
 I shall jilt 'em in a jiffy  
 If they blood-tinge the Liffy—  
 For then they'll never do for me—for me—  
 Oh then they'll never do for me !

## TAIT'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

**INTERCEPTED LETTERS.**—A more curious epistle than any which figures in Tommy Moore's Twopenny Post-bag, has lately embellished the columns of the Times. A letter purporting to be the production of the Rev. Jacob Brooke Mountain, son to the late Bishop of Quebec, and High Priest of the Lilliput of Toryism in the County of Herts. The Rev. gentleman who, for the last fifteen years, has been noted in the neighbourhood of Hemel Hempstead as man Friday to the Honourable Richard Ryder, and for affixing to his smallest note of invitation a seal bearing the device of "Church and State," illustrating a Bible and Crown, of the dimensions of those over Rivington's shop,—has indited to a brother Tory on the opposite side of the County, a very amusing sketch of the imbecility of his party,—the amplitude of their pecuniary, and paucity of their intellectual resources. He boasts that his friend Ryder has given several dinners "to sooth the trades people;" and promises to go about collecting subscriptions to repay the expenses of Lord Grimston's return, so far as may be consistent with his own dignity. Some years ago, the Rev. Jacob Brooke Mountain used to hazard the dignity thus highly prized, by causing his duties as Vicar to be performed by deputy on the Sabbath day, in order that, in his capacity copartite of County Magistrate, he might be at liberty to head a crusade against the alehouses of Hemel Hempstead, which waged successful war against his eloquence. During the very time of divine service the future Prelate would steal out of church, and, busy himself in collaring tipplers and vagrants, and consigning them to the parochial cage! His next labour of love in the cause of "Church and State," was by putting forth unreadable Jeremiads against Catholic Emancipation—his last, is before us! Oh! fie, Jacob! "Call you this backing your friends?" Rely on it there is no further chance of "your friend Ryder" being heard of, (like Patrick Heming in the ballad)—

"on the MOUNTAIN,  
Gold and silver to be counting!"

**THE NEW ERA.**—From time immemorial, certain ages or epochs have been named after certain characteristic metals; as the "Age of Gold," the "Age of Iron;" and we have ourselves been tempted to designate the reign of George IV. as the "Age of *Or Moulu*." But to the eye of the moralist, nothing is more amusing or instructive than the breaking up of one of these definite and characteristic stages of the world's existence. The decadence of the Age of Chivalry produced "Don Quixote,"—the decay of Monachism, "Pantagruel." Will no new Cervantes—no new Rabelais, arise and celebrate the disuetude of dandyism—the fall of fashion? We have heard it asserted that "P———" was intended as a satire; but connecting the axioms of the work with the manners and habits of the author, we cannot imagine that he devotes himself to leading a life of irony, by way of extinguishing, by exaggeration, the fopperies of modern society. The satirist of the Age of Corruption is still to arise; or if already in incipient existence, we could heartily wish that he may have witnessed the anomalous exhibition in the House of Lords, on the opening of Parliament; where the tail of the old order of things connected itself with the head of the new, to form the symbol of eternal Time! We cannot imagine a more striking and instructive picture, than the aged King, bowed down by the weight of years, and of his diamond crown,—his velvet, ermine, and unicorn,—supported on one side by the impassive Chancellor, on the other by the courtly Premier, (the lion and the unicorn of the regal escutcheon,) and brought forward to confront, in all the feebleness of infirmity, the daring energies of the representatives of the mighty nation delegated to his guardianship! The very chamber itself exhibits the discrepancies of a great moral transition. Its obsolete proportions and venerable tapestry, assimilate ill with the gaudy modern throne and benches; and it might be held as an impersonation of the new times and the old, to turn from the regal dais, with its robes of state, its gold and silver sticks, the woollack and its wig, the aristocracy and its robing of scarlet, to the assemblage behind the bar—the "Commons' House," in their every-day attire, but with no every-day energy of mental vigour to distinguish them from the common herd, whether patrician or plebeian. Of such a meeting, Lear might indeed have said that "one of us is sophisticated;" and to have witnessed it, apprehended the full force of the contrast, and moralized upon the lesson and its results, is a considerable source of triumph to those whose hopes are centred in the regeneration of the human race. One article of the speech from the throne produced an unprecedented effect upon the house. On his Majesty's allusion to the views of Government on the subject of Church Reform, a sudden



cloud was observed to arise at the upper end of the chamber, which, on inspection, proved to be the wig-powder, set in motion by the sudden vibration of the ~~Right~~ Reverend heads appertaining to the bench of Bishops.

**CITY OF THE DEAD.**—A new cemetery of considerable extent, on the plan of the celebrated Cimetiere du Pere La Chaise, has just been consecrated in one of the most picturesque and secluded spots in the neighbourhood of London. It is surprising that an institution so intimately connected with the decencies and tenderesses of life, should have been so long neglected. The parochial burial grounds of the metropolis are of the most wretched and repellant description; and nothing has been more noticed by foreigners than the deficiency of a metropolitan cemetery to unite, in a common shrine, those great national names which pride or prejudice excludes from the immaculate precincts of St. Paul's or the Abbey. Sterne, for instance, lies unhonoured in the corner of an obscure burial ground in the Bayswater Road,—Mrs. Siddons in the cemetery of a Chapel of Ease at Paddington,—Hazlitt in the churchyard of St. Anne's, Soho. Henceforward, the mortal remains of the immortal will be so deposited, that future generations may gratify themselves by a pilgrimage to the spot; while the plantations and gardens that intersect this new City of the Dead, will tend to dispel all gloomy associations; and impart a mournful attraction to the catacombs, and family Mausolea now constructing at Kinsal Green. The cemetery of Pere la Chaise is supposed to be more visited by travellers than almost any public monument of the French metropolis.

**EXTRACT FROM THE MORNING POST OF 21st FEB., 1843.**—Never, perhaps, at any time of our history, has court intrigue been so severe or so craftily conducted, as at the present epoch. The decision of the House of Commons upon the Bill sent thither by the Upper House, for legitimating the birth of the Fitzjordan family, is altogether incredible; and so nearly balanced is the strength of the rival factions, that to this hour each trembles for the result. To the nation and to ourselves, however, the struggle is of little moment; for it is perfectly evident, whichever party succeeds, that the people will be the gainers. The present contest, in the estimation of every man whose eyes are not blinded by party infatuation, has materially accelerated the approach of that glorious day, the advent of which every well-wisher of his country unceasingly prays to behold; and we trust that before this day twelve-months, our columns, instead of being polluted by the details of dirty trickery and knavish rapacity, nublously avowed by a fast-fading Aristocracy, will be occupied in discussing the qualifications of some individual who may be chosen to fill the Presidential chair of the BRITISH REPUBLIC! We invite the particular attention of our readers to the speech of Lord Lyndhurst in the House of Peers last night, wherein he demonstrates that the salvation of the country depends solely upon the immediate institution of a Republic; it is one of the most masterly efforts of oratory ever heard within the walls of Parliament, and was ably supported by the luminous observations of the Marquis of Londonderry.

We cannot do better than exhort our easily excited countrymen of the north to be cautious and chary of those political charlatans who call themselves the true friends of the people. The inflammatory address of the poor infuriated creature *Sadler* to the Macclesfield mob, in which he urges them to the immediate use of arms as the best means of securing the great national blessing of a republic, must be as disgusting to all good and reflecting men, as it must necessarily tend to retard the measure. The opinions of such a man as Michael Sadler are not worth the breath which utters them, were it not for the known support which a certain 'noble' duke affords to this babbler. His Grace of Newcastle may be willing enough to figure away as CITIZEN CLINTON; but he may take our word for it, he will never reach the *Presidential Seat*!

**FROM THE STANDARD OF MARCH 1, 1843.**—Nothing definitively has yet taken place relative to the appointment of a successor to the late Archbishop of Canterbury. The preferment, we know from official information, has been offered to more than one Reverend Gentleman of the Wesleyan church; but in each instance civilly declined, without naming any specific reason for the refusal. It must be quite clear, however, that the miserable pittance attached to the appointment is the great obstacle in finding a successor. From the pious habits and lowly living of Bishop PHILPOTTS, no individual could be better qualified to undertake the responsible offices of the PRIMATE, but this, unhappily, is impossible, by reason of the act passed some sessions ago, which interdicts translations.

# MONTHLY REGISTER.

## POLITICAL HISTORY.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

THE first reformed Parliament met on Tuesday the 29th of January. The business in the House of Lords, in which the attendance of the Peers was small, was confined to reading the Commission for the opening of Parliament; the Lord Chancellor taking the opportunity to announce that his Majesty would, as soon as the Members of both Houses were sworn, declare in person the cause of his calling together the Parliament. In the House of Commons, between three and four hundred Members were present, an unusually large number at the opening of Parliament. The House immediately proceeded to the election of a Speaker. Mr Hume commenced the business of the day in a long and able speech, and moved that Mr Littleton, the Member for Staffordshire, a gentleman in every way well qualified for the office, be elected. The motion was seconded by Mr O'Connell, and supported by Mr Cobbett, in a powerful and effective speech; but being opposed by Ministers and the Tory party in the House, it was lost by two hundred and forty-one to thirty-one. Lord Morpeth proposed the re-election of Mr Manners Sutton, the former Speaker, although he had retired from the office at the close of the last Session of the former Parliament, on a pension of £4000, on the account of bad health. Lord Morpeth's motion was seconded by Sir Francis Burdett, and, after a debate which lasted upwards of three hours, it was carried without a division.

The support given by Ministers to Mr Manners Sutton has had a great effect in creating a suspicion throughout the country, that they are anxious to coalesce with the Tories, in order to secure such a majority in Parliament as will enable them to resist the effectual reformation, now so loudly called for, of the numerous abuses

in Church and State, and those measures which the independent Members of the new Parliament, with the great majority of the people, consider indispensable, to perfect the working of the Reform Act. The re-election of Mr Manners Sutton was ostensibly supported by Ministers almost entirely on account of his great experience, and his eminent qualifications for the office; and if they spoke as they thought, they must consider it nearly impossible to have the office adequately filled by any other person. They must, therefore, pray that his health and life may be continued during all the period that they remain in office, at least; for they must suppose that his death or incapacity would place the House in the most deplorable predicament. It has been felt by the country as little short of an insult, that, in the first freely elected House of Commons, a person should be appointed to preside, who exerted all his influence to prevent the success of the Reform Bill, and who, as well as his family and connections, has long wallowed in wealth wrung by every species of device from an impoverished people. The best defence which the Ministerial organs of the press have been able to devise, is that, by appointing Mr Manners Sutton to the Speakership, they thereby rid themselves of the opposition of a Member who might otherwise have given them much trouble in a House led by so inefficient a debater as Lord Althorp. It will require, however, much exertion on the part of Ministers to recover the shock which their popularity has sustained, by their first step in the Reformed Parliament.

The period between the 29th January and 5th February was spent in swearing in the Members of both Houses; the appointment of Speaker having been graciously approved of by his Majesty on the 31st January. On Tuesday the 5th February, Parliament

was opened by the King in person. An expectation, which was pretty generally entertained, that a great change would be made in the style and matter of the Speech from the Throne, and that it would on the present occasion resemble, in some small degree, the able messages which the President of the United States is accustomed to deliver annually to Congress, was disappointed. The Speech partook of the vagueness and inanity to which we have been long accustomed in such documents. After an allusion to the unsettled state of affairs in Belgium and Portugal, from which no information as to the intentions of Ministry on the Belgian and Portuguese questions could be learned, it was remarked, that the near expiry of the Charters of the Bank of England and East India Company, would require an early revision of these establishments. It was then announced that the attention of Parliament would soon be directed to the state of the Church, more particularly as regards its temporalities and the maintenance of the clergy. The complaints which have arisen from the collection of Tithes, it was said, required a change of system, and it was suggested that it would be proper for Parliament to consider what remedies might be applied for the correction of acknowledged abuses, and whether the revenues of the Church might not admit of more equitable and judicious disposition. In Ireland, a commutation of Tithes and the reformation of the Church, were recommended to attention; and it was remarked that, although the Established Church of Ireland is by law permanently united with that of England, the peculiarity of its circumstances would require a separate consideration. The conclusion of the Speech was, however, its most remarkable portion. It caused a great sensation throughout the United Kingdom, and particularly in Ireland. After pointing out the insubordination and violence, which were said to have arisen in the latter country to the most fearful height, his Majesty proceeded,—“I feel confident that to your loyalty and patriotism I shall not resort in vain for assistance, in these afflictive circumstances, and that you will be ready to adopt such measures of salutary precaution, and to intrust to me such additional powers as may be found necessary for controlling and punishing the disturbers of the public peace, and strengthening the legislative union

between the two countries, which, with your support, and under the blessing of Divine Providence, I am determined to maintain, by all the means in my power, as indissolubly connected with the peace, security, and welfare of my dominions.” His Majesty read the Speech in a very loud and distinct voice, and delivered the last passage with marked emphasis.

The Speech was far from giving satisfaction to any party, except the thick and thin supporters of Ministers. Although measures were intended to be resorted to for the coercion of Ireland, it was surely unnecessary to allude to them in the King's Speech, and thus irritate and offend the Irish before the Ministry had an opportunity of developing those measures intended for their relief, which might have reconciled them, in some degree, to the demand, on the part of Ministry, of powers of coercion beyond the law. The total absence of all allusion to the distressed state of the country—to any intention of revising our system of taxation, which has of late years been clearly proved to bear with undue pressure on the middle and lower classes—and to West India Slavery, was productive of much disappointment. In the House of Lords, the address to his Majesty was moved by the Marquis of Conyngham, and seconded by Lord Kinnaird, in a maiden speech. The Earl of Aberdeen, in a long and desultory harangue, attacked the foreign policy of Ministers, particularly their conduct on the Belgian and Portuguese questions, and was ably and satisfactorily answered by Earl Grey. The Duke of Wellington followed up the attack of the Earl of Aberdeen on the foreign policy of the Ministry, and denied the charge, which had been pretty broadly insinuated by Earl Grey, that the King of Holland had been encouraged in his obstinacy by the counsels of the Tory party. The Duke also touched on the question of Church Reform, and the state of Ireland. After a few remarks from the Earl of Roden on the latter topic, and of the necessity of keeping up the connection between the English and Irish Churches, the address was carried without a division.

In the House of Commons the motion on the address gave occasion to one of the most remarkable debates which was ever heard within the walls of Parliament, and which was continued with great eloquence and talent for four days; a circumstance, we believe, without

parallel on motions for an address in answer to the Speech from the Throne. The debate was opened by the Earl of Ormelie, the successful candidate against Sir George Murray, for Perthshire. In the course of his speech the noble Lord spoke at some length on the disastrous state of Ireland, which he attributed to misgovernment and agitation; and he alluded very pointedly to the proceedings of Mr O'Connell and the other repealers. The motion was seconded by Mr Marshall, one of the members for Leeds. The allusion to the state of Ireland, and to the Repeal of the Union, in the King's Speech and the address, naturally called up Mr O'Connell, who, in a speech which increased the reputation even of his well known talents and eloquence, detailed at great length the numerous evils his countrymen had so long suffered, and concluded with moving, that the House resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House, to take into consideration the address of his Majesty. In the course of his speech he triumphantly defended himself against the attacks of the Earl of Ormelie, and gave his Lordship some sound advice, which we trust will not be lost on him in his future Parliamentary career. The amendment was merely seconded by Mr Cobbett. Mr Stanley attempted to answer the arguments, and to refute the statements in point of fact, brought forward by Mr O'Connell, but failed in the attempt. Mr Roebuck asserted that the conduct of the Government tended to raise a civil war in Ireland; and attacked, with irresistible force, the dilatory and evasive proceedings of Ministry in regard to the taxes on knowledge. After a disjointed and unconnected harangue from Lord Althorp, and speeches from Mr Grattan and two or three other Members, the first day's proceedings were adjourned.

It will not be expected that, in the limits necessarily assigned us, we can notice any considerable number of the speeches delivered during this remarkable debate. From the present agitation in Ireland of the Repeal of the Union, and the disturbed state of that country, the debate was almost entirely confined to Irish affairs. Neither Mr O'Connell, however, nor any other of the Repealers, though taunted by the Whigs, would enter fairly into the discussion of the question of Repeal. Mr E. L. Bulwer commenced the debate the second day, and ably opposed the coercive system

towards Ireland. His remarks on Mr Stanley's declaration with regard to the finality of the Reform Bill, led to an explanation from that gentleman, from which we infer that he really does consider it a final measure in so far as relates to the representation of the people. Mr Tennyson, after advocating the necessity of the vote by Ballot, and shortening the duration of Parliaments, moved an amendment to the part of the address regarding Ireland, to the effect that if, under the circumstances which might be disclosed to them, they should be induced to intrust his Majesty with additional powers, they should accompany that acquiescence by a diligent investigation into the causes of discontent in Ireland, with a view to the application of prompt and effectual remedies; and that, although it was their duty to receive the petitions of the people of Ireland with regard to the legislative union, and to leave themselves free to consider that subject, yet they would support his Majesty in maintaining that union against all lawless attempts to defeat it. Mr Macaulay spoke at great length on the question of the Repeal of the Union; and shewed, from the evidence of history and by irresistible arguments, that it was impossible that Ireland could continue with a distinct legislature from England, for any considerable length of time, without leading to a separation of the countries. Mr Shiel spoke with his usual eloquence, but avoided discussing the question of Repeal, and, consequently, did not answer the arguments of Mr Macaulay. Mr Charles Grant, whose opinions on Irish questions are valuable from the intimate knowledge he possesses of Ireland, addressed the House in a long and able speech, and supported the immediate granting of more extensive powers to Ministers. After hearing Mr D. W. Harvey, Lord John Russell, Mr Ewart, Mr Barron, and Sir Robert Inglis, who considered the proposed interference with the Church as a spoliation which would speedily lead to its ruin, the House adjourned.

Mr Hume opened the debate the third day. He complained that no speech from the throne had ever touched so lightly on the general interests of the country. He hoped that Ministers would state their intentions with regard to the burdens which peculiarly affected the middle classes; and after going through the various topics in the speech,

concluded by defending the conduct of Mr O'Connell, and declaring his intention of supporting Mr Tennyson's amendment. Major Beauclerk pursued the same course of observation as Mr Hume. Mr Cobbett compared the state of Ireland with that of the American colonies when they rebelled, and read several passages from their Declaration of Independence. Mr R. Ferguson, Mr B. Hall, Mr Tancred, Lord Ebrington, and Sir R. Peel, supported the address. Sir Robert Peel, however, declared, that he should resist all measures that would turn church property from ecclesiastical purposes, though he was prepared to go into an inquiry as to its abuses.

On the fourth day, the subject of Irish affairs was somewhat varied, by an incidental discussion, which arose as to the operation of the oath administered to Catholic members in taking their seats, when questions connected with the Established Church came under consideration; and by a theory maintained by Colonel Torrance, that the distresses of Ireland did not arise from her poverty, but that, on the contrary, the introduction of more capital would be injurious to Ireland. After a lengthened debate, which lasted till three in the morning, the House divided on Mr O'Connell's amendment. For the amendment, 40

Against it,	428
Majority for Ministers,	388

Mr Tennyson then moved his amendment, which was seconded by Mr Hume.

For the amendment,	393
Against it,	60
Majority,	333

The only Scotch Members in either minority, were Mr Kinloch and Mr Wallace.

Notwithstanding the ample discussion of Irish affairs which we have just noticed, the same topic was resumed on the 11th of February. On the motion, that the report of the address be brought up, Mr O'Connell again spoke at great length on the distresses of Ireland, characterizing the address as brutal. Mr Spring Rice proved, from the evidence of Parliamentary documents, that the assertions of the Irish Members, relative to the decrease of the prosperity of Ireland since the Union, were unfounded. He was followed by Mr Cobbett, Mr

Robinson, and by several of the Irish Members. On the question, that the report be read, Mr Cobbett again spoke at great length, and went into an irrelevant, but amusing, detail, regarding the sinecures and places held by Lord Plunkett and his family, whom he denominated young Hannibals, from his Lordship having declared, at the time of the discussions regarding the Union, that he would not only resist it to the last gasp of his existence, but that, when he found his life about to close, he would, like Hamilcar, the father of Hannibal, take his children, and upon the altar of his country, swear them to eternal hostility and hatred to the invaders of his country. Mr Cobbett proposed an amendment, to a similar effect as that of Mr Tennyson's on a preceding night; which was seconded by Mr Fielden. In the course of Mr Cobbett's speech, he was repeatedly interrupted by laughing, and by other attempts to silence him; but without effect, as he successfully resisted all the efforts made against him. We mention this circumstance, as it was the first attempt made to put down a Member, by interruption, in the reformed Parliament. Mr Thomas Attwood, the celebrated chairman of the Birmingham Political Union, spoke against the address; and, on a division, there appeared for the amendment, 23

Against it,	323
Majority for Ministers,	300

Though this discussion of Irish affairs occupied the attention of the House for five nights, the time cannot be considered as unisspent. Every one who will calmly and dispassionately peruse the debate will be convinced, that the Repeal of the Union, instead of proving a remedy for the evils under which Ireland has so long suffered, would aggravate them tenfold. The impossibility of the two countries continuing in disunion for any considerable length of time, with two independent legislatures and one executive, was demonstrated by Mr Macauley; and Mr Spring Rice shewed, by the best evidence, that the notion entertained by many of the Irish, that their country has decayed in wealth and prosperity since the Union, is without foundation. The debate will also convince the repealers, that it is in vain to expect that Parliament will ever consent to a repeal; for all parties in the

House, with the exception of a few of the Irish Members, agreed in denouncing the Repeal of the Union as destructive to the Empire.

On the 12th February, Lord Althorp brought forward his plan for the Reform of the Church of Ireland.

The following is a correct summary of the leading points of the Bill:—

1. *Church cess to be immediately and altogether abolished.* This is a direct pecuniary relief, to the amount of about L.80,000 per annum.

2. A reduction of the number of archbishops and bishops prospectively, from four archbishops and eighteen bishops, to two archbishops and ten bishops; and the appropriation of the revenues of the suppressed sees to the General Church Fund.

Archbishoprics to be reduced to bishoprics,—Cashel and Tuam.

Bishoprics (ten) to be abolished, and the duties to be transferred to other sees,—Dromore to Down; Raphoe to Derry; Clogher to Armagh; Elphin to Kilmore; Killala to Tuam; Clonfert to Killaloe; Cork to Cloyne; Waterford to Cashel; Ossory to Ferns; Kildare to Dublin.

3. A general tax on all bishoprics, from five to fifteen per cent, to be imposed immediately.

4. *An immediate reduction from the Bishopric of Derry*, and a prospective reduction from the primacy, in addition to the tax; the amount to be paid to the General Church Fund.

N. B.—The net incomes of all the archbishops and bishops of Ireland amount to L.130,000. The plan will effect a reduction of about L.60,000.

5. An immediate tax on all benefices, from five to fifteen per cent, in lieu of first-fruits, which are hereafter to cease. Benefices under L.200 to be exempt, and the tax to be graduated according to the value. Total income of parochial clergy under L.600,000.

6. An abolition of all *sinecure dignities*, and appropriation of their revenues to general fund.

7. Commissioners to be appointed to administer the fund, and apply it—1st, To ordinary church cess; surplus to augmentation of poor livings, assistance in building glebe houses, churches, dividing unions, &c.

8. Commissioners to have the power, with consent of Privy Council, of dividing and altering limits of parishes.

9. Also, where no duty has been per-

formed, nor minister resident for three years before the passing of the act, Commissioners to have power to suspend appointment, (if in the gift of Crown or Church,) and apply proceeds to general fund.

10. *Tenants of bishops' leases* to be empowered to purchase the perpetuity of their leases at a fixed and moderate amount, subject to a corn rent equal to the amount now annually paid in shape of rent and fine.

N. B.—This is the application to the bishops' leases of the principal of the Composition Act, so far as it precludes the possibility of future increase.

14. *The proceeds of these leases* to be paid to the state, and applicable to any purposes not connected with the Church. The amount, if all purchase at a low rate, will be from L.2,500,000 to L.3,300,000 sterling.

The commutation of tithes for land, and the laws of enforcing residence, and prohibiting pluralities, to be the subject of other bills.

The following is the scale of deduction:—Upon livings under L.200 a-year, Government do not intend to impose any tax. From livings between L.200 and L.500 a-year, it is intended to deduct five per cent; from livings between L.500 to L.700 a-year, six per cent; from livings between L.700 and L.800 a-year, seven per cent; from livings between L.800 and L.1000 a-year, ten per cent; from livings between L.1000 and L.1200 a-year, twelve per cent; and from all livings above L.1200 a-year, fifteen per cent. This will create a fund which, assuming the tax to be seven per cent on the whole amount of the benefices of Ireland, will yield L.42,000. Where an incumbent holds more than one living, he pays the rate of tax applicable to the amount of the whole, for the livings are not to be taxed separately. For the reduction of the bishoprics, the following scale is proposed:—Upon the revenues of those bishoprics which are below L.4000 a-year, a tax of five per cent is to be imposed; upon those between L.4000 and L.6000 a-year, seven per cent; upon those between L.6000 and L.10,000 a-year, ten per cent; upon those between L.10,000 and L.15,000 a-year, twelve per cent; and upon all above L.15,000, fifteen per cent. The net revenue of the bishopric of Derry, which is L.12,659, and which bishopric was received by the present bishop with an understanding that the

revenue was subject to reduction, is to be fixed at L.8000 a-year, which will be reduced to L.7200 by the operation of the tax.

This plan was most cordially received by the Irish Members. Mr O'Connell said, he had been more gratified than he could express, and would give his best support to a proposition so well founded both in principle and in practice. His Majesty's Ministers had acted most wisely in bringing forward a plan, good in its present operation, and containing principles that might be of the greatest future benefit. Mr Barron hailed the intended measure of the Noble Lord with great satisfaction, and could assure him, that it was calculated to add more to the strength of the Protestant Church in Ireland than any other measure within his control. Mr Ruthven, one of the members for Dublin, was not so well satisfied with the measure; and, therefore, proposed an amendment, to the effect that it was expedient to inquire into the present state of the Irish Church, with a view to an entire modification of its temporalities, and the appropriation of its revenues to their original purposes; but, as he did not find the amendment meet with support, he afterwards withdrew it. The high Tory party, of course, expressed their dissatisfaction with the plan, but no amendment was proposed by them; and leave was given to bring in the bill without a division.

The Irish Members are the best judges of the proposed reform, and we hope the people of Ireland will be as well pleased with it as their representatives. To us, it appears that the plan is only calculated to divide more equally the revenues of the Irish Church among her sinecure clergy, without materially abridging their amount. The reduction in the number of bishoprics is of little value, unless the revenues of those suppressed are applied to secular purposes. The abolition of the church cess is the only immediate gain; for we fear that the sums estimated to be derived from the sale of the bishops' leases will not soon be received. We do not, indeed, understand how, if a corn rent equal to the present rents and fines is to be paid by the tenants, they should be willing to give six years' purchase of the converted corn rent for a perpetuity; but this part of the plan has not yet been sufficiently explained. The whole revenues of the Irish Church were estimated, by Lord Althorp, at only L.800,000, a much

smaller sum than had been generally estimated. The number of benefices is 1401.

On the 14th February, Mr Pease, a Quaker, was, on the report of a committee which had been appointed to search for precedents, allowed to take his seat as a Member of the House, on making his solemn affirmation at the table, instead of taking the usual oaths. A committee of inquiry into the state of the municipal corporations in England and Ireland was, on the motion of Lord Althorp, appointed. Mr Hume afterwards brought forward two resolutions; the first declaring, generally, the propriety of the utmost attention to economy in the public expenditure, and the second, that the existence of sinecure offices, and offices executed by deputy in the army and navy departments, is unnecessary and inexpedient. This motion was seconded by Mr Robinson, and ably supported by Mr O'Connell, Mr Roebuck, Major Beauclerk, Mr Cobbett, Mr Shiel; but being opposed by Ministers, was lost by 232 to 138, being a majority of 94. Among those whose opposition to the measure was least to be expected, was Sir Francis Burdett, the "man of the people," who, of late years, has assumed a decidedly conservative cast in his political opinions. The loss of these very reasonable resolutions makes us doubt much whether the reformed Parliament is likely to fulfil the expectations which were generally entertained of it. If the Members will not vote for the abolition of military and naval sinecures, little hope need be entertained of their reducing the taxation, or alleviating its pressure, by a more equal distribution of the burden. Only eight Scotch Members voted in the minority,—Lord Dalmeny, Messrs Gillon, Kinloch, J. Oswald, R. A. Oswald, R. Pringle, Wallace, and Wemyss.

It is highly creditable to Lord Dalmeny, surrounded as he is by the leaders of the Whig party in Scotland, to have thus thrown himself loose from their trammels, and asserted his right to give an independent vote; and we hope it may be accepted as a good augury of his future career in public life.

In the House of Lords, no questions of any interest came under discussion, until Earl Grey brought in his bill on the 15th February, containing the coercive measures proposed against Ireland. It is, in fact, a declaration of war against that country, and places it beyond

the pale of the British Constitution. The measure is worthy of Castlereagh, and forms a striking confirmation of the truth of our anticipations of the consequences of allowing Ireland to be ruled by the Marquis of Anglesea and Mr Stanley,—men valuable in their proper departments, but utterly unfit to govern a country reduced to the state which Ireland now presents. By this act, which in reality places the country under martial law, the Lord Lieutenant may suppress any meeting he thinks proper; he may proclaim any district to be disturbed, and so bring it under the operation of the proposed act. In a proclaimed district, no public meeting can be held, without ten days' notice to the Lord Lieutenant, and his approbation of its object. Courts-martial are to be formed, with extensive powers, by the Lord Lieutenant, consisting of from five to nine officers, a majority of whom are empowered to give a decision. These courts are not to try capital offences without the authority of the Lord Lieutenant; and, in such cases, the punishment to be awarded is transportation for life, or for any period not less than seven years. Any one found out of his house, in a proclaimed district, between one hour after sunset and sunrise, is guilty of a misdemeanour, and may be summarily apprehended and imprisoned. Houses may be searched between sunrise and sunset, and force may be employed if entrance is refused. Any person disposing of a seditious paper, in a proclaimed district, is liable to a year's imprisonment. To prevent, as it would appear, any redress even for the abuse of these extraordinary powers, nothing done in pursuance of the Act is to be questionable in any civil or criminal court, but only in courts-martial; that is to say, redress is to be sought from the delinquents themselves. Persons may be imprisoned wherever it is thought proper, whether the place be an ordinary jail or not. The Habeas Corpus Act is suspended for three months, as far as regards every person detained under the Act, and no offence is bailable. In short, the Marquis of Anglesea, who has stated it to be his belief that he is the most unpopular man in Ireland, is to be made the Dictator of the country. The measure of course met with the decided approbation of the Tory peers, who seemed to think that it did not go far enough! That it will have the effect of causing a temporary tranquillity in the

districts to which it is applied, supported, as it will be, by an overwhelming force of military, police, and yeomanry, we cannot doubt; but that any permanent tranquillity will arise from so fearful a system of coercion, we do not expect. It is far from improbable, indeed, that still farther inroads on the liberty of the subject will soon be resorted to. The Bill gets over one part of the difficulty of obtaining convictions, by dispensing with juries; but witnesses will be as unwilling to appear before courts-martial as they are at present to appear before the ordinary tribunals of the country. To complete the measure, therefore, it will be necessary that trials should take place *au secret*, and that secret military inquisitions should take the place of trial by one's peers. It is disgraceful to the Whig Government that matters should be brought to such a pass. They might, at any time they chose, during the last two years, have removed the grievances of Ireland, and conciliated her population; they have preferred attempting to vindicate the authority of unjust laws; and have been forced to terminate their efforts by the suspension of all law, and the placing of the Irish beyond the pale of the constitution.

IRELAND. — From the proceedings of Ministry and their statements in Parliament, we are forced to conclude that Ireland is almost in a state of rebellion, a fact which we could hardly have discovered through the ordinary sources of information. The National Council, which met in Dublin in the latter end of January, was attended by about thirty of the Irish Members of Parliament. The form of the proceedings in Parliament was in some measure imitated, and a variety of evidence was adduced before the Council, as to the grievances of Ireland. On the whole, however, we are inclined to think that little benefit was derived from this assembly.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The foreign news of the month possess little interest. The King of Holland is as obstinate as ever, and it is strongly suspected that he is secretly supported by Russia. By imposing a heavy tax on the navigation of the Scheldt, he seems determined to force Britain and France again to resort to hostile measures. Don Pedro continues in his old quarters, and nothing of importance has occurred, unless the



retirement of the Marquis of Palmella from his service is so to be considered. The new general, Solignac, has been defeated in a sortie. The cause of the defeat is generally ascribed to Don Pedro withdrawing a body of troops which were intended as a reinforcement. Spanish affairs continue in an unsettled state. An armistice has been concluded between

Ibrahim and the Sultan of Turkey, and peace will eventually, we have no doubt, be purchased by the surrender of Syria. The dispute between Carolina and the Government of the United States continues unsettled, and preparations are making on both sides for an appeal to arms; which we earnestly hope may still be avoided.

## STATE OF COMMERCE, MANUFACTURES, AND AGRICULTURE.

FEBRUARY, 1833.

THE accounts from the manufacturing districts inform us, that the manufacturers are almost all employed; but the profits, we fear, are extremely low; and the wages are barely sufficient to preserve the operatives from starvation, even although their labour is almost incessant. We refer to an article on the "State of the Country," in this number, which will be found to contain some information on this subject.

**COTTON MANUFACTURES.**—There has been a considerable increase in the export of cotton yarn during the last twelve months, as compared with the preceding year. To Germany alone the increase amounts to near nine millions of pounds weight, and to Russia six millions. The export to India was considerably less than in 1831; and shipments of this article to the Mediterranean, shew a considerable diminution in quantity. The exports of piece goods, however, appear to have been less extensive last year than in 1831. In plain and printed calicoes the decrease, it appears, amounted to near fifty millions of yards. There seems, however, to have been a larger export of muslins, fustians, and some other articles of inferior importance. The prices of cambrics, and of some kinds of calicoes, and of coarse goods generally in the west of England, have been on the increase. Cotton weaving is brisk, and a small advance of wages has been made by the masters; but the workmen can, with difficulty, earn more than six shillings per week; a power loom weaver will earn seven shillings per week. Though the number of power-looms in Hyds, Duckingfields, Sayley-bridge, and Aslton, amount to at least 14,000, preparations are making for 2000 more. The cotton factories at Rochdale, Heywood, Bury, Oldham, and other places, are working full time, and preparations are making for the building of new factories. At Paisley the shawl trade is uncommonly brisk, and the price of weaving in this branch is on the advance. The finer descriptions of shawl borders are paid 8d. per cover above the table price, which is an advance of one-third on the whole. There has not been so much doing in the imitation line since the years 1824 and 1825; and, indeed, the quantity of these goods made at present is far greater than that of those years, although the price of weaving is now 4d.

per cover lower than was paid at the above mentioned periods. With the exception of silk gauze, the prices of weaving every sort of fabric manufactured, have risen considerably within these few weeks, and the usual number of workmen are fully employed; while in the silk gauze department the price is steadily pressing downwards, and a very considerable number of the hands are still idle. For the last three years there has been very little doing in this line, except during the spring and summer months. It may appear strange, that while weavers for harnesses in Paisley are in much request, and are receiving a premium to take work, besides a very handsome advance of wages, in Perth harness weavers are dreading to be paid off. The fact is, that the fabrics made in Paisley are of the finest quality, and of such variety, that they are suited for every market; while at Perth they are confined to an article, a great part of which is intended for the Turkish market. The least commotion in that quarter has a powerful effect. It is a well known fact, that the Navarino business ruined the harness trade for a long period. Other branches of plain work continue in a languid state. In the umbrella cloths, no advance of wages has taken place, although all hands are employed. Striped gingham, crams, and pullicats, are at least as low, if not lower, than ever. At Kilmarnock the shawl printing establishments are fully employed, and the various classes of artisans connected with these works are in receipt of comfortable and regular wages. The weavers even are at present without complaint. Some employed in harness work make very high wages; and such as are engaged in manufacturing the cloth used by the shawl printers, are likewise enabled to earn a very comfortable livelihood.

**THE WOOL AND WOOLLEN TRADES.**—These trades, so intimately connected together, are in a state of much activity, and, we hope, of prosperity, though the manufacturers are compelled to put up with a low rate of profit. The work-people in the woollen districts of Yorkshire are generally well employed; the mills are in pretty full work; and the domestic manufacturers could sell even more goods than they make, as is proved by the state of the Leeds and Huddersfield cloth-halls. Within the last two

or three months a considerable advance has taken place in the price of the raw material. Long English wools have risen about ten per cent, and the finer qualities have also experienced some advance, though not to the same extent. Foreign wools have risen from ten to fifteen per cent. The advance in the price of the raw material was looked to by the manufacturer, before it took place, with considerable apprehension: it was believed that the advance then expected was to be ascribed rather to the short supply of wool in the country, than to an extraordinary demand on the part of the manufacturers, and that there would not be an advance in the price of manufactured goods equal to that in the raw material. We are disposed to think, that, though there is some truth in the notion of a short supply of wool, yet the manufacturer has been able to obtain an advance on his goods, which nearly, if not entirely, compensates him for the increased cost of the wool. The woollen weaving about Rochdale was never known to be so brisk; some of the factory people have gone to this trade, and an advance of wages has been given by some masters. At present 7s. 6d. per week is the highest average earnings. At Bradford business is much brisker, and in a more healthy state than has been known for several years. Every mill or warehouse is in full employment, and many orders that have been standing over for four months, cannot be executed. Stuffs have risen in correspondence with wool, and on some fabrics 3s. 6d. per piece advance is readily obtained. We notice an advance on the dyeing of wool blue, and of stuff goods in most colours.

**ROCHDALE FLANNEL MARKET.** — The demand for low goods has been of late greater than the supply. Fine goods are rather heavy, and the manufacturers of superior qualities find great difficulty in obtaining an advance equal to that which is realized in the wool market; but altogether the flannel market has not for many years past been known to be as brisk at this advanced season of the year. The weavers confidently expect an advance in their wages, and if the demand continues, no doubt it will be obtained. A little advance in low qualities has been given by some of the manufacturers, and it is expected it will be general.

**CARPET TRADE.** — The trade of Kilmarnock participates in the general improvement which seems to pervade the most of the large manufacturing towns of the united kingdom. The carpet manufactories are all in full work.

**SILK TRADE.** — The demand recently has considerably improved, and advanced prices have been obtained for most qualities. The silk weaving at Middleton, Falsworth, and the neighbouring towns, for several miles round Manchester, is very brisk; so much so, that the weavers confidently anticipate a rise in wages. The fancy weaver can earn about twelve shillings per week, and the plain sarset weaver about eight shillings. The calico and

silk printing is more brisk at Middleton at the present time than it has been for the last ten years. The silk and cotton dyeing is also good: a cotton dyer earns, on an average, twelve shillings per week, and a silk dyer fifteen shillings.

**MANUFACTURING TRADE AT KIRKCALDY.** — Nothing, since the panic in 1825, has occurred to affect this trade in any material degree. Previous to the peace, it consisted almost wholly of ticks and checks. Dowlass is at present the staple article; and the trade is on the increase. The demand for mill-spun yarn has been uncommonly brisk for these some months past; 3 lb. 2s. to 2s. 1d. The weavers are all employed, and would fain hope for better wages.

**LEATHER TRADE.** — The state of the tanning and leather trades is extraordinary. Leather is now dearer than it was during the war, and yet bark was then from £10 to £14 the ton, and leather paid a duty of 3s. the lb.; while at present no duty is paid, and bark is only from £5 to £6 the ton.

**TOBACCO.** — The price of leaf tobacco has advanced, within these two months, 50 per cent, owing to a failure in the crops. In consequence, an advance of 4l. per pound in the price of manufactured tobacco has taken place.

**SHEFFIELD.** — A considerable improvement has taken place in many branches of the local manufactures. In some of the larger establishments, the quantity of work given out lately exceeds that given out in the like period of the preceding year.

**IRISH MANUFACTURES.** — Very great activity prevails at present among the manufactures of Belfast, occasioned by the demands of the English market. This is a satisfactory and cheering proof that the free intercourse between England and Ireland, so far from being injurious to the Irish manufacturing interests, has a direct tendency to promote them. Trade was never better in Ireland than it is at this moment. The plentiful crops of corn and potatoes last year are the principal cause of the activity.

**COMMERCE.** — It appears by a table which has been published, that since the principle of free trade has been adopted, although there has in fact been a decrease of British tonnage of about ten per cent, the decrease of foreign tonnage, in 1832, has been more than double than that of British. The total decrease in the port of London in the year 1832, as compared with 1831, is 8794 vessels, 1,666,478 tons. On a comparison of the number of ships of all nations which have passed the Sound in the years 1831 and 1832, it will appear that a considerable decrease has taken place in the last year on the Baltic trade. The total number of vessels which passed the Sound in 1831 was 12,938; in 1832 they amounted to no more than 12,302. In 1831, the number of British ships which passed was 4776; during the last year, 1832, it amounted only to 3331.

The peculiar situation of the United States, and the manifest intention of the Government

to make an alteration in the tariff, are already producing its effect upon the unemployed capital in this country. Speculation has begun, and the woollen manufacture in particular feels its effect.

The American merchants in this country, from a serious conviction that the repeal of the obnoxious tariff duties will take place, with the least possible delay, have in many instances transmitted large orders to the manufacturing districts for articles which will be chiefly affected by the reduction.

An ingenious plan to alter the whole system of the sugar trade, has been submitted to his Majesty's ministers, and to the principal houses connected with the colonial trade in London; it has produced a great sensation. It is contemplated that only one process should take place in the West Indies,—that, after the boiling of the sugar cane, the proceeds, in a fluid state, should be shipped for England, to be manufactured here. By a patent taken out, the fluid, by one process, is to be manufactured into refined sugars. The process of making Muscovado sugar, and distilling rum, would all be in England. The person who has submitted this plan has taken out a patent for the refining, by one process, the fluid into lump sugar, in most of the European countries, and, we believe, in America. The plan will create a complete revolution in the sugar trade. It is entertained by the ministers, and approved of by the first houses in the West India trade. The scheme is not new—it has been carried on at New York for six years, by the same gentleman who has now taken out the patent for this country. The cane juice about to be imported into Great Britain, goes through the process to that point which, it is stated, will prevent fermentation on the voyage; it has been contracted for at 15s. per cwt., deliverable in this country, the buyer paying freight, insurance, and all other charges. Lord Auckland, the President of the Board of Trade, has authorized the import at a duty of 12s. per cwt.; of course the latter will be liable to alteration, according to circumstances; it will thus be laid down on the wharf at the rate of 32s. or 33s. per cwt.; and it is calculated that one-half the weight will be sugar.

AGRICULTURE continues in a very depressed state, and the notice given of a motion to bring the Corn Laws under the consideration of Parliament, by preventing speculation, has tended to depress the prices of grain. During January, some few purchases of grain on speculation took place, and on the 25th of that month, 561 quarters of wheat were sold at Haddington, at an average price of 50s. 6d. per quarter, being the highest average during the preceding four months. But the grain markets have since become very dull. The average of the price of grain by which the duty on importation is regulated, for the week ending 14th February, compared with the aggregate average of the five weeks preceeding, shews a decline on every species of grain except rye.

	Weekly Average.	Aggregate Average.	Duty.
Wheat,	53s.	52s. 11d.	34s. 6d.
Barley,	27s. 2d.	27s. 8d.	21s. 4d.
Oats,	17s.	17s. 4d.	21s. 3d.
Rye,	33s. 3d.	32s. 11d.	21s. 5d.
Beans,	30s. 5d.	31s. 4d.	22s. 9d.
Pease,	35s. 1d.	37s. 10d.	14s.

Large quantities of potatoes have been shipped in the Tay for the London market; the price given is 9s. per boll, of 32 Dutch stones.

The price of lean cattle has continued pretty steady, and as there has been abundant food for them, they have not been readily brought to market. Fat stock has been selling at remunerating prices. Wool has risen from 15 to 20 per cent during the last four months, and although it is all out of the hands of the farmers, the prospect is cheering for the ensuing season. In the English markets, cheese is selling lower than it has done for many years.

HORSES.—At the Stirling Candlemas Fair, above the usual number were shewn, many of which were of a superior description. Prices were considered to be from 7½ to 10 per cent above those of last year. The best draught horses from £33 to £37. Colts and fillies rising four years old were most in demand, and brought, the former from £25 to £30, the latter from £25 to £27 10s. Good draught horses were from £12 to £15; inferior animals at all prices from £3 upwards.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SKETCH-BOOK OF FASHION.\*—Of all existing novel-writers, the world of Great Britain, Ireland, and the dependencies, could least spare Mrs. Gore; the laughing satirist of "Fashionable Society," and the best shot at "folly as it flies" that ever made a successful debut in New Burlington Street. In her works we

have the point, brilliancy, lightness of touch, and witty harmless malice of a French writer, in alliance with the shrewdness and range of observation of a very clever woman, who has seen, and who knows the world," and *bottomed* (as Dr. Johnson might say) upon a deep stratum of English sterling sense. Late in the month as her tales have reached us, we have turned them eagerly over, even from

\* Beatty, London.

"The Pavillon" to "The Intrigante." Their scope and tendency is similar to that of her earlier writings; namely, to expose by dissection, and shame by ridicule, the heartless, joyless, hollow vanities for which persons in a certain rank in life, under the bondage of conventional forms, barter away their peace, and destroy their happiness and self-respect. Nothing but the sprightly wit, and graceful badinage of the writer, could, however, reconcile us to so many lords, ladies, baronets, squires, and nabobs, with their respective women-kind, cut so much upon the same pattern; and to the endless varieties of the vapid, the pompous, the selfish, and the hollow-hearted, as she pinned down and exhibited struggling and wriggling for our amusement. We hope, that having, as she announces, closed accounts with the aristocratic dynasty of George IV., she will carry her unequalled powers into the broader field of common life. The seven TALES, which form the present work, lack nothing of the spirit of Mrs Gore's previous delineations, and display even more originality of invention. In "The Pavillon," the little intrigues and petty manœuvres of a Court and its human appendages, were displayed with the truth of a French memoir. To the philosophy of the *denouement* we object. The triumph of Lady Grasmere is scarce worthy of so charming a person's ambition. "My Pac e in the Country" is the most amusing tale in the volumes. What a revelation of of the small motives, and petty means, and paltry ends of a set of "good enough sort of people." As this book will be read by every body, we take leave to point out—would we could quote it—pouting Mrs. Martindale's invalid supper, and her confidential conferences with the *moral* member: they belong to the richest comedy. *The Second Marriage*, is toned to younger and higher minds. It is not a tale of the fashionable world, nor of the world in the every-day sense of the word at all. With a little of the romantic and improbable, it abounds in delicacy and beauty of language and sentiment. *The Manœuvrer Outwitted, or Relations from India*, is an exceedingly clever sketch, in which poetical justice is rigidly executed upon a cunning catch-match widow, dexterously caught in her own toils. This tale, with many good ordinary characters, has one undoubted original, Mrs. MacWinnepey, a shrewd, meddling, bitter dowager, that accepts the homage, the presents and flatteries of the legacy and husband-hunter who seeks to make her a prey, sees through her paltry arts, and maliciously plays with, mooks, and

disappoints her. But it is for the last tale the authoress has reserved all her strength. It is a politico-moral story of the close of the reign of George the IV. Like Apelles, the painter of the *Intrigante* has borrowed here a feature, and there a grace, and from many quarters snatched an "art" to make up in her heroine, the first embodying of female political intrigue and ambition which has found its way into any English work of fiction. The delineation cannot be without its use. It gives us as high an idea of depth of the writer's mind as we previously entertained of her talents and sprightliness.

THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.—THE ROBBER OF THE RHINE.\*—The first volume of this formidable rival to the *Minerva*, and other romantic presses, was the *Ghost Hunter*, by Mr Banim, which we noticed last month. The second volume is the production of the editor; and is likely to be much admired by young novel readers generally; but especially by such as like strong emotion, bold, and *outré* characters, and a bustling, stimulating story. Many of the scenes are stirring; and of Jews, robbers, &c., &c., there is no end. There is, moreover, a noble and generous hero, and a heroine, all Shaksperian in her devotedness, and high-minded constancy. We wish all success to "the Library of Romance."

THE GEORGIAN ERA.†—This is a brief biography, commemorating the most eminent persons who have flourished in Great Britain since the accession of the Hanoverian family. It is well compiled, and neatly printed; and will form a useful book of reference to many. In it the professions are divided, and professional men classified; so that turning to the Lawyers, we have Brougham, Thurlow, Ellenborough, Mackintosh, &c., &c., —to the Navy, Rodney, Nelson, Howe, &c., &c.; and this is observed throughout every department, which we imagine is a new method, and one that certainly favours lucid arrangement.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PRINCES OF INDIA, &c.—This volume, written by an officer in the East India Company's service, along with an *Historical Sketch of the Native Princes*, embraces the more important object of tracing their connexion with Britain, as allies or stipendiaries, and their present political relations with this empire, and each

\* Smith, Elder, & Co.

† Visctally, Branstone, and Co. London.

other. The work is useful from bringing within small compass the contents of many volumes, from which its condensed information is gathered. The author expresses his gratitude to several gentlemen, who in Indian affairs are certainly qualified to impart the most valuable knowledge. The approaching discussion, or shall we say *crisis*, in the Company's affairs, gives the work a temporary interest besides what belongs to it intrinsically.

**INDIA'S CRIES TO BRITISH HUMANITY.**—This work is already well known in the religious world; and that a third edition is required, inspires us with the hope that the benevolent object of the author has been responded to throughout Britain. The abolition of *suttees*, the prevention of *infanticide*, the subversion of idolatry, and generally the improvement of the social condition of the native inhabitants of British India, is the humane and truly Christian design of this meritorious volume, which is worthy of all encouragement from such as lay these things to heart.

**THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA.**†—Of this fascinating volume what can be said, but that here we have collected the last essays of him, whom “none but himself can parallel.” If pronounced inferior to the first selection, what is that but saying that in subtilty, tenderness, and a certain rare, quaint, and delicious humour, these Sketches must remain unique and unapproached among English compositions, save by a second best, the present volume, namely. The book is rather high-priced, as times go; but then it is worth its weight in gold.

**WHYCHOTTE OF ST. JOHNS.**—This is the title given to two volumes of Essays and Sketches, grave and gay, moral, biographical, and critical, and of varying degrees of literary merit; though, while some are excellent, all are respectable. Some of them we must have seen before; for we cannot take credit for dreams so full of liveliness and beauty; but as these are subjects upon which publishers or authors have of late resolved not to speak, and may have good reasons for silence, we shall be equally mysterious. It will excite the curiosity of all the world, when we mention that we have sketches of Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Arbuthnot, and Mrs. Henry Grey of Edinburgh; Sir Hudson

Lowe, Professor Smythe of Cambridge, Young Napoleon, and Earl Grey, with the Spectre of the Bloody Head, making altogether very agreeable, light, half-hour reading; though a few *particularities*, we shall not call them *personalities*, might have been spared.

**ARTHUR CONINGSBY.\*** What shall we make of this romance? It has little story, and not much character; and is nevertheless marked by talent of no ordinary kind. In every page, it bears evidence of the rich and prolific, though immature mind of the writer; of his cultivation and elegance, and taste in the arts; along with a very remarkable unskilfulness in the construction of a novel of every-day interest. There is a feebleness and haze over many parts of the story which looks as if it were a translation; and though many separate scenes are powerful, especially those on Paris; as a whole, it is far from being so effective as the genius displayed by the author ought to have made a work which bears no mark of haste.

**LIFE OF COWPER, COMPILED FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE, BY THOMAS TAYLOR.†**—A Life of Cowper, with as much as possible of his correspondence, is a work which should form a household book in every family that understands the language in which the most popular and beloved of modern poets wrote. Every one likely to purchase this work is already aware of its material; the inimitable letters of Cowper are interwoven into an accurate and luminous narrative, by a writer already favourably distinguished among the working bands of literature; and who is filled with admiration and sympathy for the subject of his interesting memoir. He has executed his task with delicacy and fidelity, and in doing so, performed a useful, and, we doubt not, acceptable service, in placing within the reach of ordinary readers, the biography and the essence of the delightful correspondence of Cowper.

**LIFE OF MILTON, BY THE REV. MR. IVEMEY.‡**—Milton has, by his former biographers, been principally considered as a poet. In this Memoir, his prose writings—some of them among the noblest effusions of genius, united with the purest love of truth, and the highest spirit of independence which the English language boasts—have been more fully considered than in any previous life.—

\* Simpkin and Marshall.

† Moxon, London. Pp. 283.

\* Eppingham Wilson, London, 3 vols. Pp. 370.

† Eppingham Wilson, London, 3 vols.

‡ Smith & Elder, Pp. 308.

Though it would not be easy to satisfy us with a memoir of Milton, and though the present one does not by any means realise our *ideal*; the cause of truth, freedom, and Christianity is largely indebted to the author for the attention which his work must draw to the opinions and sentiments of this noblest of English patriots and poets. Mr. Ivey indulges in a vein of lamentation over some of the erroneous notions avowed by Milton at one time of his life, and never formally disclaimed, which strike us as infinitely too lackadaisical. Otherwise we commend his work as highly laudable in the choice of the subject, and respectable in execution.

**THE DEATH-BED OF POLITICS, OR THE COMING OF THE COMET, WITH HUMOROUS ETCHINGS.\***—The political writers do owe us some atonement for the perpetual *boring* of the last two years. This wit is, however, rather behind time. The portentous Comet has passed for once, and, uncathed and quit for our fears, we laugh at the danger, and think no more of its tail than if it were that of a paper kite; nor unless it re-appear in that point of the horizon where we look for Ireland, shall we be easily frightened a second time.

**THE BRITISH LIBRARY,†** intended to comprise all the British Standard Authors.—The first volume of this new Library is a reprint of one of the most popular and delightful books we know, *White's Natural History of Selborne*. It is illustrated by a variety of amusing miscellaneous notes from the pen of Captain Thomas Brown; and forms a neat, and marvellously low-priced volume. There are, among the other charms of the edition, a few woodcuts of birds, some of them of almost *Bewickian* beauty and liveliness.

**THE VOICE OF HUMANITY;‡**—Some months back we had occasion to notice the labours of the ASSOCIATION FOR PROMOTING RATIONAL HUMANITY TOWARDS ANIMALS. We rejoice to see that this body is still proceeding in their Christian course, and would earnestly recommend the record of their transactions, but above all, their hints, suggestions, and plans for suppressing cruelty, and encouraging humanity to the inferior creatures. There is, in our mind, little doubt that ignorance and thoughtlessness is as frequently the cause of brutal and disgraceful cruelties to animals, as inherent de-

pravity and malevolence; and this the periodical publication of this association must tend to correct. The Society numbers among its members some of the most eminent individuals of the age, in worth and in station, and deserves the support and cordial co-operation of every merciful man. The *fearly* volume just published contains many useful and valuable papers; and we would particularly recommend it to those who compile cheap books for the people, and for children. It is very low-priced, for we believe the Society is principally supported by subscriptions from benevolent individuals.

**AUTUMN LEAVES\*—**This is a volume of original tales and poems published at Haddington; the joint contribution, it would seem, of the wits and minstrels of East Lothian and Berwickshire. It is pleasant to find the influence of the "humanizing muse" so widely diffused in Scotland, that wherever a printing press is pitched, thence, in a few months, an original volume is sure to issue; which, in literary merit, would, half a century back, have been looked upon as a world's wonder. There are many pretty things in the East Lothian volume, though the verse is, as usual, superior to the prose.

**THE SPLENDID VILLAGE, CORN LAW RHYMES, and other POEMS, BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT, with Portrait, &c.†**—It gives us sincere pleasure to see this neat and compendious edition of the poems of Elliott of Sheffield published at a rate which enables every one to obtain them, who indulges in literary luxuries at all. But this volume is among the works which must be considered *necessary* by all those who could raise their heads but one inch above the clods of the soil, the Poet of the People being even more eminent as a moral and political teacher, than as "a sweet singer." The length at which his works were lately noticed in this Magazine, precludes our dwelling on them again. Every passing day is extending their popularity, and confirming the judgment passed by the Edinburgh Review, the New Monthly Magazine, and by the whole of the liberal press, on their singularly gifted author. The portrait shews a man of middle age, with an expressive physiognomy, and a high, and finely expanded, forehead.

**A TREATISE UPON THE LIGATURE OF THE ARTERIES, TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF DR P. J. MANEC. BY J. W. GARLICK AND W. C. COPPERTHWAITZ,**

\* Ridgway, London, Pp. 40.

† Chambers, Edinburgh; Orr, London.

‡ Agent and Publisher, Nisbett, Borne's Street London.

\* George Tait, Haddington; Pp. 264.

† Stiel, Paternoster Row, London, Pp. 284.

M.R.C.S. Pp. 227. Plates. — The process by which the closure of an artery is effected by the application of a ligature, is a subject upon which much contrariety of opinion has hitherto existed among very many eminent surgeons. While some have held that the obliteration of the cavity was produced by the adhesion of the arterial parietes brought into approximation by the mere pressure of the ligature; others have maintained that it was altogether consequent upon the internal effusion of lymph, whereby the opposite surfaces of the extremity of the vessel are united in the same manner as soft parts in general are healed by the adhesive inflammation.

The present work is the result of some very elaborate experiments, apparently instituted by the learned author less for the purpose of reconciling conflicting hypotheses by physiological examination, than for the higher purpose of discovering the most proper course to be pursued in so important a department of operative surgery as the suppression of arterial hæmorrhage.

The coagulum, or clot of blood produced by the application of the ligature, has been deemed by several writers as altogether accidental, and of little concern in the establishment of a perfect and permanent closure; indeed, Mr Guthrie broadly asserts, that, although it certainly assists in maintaining a permanent closure of the artery, he does not believe that its formation is absolutely necessary to such an end. Dr Manec, on the contrary, insists that a coagulum of considerable size is *absolutely necessary* for securing the success of the operation; its union with the internal membrane of the artery being the only preservative against consecutive hæmorrhage; and we think his deductions sound, and his arguments very forcible.

He is led by this fact to inquire, what are the best known means of encouraging the formation of this clot, and of assisting in the operation thus commenced by nature for effecting the necessary closure, and discusses the relative value of ligature compression and

torsion with much ability; and his "deductions," twenty-six in number, are a code of laws with which every practitioner ought to be familiar.

The work is illustrated by fourteen coloured lithographed drawings, exemplifying the operation in various situations of the body, which will be found eminently serviceable to the operator. To the provincial surgeon, who possesses not the advantages of constant access to the hospital practice of large towns, it will be invaluable; as it contains a body of important evidence on a much disputed point, and sound practical advice upon a subject to which his manual interference is frequently directed.

To the translators much praise is due; for, in addition to their labour as "doers into English" of a highly useful foreign publication, they have given several excellent appendices, in which appear copious extracts from the works of most of the writers of eminence who have in any way directed their attention to the subject.

INDIGESTION: ITS CAUSES, CONSEQUENCES, AND TREATMENT. By R. J. CULVERWELL, M.R.C.S. London. — This neat little volume, avowedly addressed to the non-medical reader, contains a rapid sketch of the digestive function, and so much of the physiology of the subject, as tends to enlighten the dyspeptic upon the hidden matters connected with functional derangements of the stomach, and upon the most rational mode of self-treatment in various stages of this universal and distressing complaint. The phraseology, though divested of all professional technicalities, and somewhat quaint, is light and readable, while the views taken by the author are strictly correct. From the observations on dietary treatment, and the ample instructions given upon the properties of various foods, it will be found a valuable guide to invalids labouring under occasional paroxysms of dyspepsia, and we may safely recommend it to their perusal and attention.

## THE FINE ARTS.

FINDEN'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF BYRON. Part II. Murray and Tilt. — This number is, unquestionably, one of the very best of those which have yet appeared. The contents are wholly views: 'The Drachenfels, the Bridge of Sighs, and the Bernese Alps, by Turner; the Bridge of Egnippo, and Tivoli, by Stanfield; the Acropolis, by Harding; and the Convent of La Pena, by Colonel Batty. With the exception of the latter, which is rather heavy and sombre, and good only as a foil to the others, they are all exquisite productions. The view of the Acropolis is a charming picture, and quite worthy of Mr Harding's growing cele-

brity as a landscape painter; the name of Mr Cousen is appended as the engraver, and his performance is creditable alike to his own skill, and to the discrimination of the Findens, by whom he was selected. The two vignettes, and the Drachenfels of Mr Turner, are excellent. The genius of this gentleman is truly under "skiey influences;" for to it we mainly owe all that rich and varied assortment of scenery in "cloud-land, gorgeous land," which is so conspicuous in the landscapes of modern days, and which reduces the modifications of this less ethereal and more matter-of-fact earth of ours into subjects of almost secondary importance. A

bit of sky, fresh from Turner's pencil, is richer in value than many a spreading scene

Of hill, and dale, and greenwood tree,

wrought by famous hands in the days of yore. Very many pleasant views of Tivoli have we seen in our time, but surely never one more picturesque than this by Stanfield. The rude and rustic bridge in the centre of the view, and the quiet homeliness of the foreground, are in beautiful contrast to the stately ruins behind, and give an air of nature to the scene which identifies it at once as an actual portion of this habitable world. We are sure it is not a "composition,"—the strained invention of some classic visionary, who huddled together a heap of temples and aqueducts, palaces and impossible places, where men and women might have had nothing in the world to do but worship the gods (when they were in office,) and amuse themselves in processional sacrifices, dancing to tamborines, and dragging along refractory bulls by the horns. We could slake our thirst any day by looking upon Stanfield's sea or river views; the water is so *watery*—pure, liquid, and refreshing. That placid sheet over which he has thrown the Bridge of Egnippo is just such: it is a sweet picture.

Like sundry great poets, whose last stanza is the echo of the first, we repeat our opening,—This number is, unquestionably, one of the very best of those which have yet appeared.

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCOTT. Parts 12 and 13. Chapman and Hall. — It is announced that the future numbers of this pleasing work (to terminate with the twenty-fourth) will each contain two portraits and three landscapes, in order that the whole of the "principal female characters" may be included. This is a judicious and liberal boon to the subscribers, to whom the arrangement cannot fail to be gratifying. We have, therefore, in the two parts before us, the portraits of Isabel Vere, Edith Bellenden, and Jeanie Deans. Among the landscapes, the castle of Crookstone, (Abbot,) in which the Queen held her first court after she was married to Darnley—the Cross of Melrose—Kennaquhair, (Monastery,)—and a view, by Stanfield, of Edinburgh Castle, are the most attractive.

Illustrations are also announced by the same publishers, of the life and poetic works of Sir Walter Scott.

MEMORIALS OF OXFORD. No. IV. Tilt. This work, when completed, promises to be not only a serviceable record to the mere historian, but an acceptable *refresher* to those whose days of adolescence were passed among the many, the delightful, the hallowed scenes thus memorialized. The west front of Christ Church, and the interior of the hall, form the subjects of the engraving in this number; which contains in addition, five well executed wood-cuts.

## THE DRAMA.

THE "acted English Drama" will soon, we fear, be words applied to forgotten matters. At both Drury Lane and Covent Garden the Pantomimes have been succeeded by foreign *Ballets* and troops of tripping exotics, to the utter astonishment of the town, and the ruin of sorrowful numbers of native professionals.

All the world allows—that is, all England, Ireland, Scotland, and the colonies—that the British legitimate drama is so positively rich in sterling merit, and all that is excellent in composition, that it is not only unequalled by the productions of any writers in the living languages, but that it must for ever be an imperishable fund of delight to the universal public, provided always that the public be in taste pure and untarnished,—that they be not agitated by more powerful excitement, or affected by some such disastrous circumstance as the want of time or want of money,—that the performers be qualified artificers,—that the house be adapted,—and that the manager be a fit and proper person to be the guardian of that ward of fading charms—the legitimate drama.

Now "it is matter of history," as his Grace of Wellington says, that the public have repudiated the object of its old attraction, and fixed their affections on strange and

impure sources of pleasure; and the managers of the theatres have been soundly rated, as the chief cause of this calamity, by pandering to their corrupt fancies.

A great deal of unnecessary nonsense has been consequently said and written upon the misconduct of these personages, in attempting to substitute for the legitimate drama the exhibition of beasts, ballets, pantomimes, and pictures. We beg with great humility to ask, have not tragedy, comedy, and farce, in the most legitimate of all their legitimate aspects, and in all their infinite varieties, been one after another tried, and found totally in attractive? Has not Shakespeare been read to empty benches? Has not pure comedy in all its versions by dramatists, old and modern, been walked through by clever companies before thin, shivering, and undelighted audiences? Is a manager to go to the Fleet in support of a legitimacy the public care nothing about? Is a manager, the salaried servant of the public, to take any special charge of the legitimate drama? Is his insolvency to be its only crutch? Stuff! It is not for him to run counter to the public craving, be it what it may. He is too much absorbed in the contemplation of vulgar money-taking and money-payment to be disturbed about their



vitiated appetites. His one engrossing thought is the payment of rent. While idle scribblers are straining their taper intellects to manufacture dolorous trash about the decline of the drama, he, unmoved by the drivel, is ever and anon warily measuring the comparative distance between himself and the Commissioners of the new Bankruptcy Court. As a man of common prudence his main object is, to watch in what direction runs the current of public taste, and follow in its course: it is not for him to breast it. If the public prefer a menagerie of savage animals to pure dramatic representation, what cares he in his capacity of manager? As a man of taste he may deplore the public degeneration as sincerely as his neighbour; but as the lessee of a theatre, he must do his best to procure the largest money-paying audiences he can coax together, and let the public take care of their own taste. As a man of business, he is bound to protect his own immediate interests, and adopt such means to replenish his treasury as shall honestly enable him to fulfil his pecuniary obligations—not to the public, who care no more for his success than a horse for a hammock—but to the lessees.

It is wrong to assert that managers have warped the public taste by catering to its depravity,—such is not the fact. There is not a theatre in London, major or minor, which has not produced dramatic pieces, if not actually “legitimate,” of the true legitimate stamp, (to use words to which it is difficult to attach precise meaning,) and performers of great skill to support them; and there is scarcely one in which it has not proved a signal failure.

We sincerely deplore that the pure dramatic works should be thus comparatively shelved; but we must admit in common candour, much as we question their judgment in some matters, that it is not the fault of the managers, and they therefore have our unqualified permission to go on and prosper, if they can. Other means must be devised to lead back those who have strayed, to a sense of their present naughtiness; and we may by and by try our own hand in the dispensation of that wholesome chastisement which, properly applied, will enable them to see the error of their ways.

**KING'S THEATRE.**—The opera season commenced on the 16th. The “event” occurred under auspicious aspects. “*La Cenerentola*” of Rossini was the opera selected for the occasion; and the “Faust” of M. Deshayes as the ballet. In the former, Madame Boccabadati, from the Theatre Royal Italien, at Paris, appeared as the heroine, and was lucky enough to make a favourable impression. As a singer she evinced good taste and power: we do not mean vocal animal strength, but the discreet adaptation of her voice to the feeling intended to be communicated by the music, and the ability to convey it with success. She is by no means a florid singer, but confines herself

strictly to the task assigned to her performance. We are right glad to see our old friend De Begnis upon these boards, and give equal welcome to Donzelli.

The ballet of “Faust” produced quite a sensation. It has been got up with great splendour. Though the preliminary diablerie, (borrowed from “*La Tentation*,”) by which the powers of him whose name is never breathed to ears polite are made manifest to the aspiring Faust, was picturesque and imposing, it pleased us not. It was too palpable, and therefore smacked more of the absurd than of the awful. There requires to be something of a shadowy indistinctness about such affairs to make the blood creep,—something of a mysterious, illegible, undefined ambiguity, to set the roused imagination in full hunt after supernatural horrors.

There are Mad. Montessu, Madlles. Adele, Pauline Leroux, MM. Albert, *pere et fils*, Coulon Perrot, under present engagement; and others, renowned in name and heel, about to follow. Great things may be expected about this time.

**DRURY LANE.**—The revived opera of “*Don Juan*” most excellently got up, “the Nervous Man,” in which Farren and Power have again over immortalized themselves; and the long announced ballet of “*La Belle au Bois Dormant*,” have been all working wonders for this house. M<sup>lle</sup>. Duvernoy appeared as the Princess Ysault. This beautiful little lady requires to be seen often before a correct opinion can be formed of her abilities. Her reputation is high, and her face and form lovely to a luxury, so that it were not difficult to trip up the heels of stern criticism. The scenery is gorgeous generally, but the last scene is enchanting quite. The chief novelty, her *pas de deux*, is, that the eye no longer reposes in the wilderness of empty benches by which it was wont to be refreshed during the season,—they are now actually occupied.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—“Neil Gwynne” has had a successful run, and promises to become an old acquaintance with play goers yet. Peake’s “*Smuggler Boy*” the same. Little Poole is a marvelous creature. It is sad to think how frequently precocious talent sinks into mediocrity: from the most disinterested, as well as the most selfish feelings, we fervently hope that here may be the exception which shall prove the rule. “*Kenilworth*” is the ballet at this house, and very magnificently has it been produced. This theatre is better attended than it used to be, but we still hear that M. Laporte would give “not a trifle” to be rid of the concern wholly.

**EDINBURGH THEATRE.**—The chief attraction at this theatre, during the last month, has been the admirable exhibition of the light-hearted and vivacious Irishman, by the celebrated comedian Power, who is as great a favourite in Edinburgh as he is in London. More delighted audiences it has never been our chance to witness.

## IRISH COERCION BILL.

THE country is threatened with calamities of such alarming magnitude, that although that portion of our impression which goes to London has been already dispatched, we eagerly take the opportunity that yet remains to us, of addressing a few words to the People of Scotland, to the People of Ireland, and to his Majesty's Ministers.

A Bill for totally suspending the liberties of Ireland has been brought into the House of Lords by Earl Grey; pushed forward with unprecedented speed, amidst the unanimous cheers of the Tories; and been already passed in that House, with the concurrence of nearly the whole of our Hereditary Legislators. Into a detail of the provisions of that Bill we need not enter. The newspapers have already made them familiar to all. Had all of those Edinburgh newspapers which profess liberal principles accompanied their promulgation of this atrocious Bill with the expression of that indignation which such a measure might be supposed to call forth, from every enlightened journalist who aspires to rank above the mere tool of a faction, this Postscript should not have been written. But the Edinburgh press, we grieve to see, is engaged in palliating the atrocity of this deadly wrong to Ireland, representing it as imperatively called for, and hallooing on Ministers in their mad career. Such conduct in some of these papers, which have been long regarded as the Guardians of Liberty, constrains us to speak.

That this coercive measure is, in the highest degree, unconstitutional, is admitted by Earl Grey himself, and is not denied by any one of its approvers, either in or out of Parliament. The alleged excuse for it is, that it is necessary. This Bill is intended, as the preamble informs us, to put down "a dangerous conspiracy against the rights of property and the administration of the laws;" "tumultuous movements of large bodies of evil-disposed persons, who have, by their numbers and violence, created such general alarm and intimidation as materially to impede the due course of public justice, and to frustrate the ordinary modes of criminal prosecution;" "meetings and assemblies inconsistent with the public peace and safety, and with the exercise of regular government." The real purpose of the Bill is here at last avowed. It is a Bill to put down public meetings for the purpose of petitioning against Tithes, or for the Repeal of the Union. But the right of holding public meetings for the discussion of grievances is a principle so well recognized by the people of England and Scotland; and the authors and abettors of this gagging Bill have been so much connected with such assemblies during their struggle with the Tories, that had such been declared to be its object when it was first announced, public indignation would have been too strong to admit of any hopes of the Bill being carried. The course that has been pursued has been cunningly devised. No allusion was made, in the discussion on the King's Speech, to public meetings, or to the resistance to tithes; but only to those murders and outrages which are but too common in Ireland. Long catalogues of murders, forcible seizures of arms, threats of death to Jurors, &c., were brought forward. Public feeling was excited. Ignorant people, in both Houses of Parliament, and throughout the country, expressed their horror at such crimes. "The perpetrators of such enormities must be put down," "life and property must be rendered secure," were the common remarks. Will this co-

ercive measure put down murder and intimidation? was it intended to do so? will it not aggravate the evils it pretends to cure, or cause other evils of yet greater magnitude?—these were questions which it occurred to only a few to ask either the authors of the Bill or themselves. Ireland was regarded as a country in which there was no safety for either property or life; therefore this Bill should be supported—were the assumption and conclusion too generally adopted. We deny both the assumption of fact, and the conclusion drawn from it. Murders and robberies are too rife in Ireland; but we deny that there exists that dreadful insecurity which the Ministry proclaim. Miserably poor as the Irish are, and reckless of human life, when incited by real or fancied wrongs, there are few robberies, except those of arms; few murders, except those dictated by a sort of “wild justice.” The Irish have been oppressed by bad laws, administered with shameless partiality. Resistance to the exaction of tithes was sure to lead to conviction and severe punishment; while the savage policeman, who visited the offence of a riot caused by his own conduct, in converting orderly and merely passive resistance into a tumult, was sure of acquittal. Law has been administered in Ireland in so scandalous a manner, that it has become odious in the eyes of the people. The consequence has been, that a sort of barbarous law has grown up, and been administered, with unhesitating ferocity, towards all by whom the peasants think themselves wronged. They scruple not to assassinate the new tenant by whom their sickly wives and famished little ones are ejected from their farm, rather than see them die of starvation. The conviction of a friend, guilty only of rather a rough resistance to an oppressive impost for a church held in abhorrence, is often prevented by threatening denunciations; sometimes punished by death. All this is criminal, we admit. But this state of things is very different from that state of universal insecurity of life and property which the friends of this coercive measure would have the public believe exists in Ireland. A wild and barbarous system of natural law prevails in Ireland. Still it is a system. People know what to expect; and may be safe from either robbery or murder, if they choose to conform to the savage system of laws to which they perfectly understand that they are amenable. That such a system should not be tolerated in any part of the British dominions, we admit. But how is it to be cured. Can Earl Grey, by sending over an army of fifty thousand men, and proclaiming martial law, prevent the peasantry, infuriated by this additional insult to their country, from visiting, with their “wild justice,” any of those offences which it is known they never pardon, even in the neighbourhood of the troops? He cannot. From assassination there is no protection, but the certainty of punishment; and unless the sympathies of the people among whom the crime is committed, are with the avengers, and not with the slayer, no certainty of punishment can exist. Our conviction is, that even in the districts put under martial law, and filled with troops, the present number of murders would be increased, rather than diminished. Were it otherwise, is it possible, we ask, to cover the whole disturbed districts of Ireland with troops? The thing is absurd.

But although the suspension of law in Ireland will prove no protection against murder, it may be very efficient in the putting down of public meetings. Long oppression from the British Government, and hopelessness of justice, have created a strong desire among the Irish for a Repeal of the Union with this country. Instead of endeavouring to put down the cry for Repeal, by removing its cause, the Ministry have

determined to put it down by "the strong arm of the law;" that is, by military violence. The Irish have determined that they shall no longer be pillaged for the support of an alien church; and Ministers have resolved to collect tithes at the point of the bayonet, all other means having failed. Upon these two points, the British Ministers and the Irish people are at issue. And to enforce the payment of tithe, and to put down all public meetings unfriendly to Ministers, are the objects of the Bill for the suspension of the liberties of Ireland. If passed into a law, we may have the Manchester massacre re-enacted upon the occurrence of every public meeting. That good feeling towards the British army, which is now universal among the Irish peasantry, will, by the operation of so injurious a law, be exchanged for the rancorous hatred with which they regard the armed police,—the rascally *Peelers*, as they are called; and Ireland will once more become the theatre of the atrocities of the last rebellion. This consequence is by no means unlikely. Let any man read carefully the enactments of this Bill, and say, whether he thinks such a people as the Irish, rendered desperate by want, and goaded by a sense of oppression, are likely to be able to endure the degrading restraints upon their liberty which the Bill imposes, even although they should resolve to submit with patience to what they must feel as the most insulting tyranny.

In proof of our assertion, that this precious bill is meant to suppress the political agitation of Ireland, for which it is adapted, and not to put an end to murder and robbery, for which it is not adapted; it may be mentioned, that the Irish newspapers and the Irish Members of Parliament deny that there is any increase in the number of outrages committed in Ireland within the last year; and they should be better authorities on this subject than Lord Grey, who seems to have no evidence of the strong assertions he has made in support of the alleged necessity of this extraordinary measure, which he dare shew to the Legislature, while asking such powers as should never be conferred on any man without the most undeniable proof of their being necessary. It may be observed, too, that there is heard no cry of murder across the Irish channel from those the Bill is meant to protect; no cry of vengeance from the relatives of the slaughtered. There is no appearance of there being any wish, on the part of the Irish people, in the most disturbed districts, for the interference of the British Government in their behalf. We entreat our readers to bear in mind, that the threatened victims and the slayers dwell together; and that, were life and property so insecure as the Whigs pretend, there surely would be petitions to the Legislature for protection, and associations for mutual protection.

It may be readily believed, that the people of Ireland have no more fancy for being robbed and murdered, than the people of England or Scotland. Had not their sympathies go along with the murderers rather than with the law, the murderers would be hunted out and delivered over to justice there as well as elsewhere. But in Ireland there is no respect for the law; there is no trust in it; nothing is looked for from it but oppression for the tithe-recusant, and impunity for the slaughtering policeman. The only cure for this is the abolition of tithes, the removal of every degrading restriction on the liberty of Ireland; and the introduction of Poor Laws, that the rich, by being compelled to support the poor when reduced to a state of starvation, may take some interest in their condition.

Already the empire is threatened with dismemberment by the agita-

tion of the Repeal of the Union ; an agitation which must be stopped, if it is not now too late, by far other measures than this tyrannical Bill. Justice and conciliation must be tried, instead of heaping additional wrongs and insults upon a people who have never received any thing but oppression at the hands of the British Government. We are no repealers, but anxious to preserve the integrity of the empire ; and therefore do we call upon our countrymen, in all parts of Scotland, to meet and petition the House of Commons to delay the Irish Coercion Bill, and call for evidence as to the state of Ireland, and of the necessity for such a measure. Those petitions will do much good. Along with the numerous addresses of the People of England, who, we rejoice to see, are in motion against the Bill, and the strenuous remonstrances of the Irish Press and the Irish Members, they will be certain to effect delay, and procure a demand for evidence ; if the Bill be not thrown out at once by the House of Commons, on account of the exorbitant and unjustifiable powers it demands to be lodged in a Government that certainly has not, in the case of Ireland, made the wisest use of the powers it has possessed.

Were the Reformed House of Commons so far to betray its trust, as to pass this execrable Bill, the petitions of the people of Scotland and England will serve the important purpose of convincing the Irish, that the sympathies of the British nation are with them ; and that, in the present, as in all past wrongs, they must distinguish between the People and the Government. Such a conviction in the minds of the Irish would do more to maintain that union between the two countries, which we deem essential to the welfare and power of both, than even the detestable measure of Government would do to hasten the separation.

To the People of Ireland we now address a few words. They may rely upon our assurance, that, so far as the real situation of affairs in Ireland is understood, the sympathies of the People of Scotland are with them. The Scottish nation is, to a man, averse to the Repeal of the Union ; but it is nearly unanimous in favour of the abolition of those oppressive regulations for which a repeal of the Union is desired. A love of religious liberty, and a hatred of tithes, and all compulsory exactions for the support of even that Church to which they are warmly attached, are among the chief characteristics of the People of Scotland. A century and a half ago, they vindicated their right of resistance to the forcible imposition upon them, of that very Church Establishment which has been forced upon the People of Ireland, and maintained solely by force since its first imposition. With the utmost satisfaction, the People of Scotland will witness a quiet, orderly, and passive resistance to the exaction of tithes, or to any other real grievance under which the People of Ireland labour. But a very exaggerated idea prevails in Scotland of the disorders in Ireland ; and to imperfect information alone, any appearances of want of sympathy with their condition should be ascribed by the Irish nation. The Scottish Press must not be taken as the index to Scottish feeling towards Ireland. We grieve to say, that the Scottish newspapers are, with few exceptions, engaged in the support of one of the two great parties, or steering in a sort of middle course between both. The Irish should not be surprised to find the Whigs and Tories of Scotland, and the Aristocratic classes generally, against them, and speaking the same language as the Whigs and Tories in Parliament. Until the Taxes on Knowledge be taken off, so as to admit of a much more extended circulation than the Scottish newspapers can now obtain, most of these papers

must look for support to one of the two great parties. But the People of Scotland are not all Whigs or Tories. Although the Reformers of Scotland have a strong attachment to Earl Grey and his colleagues, they are beginning to think for themselves upon all public questions; and will not support the Whigs in any act of injustice to Ireland, if the injustice be made manifest to them. The working classes of Scotland who, from their position in society, are removed from the influence of party, are all Radical Reformers, and take the warmest interest in the liberties of Ireland. The same feeling prevails generally among those of the enlightened portion of the upper classes, who have kept free from the shackles of party. Meetings to protest against the Irish Coercion Bill, have already been held in Dundee, Paisley, &c.; and, if we are not much mistaken, meetings in other parts of Scotland will soon bear testimony to the truth of our remarks.

Before concluding, we must add a respectful remonstrance to His Majesty's Ministers, as to the course they are pursuing. That they mean well, we do not doubt. We give them the fullest credit for good intentions. But we beg to assure them, that the course they take is totally wrong; and, if pursued, has every probability of ending in their defeat and everlasting disgrace, besides bringing great calamities on the nation — perhaps causing that dismemberment of the empire which they are so anxious to prevent. We know the difficulties with which they are surrounded: that they have the People eager for thorough or Radical Reforms on the one hand, the Aristocracy and the King opposed to those Reforms on the other; and that they would have the whole Aristocratic portion of the House of Commons, the House of Lords, with a few noble exceptions, and His Reforming Majesty, King William IV., for enemies, were they to act in such a way as to secure the friendship of the People. They are, besides, embarrassed with divisions in their own councils. There are Tories, traitors to the cause of the People, in the Ministerial camp. The consequence has been, a fatal compromise of principle; and a practice, as yet, differing very slightly from that of their Tory predecessors. Ministers do not consider what *ought* to be done, but what *can* be done, without endangering a collision of the Aristocratic and Democratic divisions of the State. They would willingly do nearly all the People wish, if they could hope to carry their measures through the House of Lords; and they are not so zealously attached to Reform but that they would willingly do nothing, if there appeared any prospect of the People allowing them to rest in peace. An attempt is making to steer a middle course, and maintain a sort of balance of the opposite parties. *The Globe*, a ministerial organ, has truly observed, that the taking off the Taxes on Knowledge would be the first step towards a Revolution: that is, a great increase of knowledge among the People would lead to such a sense of the grievances to which the People are subjected, and to such a feeling of their strength to throw those grievances off, that the power of the people would predominate; the balance of the Aristocracy and Democracy be destroyed; and Ministers forced either to head the movement, or resign. Such a decided course is far from being consistent with the genius of Whiggery. Upon such a course, however, the Whigs will be forced by the country. The *juste milieu* will be found impracticable. If two sets of people are demanding opposite measures, without any appeal to the principles of justice and true liberty; if there be any doubt which of the two claims is right, or how far either of them is well-founded, it may do very well to adopt the

medium between them ; but in a contest where the subject in dispute is plainly referable to principle, where there is no doubt as to which of the claims is supported by justice, to concede equally to the contending parties will not do at all. If one man has got unlawful possession of another man's purse, it is not doing justice to divide the contents of the purse between the holder and the claimant. Such a compromise is the *milieu* ; but it cannot truly be called the *juste milieu*, in any sense but that of the *exact middle*. In like manner, if a people be pillaged by tithe proctors, for the sumptuous maintenance of a set of useless clerical dignitaries, justice would say, abolish that establishment. Reduce it by one half, says the pretended *juste milieu*. This system will not be found practicable in the present temper of the public mind.

To leave generalities, we earnestly entreat of Ministers, as they value the peace and the integrity of the empire, to pause, and re-consider the consequences of their attempt upon Irish liberty. Were Ireland really in want of such a measure as they are hastening through Parliament, there would have been previous calls from the people of Ireland for help ; and there would, on the announcement of a measure calculated to relieve them from the horrors of murder and rapine, have been a shout of thanksgiving for the beneficent project of Ministers. Have there been such cries for help ? Have the Irish people leaped for joy at the prospect of relief from unlawful outrage which the Coercive Bill affords. No. We cannot observe the slightest appearance of rejoicing at the prospect of that protection of which the unfortunate people of Ireland are supposed so much to stand in need. It cannot be supposed that the murderers are so numerous in proportion to their intended victims, that the latter durst neither cry for assistance, nor shout for joy when help was at hand. The announcement of the Coercive Bill has spread consternation through every part of Ireland ; party feelings are forgotten, in the terror excited by a measure which unites all the restrictions upon civil liberty ever before experienced by a people long familiar with wrongs. Ireland has raised her voice against the measure. England is, at this moment, in agitation against it ; the Birmingham Union, the Great Northern Union at Newcastle, and many others, are up ; and Scotland, we doubt not, will not be tardy in declaring against the taking away the liberties of a whole nation, on the mere assertions of the respected Veteran Reformer, Earl Grey.

*We call for inquiry.* Let the progress of the Bill in the Commons be stopped ; and evidence of its necessity be produced, before it is allowed to pass. Surely such a demand by the British and Irish people is one that should at once be conceded. Lord Althorp, we observe, has stated, in the House of Commons, that unless the Ministry carry both their Coercive and Conciliatory measures, they will resign. This is an old trick of Ministers, and an unworthy one. Do they think, after undertaking the noble task of establishing Reform, Retrenchment, and Peace, as they solemnly did, whenever the People interfere with the management of their own affairs, and dictate a course to Ministers different in one particular from what they are inclined to adopt—that they are entitled to abandon their posts, and leave us once more to the mercy of Tory domination ? These threatened resignations show a degree of thoughtlessness, or selfishness, of which Lord Althorp should be ashamed. If Ministers, as we understand, are prepared to resign upon being left in a minority upon any question, we ask them how they could reconcile it to their consciences, to leave the good work they undertook

in so unfinished a state? Were the King, on their resignation, to call the Tories once more to power, how little reason we would have to be thankful for all the Whigs have done for us during two years and a-half! Excepting the rotten boroughs, the Tories have lost, and the People have gained, nothing. Has the army, that formidable engine in the hands of the Tories, been reduced? It has been considerably augmented by the Whigs. Are the Taxes on Knowledge taken off? No. With the press unfettered, the power of public opinion would be irresistible; but the Whigs have dreaded that power as much as the Tories. Have the Whigs shortened the duration of Parliaments, introduced the Ballot, or abolished Pensions and Sinecures? Not one of these things have they done. With the Army reduced, and the Taxes on Knowledge abolished,—with the Ballot and short Parliaments—we might bid defiance to the Tories. Although supported by the King, the House of Lords, and nearly the whole Aristocracy of the Kingdom, the Tories could not remain in power for a single month. If the Whig Ministry, therefore, are resolved to resign on the first occasion of any of their measures being thwarted, they should instantly set about giving us some of those securities against the detested Tory faction, which it is at present in their power to give; and prevent that indelible disgrace which would attach to the very name of Whig, were they, after for two years and a-half having the command of large majorities in the House of Commons, to resign, without having even attempted to improve our institutions farther than by the introduction of the Reform Bill.

In making these remonstrances to Ministers, and in recommending to our countrymen of Scotland strenuous opposition to the suspension of the liberties of Ireland, we are actuated by no factious motives. We have supported Ministers, not only in the Reform Bill, but on every occasion when we could do so conscientiously. If those occasions have been few, the fault is theirs, and not ours. If they bring forward few popular measures, we can only seldom lend them our support. The last Postscript which we sent forth, was a defence of Ministers, on an occasion when all but their true friends took the opportunity of lifting up the heel against them. We shall continue to support every good measure which they introduce into Parliament; but we disdain the character of the out-and-out unscrupulous defenders of any set of men. Earnestly do we wish the better spirits of the present cabinet to remain in office, and do their best for the people. *They must not resign* on the Coercive Bill being lost, or delayed for evidence. The nation looks to them to perfect the good work they began. Let them throw off their Conservative associates; but let them not quit the helm of the state during such rough weather.









